

# Star Of The County Down

## The High Kings

Near Banbridge town, in the County Down  
One evening last July  
Down a bÃ³ithrÃ³n green came a sweet colleen  
And she smiled as she passed me by.  
She looked so neat in 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 standing there. From Bantry Bay down to 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 I shook my head  
And I gazed with a feeling queer  
And I said, says I, to a passerby  
"Who's your one with the nut-brown hair?"  
He smiled at me, and with pride says he,  
"She's the gem of old Ireland's crown.  
Young Rosie McCann from the banks of the Bann  
And the star of the County Down." From Bantry Bay down to Derry Quay  
From Galway to Dublin town  
No maid I've seen like the fair colleen  
That I met in the County Down. She'd a soft brown eye and  
a look so sly and a smile like the rose in June  
And you held each note from her auburn throat,  
as she lilted lamenting tunes  
At the pattern dance you'd be in trance  
as she skipped through a jig or reel  
When her eyes she'd roll, as she'd lift soul  
And your heart she would likely steal From Bantry Bay down to Derry Quay  
From Galway to Dublin town  
No maid I've seen like the fair colleen  
That I met in the County Down. At the harvest fair she'll be surely there  
and I'll dress my Sunday clothes  
With my hat cocked right and my shoes shon bright  
for a smile from the nut-brown Rose  
No horse I'll yoke, or pipe I smoke,  
'til the rust in my plough turn brown  
And a smiling bride by my own fireside  
sits the star of the County Down From Bantry Bay down to Derry Quay  
From Galway to Dublin town

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That I met in the County Down. Near Banbridge town, in the County Down  
One evening last July  
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And she smiled as she passed me by.  
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Songwriters

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