**The Bantry Girls’**

O who will plough the fields now and who will sell the corn,

and who will wash the sheep now and keep them neatly shorn,

for the stack that’s in the haggard, unthreshed it will remain,

since Johnny went a-threshing the cruel king of Spain.

And 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, he’s sailing o’er the main,

Along with other patriarchs to fight the king of Spain.

And the boys will surely miss him when Money more comes round,

And they grieve that their brave captain is nowhere to be found,

And the Peelers must stand idle against their will and grain,

For the gallant boy who gave them work now peels the king of Spain.

At wakes and hurling matches your likes we’ll never see,

Till you’ll come back to us again, a stoirin og mo chroí,

And won’t you tronse the Buckeens who show us great disdain,

Because our eyes are not as bright as those you’ll meet in Spain.

If cruel fate should not permit our Johnny to return,

His heavy loss our Bantry girls will never cease to mourn,

We’ll resign ourselves to our sad loss and we’ll die in grief and pain,

Since Johnny fought for Irelands pride in the foreign land of Spain.