

Dubaldo Marie Claire

"Bantry Girl's Lament"

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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 Ban?g
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

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