

THE BANTRY GIRLS' LAMENT

=====

Oh who will plough the field now, or who will sell the corn?
Oh who will wash the sheep now, and have them neatly shorn?
The stack that's in the haggard, unthresh'd it may remain
Since Johnny went a-trashing the dirty king of Spain

The girls from the bawnoge 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

The boys will sorely miss him when Moneymore 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 or hurling-matches your like we'll never see
Till you come back to us again, a stóirín óg mo chroi
And won't you trounce the buckeens that show us much disdain
Because our eyes are not as bright as those you'll meet 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 land of Spain.