

The Rose of Tralee

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Db Gb Db Ab7 Db

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

7 Eb7 Ab7 Db Db7 Gb Db Ab7

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

14 Db Gb Db Ab7 Db Bbm F Bbm Gb F7

ti-ful vale of Tra-lee. She was love-ly and fair as the rose of the sum-mer Yet, 'twas

21 Bbm F7 Bbm F7 Bbm Ab7 Db Db7

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

27 Gb Db Ab7 Db Ab7 Db

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.