

Em C D
 Near Banbridge town, in the County Down
 Em D
 One morning in July
 Em C D
 Down a borean green came a sweet colleen
 Em Bm Em
 And she smiled as she passed me by.
 G D Bm
 She looked so sweet from her two white feet
 Em D
 To the sheen of her nut-brown hair
 Em C D
 Such a coaxing elf, I'd to shake myself
 Em Bm Em
 To make sure I was standing there. *Chorus*

G D Bm
 From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay
 Em D
 And from Galway to Dublin town
 Em C D
 No maid I've seen like the sweet colleen
 Em Bm Em
 That I met in the County Down.

As she onward sped I shook my head
 And I gazed with a feeling rare
 And I said, says I, to a passerby
 "Who's the maid with the nut-brown hair?"
 He smiled at me, and with pride says he,
 "That's the gem of Ireland's crown.
 She's young Rosie McCann from the banks of the Bann
 She's the star of the County Down." *Chorus*

I've travelled a bit, but never was hit
 Since my roving career began
 But 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 meet with in shawl or gown
 But in she went and I asked no rent
 From the star of the County Down. *Chorus*

At the crossroads fair I'll be surely there
And I'll dress in my Sunday clothes
And I'll try sheep's eyes, and deludhering lies
On the heart of the nut-brown rose.
No pipe I'll smoke, 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 *Chorus*