

Star of the County Down

Angelo Kelly

Near to Banbridge town, in the county Down,
One morning last July,
Down a breen green came a sweet colleen,
And she smiled as she passed me by,
She looked so sweet from her two bare feet,
To the sheen of her nut-brown hair,
Such a coaxing elf, I'd to shake myself,
To make sure I was really there.

From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay,
And from Galway to Dublin town,
No maid I've seen like the sweet colleen,
That I met in the country Down.
(2x)

As she onward sped sure I scratched my head,
And I looked with a feeling rare,
And says I to a passer by,
"Who's the maid with the nut-brown hair?",
He smiled at me and then 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".

From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay,
And from Galway to Dublin town,
No maid I've seen like the sweet colleen,
That I met in the country Down.
(2x)

At the harvest fair, I'll be surely there,
And I'll dress in my Sunday clothes,
With my shoes shone bright and my hat upright,
And a smile from my nut-brown rose,
No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke,
Though with rust my plow turns 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 sweet colleen,
That I met in the country Down.
(2x)