

The Rose Of Allendale

The Corries

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

[Chorus]

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

Where'er I wandered east or west,
Tho' faith began to lour
A solace still she was to me
In sorrow's lonely hour
When tempest lashed our lonely barque
And rent her shivring sail
One maiden 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
Unbiest by fortune's gale
Had faith not linked my lot to hers
The rose of Allendale