

Star Of The County Down

Fiddler's Green

Near Banbridge town in the County Down
one morning last July,
from a boren green came a sweet Colleen

And she smiled as she passed me by.
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
For so see I was really there.

From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay
and from Galway to Dublin town,
No maid I've seen like the fair colleen
that I met in the County Down.

As she onward sped, sure I scratched my head
And I looked with a feeling rare.
And I say, say's I, to a passer - by,
"Who's the maid with the nut - brown hair"?
He smiled at me and he say's, say's he,
"That's the gem of Ireland's crown.
Young Rosie Mc Cann, from the banks of the bann
She's the star of the County Down."

At the Harvest Fair she'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 it is rust - coloured brown.
Till a smiling bride, by my own fireside
sits the Star of the County Down