

The Fields of Athenry

Pete St.John 1970

I IV I V
By the lonely prison wall, I heard a young girl cal-ling

I IV V
Michael they have taken you away

I IV I V
For you stole Trevelyan's corn so the young might see the morn

V I
A prison ship lies waiting in the bay

I IV I vi
Low lie the fields of Athenry

I V
Where once we watched the small free birds fly

I IV
Our love was on the wing

I V
We had dreams and songs to sing

V V⁴ I IV I↓
And so lonely round the fields of Athenry

By the lonely prison wall, I heard a young man cal-ling
Nothing matters Mary when you're free
Against the famine and the crown, I rebelled they caught me down
Now you must raise our child with dignity

By the lonely harbor wall, she watched the last star fa-lling
As the prison ship sailed out against the sky
For she lived to hope and pray for her love in Botany Bay
And it's so lonely round the fields of Athenry