

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 G7 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 G7 C

S.

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