

### Bantry Girl's Lament

Oh, who will plough the fields now  
And who will sow the corn  
And who will watch the sheep now  
And keep them from all harm  
And the stack that's in the haggard  
Unthreshed it may remain  
Since Johnny, lovely Johnny  
Went to fight the king of Spain

Oh, the girls of the Bang  
In sorrow may retire  
And the piper and his bellows  
May go home and blow the fire  
Since Johnny, lovely Johnny  
Went sailing o'er the main  
Along with other patriots  
To fight the king of Spain

The boys will sorely miss him  
When Moneymore comes round  
And grieve that their bould captain  
Is nowhere to be found  
And the peelers must stand idle  
Against their will and grain  
Since the valiant boy who gave them work  
Now peels the king of Spain

At wakes and hurling matches  
Your likes we'll never see  
'Till you come back again to us  
Mo storeen g mo chroi  
And won't you trounce the buckeens  
Who show us much disdain  
Because our eyes are not as bright  
As those you meet in Spain

Oh, if cruel fate should not permit  
Our Johnny to return  
His awful 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 sunny land of Spain