

Rose of Allendale

The sky was clear, the morning fair
No breath came over the sea
When Mary left her highland home
And wandered forth with me
Though flowers bedecked the mountain side
And fragrance filled the vale
By far the sweetest flower there
Was the rose of Allendale

Sweet rose of Allendale,
Sweet rose of Allendale
By far the sweetest flower there
Was the rose of Allendale

Where're I wandered, east or west
Though fate began to sour
A solace still was she to me
In sorrow's lonely hour
When tempests lashed our lonely barque
And rent her shiv'ring sails
One maiden's form withstood the storm
The rose of Allendale

Sweet rose of Allendale,
Sweet rose of Allendale
One maiden's form withstood the storm
The rose of Allendale

And when my fever'd lips were parched
On Africa's burning sands
She whispered hopes of happiness
And dreams of foreign land
My life has been a wilderness
Unblest by fortune's gale
Had fate not linked my lot to hers
The rose of Allendale

Sweet rose of Allendale,
Sweet rose of Allendale
Had fate not linked my love to hers
The rose of Allendale

Sweet rose of Allendale,
Sweet rose of Allendale
Had fate not linked my love to hers
The rose of Allendale