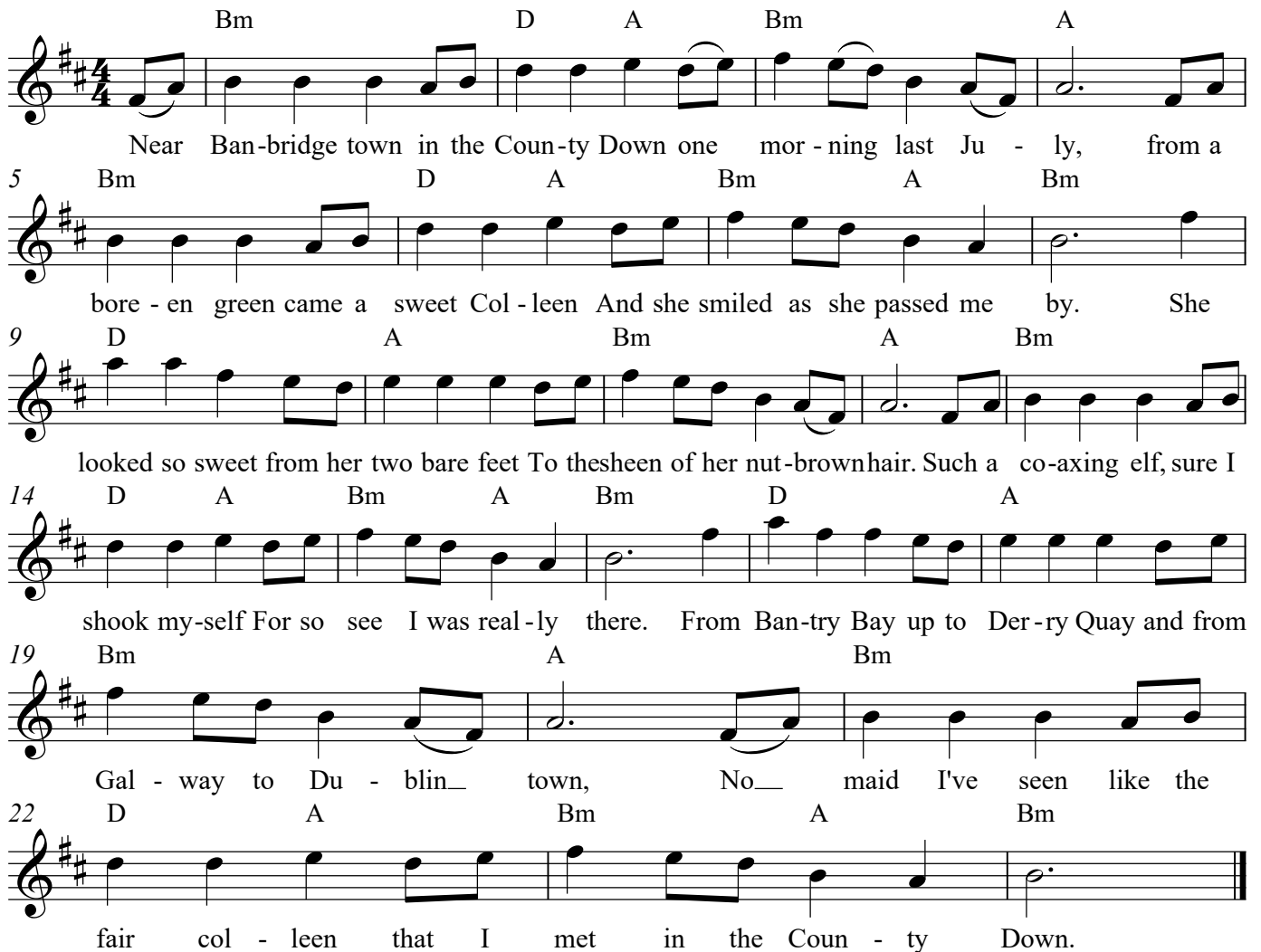


The Star Of The County Down

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Traditional



Bm D A Bm A

Near Ban-bridge town in the Coun-ty Down one mor-ning last Ju-ly, from a

5 Bm D A Bm A Bm

bore-en green came a sweet Col-leen And she smiled as she passed me by. She

9 D A Bm A Bm

looked so sweet from her two bare feet To the sheen of her nut-brown hair. Such a co-axing elf, sure I

14 D A Bm A Bm D A

shook my-self For so see I was real-ly there. From Ban-try Bay up to Der-ry Quay and from

19 Bm A Bm

Gal-way to Du-blin town, No maid I've seen like the

22 D A Bm A Bm

fair col-leen that I met in the Coun-ty Down.

2. 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.'

3. 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.