The Rose Of Tralee

Bing Crosby

The pale moon was rising above the green mountain,
The sun was declining beneath the blue sea,
When I strayed with my love to the pure crystal fountain,
That stands in the beautiful vale of Tralee.She was lovely and fair, as the rose of the summer,
Yet t'was not her beauty alone that won me.
Oh no, t'was the truth in her eyes ever dawning,
That made me love Mary, the Rose of Tralee!
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 t'was not her beauty alone that won me.
Oh no, t'was the truth in her eyes ever dawning,
That made me love Mary, the Rose of Tralee!

Songwriters
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