

The Fields Of Athenry

Writer: Pete St. John, 1979

By a [F] lonely prison wall,
I [Bb] heard a young man [F] call [C] ing,
[F] Michael they are [Bb] taken you a [C] way,
For you [F] stole Trevellyne's [Bb] corn,
so the [F] young might see the [C] morn,
Now a prison ship lies waiting in the [F] bay.

[CHORUS]

[F] Low [Bb] lie the [F] fields of Athenry,
where once we watched the small free birds [C] fly,
Our [F] love was on the [Bb] wing,
we had [F] dreams and songs to [C] sing,
It's so lonely round the fields of Athen [F] ry.

By a [F] lonely prison wall,
I [Bb] heard a young man [F] call [C] ing,
Nothing [F] matters [Bb] Mary when you're [C] free,
Against the [F] famine and the [Bb] crown,
I re [F] belled they put me [C] down,
Now you must raise our child with digni [F] ty.

[CHORUS]

[F] Low [Bb] lie the [F] fields of Athenry,
where once we watched the small free birds [C] fly,
Our [F] love was on the [Bb] wing,
we had [F] dreams and songs to [C] sing,
It's so lonely round the fields of Athen [F] ry.

By a [F] lonely harbor wall,
She [Bb] watched the last star [F] fa [C] lling,
As the [F] prison ship sailed [Bb] out against the [C] sky,
For she [F] waits and hopes and [Bb] prays,
for her [F] love in Botany [C] bay,
It's so lonely round the fields of Athen [F] ry.

[CHORUS]

[F] Low [Bb] lie the [F] fields of Athenry,
where once we watched the small free birds [C] fly,
Our [F] love was on the [Bb] wing,
we had [F] dreams and songs to [C] sing,
It's so lonely round the fields of Athen [F] ry.

