

CHORUS (x2)

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 is a rust-coloured brown,
Till a smiling bride by my own fireside, sits the star of the County Down.

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CHORUS

Young Rosie McCann from the banks of the Bann, She's the star of the County Down."
He smiled at me and he says, says he, "She's the gem of Ireland's crown.
And I says, says I to a passer-by, "Who's the maid with the nut-brown hair?"
As she onward sped, sure I scratched my head, and I gazed with a feeling rare,

Hey chica, chica, chica, chica, chica, chica, chica, chica, chica, chica, chica, chica, chica, chica, chica, chica
No maid I've seen like the sweet colleen that I met in the County Down.
From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay and from Galway to Dublin town.

CHORUS

Near Banbridge town in the County Down one morning last July,
Down a borgen green came a sweet colleen and she smiled as she passed me by.
She looked so neat from her two bare feet to the sheen of her nut-brown hair,
Such a coaxing elf, I had to shake myself to make sure I was really there.

The Star of the County Down (Air)

LINE 1 + 2

INSTR

LINE 3 (LAST 2 MEAS)

R.S.B.K.

LINE 4

NO LINE 3 (LAST 2 MEAS)

R.S.B.K.

LINE 3 + 4

R.S.B.K.