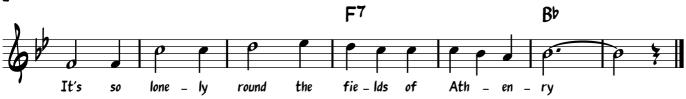
The Fields of Athenry

Pete St. John Arr. Mary Verlander







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

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