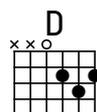
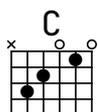
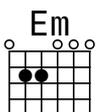


# Star of the County Down

Em C D  
In Banbridge Town in the County Down  
Em C D  
One morning last July,  
Em G D  
From a boreen green came a sweet colleen  
Em D Em  
And she smiled as she passed me by.  
G D  
She looked so sweet from her two bare feet  
Em C D  
To the sheen of her nut brown hair.  
Em G D  
Such a coaxing elf, sure I shook meself  
Em D Em  
For to see I was really there.

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

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



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

**Em** **G** **D**  
 At the Harvest Fair she'll be surely there  
**Em** **C** **D**  
 And I'll dress in my Sunday clothes,  
**Em** **G** **D**  
 With my shoes shone bright and my hat cocked right  
**Em** **D** **Em**  
 For a smile from my nut brown rose.  
**G** **D**  
 No pipe I'll smoke and no horse I'll yoke  
**Em** **C** **D**  
 'Till my plough turns rust coloured brown.  
**Em** **G** **D**  
 'Till a smiling bride by my own fireside  
**Em** **D** **Em**  
 Sits the star of the County Down.

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