

ROSE OF TRALEE

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1. The pale moon was ris - ing 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 crys - tal foun-tain, That stand 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 ev - er dawn-ing; That made me love Ma - ry, the Rose of Tra - lee.



2. The cool shades of eve-ning their man-tle were spread-ing, And Ma-ry all

smil-ing was list-'ning to me, The moon through the val-ley, her

pale rays was shed-ding, When I won the heart of the Rose of Tra-

lee; Though 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 ev-er dawn-ing, That made me love Ma-ry, the Rose of Tra-lee.