**Star of the County Down**

Near to Banbridge Town, in the County Down One morning last July,
Down a boreen green came a sweet colleen, And she smiled as she passed me by;
Well, she looked so sweet from her two bare feet To the sheen of her nut-brown hair;
Such a coaxing elf, sure I shook myself To make sure I was really there.

\* 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, sure I shook my head And I looked with a feeling rare.
Then I said, says I, to a passer-by, "Who's the maid with the nut-brown hair?"
Well, he smiled at me, and with pride says he, "That's the gem of old Ireland's crown,
She's young Rosie McCann from the banks of the Bann, She's the Star of the County Down."

Well I've traveled a bit, but ne'er was hit Since my roving career began;
Then 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 see in shawl or gown,
But in she went and I asked no rent From the Star of the County Down.

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, and 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.

[Em]Near to Banbridge Town, in the [G]County [D]Down
One [Em]morning last [Bm]July,
Down a [Em]boreen green came a [G]sweet col-[D]leen,
And she [Em]smiled as she [D]passed me [Em]by;
Well, she [G]looked so sweet from her [D]two bare feet
To the [Em]sheen of her nut-brown [Bm]hair;
Such a [Em]coaxing elf, sure I [G]shook my-[D]self
To make [Em]sure I was [D]really [Em]there.

From [G]Bantry Bay up to [D]Derry Quay,
And from [Em]Galway to Dublin [Bm]town,
No [Em]maid I've seen like the [G]sweet col-[D]leen
That I [Em]met in the [G]County [D]Down.