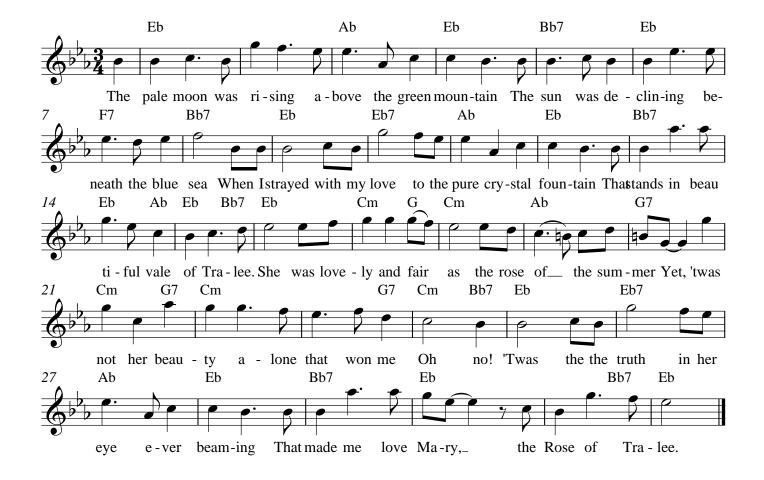
The Rose of Tralee

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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.