

# The Star of County Down

Traditional, Ireland



1. Near to Ban-bridge town, in the Coun-ty Down, one morn-ing in Ju - ly,



down a bo-reen green came a sweet col-leen 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,



sure the coax-ing elf, I'd to shake my-self, to make sure I was stand-ing 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 sweet col-leen that I met in the Coun-ty Down!

2. As she onward sped I shook my head and gazed with a feeling quare,  
"And I said", says I to a passers-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.  
She's young Rosie McCann, from the banks of the Bann, she's the star of the County Down!"
3. She'd a soft brown eye and a look so sly, and a smile like a rose in June,  
and you hung on each note on her lily-white throat, as she lilted an Irish tune.  
At the pattern dance you were held in trance as she tripped through a reel or a jig,  
when her eyes she'd roll she'd coax my soul a spud from a hungry pig.
4. I've travelled a bit, but never was hit since my roving career began,  
but fair and square I surrendered there to the charm of young Rosie McCann.  
With a heart to let and no tenant yet, did I meet within shawl or gown?  
But in she went and I asked no rent from the star of County Down.
5. At the crossroads fair I'll be surely there, and I'll dress in my Sunday clothes,  
and I'll try sheep's eyes and deluding lies on the heart of the nut-brown Rose.  
No pipe I smoke, no horse I'll yoke, though my plough with rust turns brown,  
'till as smiling bride by my own fireside sits the star of the County Down!