

Bing Crosby

"The Rose Of Tralee"

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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 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, 'twas not her beauty, alone that won me.
Oh no! 'Twas the the truth, in her eye ever dawning,
That made me love Mary, the Rose of Tralee.

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