

The fields of Athenry

Words & Music by Pete St. John

B \flat **E \flat**

By a lone - ly pri - son wall I heard a young girl
 By a lone - ly pri - son wall I heard a young man
 By a lone - ly har - bor wall She watched the last star

B \flat **F 7** **B \flat** **E \flat** **F 7**

call ing. Mi-cheal they are ta - king you a - way
 call ing. No-thing mat - ters Mar - y when you're free.
 fall ing. As the pri - son ship sailed against the sky.

B \flat **E \flat** **B \flat**

for you stole Tre - vel - yns corn so the young might see the
 'gainst the Fam - ine and the Crown I re - belled they cut me
 For she'll live and hope and pray For her love in Bot - a - ny

F 7 **B \flat** **B \flat**

morn. Now a pri - son ship lies wai - ting in the bay. Low
 down. Now you must raise our chi - ld with dig - ni - ty. Low
 Bay. It's so lone - ly 'round the Fields of A - then - ry Low

E \flat **B \flat** **G m** **B \flat**

lie the Fields of A - then - ry where once we watched the small free birds
 lie the Fields of A - then - ry where once we watched the small free birds
 lie the Fields of A - then - ry where once we watched the small free birds

F 7 **B \flat** **E \flat** **B \flat** **F 7**

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



lone - ly round the Fields of A - then - ry.
lone - ly round the Fields of A - then - ry.
lone - ly round the Fields of A - then - ry.