

The Star of the County Down

Words: Cathal McGarvey

Am C G Am G
In Banbridge Town in the County Down one morning last July,
Am C G Am G Am
From a bóithrín green came a sweet cailín and she smiled as she passed me by
C G Am G
She looked so sweet from her two bare feet to the sheen of her nut brown hair
Am C G Am G Am
Such a coaxing elf, sure I shook myself to make sure I was really there.

[chorus]

C G Am G
From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay, from Galway to Dub-a-lin Town,
Am C G Am G Am
No maid I've seen like the brown cailín that I met in the County Down

Am . G . Am . G . Am . . G Am

As she onward sped, sure I shook my head
And I looked with a feeling rare.
Then I said, says I, to a passer-by,
"Who's the maid with the nut-brown hair?"
Well, he smiled at me, and then says he,
"That's the gem of Ireland's crown,
She's Rosie McCann from the banks of the Bann,
She's the 'Star of the County Down'"

[repeat chorus]

*Well I've traveled a bit, but ne'er was hit
Since my roving career began;
Then fair and square I surrendered there
To the charms of young Rose McCann.
I'd a heart to let and no tenant yet
Did I see in shawl or gown,
But in she went and I asked no rent
From the Star of the County Down.*

[repeat chorus]

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, and no horse I'll yoke
Though with rust my plow turns brown,
Till a smiling bride by my own fireside
Sits the 'Star of the County Down'

[repeat chorus x2]