

Star of the county down

MHUG

Near to [Em] Banbridge town, in the [G] County [D] Down,
one [G] morning [Em] last Ju [G] ly
Down a [Em] boreen green came a [G] sweet col [D] leen
and she [G] smiled as she [C] passed [D] me [Em] by.
She [G] looked so neat from her [Am] two white feet
to the [G] sheen of her [Em] nut-brown [G] hair
Such the [Em] coaxing elf, sure I [G] shook my [D] self,
For to [Em] see I was [C] real [D] ly [Em] there.

Chorus:

From [G] Bantry Bay up to [Am] Derry Quay
and from [G] Galway to [Em] Dublin [G] town,
No [Em] maid I've seen like the [G] sweet col [D] leen
that I [Em] met in the [C] Coun [D] ty [Em] Down

As she [Em] onward sped, sure I [G] scratched my [D] head
and I [G] looked with a [Em] feeling [G] rare.
And I said, [Em] says I, to a [G] passer [D] by,
"Who's the [G] maid with the [C] nut [D] brown [Em] hair?"
Oh, he [G] smiled at me and with [Am] pride says he,
"That's the [G] gem of [Em] Irelands [G] crown.
She's young [Em] Rosie McCann from the [G] banks of the [D] Bann,
she's the [Em] Star of the [C] Coun [D] ty [Em] Down."

Chorus

She'd a [Em] soft brown eye and she [G] looked so [D] sly
and a [G] smile like the [Em] rose in [G] June,
And you [Em] held each note from her [G] lily-white [D] throat,
as she [G] lilted an [C] I [D] rish [Em] tune.
At the [G] pattern dance you were [Am] in a trance
as she [G] tripped through a [Em] jig or [G] reel
When her [Em] eyes she'd roll, she would [G] lift your [D] soul
as your [Em] heart she would [C] like [D] ly [Em] steal.

Chorus

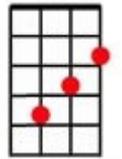
I've [Em] travelled a bit, but I [G] never was [D] hit
since my [G] roving [Em] days be [G] gan;
But [Em] fair and square I sur [G] rendered [D] there
to the [G] charms of young [C] Rose [D] Mc [Em] Cann.
I'd a [G] heart to let and no [Am] tenant yet
did I [G] meet with a [Em] shawl or [G] gown,
But [Em] in she went and I [G] asked no [D] rent
from the [Em] Star of the [C] Coun [D] ty [Em] Down.

Chorus

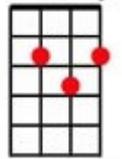
At the [Em] harvest fair she'll be [G] surely [D] there
and I'll [G] dress in my [Em] Sunday [G] clothes.
With my [Em] shoes shone bright and my [G] hat cocked [D] right
for a [G] smile from my [C] nut [D] brown [Em] Rose
No [G] pipe I smoke, no [Am] horse I'll yoke,
till my [G] plough is a [Em] rust coloured [G] brown
Till a [Em] smiling bride by my [G] own fire [D] side
sits the [Em] Star of the [C] Coun [D] ty [Em] Down

Chorus

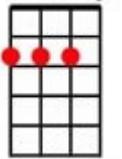
Emin



Gmaj



Dmaj



Cmaj

