

**Duhks****"The Bantry Girls Lament / The Ol' Yellow House"**

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Oh, who will plough the fields all day  
And who will thresh the corn  
Who will tend the sheep now  
And see them neatly shorn  
The stack that's in the haggard  
Unthreshed it may remain  
Now that Johnny's gone a-threshing  
All in the wars of Spain

The girls down in the Bantry  
In sorrow may retire  
And the piper with his bellows  
May go home and blow the fire  
Now Johnny, lovely Johnny  
Is sailing o'er the main  
Along with other patriots  
To fight the king of Spain

The boys will surely miss him  
When Moneymore comes around  
And they'll weep that their bold captain  
Is nowhere to be found  
And the peelers may stand idle  
All against their will and grain  
Since the gallant 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 to us again  
Mo storeen *Áf* *Á*<sup>3</sup>g mo chroi  
And won't you thresh the buckeens  
That show us much disdain  
Because our eyes are not so bright  
As those you'll see in Spain

If cruel fate should not allow  
Our Johnny to return  
His heavy loss we Bantry girls  
Will never cease to mourn  
We'll resign ourselves to our sad lot  
And live in grief and pain

Since Johnny died for freedom's sake  
In the far off land of Spain

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