Ghost Of A Rose

Blackmore's Night

The valley green was so serene

In the middle ran a stream so blue...

A maiden fair, in despair, once had met her true love there and she told him...

She would say...

"Promise me, when you see, a white rose you'll think of me

I love you so,

Never let go,

I will be your ghost of a rose"Her eyes believed in mysteries

She would lay amongst the leaves of amber

Her spirit wild, heart of a child, yet gentle still and quiet and mild and he loved her...

When she would say...

"Promise me, when you see, a white rose you'll think of me

I love you so,

Never let go,

I will be your ghost of a rose"When all was done, she turned to run

Dancing to the setting sun as he watched her

And ever more he thought he saw

A glimpse of her upon the moors forever

He'd hear her say...

"Promise me, when you see, a white rose you'll think of me

I love you so,

Never let go,

I will be your ghost of a rose"

Songwriters

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