

# The Rose of Tralee

traditional Irish  
arranged by Eleanor Gow

Verse

C F C

The pale moon was ris - ing a - bove the green moun - tain, The

5 G7 C G7

sun was de - cli - ning be - neath the blue sea, When I

9 C C F C

stray'd with my love to the pure crys - tal foun - tain, That

13 G7 C G7 C

stands in the beau - ti - ful Vale of Tra - lee. She was

Chorus

## The Rose of Tralee

17 F E

love - ly and fair as the rose of the sum - mer. Yet

21 C F

'twas not her beau - ty a - lone that won me. Oh

25 C F C

no, 'twas the truth in her eye e - ver beam - ing, That

29 G7 C G7

made me love Ma - ry, the Rose of Tra - lee.

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

Chorus