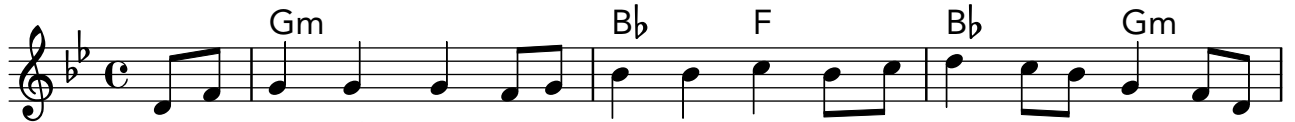
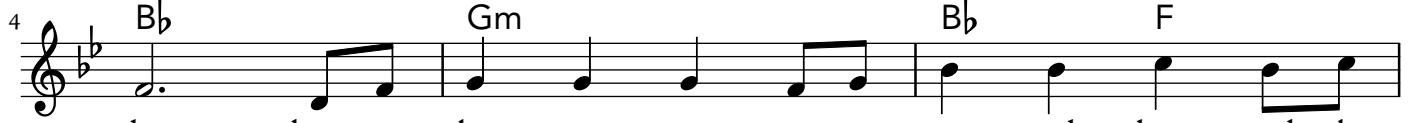


The Star of County Down

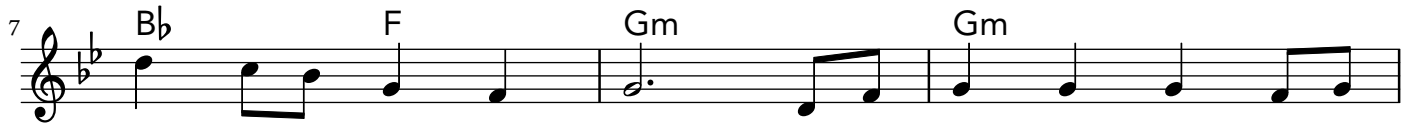
Traditional



1. Near Ban-bridge town, in the Coun - ty Down, one morn - ing in ear - ly Ju -
2. As she on - ward sped I shook my head, and I gazed with a feel - ing
3. She'd a soft brown eye and a look so sly, and a smile like a rose in
4. I've travelled a bit, but I never was hit, since my rov - ing car - eer be -
5. At the har - vest fair I'll surely be there, and I'll dress in my Sun - day



ly, down a bo - reen green came a sweet col - leen and she
rare, And I said, says I, to a pas - ser - by, "Who's the
June. And you hung on each note from her lily white throat, as she
gan. But fair and square I sur - rend - ered there, to the
clothes. And I'll try sheep's eyes, and del - ude - ring lies, on the



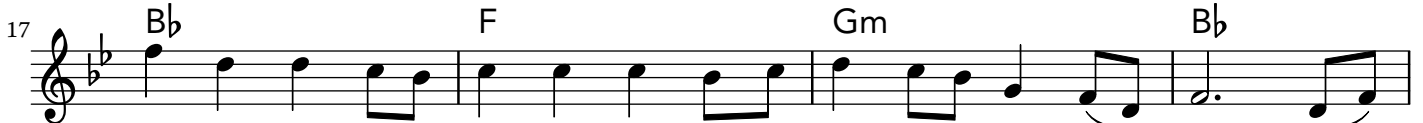
smiled as she passed me by. She looked so sweet from her
maid with the nut brown hair?" He smiled at me, and with
lil - ted an Ir - ish tune. At the pat - tern dance you were
charms of young Rose Mc - Cann. With a heart to let and no
heart of the nut - brown rose. No pipe I'll smoke, no



two white feet to the sheen of her nut brown hair, such a
pride says he, "That's the gem of Ire - lands crown. She's young
held in a trance, as she tripped through a reel or a jig. When her
ten - ant yet, did I meet with in shawl or gown. But
horse I'll yoke, though with rust my plow turns brown. Till a



coax - ing elf, I'd to shake my - self to make sure I was stan - ding there. From
Rosie Mc-Cann from the banks of the Bann, She's the star of the Coun - ty Down.
eyes she'd roll, she'd coax upon my soul, a spud from an an - gry pig.
in she went and I asked no rent, from the star of Coun - ty Down.
smil - ing bride by my own fire - side, sits the star of the Coun - ty Down.



Ban - try Bay up to Der - ry Quay and from Gal - way to Dub - lin town. No



maid I've seen like the sweet col - leen that I met in the Coun - ty Down.