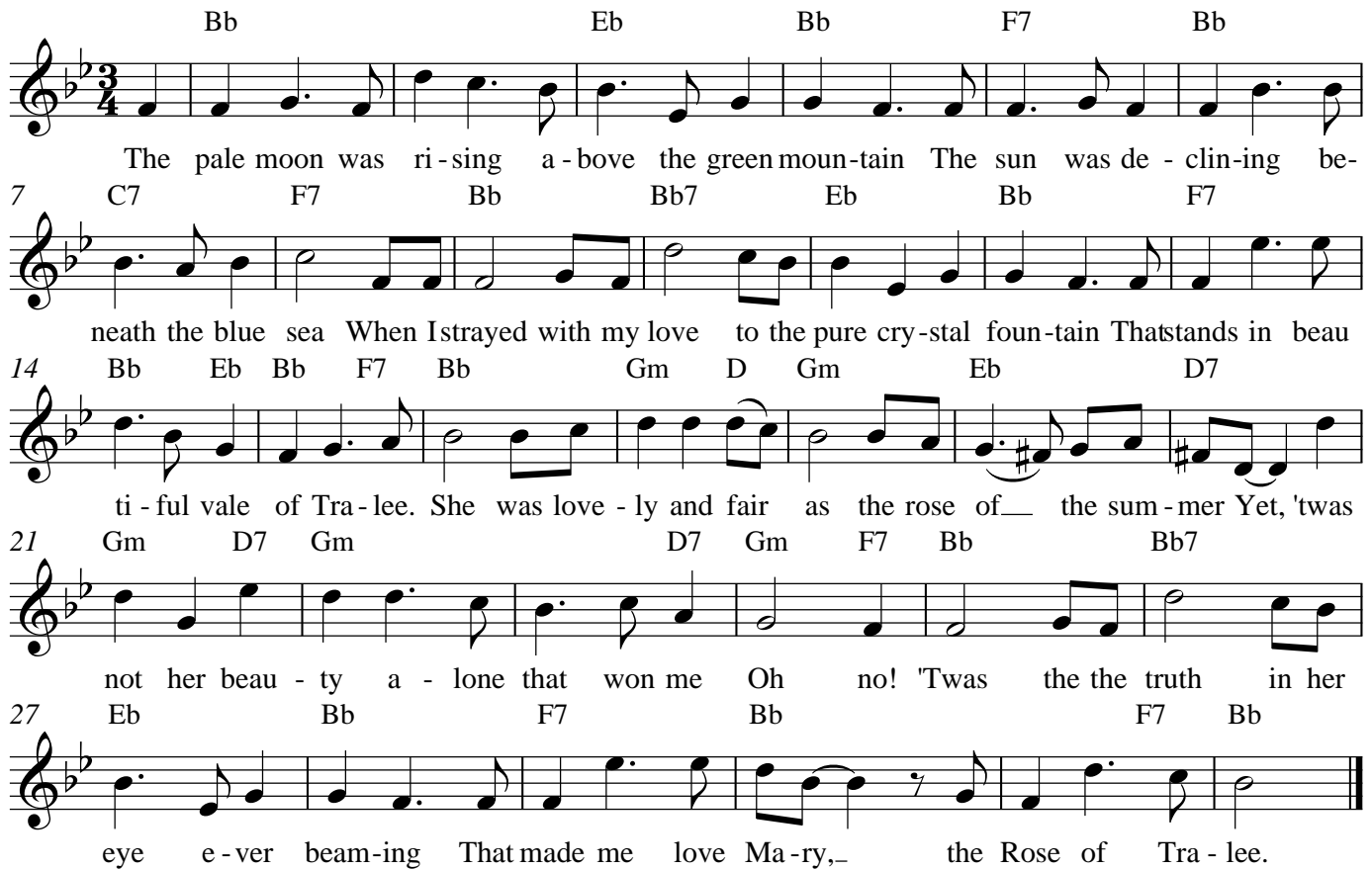


The Rose of Tralee

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Bb Eb Bb F7 Bb

7 C7 F7 Bb Bb7 Eb Bb F7

14 Bb Eb Bb F7 Bb Gm D Gm Eb D7

21 Gm D7 Gm D7 Gm F7 Bb Bb7

27 Eb Bb F7 Bb F7 Bb

eye e-ver beam-ing That made me love Ma-ry, the Rose of Tra-lee.

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.