Star of the County Down

Star of the County Down

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        e                    G      D
Near to Banbridge Town, in the County Down
     e
D
One morning in July,
       E                  G       D
Down a boreen green came a sweet colleen,

e          D        e
And she smiled as she passed me by;
       G                    D       G
Oh, she looked so neat from her two white feet
       e                   D
To the sheen of her nut-brown hair,

e                 G      D
Sure the coaxing elf, I'd to shake myself
       e          D       e
To make sure I was standing there

                e              G      D
CHORUS: Oh, from Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay,
               e        D
       And from Galway to Dublin town,
          e                    G       D
       No maid I've seen like the brown colleen
             e
D      e
       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?"
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."

I've travelled a bit, but never was hit
Since my roving career began;
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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.

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'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.

From The First Book of Irish Ballads, Daniel O'Keeffe
RPf

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