

## Rose of Allendale

Mary Black

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 be-decked the mountainside  
And fragrance filled the vale  
But by far the sweetest flower there  
Was the rose of allendale

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 lonely barque  
And rent her quivering sail  
One maiden's form withstood the storm  
'twas the rose of allendale

Oh sweet rose of allendale  
Sweet rose of allendale  
One maiden's form withstood the storm  
'twas the rose of allendale

And when my fever'd 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

Oh sweet rose of allendale  
Sweet rose of allendale  
Had fate not linked my love to hers  
The rose of allendale