

# Star Of The County Down

Traditional Melody: Traditional. Lyrics: Cathal MacGarvey



In [Am] Banbridge Town in the [C] County [G] Down  
One [Am] morning [F] last [G] July  
From a [Am] breen green came a [C] sweet col- [G] leen  
And she [Am] smiled as she [G] passed me [Am] by.  
She [C] looked so sweet from her [G] two bare feet  
To the [Am] sheen of her [F] nut-brown [G] hair  
Such a [Am] coaxing elf, sure I [C] shook my [G] self  
For to [Am] see I was [G] really [Am] there.

## [CHORUS]

From [C] Bantry Bay up to [G] Derry Quay and  
From [Am] Galway to [F] Dublin [G] Town  
No [Am] maid I've seen like the [C] brown col- [G] leen  
That I [Am] met on the [G] County [Am] Down

As she [Am] onward sped, sure I [C] scratched my [G] head,  
And I [Am] looked with a [F] feelin' [G] rare,  
And aye, [Am] says, I to a [C] passer [G] by  
Who's the [Am] maid with the [G] nut-brown [Am] hair  
He [C] smiled and me and he [G] says, says he  
"That's the [Am] gem of [F] Ireland's [G] crown.  
Young [Am] Rosie McCann from the [C] banks of the [G] Bann,  
She's the [Am] Star of the [G] County [Am] Down."

## [REPEAT CHORUS]

At the [Am] Harvest Fair, she'll [C] surely be [G] there  
And I'll [Am] dress in my [F] Sunday [G] clothes,  
With my [Am] shoes shone bright and my [C] hat cocked [G] right  
For a [Am] smile from my [G] nut brown [Am] rose.  
No [C] pipe I'll smoke, no [G] horse I'll yoke  
Til my [Am] plough turns a [F] rust-coloured [G] brown.  
Til a [Am] smiling bride by my [C] own [G] fireside  
Sits the [Am] Star of the [G] County [Am] Down

## [REPEAT CHORUS]