

The Rose Of Allendale.

(G)The Moon was bright, the (C)air was(G) clear, no breeze came oe'r the(D7) sea
when (G)Mary left her(C) highland(G) home to wander(D7) forth with(G) me
The flowers bed(C)ecked the(G) mountainside, their fragrance filled the (D7)vale
but by (G)far the sweetest(C) flower(G) there was the Rose of(D7) Allendale.

Ref.

(G)Oh the rose of Allen(C)dale, sweet rose of (D7)Allen (G)da(D7)ale
By(G) far the sweetest(C) flower (G)there was the rose of(D7)Allen(G)dale

Where e'er I wandered east or west should faith begin to lour

A solace still was she to me in sorrows lonely hour.

When tempests lashed our gallant barque and rent her quivering sail, one maidens form
withstood the storm 'Twas the Rose of Allendale.

Oh the Rose of Allendale, sweet Rose of Allendale

One maidens form withstood the storm, 'twas the Rose of Allendale.

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

My life would have been a wilderness, unblessed by fortunes gales,
Had fate not linked my love to hers, oh the Rose of Allendale.

Oh, the Rose of Allendale, sweet Rose of Allendale.

Had Fate Not linked my love to hers, sweet Rose of Allendale.

Trad. Arr. KB