

The Fields of Athenry

Pete St. John
Arr. Mary Verlander

G C

By a lone - ly pri - son wall I heard a young girl

G D G C

call - ing Mich - ael they are tak - ing

D D7 G C

you a - way For you stole Tre - vel - yn's corn

G D

so the young might see the morn Now a pri - son ship lies

D7 G

wait - ing in the bay Low

C G Em

lie the fields of Ath - en - ry where

G D D7

once we watched the small free birds fly Our

G C G D

love was on the wing we had dreams and so - ngs to sing

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*