

The Star of the County Down

Near to Ban - bridge town, in the coun - ty Down, one__ mor - ning_ 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 - ding
 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.

1. As she onward sped 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?"
 Oh he smiled at me, and with pride says he:
 "That's the gem of Irelan's crown,
 She's youg Rosie McCann, from the banks of the Bann,
 She's the star of the county Down".
Chorus

2. She'd a soft brown eye and a look so sly
 And a smile like the rose in June,
 And you hung on each note from her lilly-white throat,
 As she lilted an Irish tune.
 At th pattern dance you held in trance
 As she tripped through a reel or a jig,
 And when her eyes she'd roll, she'd coax upon my soul
 A spud from a hungry pig.
Chorus

3. I've travelled a bit, but never was hit,
 Since my roving career began,
 But fair and square I surrendered thee
 To the charm of youg Rosie McCann.
 With a heart to let and no tennant yet,
 Did I meet within shawl or gown.
 But in she wentand I asked no rent
 From the star of the County Down.
Chorus

4. 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 deludhering 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 a smiling bride by my own fireside
 Sits the star of the County Down
Chorus