

THE STAR OF THE COUNTY DOWN

Dm **F** **C**
Near to Banbridge town, in the County Down,
F **Dm** **C**
One morning in July,
Dm **F** **C**
Down a breen green came a sweet colleen,
F **Bb** **C** **Dm**
and she smiled as she passed me by,
F **C**
She looked so neat from her two white feet
F **Dm** **C**
to the sheen of her nut-brown hair
Dm **F** **C**
Sure the coaxing elf, I'd to shake my-self,
Dm **C** **Dm**
to make sure I was standing there

CHORUS:

F **C**
From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay
F **Dm** **C**
and from Galway to Dublin town
Dm **F** **C**
No maid I've seen like the sweet col-leen
Dm **C** **Dm**
that I met in County Down

As she onward sped, sure I shook my head and I gazed with a feeling quare
And I said, says I to a passer-by, who's the maid with the nut-brown hair?
He smiled at me and with pride says he, that's the gem of Irelands crown
She's young Rosie McCann from the banks of the Bann, she's the star of the
County Down

She'd a soft brown eye and a look so sly and a smile like the rose in June
And you held each note from her lily-white throat, as she lilted an Irish tune
At the pattern dance you were in trance as she tripped through a jig or reel
When her eyes she'd roll, she would lift soul as your heart she would likely steal

At the harvest fair she'll be surely there and I'll dress my Sunday clothes
With my shoes shone bright and my hat cocked right for a smile from the nut-
brown Rose
No pipe I smoke, no horse I'll yoke, let my plough with the rust turns brown
Till a smiling bride by my own fireside sits the star of the County Down