

Star of the County Down
The Pogues

Em G D
Near to Banbridge Town, in the County Down

Em D
One morning in July,

Em G D
Down a boreen green came a sweet colleen,

Em Am Em
And she smiled as she passed me by;

G D
Oh, she looked so neat from her two white feet

Em Am D
To the sheen of her nut-brown hair,

Em G D
Sure the coaxing elf, I d to shake myself

Em Am Em
To make sure I was standing there

G D
Oh, from Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay,

Em D
And from Galway to Dublin town,

Em G D
No maid I ve seen like the brown colleen

Em Am Em
That I met in the County Down.

Em G D
As she onward sped I shook my head

Em D
And I gazed with a feeling quare,

Em G D
And I said, says I, to a passer-by,

Em Am Em
Who s the maid with the nut-brown hair?

G D
Oh, he smiled at me, and with pride says he,

Em Am D
That s the gem of Ireland s crown,

Em G D
She s young Rosie McCann from the banks of the Bann,

Em Am Em
She s the Star of the County Down.

Em G D
I ve travelled a bit, but never was hit

Em D

Since my roving career began;

Em **G** **D**

But fair and square I surrendered there

Em **Am** **Em**

To the charms of young Rose McCann.

G **D**

I d a heart to let and no tenant yet

Em **Am** **D**

Did I meet with in shawl or gown,

Em **G** **D**

But in she went and I asked no rent

Em **Am** **Em**

From the Star of the County Down.

Em **G** **D**

At the crossroads fair I ll be surely there

Em **D**

And I ll dress in my Sunday clothes

Em **G** **D**

And I ll try sheep s eyes, and deludhering lies

Em **Am** **Em**

On the heart of the nut-brown Rose.

G **D**

No pipe I ll smoke, no horse I ll yoke

Em **Am** **D**

Though with rust my plow turns brown,

Em **G** **D**

Till a smiling bride by my own fireside

Em **Am** **Em**

Sits the Star of the County Down.