

# Cronistes, Star Of The County Down

Near Banbridge town, in the County Down  
One morning in July  
Down a breen green came a sweet colleen  
And she smiled as she passed me by.  
She looked so sweet from her two white feet  
To the sheen of her nut-brown hair  
Such a coaxing elf, I'd to shake myself  
To make sure I was standing there.

From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay  
And from Galway to Dublin town  
No maid I've seen like the sweet colleen  
That I met in the County Down.

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

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."

From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay  
And from Galway to Dublin town  
No maid I've seen like the sweet colleen  
That I met in 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.

From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay  
And from Galway to Dublin town  
No maid I've seen like the sweet colleen  
That I met in 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.

From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay  
And from Galway to Dublin town  
No maid I've seen like the sweet colleen  
That I met in the County Down.