

Star Of The County Down

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

Chorus

**From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay,
And from Galway to Dublin town
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 quare
,And I said', says I to a passer-by.
,Who's the maid with the nut-brown hair?'
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.'

Chorus

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

Chorus