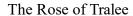
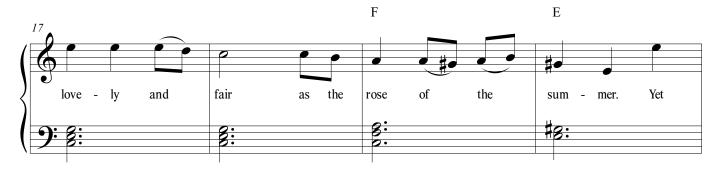
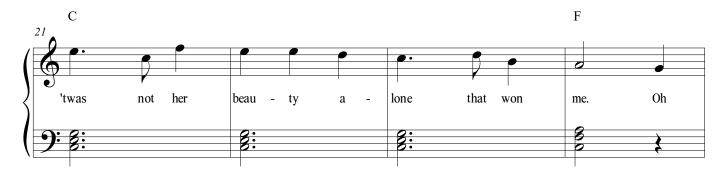
The Rose of Tralee

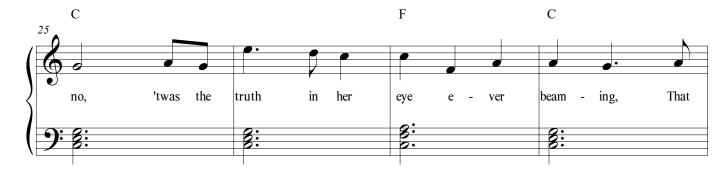
traditional Irish arranged by Eleanor Gow

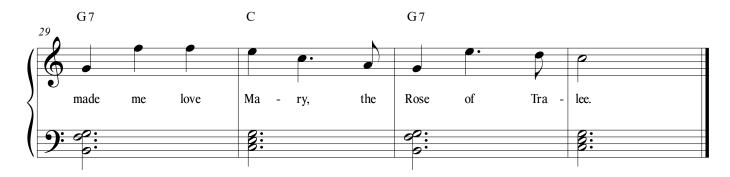












The cool shades of ev'ning their mantles were spreading, And Mary, all smiling, stood list'ning to me.

The moon through the valley, her pale rays were shedding, When I won the heart of the Rose of Tralee.

Chorus

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