The Rose of Allendale

lyrics by Charles Jeffreys: music by Sidney Nelson



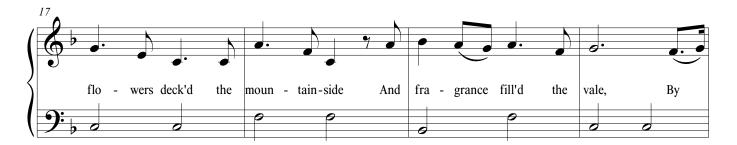


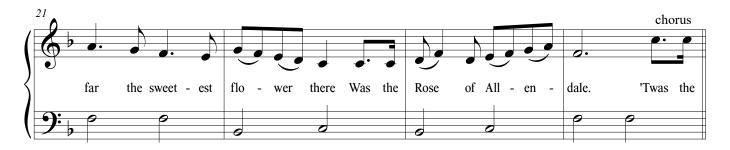






The Rose of Allendale









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

'Twas the Rose of Allendale. The Rose of Allendale. One maiden form withstood the gale. 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 had been a wilderness, Unblest by fortune's wheel, Had fate not linked my love to hers, 'Twas the Rose of Allendale.

'Twas the Rose of Allendale. The Rose of Allendale. One maiden form withstood the gale. Was the Rose of Allendale.