The Rose of Tralee

Trad. Irish Folksong
Arr. B. Leopolder



musicalion
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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 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 smiling was listening to me;
The m edding,
Whe
Thou ,
Yet 'twas
Oh no, 'twas the truth in her eyes ever dawning,
That made me love Mary, the Rose of Tralee.

musicalion
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In the far fields of India, 'mid wars dreadful thunders,
Her voice was a solace and comfort to me,
But the chill hand of death has now rent us asunder,
I'm lonely tonight for the Rose 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.

Typ: Digitale Noten zum Download

Titel: The Rose of Tralee

Komponist: Unbekannt Anonymus

Epoche: Volksmusik (auch Folk)

Thema: .Ohne Thema

Reihe/Zyklus: Irland

Schwierigkeit: Leicht

Instrumentierung Gruppe: Saiteninstrumente Solo

Arrangement: Gitarre

Instrumentierung: *Gitarre = Git(1)*

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