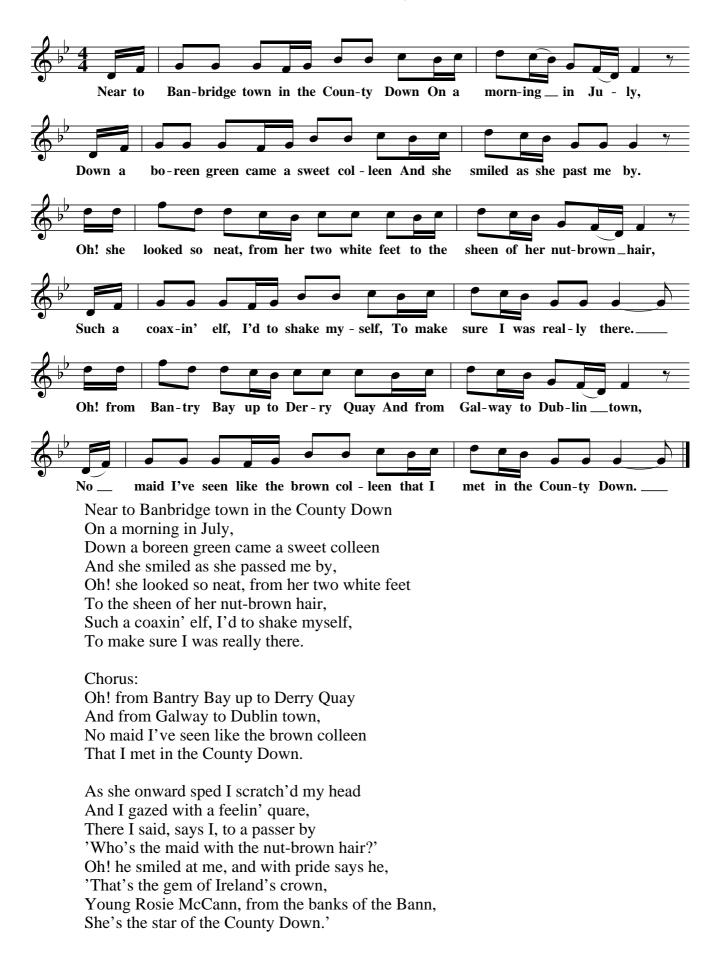
## The Star of County Down



At the Harvest Fair she'll be surely there, So I'll dress in my Sunday clothes, And I'll try sheep's eyes and deludtherin lies, On the heart of the nut-brown Rose, No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke, Tho' my plough with rust turn brown. Till a smiling bride by my own fireside, Sits the star of the County Down.