

Star of the County Down - Trad.

Mike Vane

Em G D Em D
Near to Banbridge Town, in the County Down, One morning in July,
Em G D Em D Em
Down a breen green came a sweet colleen, And she smiled as she passed me by;
G D Em. D
Oh, she looked so neat from her two white feet To the sheen of her nut-brown hair,
Em G D Em D Em
Sure the coaxing elf, I'd to shake myself, To make sure I was standing there

G D Em D
Oh, from Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay, And from Galway to Dublin town,
Em G D Em D Em
No maid I've seen like the sweet colleen, That I met in the County Down.

As she onward sped I shook my head, And I gazed with a feeling quire,
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 Ireland's crown,
She's young Rosie McCann from the banks of the Bann,
She's the Star of the County Down."

Chorus - Tune

I've travelled a bit, but never was hit, Since my roving career began;
But fair and square I surrendered there, To the charms of young Rose McCann.
I'd a heart to let and no tenant yet, Did I meet with in shawl or gown,
But in she went and I asked no rent, From the Star of the County Down.

Chorus

At the harvest fair she'll surely be there, so I'll dress in my Sunday clothes,
My shoes shone bright and me hat cocked right, for a smile from the nut brown rose,
No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke, Though with rust my plow turns brown,
Till a smiling bride by my own fireside, Sits the Star of the County Down.

Chorus - Tune