

B - Capo 3 b. (G)

# THE FIELDS OF ATHENRY

Words and music: Pete St. John

C - DOR

Arr.: T. Jordfald

8 By a lone-ly pri-son wall I heard a young girl call - - - - ing:  
*By a lonely prison wall I heard a young man call - - - - ing.*

8 Mich-ael they are tak-ing you a - way. For you stole Tre-vel-yins corn, so the  
*Nothing matters, Mary when you're free. Against the Famine and the*

8 young might see the morn. Now a pri-son ship lies wait-ing in the bay.

Low lie  
 8 Low lie the fields of Ath-en - ry, where once we watched the

8 small free birds fly (free birds fly). Our love was on the wing, we had

8 dreams and songs, to sing. It's so lone-ly round the fields of Ath-en - ry (Ath-en - ry).

By a lonely prison wall I heard 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.  
 Chorus: Low lie the fields .....

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.  
 Chorus: Low lie the fields .....