

Star of the County Down

Rapalje

Emi **C** **D**
Near to Banbridge town in the County Down
G **Emi** **D**
One morning last July
Emi **C** **D**
From a borean green came a sweet colleen
G **C** **D** **Emi**
And she smiled as she passed me by
G **D**
She looked so sweet from her two bare feet
Emi **C** **D**
To the sheen of her nut-brown hair
Emi **G** **D**
Such a coaxing elf sure I shook myself
G **C** **D** **Emi**
For to see I was really there

Chorus:

G **D**
From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay
Emi **C** **D**
And from Galway to Dublin Town,
Emi **G** **D**
No maid have I seen like the brown colleen
Emi **C** **D** **Emi**
That I met in the County Down

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

Chorus

She'd a soft brown eye and a look so sly
And a smile like a rose in June
And you hung on each note from her lilly-white throat
As she lilted an Irish tune
At the pattern dance you were held in a trance
As she skipped to a reel or a jig
When her eyes she'd roll, she'd coax upon my soul
A spud from a hungry pig

Chorus

I've traveled a bit but never was hit
Since my roving career began
But fair and square I surrendered there
To the charm of young Rosie McCann
With a heart to let and no tenant yet
Did I meet with a shawl or gown
But in she went and I asked no rent
From 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 plow turns rust-coloured brown
'Till a smiling bride, by my own fire-side
Sits the star of the County Down

Chorus