

THE FIELDS OF ATHENRY

By a lone — ly pris — on wall I heard a young girl call —
 ing, Mich — ael they are tak — ing you a — way. For you
 stole Tre — vel — yn's corn so the young might see — the — morn, Now a
 pri — son ship lies wait — ing in the bay. Chorus: Low
 lie the fields — of Ath — en — ry where once we watched the small free birds
 fly — Our — love was on the wing, We had dreams and songs — to
 sing, It's so lone — ly round the fields of Ath — en — ry.

By a lonely prison wall
 I heard a young man calling
 Nothing matters Mary when you're free,
 Against the Famine and the Crown
 I rebelled they ran me down
 Now you must raise our child with dignity.

Chorus:—

By a lonely harbour wall
 She watched the last star falling
 As that prison ship sailed out against the sky
 Sure she'll wait and hope and pray
 For her love in Botany Bay
 It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry.

Chorus:—

Words & Music by PETE ST JOHN