

# The Pogues - Star of the County Down

Tom: G

Near to <sup>Em</sup>Banbridge Town, in the <sup>G</sup>County <sup>D</sup>Down  
 One morning in July,  
 Down a <sup>Em</sup>boreen green came a <sup>G</sup>sweet <sup>D</sup>colleen,  
 And she <sup>Em</sup>smiled as she <sup>Am</sup>passed me <sup>Em</sup>by;  
 Oh, she <sup>G</sup>looked so neat from her <sup>D</sup>two white feet  
 To the <sup>Em</sup>sheen of her <sup>Am</sup>nut-brown hair,  
 Sure the <sup>Em</sup>coaxing elf, I'd to <sup>G</sup>shake <sup>D</sup>myself  
 To make <sup>Em</sup>sure I was <sup>Am</sup>standing <sup>Em</sup>there

Oh, from <sup>G</sup>Bantry Bay up to <sup>D</sup>Derry Quay,  
 And from <sup>Em</sup>Galway to <sup>D</sup>Dublin town,  
 No maid <sup>Em</sup>I've seen like the <sup>G</sup>brown <sup>D</sup>colleen  
 That I <sup>Em</sup>met in the <sup>Am</sup>County <sup>Em</sup>Down.

As she onward sped I shook my head  
 And I gazed with a feeling quare,  
 And I said, says I, to a passer-by,  
 "Who's the maid with the nut-brown hair?"  
 Oh, he smiled at me, and with pride says he,  
 "That's the gem of Ireland's crown,  
 She's young Rosie McCann from the banks of the Bann,  
 She's the Star of the County Down."

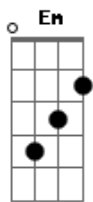
I've travelled a bit, but never was hit  
 Since my roving career began;  
 But fair and square I surrendered there  
 To the charms of young Rose McCann.  
 I'd a heart to let and no tenant yet  
 Did I meet with in shawl or gown,  
 But in she went and I asked no rent  
 From the Star of the County Down.

At the crossroads fair I'll be surely there  
 And I'll dress in my Sunday clothes  
 And I'll try sheep's eyes, and deludhering lies  
 On the heart of the nut-brown Rose.  
 No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke  
 Though with rust my plow turns brown,  
 Till a smiling bride by my own fireside  
 Sits the Star of the County Down.

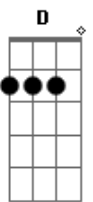
## Acordes



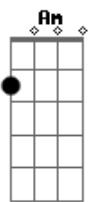
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