

# The Star Of The County Down

The Chieftains

In Banbridge Town in the County Down  
One morning last July,  
From a boreen 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 to see I was really there.

[Chorus]

From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay and  
From Galway to Dublin Town,  
No maid I've seen like the brown colleen  
That I met in the County Down.

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

[Chorus]

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 turns rust colored brown.  
Till a smiling bride, by my own fireside  
Sits the star of the County Down.

[Chorus]