

Star of the County Down

Em C G D Em D
Close to the Banbridge town, in the county Down one morning last July
As she onward sped sure I scratched my head and I said with a feeling rare,
At the harvest fair I'll be surely there and I'll dress in my Sunday clothes,

Em C G D Em C D Em
Down a borean green came a sweet colleen and she smiled as she passed me by,
"Ay", says I to a passer by, "Who's the maid with the nut-brown hair?"
With my shoes shone bright and my hat upright and a smile from my nut-brown rose.

G D Em D
She looked so neat from her two bare feet, to the sheen of her nut-brown hair,
He smiled at me, and then says he: "She's the gem of Ireland's crown,
No pipe I smoke, no horse I'll yoke let my plough with rust turn brown

Em C G D Em C D Em
Such a coaxing elf, I'd to shake myself, to make sure I was really there.
Young Rosie McCann, from the banks of the Bann, She's the Star of the County Down".
Till a smiling bride by my own fireside sits the Star of the County Down.

G D
From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay,
Em D
And from Galway to Dublin town,
Em C G D
No maid I've seen like the brown colleen,
Em C Em
That I met in the County Down.