

# The Fields of Athenry

Pete St. John  
Arr. Mary Verlander

By a lone - ly pri - son 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 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 so - ngs to sing

**Bb** **Eb**  
**Bb** **F** **Bb** **Eb**  
**F** **F7** **Bb** **Eb**  
**Bb** **F**  
**F7** **Bb**  
**Eb** **Bb** **Gm**  
**Bb** **F** **F7**  
**Bb** **Eb** **Bb** **F**

It's so lone - ly round the fie - lds 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*

*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*