

THE ROSE OF ALLENDALE

Intro:

The moon was bright, the sky was clear.
No breeze came over the sea.
When Mary left her highland home, and wandered forth with me.

Koor:

The flowers decked the mountainside.
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.

Solo:

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

Koor:

When tempests lashed our lonely barque and rent her quivering sail.
One maiden's form withstood the storm, 't was the Rose of Allendale.
Sweet Rose of Allendale, sweet Rose of Allendale.
One maiden's form withstood the storm, 't was the Rose of Allendale.

Solo:

And when my fever'd lips were parched, on Afric's burning sands.
She whispered hopes of happiness, and tales of distant lands.

Koor:

My life has been a wilderness, unblessed by fortune's wheel.
Had fate not linked my lot to hers, to the Rose of Allendale.
Sweet Rose of Allendale, sweet Rose of Allendale.
Had fate not linked my love to hers,
To the Rose of Allendale stop
To the Rose of Allendale.(**vertragen**)

