

Star of the County Down

^{Em} In Banbridge Town in the ^G County ^D Down

^{Em} One morning last July,

^{Em} From a boren green came a sweet ^G colleen ^D

^{Em} And she smiled as she passed me by. ^D ^{Em}

^G She looked so sweet from her two bare feet ^D

^{Em} To the sheen of her nut brown hair. ^C ^D

^{Em} Such a coaxing elf, sure I shook my self ^G ^D

^{Em} For to see I was really there. ^D ^{Em}

^G From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay and ^D

^{Em} From Galway to Dublin Town, ^C ^D

^{Em} No maid I've seen like the brown colleen ^G ^D

^{Em} That I met in the County Down. ^D ^{Em}

^{Em} As she onward sped, sure I scratched my head, ^G ^D

^{Em} And I looked with a feelin' rare, ^C ^D

^{Em} And I says, says I, to a passer-by, ^G ^D

^{Em} "Who's the maid with the nut brown hair?" ^D ^{Em}

^G He smiled at me and he says, says he, ^D

^{Em} "That's the gem of Ireland's crown. ^C ^D

^{Em} Young Rosie McCann from the banks of the Bann, ^G ^D

^{Em} She's the star of the County Down." ^D ^{Em}

^{Em} At the Harvest Fair she'll be surely there ^G ^D

And I'll dress in my Sunday clothes,
With my shoes shone bright and my hat cocked right
For a smile from my nut brown rose.
No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke
Till my plough turns rust coloured brown.
Till a smiling bride by my own fireside
Sits the star of the County Down.