

# Green Fiddler's, Star Of The County Down

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 I'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, say's I, to a passer - by,  
"Who's the maid with the nut - brown hair"?  
He smiled at me and he say's, say's he,  
"That's the gem of Ireland's crown.  
Young Rosie Mc Cann, from the banks of the bann  
She's the star of the County Down."

At the Harvest Fair she'll be surely there  
And I'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 I'll smoke, no horse I'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