

# The Irish Collection



## (The Fields of) Athenry (Pete St John)

1 By a lonely prison wall, I heard a young girl ca - al - ling: "Michael they have taken you away. For you stole Trevelyn's corn, so the young might see the morn, now a prison ship lies waiting in the bay."

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

2 By a lonely prison wall I heard a young man ca - al - ling: "Nothing matters Mary, when you're free; against the famine and the crown, I rebelled, they cut me down, now you must raise our child with dignity. **[Chorus]**

3 By a lonely harbour wall she watched the last star fa - a - lling. As that prison ship sailed out against the sky. Sure she'll wait and hope and pray for her love in Botany Bay; its so lonely round the fields of Athenry.

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



Athenry

1	2 and 3	4 and	
↓	↓ ↑	↓ ↑	
4/4	SP2		