

The Rose of Tralee

ireland

$\text{♩} = 100$

9

17

25

The pale moon was rising above yon green mountain,
The sun was declining beneath the blue sea,
When I strayed with my love to the pure crystal fountain,
That stands in the beautiful vale of Tralee.

Chorus:

She was lovely and fair, as the rose of the summer,
It was not her beauty alone that won me.
Oh no, t'was the truth in her eye ever dawning,
That made me love Mary, the Rose of Tralee!

The cool shades of evening their mantles were spreading,
And Mary, all smiling, stood listn'ng to me,
When all through the valley her pale rays were shedding,
When I won the heart of the Rose of Tralee.

Chorus:

She was lovely and fair, as the rose of the summer,
It was not her beauty alone that won me.
Oh no, t'was the truth in her eye ever dawning,
That made me love Mary, my Rose of Tralee!