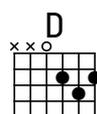
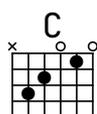
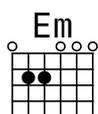


Star of the County Down

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."



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.

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 and no horse I'll 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 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.