

The Star of the County Down

Loreena Mckennitt

Banbridge Town in the County Down
One morning last July,
From a boreen 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, sure I shook myself
For to see I was really there.

From Bantry Bay into Derry Quay
From Galway to Dublin Town
No maid I've seen like the fair colleen
That I met in the County Down

As she onward sped, sure I scratched my head,
And I looked with a feelin' 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."

From Bantry Bay into Derry Quay
From Galway to Dublin Town
No maid I've seen like the fair colleen
That I met in the County Down

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 plough turns rust coloured brown.
Till my smiling bride by my own fireside
Sits the star of the County Down.

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From Galway to Dublin Town
No maid I've seen like the fair colleen
That I met in the County Down