

# The Rose of Tralee

Roger Whittaker

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 beautiful vale of Tralee.  
She was 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.  
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.