

Traditional Irish Music

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The Fields Of Athenry

^G By a lonely prison wall,^C I heard a young man calling,^G
^G Michael they are taken you away,^C
^G For you stole trevellyne corn,^C so the young might see the morn,^G
^G Now a prison ship lies waiting in the bay.^D

(Chorus)

^G Low lie the fields of athenry,^C where once we watched the small free birds fly,^G
^G Our love was on the wing,^C we had dreams and songs to sing,^G
^G It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry.^D

By a lonely prison wall, I heard a young man calling,
Nothing matters Mary when your free,
Against the famine and the crown, I rebelled they put me down,
Now you must raise our child with dignity.

By a lonely harbour wall, she watched the last star falling,
As the prison ship sailed out against the sky,
For she waits and hopes and prays, for her love in Botany bay,
It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry.