

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