

Van Morrison & The Chieftains, Star Of The County

In 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 to see I was really there.

From Bantry Bay up 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 say's, say's I, to a passer-by,
"whose the maid with the nut brown hair"?
He smiled at me and he says's, say's he,
"that's the gem of Ireland's crown.
It's 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 brown Colleen
That I met in 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 turns rust coloured 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 brown Colleen
That I met in the County Down.