

The Pogues - Star of the County Down

Tom: G

Near to ^{Em}Banbridge Town, in the ^GCounty ^DDown
 One morning in July,
 Down a ^{Em}boreen green came a ^Gsweet ^Dcolleen,
 And she ^{Em}smiled as she ^{Am}passed me ^{Em}by;
 Oh, she ^Glooked so neat from her ^Dtwo white feet
 To the ^{Em}sheen of her ^{Am}nut-brown hair,
 Sure the ^{Em}coaxing elf, I'd to ^Gshake myself ^D
 To make ^{Em}sure I was ^{Am}standing ^{Em}there

Oh, from ^GBantry Bay up to ^DDerry Quay,
 And from ^{Em}Galway to ^DDublin town,
 No maid ^{Em}I've seen like the ^Gbrown ^Dcolleen
 That I ^{Em}met in the ^{Am}County ^{Em}Down.

As she onward sped I shook my head
 And I gazed with a feeling quare,
 And I said, says I, to a passer-by,
 "Who's the maid with the nut-brown hair?"
 Oh, 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."

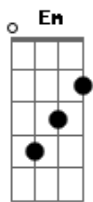
I've travelled a bit, but never was hit
 Since my roving career began;
 But fair and square I surrendered there
 To the charms of young Rose McCann.
 I'd a heart to let and no tenant yet
 Did I meet with in shawl or gown,
 But in she went and I asked no rent
 From the Star of the County Down.

At the crossroads fair I'll be surely there
 And I'll dress in my Sunday clothes
 And I'll try sheep's eyes, and deludhering lies
 On the heart of the nut-brown Rose.
 No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke
 Though with rust my plow turns brown,
 Till a smiling bride by my own fireside
 Sits the Star of the County Down.

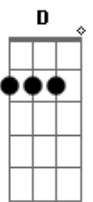
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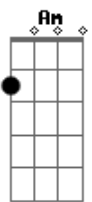
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