

## The Bantry Girls' Lament

Oh who will plough the fields now - or who will mow the corn?  
And who will wash the sheep now - and see that they're nicely  
shorn?

Oh the stack that's in the haggard, unthrashed may it remain  
Since Johnny's gone a-thrashing the dirty king of Spain.

Oh the girls from the Banogie in sorrow may retire  
And the piper and his bellows may go home and blow the fire  
For Johnny, lovely Johnny, is sailing o'er the main  
Along with other patriots - to fight the King of Spain.

Oh the boys will sorely miss him when money more comes round  
And grieve that their bold captain is nowhere to be found.  
The Peelers must stand idle against their will and grain  
For the valiant boy who gave them work -now peels the king of  
Spain.

At wakes and hurling matches your like we'll never see  
Till you come back again to us a stoirin og mo chroi.  
Then won't you thrash the buckeens that show us such disdain  
Because our eyes are not so bright as those you'll see in Spain.

If cruel fate will not permit our Johnny to return  
His heavy loss we Bantry girls will never cease to mourn.  
We'll resign ourselves to our sad lot and die in grief and pain  
Since Johnny died for Ireland's pride in the foreign fields of  
Spain.