

The moon was bright, the night was clear.
No breeze came over the sea.
When Mary left her highland home. And wandered forth with me.
The flowers be-decked the mountainside. And fragrance filled the vale.
But by far the sweetest flower there. Was the Rose of Allendale

Refrein:

*Oh sweet Rose of Allendale. Sweet Rose of Allendale.
By far the sweetest flower there. Was the Rose of Allendale.*

Where e'er I wandered to east or west.
Though fate began to lour.
A solace still was she to me. In sorrow's lonely hour.
When tempests lashed our lonely barque.
And rent her quivering sail.
One maiden's form withstood the storm. 'Twas the Rose of Allendale.

Refrein:

*Oh sweet Rose of Allendale. Sweet Rose of Allendale.
One maiden's 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.
Unblessed by fortune's wheel.
Had fate not linked my love to hers. The Rose of Allendale.

Refrein:

*Oh sweet Rose of Allendale. Sweet Rose of Allendale.
Had fate not linked my love to hers. The Rose of Allendale.*