

1

# ALLEN-A-DALE,

*From the Celebrated Poem,*

## Rokeby,

Written by

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Composed by

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ANDANTINO.

*p* *mf*

Allen-a-Dale has no faggot for burning, Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning

Allen - a - Dale has no fleece for the spinning, Yet Allen - a - Dale has red

gold for the winning, Come, read me my riddle; come, hearken my tale! And

tell me the craft of bold Allen - a - Dale. The

Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride, And he views his domains upon

Arkindale side, The mere for his net, and the land for his game, The

chace for the wild, and the park for the tame; Yet the fish of the lake, and the

deer of the vale, Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen - a - Dale.

Allen - a - Dale was néer belted a Knight, Tho' his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as bright;

Allen - a - Dale.

Allen-a-Dale is no Baron or Lord, Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word, And the

best of our Nobles his bonnet will vail, Who at Rere-cross on Stanemore meets.

Allen-a-Dale. Allen-a-Dale to his

wgoing is come, The Mother, she askd of his house and his home; Tho' the

Cas-tle of Richmond stand fair on the hill, My hall'quoth bold Allen, shows

gallanter still; 'Tis the blue vault of Heaven, with its crescent so pale, And with

Allen-a-Dale.

all its bright spangles! said Allen - a - Dale. The

Father was steel, and the Mother was stone; They lif = ted the latch, and they

bade him be gone; But loud on the morrow, their wail and their cry; He had

laugh'd on the Lass with his bonny black eye, And she fled to the forest to

hear a love tale, And the Youth it was told by was Allen - a - Dale.