

Star of the County Down

Em G D
In Banbridge town in the County Down
Em D Em
one morning in last July.
Em G D
From a boreen green came a sweet colleen
Em D Em
and she smiled when she passed me bye.
G D
She looked so sweet from her two bare feet
Em C D
to the sheen of her nutbrown hair.
Em G D
Such a coaxing elf, sure I shook myself
Em D Em
for to see I was really there.

G D Em C D
From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay and from Galway to Dublin Town,
Em G D Em D Em
no maid I've seen like the brown Colleen that I met in the County Down.

As she onwards sped, sure I scratched my head
and I looked with a feelin' rare,
and I say's say's I, to a passer by,
"Whose the maid with the nut brown hair?"
He smiled at me and he say's, say's he,
"Thats the gem of Irelands crown.
It's Rosie McCann from the banks of the Bann,
she's the star of the County Down.

From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay and from Galway to Dublin Town,
no maid I've seen like the brown Colleen that I met in the County Down.

At the harvest fair she'll be surely there
and I'll dress in my sunday clothes,
with my shoes shone bright and my hat cocked right
for a smile from my nutbrown rose.
No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke
till my plough turns rustcoloured brown.
Till a smiling bride, by my own fireside,
sits the star of the County Down.

||: *From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay and from Galway to Dublin Town,*
no maid I've seen like the brown Colleen that I met in the County Down... :||