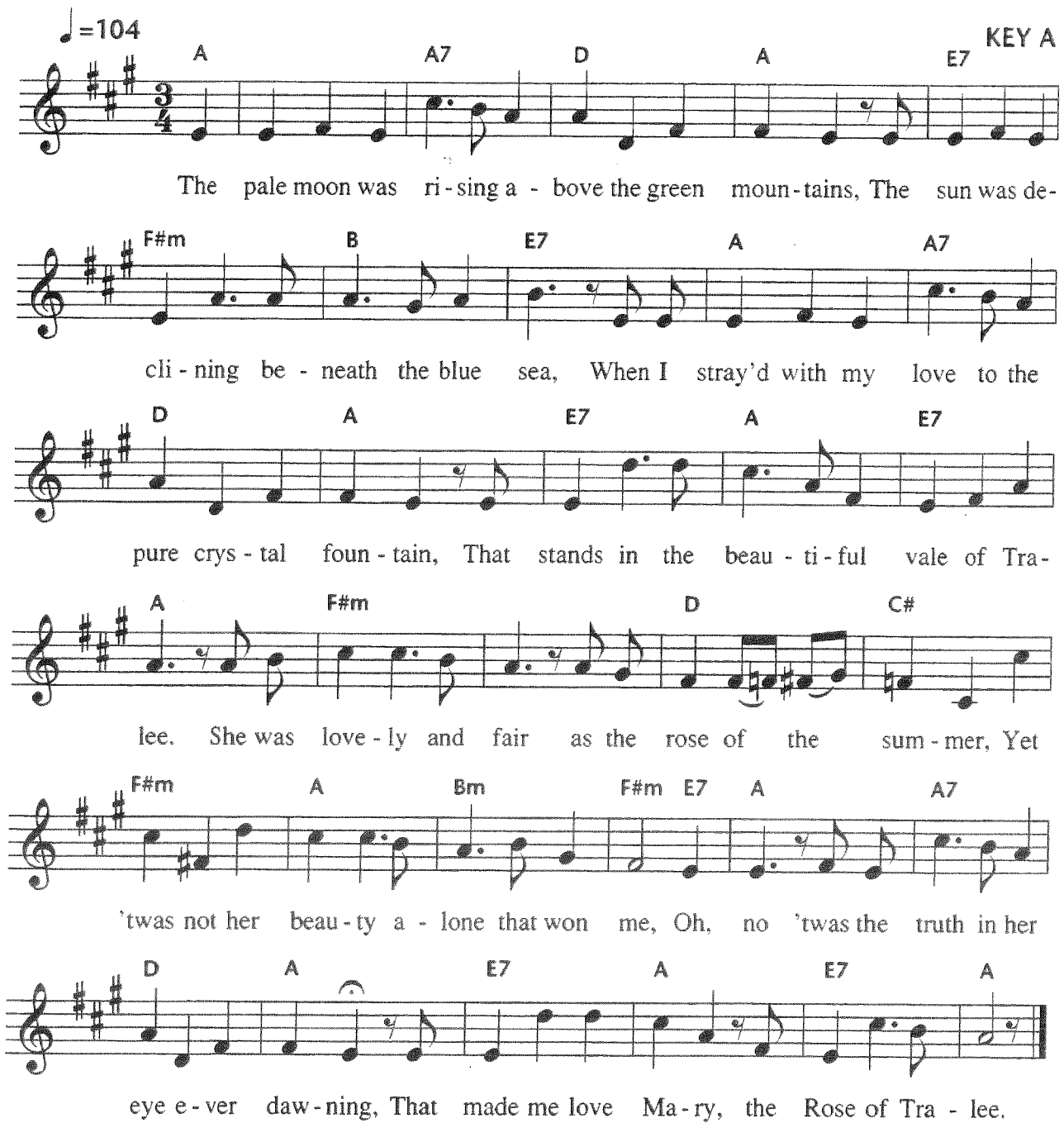


# THE ROSE OF TRALEE

♩ = 104      KEY A



The pale moon was ri - sing a - bove the green moun - tains, The sun was de -

cli - ning be - neath the blue sea, When I stray'd with my love to the

pure crys - tal foun - tain, That stands in the beau - ti - ful vale of Tra -

lee. She was love - ly and fair as the rose of the sum - mer, Yet

'twas not her beau - ty a - lone that won me, Oh, no 'twas the truth in her

eye e - ver daw - ning, That made me love Ma - ry, the Rose of Tra - lee.

The cool shades of evening their mantles were spreading,  
 And Mary, all smiles, sat list'ning to me,  
 The moon thro' the valley, her pale rays were shedding  
 When I won the heart of the Rose of Tralee.  
 Tho' lovely and fair as the rose of the summer,  
 Yet 'twas not her beauty alone that won me,  
 Oh no, 'twas truth in her eye ever dawning,  
 That made me love Mary, the Rose of Tralee.