The Rose Of Allandale - song lyrics

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THE ROSE OF ALLANDALE

The morn was fair, the skies were clear,
No breath came o'er the sea;
When Mary left her Highland cot,
And wonder'd forth with me.
Though flowers deck'd the mountain side,
And fragrance fill'd the vale,
By far the sweetest flower there,
Was the Rose of Allandale.

Where'er I wander'd, east or west,
Though fate began to lour,
A solace still was she to me,
In sorrow's lonely hour.
When tempests lash'd our gallant bark.
And rent her shiv'ring sail,
One maiden form withstood the storm,
'Twas the Rose of Allandale.

And when my fever'd lips were parch'd,
On Afric's burning sand,
She whisper'd hopes of happiness.
And tales of distant land.
My life had been a wilderness,
Unblest by fortune's gale,
Had fate not link'd my lot with hers,
The Rose of Allandale.