

The Fields of Athenry

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A D A E

7 A D E A D

13 A E E7 A

19 A D A F#m A E

26 A D A

30 E E E7 A

By a lone - ly pri - son wall I heard a young girl cal - ling
Mi - chael they are ta - king you a - way For you stole Tre - ve - lyan's corn So the
young might see the morn Now a pri - son ship lies wait - ing in the bay
Low lie the Fields of A - then - ry Where once we watched the small free birds fly
Our love was on the wing We had dreams and songs to
sing Now it's lo - ney round the fields of A - then - ry

By a lonely prison wall
I heard a young man calling
"Nothing matters, Mary,
when you're free
Against the famine and the Crown
I rebelled, they ran me down
Now you must raise our child with dignity"

By a lonely harbour wall
she watched the last star falling
While the prison ship
sailed out against the sky
Sure she wait and hope and pray
for her love in Botany Bay
It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry