

Bardic

"Near Banbridge Town"

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Near Banbridge Town in the county Down
One morning last July
Down a boren green came a sweet coleen
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 to see I was really there

From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay,
And from Galway to Dublin town
No maid I've seen like the brown coleen
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 says, says I, to a passer-by
Who's the maid with the nut-brown hair?
He smiled at me and then says he
That's the gem of the Irelands crown.
Young Rosie McCann from the Banks of the Bann
She's the sta rof the county Down

At the harvest fair she'll be surely there,
So I 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 is a rust-coloured brown
Till a smiling bride by my own fireside,
Sits the star of the county Down

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