

The Star of County Down

Near to Ban-bridge town in the Coun-ty Down On a morn-ing in Ju - ly,
Down a bo-reen green came a sweet col - leen And she smiled as she past me by.
Oh! she looked so neat, from her two white feet to the sheen of her nut-brown hair,
Such a coax-in' elf, I'd to shake my - self, To make sure I was real-ly there. —
Oh! from Ban-try Bay up to Der - ry Quay And from Gal-way to Dub-lin town,
No — maid I've seen like the brown col - leen that I met in the Coun-ty Down. —

Near to Banbridge town in the County Down
On a morning in July,
Down a boreen green came a sweet colleen
And she smiled as she passed me by,
Oh! she looked so neat, from her two white feet
To the sheen of her nut-brown hair,
Such a coaxin' elf, I'd to shake myself,
To make sure I was really there.

Chorus:

Oh! 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.

As she onward sped I scratch'd my head
And I gazed with a feelin' quare,
There I said, says I, to a passer by
'Who's the maid with the nut-brown hair?'
Oh! he smiled at me, and with pride says he,
'That's the gem of Ireland's crown,
Young Rosie McCann, from the banks of the Bann,
She's the star of the County Down.'

At the Harvest Fair she'll be surely there,
So I'll dress in my Sunday clothes,
And I'll try sheep's eyes and deludtherin lies,
On the heart of the nut-brown Rose,
No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke,
Tho' my plough with rust turn brown.
Till a smiling bride by my own fireside,
Sits the star of the County Down.