The Bantry Girls Lament

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1 * * 57
Who will plow the field now, and who will sow the corn
1 * * 57
Who will wash the sheep now, and keep them neatly shorn
4 1 * 57
The stack that's in the haggard, un-touched it may re-main
1 * 4 57 1
Since Johnny went a-thrashing all in the wars of Spain

CHORUS:
4 * 1 *
Johnny, lovely Johnny, he's sailing o'er the main
1 * 4 57 1
A-long with other patriots, to fight the King of Spain

And the girls from the bawn-oag in sorrow may re-tire
The piper and his bellows, (may) go home and blow the fire
At fairs and hurling matches, your likes we seldom see
Till you come home a-gain to us, a-storeen oag mo cree

And a cruel fate will not permit our Johnny to re-turn
His heavy loss, we Bantry girls will never cease to mourn
We re-sign ourselves to our sad lot, and die in grief and pain
Johnny died for freedom's sake in the foreign lands of Spain

NOTES:
- Gaelic phrases are spelled phonetically
- Haggard: a threshing yard
- Ba/no/g: a green patch of ground (Ireland?)
- Mi/an fhomhair: harvest month
- Asto/iri/n o/g mo chroi: little young treasure of my heart

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