

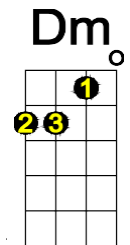
# Star of the County Down

Cathal McGarvey (1866–1927)

4/4 time

**Intro:** 1, 2, 1 2 3 4 [Dm] [F//] [C//] [Dm//] [C//] [Dm]

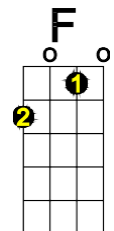
In [Dm] Bainbridge Town in the [F//] County [C//] Down  
One [Dm] morning last Ju-[C]-ly  
From a [Dm] borean green came a [F//] sweet col-[C//]-leen  
And she [Dm//] smiled as she [C//] passed me [Dm] by  
She [F] looked so neat from her [C] two bare feet  
To the [Dm] sheen of her nut brown [C] hair  
Such a [Dm] coaxing elf, sure I [F//] shook my-[C//]self  
For to [Dm/] see I was [C//] really [Dm] there



## Chorus

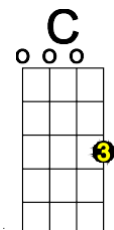
From [F] Bantry Bay up to [C] Derry Quay  
And from [Dm] Galway to Dublin [C] Town  
No [Dm] maid I've seen like the [F//] sweet col-[C//]-leen  
That I [Dm//] met in the [C//] County [Dm] Down [Dm] [F//] [C//] [Dm//] [C//] [Dm]

As she [Dm] onward sped, sure I [F//] scratched my [C//] head  
And I [Dm] looked with a feeling [C] rare  
And I [Dm] said, says I, to a [F//] passer [C//] by  
Who's the [Dm//] maid with the [C//] nut brown [Dm] hair?  
He [F] smiled at me and he [C] said, says he  
She's the [Dm] gem of Ireland's [C] crown  
She's [Dm] Rosie McCann from the [F//] banks of the [C//] Bann  
She's the [Dm//] star of the [C//] County [Dm] Down



## Chorus

At the [Dm] Harvest Fair she'll be [F//] surely [C//] there  
So I'll [Dm] dress in my Sunday [C] clothes  
With my [Dm] shoes shined bright and my [F//] hat cocked [C//] right  
For a [Dm/] smile from my [C//] nut brown [Dm] rose  
No [F] pipe I'll smoke, no [C] horse I'll yoke  
Till my [Dm] plough turns rust coloured [C] brown  
Till a [Dm] smiling bride by my [F//] own fire [C//] side  
Sits the [Dm//] star of the [C//] County [Dm] Down



From [F] Bantry Bay up to [C] Derry Quay  
And from [Dm] Galway to Dublin [C] Town  
No [Dm] maid I've seen like the [F//] sweet col-[C//]-leen  
That I [Dm//] met in the [C//] County [Dm] Down  
That I [Dm//] met in the [C//] County [Dm//] Down [Dm]