

The Rose of Tralee

Bing Crosby & John Scott Trotter and His Orchestra

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 'twas not her beauty alone that won me
Oh no, 'twas 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 smilin' was listenin' to me
The moon through the valley, her pale rays were shading
When I won the heart of the rose of Tralee
The lovely and fair as the rose of the summer
Yet 'twas not her beauty alone that won me
Oh no, 'twas the truth in her eyes ever dawning
That made me love Mary, the rose of Tralee

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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