

# 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 Afrie'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