

Intro: [Dm] [F] [C] [Dm] [Bb] [Dm]

[Dm] In Banbridge Town in the [F] County [C] Down
One [Dm] morning [Bb] last [C] July,
From a [Dm] boreen green came a [F] sweet col-[C]leen
And she [Dm] smiled as she [C] passed me [Dm] by.
She [F] looked so sweet from her [C] two bare feet
To the [Dm] sheen of her [Bb] nut brown [C] hair.
Such a [Dm] coaxing elf, sure I [F] shook me [C] self
For to [Dm] see I was [Bb] really [Dm] there.

From [F] Bantry Bay up to [C] Derry Quay and
From [Dm] Galway to [Bb] Dublin [C] Town,
No [Dm] maid I've seen like the [F] brown col-[C]leen
That I [Dm] met in the [Bb] County [Dm] Down.

[Dm] As she onward sped, sure I [F] scratched my [C] head
And I [Dm] looked with a [Bb] feeling [C] rare.
Then I [Dm] said, says I, to a [F] passer-[C]by,
"Who's the [Dm] maid with the [C] nut-brown [Dm] hair?"
He [F] smiled at me, and with [C] pride says he,
"That's the [Dm] gem of old [Bb] Ireland's [C] crown,
Young [Dm] Rosie McCann from the [F] banks of the [C] Bann,
She's the [Dm] Star of the [Bb] County [Dm] Down."

From [F] Bantry Bay up to [C] Derry Quay and
From [Dm] Galway to [Bb] Dublin [C] Town,
No [Dm] maid I've seen like the [F] brown col-[C]leen
That I [Dm] met in the [Bb] County [Dm] Down.

Next Page

The Star Of The County Down [Dm] Page 2 02/10/19

She had [Dm] soft brown eyes with a [F] look so [C] shy
And a [Dm] smile like a [Bb] rose in [C] June.
And she [Dm] sang so sweet [F] what a lovely [C] treat,
As she [Dm] lilted an [C] Irish [Dm] tune.
At the [F] patterns dance I was [C] in the trance,
As she [Dm] whirled with the [Bb] lads of the [C] town.
And it [Dm] broke my heart just to [F] be a-[C]part
From the [Dm] star of the [Bb] County [Dm] Down.

From [F] Bantry Bay up to [C] Derry Quay and
From [Dm] Galway to [Bb] Dublin [C] Town,
No [Dm] maid I've seen like the [F] brown col-[C]leen
That I [Dm] met in the [Bb] County [Dm] Down.

At the [Dm] harvest fair, I'll be [F] surely [C] there
And I'll [Dm] dress in my [Bb] Sunday [C] clothes
With my [Dm] shoes shone bright, and my [F] hat cocked [C] right
For a [Dm] smile from my [F] nut-brown [Dm] Rose.
No [F] pipe I'll smoke, and no [C] horse I'll yoke
Till my [Dm] plow turns [Bb] rust coloured [C] brown,
Till a [Dm] smiling bride by my [F] own fire-[C]side
Sits the [Dm] Star of the [Bb] County [Dm] Down.

From [F] Bantry Bay up to [C] Derry Quay and
From [Dm] Galway to [Bb] Dublin [C] Town,
No [Dm] maid I've seen like the [F] brown col-[C]leen
That I [Dm] met in the [Bb] County [Dm] Down.
No [Dm] maid I've seen like the [F] brown col-[C]leen
That I [Dm] met in the [Bb] County [Dm] Down.

