

Star of the County Down

Intro //: Em / G D / Em D / Em ://

		Em			G		D			Em		D							
In Banbridge Town in the County Down one morning last July.																			
		Em				G		D			Em			D		Em			
From a borean green came a sweet colleen and she smiled as passed me by.																			
	G						D				Em					D			
She looked so sweet from her two bare feet to the sheen of her nut-brown hair.																			
		Em				G		D		Em		D		Em					
Such a coaxing elf, sure I shook myself, for to see if I was really there.																			

Refrain:

		G			D					Em			D						
From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay and from Galway to Dublin Town																			
		Em				G		D			Em			D		Em			
No maid I've seen like the brown colleen that I met in the County Down																			

*Instrumental Em / G D / Em D / Em

		Em					G			D		Em					D			
As she onwards sped, sure I scratched my head, and I looked with a feelin' rare																				
		Em				G		D				Em		D		Em				
And I say's, say's I to a passer-by, "whose the maid with the nut-brown hair?"																				
	G						D					Em					D			
He smiled at me and he say's say's he, "that's the gem of Ireland's crown".																				
		Em					G		D		Em		D		Em					
It's Rosie McCann from the banks of the Bann, she's the star of the County Down.																				

Refrain: From Bantry Bay ...

The Musical Priest Traditional

The musical score for 'The Musical Priest' is written for four staves. The first staff is the treble clef melody. The second staff is the alto clef melody. The third staff is the tenor clef melody. The fourth staff is the bass clef accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is a simple, repetitive tune. The accompaniment is a simple, repetitive bass line.

* Instrumental /: Em / D / Em / D Em:/ /:G / D / Em / D Em :/ Em / Em7 //

		Em			G		D			Em					D			
At the harvest fair, she'll surely be there and I'll dress in my Sunday clothes																		
		Em			G		D			Em		D		Em				
With my shoes shone bright and my hat cocked right for a smile from my nut-brown rose.																		
	G						D			Em					D			
No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke, till my plough turns rust-coloured brown.																		
		Em				G		D		Em		D		Em				
Till a smiling bride by my own fireside sits the star of the County Down.																		