The Star of the County Down

Near to Banbridge town in the County Down, one morning in July,
Down a bóthairín green came a sweet colleen, and she smiled as she passed me by.
O she looked so neat from her two white feet to the sheen of her nut-brown hair.
Sure—the coaxing elf!—I’d to shake myself to make sure I was standing there.

O 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 the County Down.

As she onward sped, I shook my head, and I gazed with a feeling rare.
“By me soul!” said I to a passer-by, “Who’s the maid with the nut-brown hair?”.
O he smiled at me, and he says, says he, “That’s the gem of Ireland’s crown!
She’s young Rose McCann from the banks of the Bann—she’s the star of the County Down!”.

Chorus

She’d a soft, brown eye and a look so sly and a smile like a rose in June,
And you hung on each note from her lily-white throat as she lilted an Irish tune.
At the pattern dance, you were held in trance, as she stepped through a jig or reel.
When her eyes she’d roll, she’d coax—by my soul!—a hungry man’s last meal.

Chorus

Now, I’ve traveled a bit, but I never was hit since my roving career began;
But, fair and square, I surrendered there to the charm of young Rose McCann.
I’d a heart to let, and no tenant yet had I met within 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 beguiling lies on the heart of my nut-brown Rose.
No pipe I’ll smoke, and 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.

Chorus