

Fiddler's Green

"Star Of The County Down"

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Near Banbridge town in the County Down
one morning last July,
from a breen green came a sweet Colleen
And she smiled as she passed me by.
She looked so sweet from her two bare feet
To the sheen of her nut-brown hair.
Such a coaxing elf, sure I shook myself
For so see I was really there.

Chorus:

From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay
and from Galway to Dublin town,
No maid Iâ€™ve seen like the fair colleen
that I met in the County Down.

As she onward sped, sure I scratched my head
And I looked with a feeling rare.
And I say, sayâ€™s I, to a passer - by,
"Whoâ€™s the maid with the nut - brown hair"?
He smiled at me and he sayâ€™s, sayâ€™s he,
"Thatâ€™s the gem of Irelandâ€™s crown.
Young Rosie Mc Cann, from the banks of the bann
Sheâ€™s the star of the County Down."

At the Harvest Fair sheâ€™ll be surely there
And Iâ€™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 Iâ€™ll smoke, no horse Iâ€™ll yoke
Till my plough it is rust - coloured brown.
Till a smiling bride, by my own fireside
sits the Star of the County Down

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