

Irish Song Lyrics

from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

THE BANTRY GIRLS LAMENT

Oh, who will plow the field, or who will sell the corn
Oh, who will wash the sheep, and have them nicely shorn
The stag that's in the haggard, unthrashed it may remain
Since Johnny went a-thrashing the dirty king of Spain

And the girls from the Boyne, in sorrow may retire
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

The boys will sorely miss him when mun-a-hoor comes around
And grieve that their bold captain is nowhere to be found
The Peelers "roughed" and idle against their will and grain
For the valiant boy who gives them work now peels the King of 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 land of Spain