

Star of the County Down

The Irish Rovers

D	0 3 3 3 2 3 4 4 4	3 4 5 4 3 1 1 0
A		
D		

Near Banbridge town in the County Down

One morning last July,

D	0 1 3 3 3 2 3 4 4 4	3 4 5 4 3 1 3 4
A		
D		

Down a borean green came a sweet Colleen

And she smiled as she passed me by.

D	5 8 5 5 4 3 4 4 4	3 4 5 4 3 1 1 0
A		
D		

She looked so sweet from her two bare feet

To the sheen of her nut brown hair.

D	0 1 3 3 3 2 3 4 4 4~4	3 4 5 4 3 1 3 4
A		
D		

Such a winsome elf, I'm ashamed of myself

For to see I was staring there.

D	5 8 5 5 4 3 4 4 4	3 4 5 4 3 1 1 0
A		
D		

From Bantry Bay up to Derry's Quay

And from Galway to Dublin Town,

D	0~1 3 3 3 2 3 4 4 4	3 4 5 4 3 1 1 0
A		
D		

No maid I've seen like the brown Colleen

That I met in the County Down.

D	0 1 3 3 3 2 3 4 4 4	3 4 5 4 3 1 1 0
A		
D		

As she onward sped, sure I scratched me head,

And I looked with a feelin' rare,

D	0 1 3 3 3 2 3 4 4 4	3 4 5 4 3 1 3 4
A		
D		

And I says, says I, to a passer-by, "Whose the maid with the nut brown hair"?

D	5 8 5 5 4 3 4 4 4	3 4 5 4 3 1 1 0
A		
D		

He looked at me and he says, says he, "That's the gem of Ireland's crown.

D	0~1 3 3 3 3 2 3 4 4 4 4	3 4 5 4 3 1 1 0
A		
D		

Young Rosie McCann from the banks of the Bann, She's the star of the County Down."

D	5 8 5 5 4 3 4 4 4	3 4 5 4 3 1 1 0
A		
D		

From Bantry Bay up to Derry's Quay And from Galway to Dublin Town

D	0~1 3 3 3 2 3 4 4 4	3 4 5 4 3 1 1 0
A		
D		

No maid I've seen like the brown Colleen That I met in the County Down.

D	0 1 3 3 3 2 3 4 4 4	3 4 5 4 3 1 3 4
A		
D		

She had soft brown eyes with a look so shy And a smile like a rose in June

D	0 1 3 3 3 2 3 4 4 4	3 4 5~4 3 1 1 0
A		
D		

And she sang so sweet, what a lovely treat As she lilted an Irish tune

D	5 8 5 5 4 3 4 4 4	3 4 5 4 3 1 1 0
A		
D		

At the Lammas dance I was in a trance

As she whirled with the lads of the town

D	0 1 3 3 3 2 3 4 4 4	3 4 5 4 3 1 1 0
A		
D		

And it broke me heart just to be apart

From the star of the County Down

D	5 8 5 5 4 3 4 4 4	3 4 5~4 3 1 1 0
A		
D		

From Bantry Bay up to Derry's Quay

And from Galway to Dublin Town,

D	0~1 3 3 3 2 3 4 4 4	3 4 5 4 3 1 1 0
A		
D		

No maid I've seen like the brown Colleen

That I met in the County Down.

D	0 1 3 3 3 2 3 4 4 4	3 4 5 4 3 1 1 0
A		
D		

At the harvest fair she'll be surely there

So I'll dress in me Sunday clothes,

D	0 1 3 3 3 2 3 4 4 4	3 4 5 4 3 1 1 0
A		
D		

With me shoes shone bright and me hat cocked right

for a smile from the nut brown rose.

D	5 8 5 5 4 3 4 4 4	3 4 5 4 3 1 1~1 0
A		
D		

No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke

Till me plough is a rust coloured brown.

D	0 1 3 3 3 2 3 4 4 4	3 4 5 4 3 1 1 0
A		
D		

Till a smiling bride, by my own fireside

Sits the star of the County Down.

D	5 8 5 5 4 3 4 4 4	3 4 5~4 3 1 1 0
A		
D		

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And from Galway to Dublin Town,

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