The Star of the County Down

Traditional

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As she onward sped, sure I shook my head,
And I looked with a feelin' rare,
And I said, says I, to a passer-by,
"Who's the maid with the nut brown hair?"
He smiled at me and with pride says he,
"That's the gem of Ireland's crown.
She's young Rosie McCann from the banks of the Bann.
She's the star of the County Down".

At the Harvest Fair I'll be surely there
And I'll dress in my Sunday clothes,
With my shoes shone bright and my hat cocked right
For a smile from my nut brown Rose.
No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke
Till my plough with rust turns brown.
Till a smiling bride by my own fireside
Sits the star of the County Down.