

The Star Of The County Down

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Traditional

Em G D Em D

5 Em G D Em D Em

9 G D Em D Em

14 G D Em D Em G D

19 Em D Em

22 G D Em D Em

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.