

Star of the County Down

The Irish Rovers

Near Banbridge Town in the County Down
One morning last July,
Down 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 up to Derry Quay and
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 say's, say's I, to a passer-by,
"Whose the maid with the nut brown hair"?
He smiled at me and he says's, say's 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 up to Derry Quay and
From Galway to Dublin Town,
No maid I've seen like the fair colleen
That I met in the County Down.

She had soft brown eyes with a look so shy
and a smile like a rose in June.
And she sang so sweet what a lovely treat,
as she lulled to an Irish tune.
At the patterns dance I was in the trance
As she whirled with the lads of the town.
And it broke my heart just to be apart,
From the star of the County Down.

From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay and
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
So 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 a smiling bride, by my own fireside
Sits the star of the County Down.

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

Lyrics submitted by George Youdig.

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