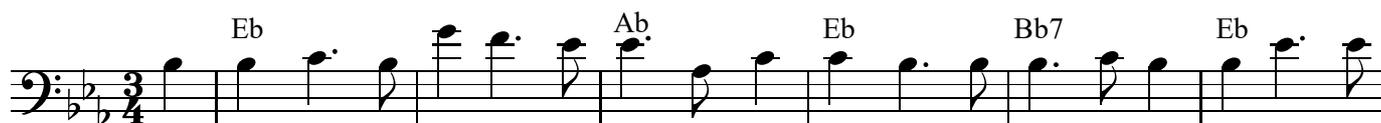


The Rose of Tralee

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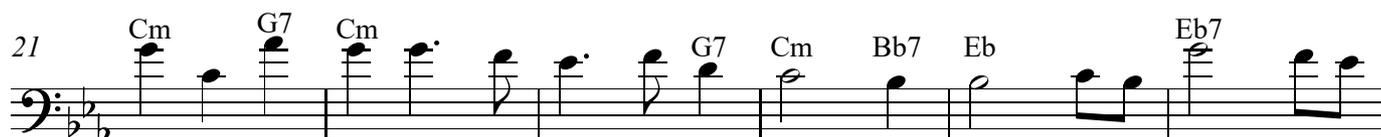
The pale moon was ri-sing a-bove the green moun-tain The sun was de-clin-ing be



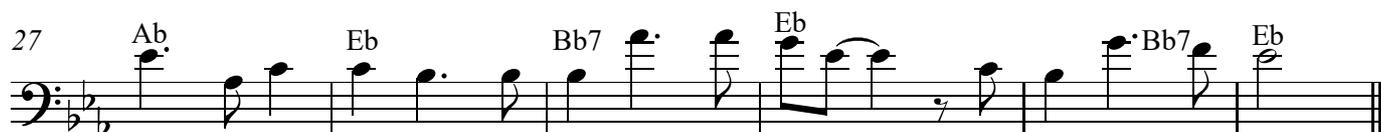
neath the blue sea When I strayed with my love to the pure cry-stal foun-tain That stands in beau



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 the truth in her



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

The cool shades of evening their mantle were spreading
And Mary all smiling was listening to me
The moon through the valley her pale rays was shedding
When I won the heart of the Rose of Tralee.
Though lovely and fair as the rose of the summer
Yet, 'twas not her beauty alone that won me
Oh no! 'Twas the the truth in her eye ever beaming
That made me love Mary, the Rose of Tralee.