

# The Fields of Athenry

By Pete St John

F

1. By the lone - ly pri - son wall \_\_\_\_\_ I  
 2. By a lone - ly pri - son wall, \_\_\_\_\_ I  
 3. By a Lone - ly har - bour wall, \_\_\_\_\_ She

B<sub>b</sub> F C7

heard a young girl call \_\_\_\_\_ ing \_\_\_\_\_  
 heard a young man call \_\_\_\_\_ ing. \_\_\_\_\_  
 watched the last star fall \_\_\_\_\_ ing. \_\_\_\_\_ And that

F B<sub>b</sub> C7

Mi - chael they are ta - king you a way, \_\_\_\_\_ For you  
 No - thing Mat - ters Mar - y when you're free. \_\_\_\_\_ Against the  
 pri - son ship sailed out a - gainst the sky. \_\_\_\_\_ Sure she'll

F B<sub>b</sub> F C7

stole Tre - vel - yn's corn. So the young might see \_\_\_\_\_ the morn. Now a  
 fa - mine and the Crown, I re - belled, they ran \_\_\_\_\_ me down, Now  
 wait and hope and pray, for her love in Bot-an - y Bay, It's so

F

pri - son ship lies wait - ing in the bay \_\_\_\_\_  
 you must raise our child with dig - ni - ty. \_\_\_\_\_  
 lone - ly round the fields of Ath - en - ry. \_\_\_\_\_

F B<sub>b</sub> F Dmi

Chorus

Low, lie the fields of A - then - ry, where

F C7

once we watched the small free birds fly. \_\_\_\_\_ Our \_\_\_\_\_

F B<sub>b</sub> F C7

love was on the wing, We had dreams and songs \_\_\_\_\_ to sing. It's so

F

lone - ly 'round the fields of A - then - ry. \_\_\_\_\_