

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 cailÃ³n
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 cailÃ³n
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 cailÃ³n
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 cailÃ³n
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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