

Star of the County Down

Van Morrison

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 fronn 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.

From bantry bay up to derry quay and
From galway to dublin town,
No maid Ive 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 says, says i, to a passer-by,
Whose the maid with the nut brown hair?
He smiled at me and he sayss, says he,
Thats the gem of irelands crown.
Its rosie mccann from the banks of the bann,
Shes the star of the county down.

From bantry bay up to derry ouay and
From galway to dublin town,
No maid Ive seen like the brown colleen
That I met in the county down.

At the harvest fair shell be surely there
And Ill 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 Ill smoke, no horse Ill yoke
Till my plough turns rust coloured brown.
Till a smiling bride, by my own fireside
Sits the star of the county down.

From bantry...