

The Rose of Allendale

intro C D7 G

All The morn was fair, the skies were clear, no breath came o'er the sea
When Mary left her highland home and wandered forth with me.
Though flowers decked the mountainside and fragrance filled the vale,
By far the sweetest flower there was the Rose of Allendale.

All Was the Rose of Allendale, was the Rose of Allendale
By far the sweetest flower there was the Rose of Allendale **fill C D7 G**

M Where e'er I wandered east or west, though fate began to lour,
A solace still was she to me, in sorrows lonely hour.

L When tempests lashed our lonely barque and rent her shiv'ring sails,
One maiden form withstood the storm, twas the Rose of Allendale.

All Chorus

M And when my fever'd lips were parched on Afric's burning sands,
She whispered hopes of happiness and tales of distant lands.

L My life has been a wilderness unblest by fortunes gale;
Had fate not linked my lot to hers, the Rose of Allendale

All Chorus x 2

