

# Tears For Beers, Star Of The County Down

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

From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay,  
And from Galway to Dublin town,  
Na maid I've seen like the brown collen,  
That I met in the country Down

As sho onward sped sure I sratched my head  
And I said with a feeling rare,  
Ay&quot;, says I to a passer by,  
Who's the maid with the nut-brown hair?&quot;;  
He smiled at me, and then says he:  
She's the gem of Ireland's crown,  
young Rosie McCann, from the banks of the Bann,  
she's the Star of the county Down&quot;.

From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay,  
And from Galway to Dublin town,  
Na maid I've seen like the brown collen,  
That I met in the county Down

At the harvest fair I'll be surely there  
And I dress in my Sunday clothes  
With my shoes shone bright and my hat upright  
And a smile from my nut-brown rose.  
No pipe I smoke, no horse I'll yoke  
Let me plough with a rust turn brown  
Till a smiling bride by my own fireside  
Sits the Star of the County Down

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