Star of The County Down

        Mi -   **Sol**   **Re**
Near to Banbridge town in the County Down

     Mi -   **Re**
one morning in July,

        Mi -   **Sol**   **Re**
down a boreen green came a sweet colleen

       Mi -   **Do**   **Mi -**
and she smiled as she passed me by.

     Sol   **Re**
Oh she looked so neat from her two bare feet

     Mi -   **Re**
to the sheen of her nut brown hair.

        Mi -   **Sol**   **Re**
Sure the coaxing elf, I'd to shake myself,

       Mi -   **Do**   **Mi -**
to make sure I was standing there.

     Sol   **Re**
From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay

        Mi -   **Re**
and from Galway to Dublin Town,

   Mi -   **Sol**   **Re**
no maid I've seen like the brown colleen

     Mi -   **Do**   **Mi -**
that I met in the County Down.

      Mi -   **Sol**   **Re**
As she onward sped I shook my head,

     Mi -   **Re**
and I gazed with a feeling quare,

     Mi -   **Sol** **Re**
and I said, says I, to passer by,

        Mi -   **Do**   **Mi -**
"Who's the maid with the nut brown hair?"

     Sol   **Re**
Oh, he smiled to me, and with pride says he,

       Mi -   **Re**
"That's the gem of Ireland's crown,

       Mi -   **Sol**   **Re**
she's young Rosie McCann from the banks of the Bann,

       Mi -   **Do**   **Mi -**
she's the star of the County Down."

     Sol   **Re**
From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay

        Mi -   **Re**
and from Galway to Dublin Town,

   Mi -   **Sol**   **Re**
no maid I've seen like the brown colleen

     Mi -   **Do**   **Mi -**
that I met in the County Down.

Mi -   **Sol**   **Re**
I've travelled a bit, but never was hit
      Mi -   **Re**
since my roving career began;
   Mi -   **Sol**   **Re**
but fair and square I surrendered there
     Mi -   **Do**   **Mi -**
to the charms of young Rosie McCann.
     Sol   **Re**
With a heart to let no tenant yet
     Mi -   **Re**
did I meet with in shawl or gown,
     Mi -   **Sol**   **Re**
but in she went and I asked no rent
      Mi -   **Do**   **Mi -**
from the star of the County Down.
    Sol   **Re**
From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay
       Mi -   **Re**
and from Galway to Dublin Town,
   Mi -   **Sol**   **Re**
no maid I've seen like the brown colleen
      Mi -   **Do**   **Mi -**
that I met in the County Down.
      Mi -   **Sol**   **Re**
At the cross roads fair I'll be surely there
        Mi -   **Re**
and I'll dress in my Sunday clothes,
    Mi -   **Sol**   **Re**
and I'll try sheep's eyes, and deludhering cries
     Mi -   **Do**   **Mi -**
on the heart of the nut brown Rose.
   Sol   **Re**
No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke,
      Mi -   **Re**
though my plough with rust turns brown,
     Mi -   **Sol**   **Re**
'till a smiling bride by my own fireside,
      Mi -   **Do**   **Mi -**
sits the star of the County Down.
    Sol   **Re**
From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay
       Mi -   **Re**
and from Galway to Dublin Town,
   Mi -   **Sol**   **Re**
no maid I've seen like the brown colleen
      Mi -   **Do**   **Mi -**
that I met in the County Down.