

# The Rose of Allendale

The moon was bright, the night was clear,  
no breeze came over the sea.

When Mary left her highland home  
and wandered forth with me.

The flowers bedecked the mountainside  
and fragrance filled the vale.

But by far the sweetest flower there,  
was the Rose of Allendale.

Refrein: Oh the Rose of Allendale,  
sweet Rose of Allendale!  
By far the sweetest flower there  
was the Rose of Allendale!

Where e'er I wandered, east or west,  
though fate began to lour,  
a solace still was she to me  
in sorrow's lonely hour.

When tempests lashed our galant barque  
and rent her quivering sail,  
one maiden's form withstood the storm  
't was the Rose of Allendale!

Refrein

And when my fevered lips were parched  
on Afric's burning sands  
she whispered hopes of happiness  
and tales of distant lands.

My life has been a wilderness  
unblessed by fortune's wheel.  
Had fate not linked my love to hers:  
the Rose of Allendale!

Refrein