

# The Star Of The County Down

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Traditional

Cm Eb Bb Cm Bb

5 Near Ban-bridge town in the Coun-ty Down one mor - ning last Ju - ly, from a

Cm Eb Bb Cm Bb Cm

9 bore - en green came a sweet Col - leen And she smiled as she passed me by. She

14 Eb Bb Cm Bb Cm Eb Bb

19 Cm Bb Cm

22 Eb Bb Cm Bb Cm

fair col - leen that I met in the Coun - ty Down.

2.As she onward sped I scratch'd my head  
And I gazed with a feelin' quare,  
There I said, says I, to a passer by  
'Who's the maid with the nut-brown hair?'  
Oh! he smiled at me, and with pride 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.'

3.At the Harvest Fair she'll be surely there,  
So I'll dress in my Sunday clothes,  
And I'll try sheep's eyes and deludtherin lies,  
On the heart of the nut-brown Rose,  
No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke,  
Tho' my plough with rust turn brown.  
Till a smiling bride by my own fireside,  
Sits the star of the County Down.