

Pogues

"Star Of The County Down"

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Near Banbridge Town in the County Down
One morning last July
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 to see I was really there

From Bantry Bay down to Derry Quay and
From Galway to Dublin Town
No maid I've seen like the brown colleen
That I met in the County Down

As she onward sped, sure I scratched my head
And I looked with a feelin' rare
And I says, says I, to a passer-by
"Whose the maid with the nut brown hair?"

He smiled at me and he says's, says's he
"That's the gem of Ireland's crown
Young Rosie McCann from the banks of a Bann
She's the star of the County Down"

From Bantry Bay down to Derry Quay and
From Galway to Dublin Town
No maid I've seen like the brown colleen
That I met in the County Down

At the Harvest Fair she'll be surely there
I'll dress in my Sunday clothes
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 turns rust colored brown
Till a smiling bride, by my own fireside
Sits the star of the County Down

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