

The STAR OF THE COUNTY DOWN

**NEAR BANBRIDGE TOWN, IN THE COUNTY DOWN,
ONE MORNING IN MID-JULY
DOWN A BOREEN GREEN CAME A SWEET COLLEEN
AND SHE SMILED AS SHE PASSED ME BY;
OH SHE LOOKED SO NEAT FROM HER TWO BARE FEET
TO THE SHEEN OF HER NUT-BROWN HAIR,
SURE THE COAXING ELF, I HAD TO SHAKE MYSELF,
TO MAKE SURE I WAS REALLY THERE!**

***OH FROM BANTRY BAY UP TO DERRY QUAY,
AND FROM GALWAY TO DUBLIN TOWN,
NO MAID I'VE SEEN LIKE THE SWEET COLLEEN
THAT I MET IN COUNTY DOWN.***

**AS SHE ONWARD SPED I SHOOK MY HEAD
AND I GAZED WITH A FEELING QUARE,
AND I SAID, SAYS I TO A PASSER-BY
"WHO'S THE MAID WITH THE NUT-BROWN HAIR?"
OH HE SMILED AT ME, AND WITH PRIDE SAYS HE:
"THAT'S THE GEM OF IRELAND'S CROWN,
SHE'S YOUNG ROSLE MCCANN, FROM THE BANKS OF THE BANN,
SHE'S THE STAR OF THE COUNTY DOWN!"**

**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 SWEET LITTLE LIES
ON THE HEART OF THE NUT-BROWN ROSE
NO PIPE I'LL SMOKE, NO HORSE I'LL YOKE
THOUGH MY PLOUGH WITH RUST TURNS BROWN
TILL A SMILING BRIDE BY MY OWN FIRESIDE
SITS THE STAR OF THE COUNTY DOWN!**