## Star of the County Down

Em G D Em D

Near to Ban-bridge town, in the Coun-ty Down, one morn-ing in Ju-ly,

Em G D Em Am Em

Down a bo-reen green came a sweet col-leen and she smiled as she passed me by.

G D Em Bm

Oh she looked so neat from her two white feet, to the sheen of her nut- brown hair,

Em G D Em Am Em

Sure the coax-ing elf I'd to shake my-self, to make sure I was standing there.

G D Em Bm

Oh from Ban-try Bay up to Der-ry Quay, and from Gal-way to Dub-lin town,

Em G D Em A Em

No maid I've seen like the sweet col-leen, that I met in the Coun-ty Down

Em G D Em D

As she onward sped I shook my head and I gazed with a feeling queer

Em G D Em Am Em

'and I said ', says I to a passer-by, 'who's the maid with the nut -brown hair?'

G D Em Bm

Oh, he smiled at me, and with pride says he: 'That's the gem of Ireland's crown,

Em G D Em Am Em

She's young Rosie McCann, from the banks of the Bann, She's the Star of the County Down.

Em G D Em D

She'd a soft brow eye and a look so sly, and a smile like a rose in June,

Em G D Em Am Em

And you hung on each note from her lily-white throat, as she lilted an Irish tune,

G D Em Bm

At the pattern dance you were held in trance as she tripped through a reel or a jig,

Em G D Em Am Em

And when her eyes she'd roll, she'd coax upon my soul, a spud from a hungry pig.

Em G D Em D

I've travelled a bit, but never was hit, since my roving career began.

Em G D Em Am Em

But fair and square I surrendered there to the charms of young Rosie McCann.

G D Em Bm

With a heart to let and no tenant yet, did I meet within shawl or gown;

Em G D Em Am Em

But in she went and I asked no rent from the star of the County Down

Em G D Em D

At the crossroads fair I'll be surely there and I'll dress in my Sunday clothes

Em G D Em Am Em

And I'll try sheep's eyes and deludhering lies on the heart of the nut-brown Rose. G D  $\rm Em\ Bm$ 

No pipe I smoke, no horse I'll yoke, though my plough with rust turns brown  ${\rm Em}~{\rm G}~{\rm D}~{\rm Em}~{\rm Am}~{\rm Em}$ 

'Till a smiling bride by own fireside sits the Sits the Star of the County Down