


# The Fields of Athenry

Pete St John (Arr. Tom Bridges)


C F C G



By a lone-ly pri-son wall, I heard a young girl call - ing.  
By a lone-ly pri-son wall, I heard a young man call - ing.  
By a lone-ly har-bour wall, She watched the last star fall - ing. As that

7 C F G


S.



Mich-ael, they have ta - ken you a - way. For you  
Noth-ing mat - ters Mar - y when your free. Against the  
pri - son ship sailed out a - gainst the sky. Sure she'll

11 C F/A C G


S.



stole Tre-vel - y - n's corn, so the young might see the morn. Now a  
fa - mine and the Crown, I re - belled, they cut me down. Now  
wait and hope and pray, for her love in Bo-tan - y Bay. It's so

15 G<sup>7</sup> C

S.




pri - son ship lies wai - ting in the bay.  
you must raise our child with dig - ni - ty.  
lone - ly 'round the fields of Ath - en - ry.

## Chorus

19 C F C Am

S.



Low lie the fields of Ath - en - ry, where

23 C G

S.



once we watched the small free birds fly. Our

27 C F/A C G

S.



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

31 G<sup>7</sup> C

S.



lone - ly 'round the fields of Ath - en - ry.