

The ROSE OF ALLENDALE

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 DECK'D THE MOUNTAINSIDE
AND FRAGRANCE FILL'D THE VALE
BY FAR THE SWEETEST FLOWER THERE
WAS THE ROSE OF ALLENDALE.

*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' FATE BEGAN TO LOUR,
A SOLACE STILL SHE WAS TO ME.
IN SORROW'S LONELY HOUR.
WHEN TEMPESTS LASHED OUR LONELY BARQUE,
AND RENT HER SHIV'RING SAIL,
ONE MAIDEN FORM WITHSTOOD THE STORM,
'T WAS 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
UNBLEST BY FORTUNE'S GALE:
HAD FATE NOT LINKED MY LOT TO HERS,
THE ROSE OF ALLENDALE!