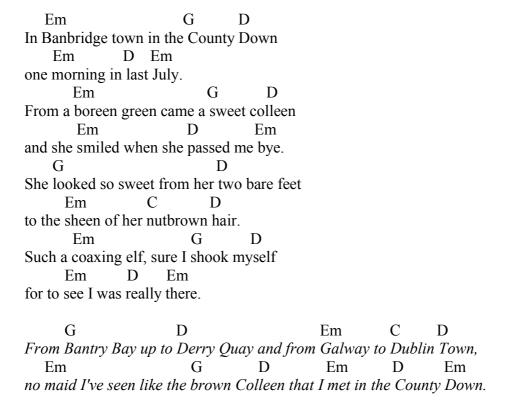
Star of the County Down



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...:||