

The Fields of Athenry

By the lonely prison wall I heard a young girl calling,
Michael, they are taking you away,
For you stole Trevelyn's corn,
So the young might see the morn,
Now a prison ship lies waiting in the bay.

CHORUS:

Low, lie the fields of Athenry,
Where once we watched the small free birds fly
Our love was on the wing,
We had dreams and songs to sing
It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry.

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.

CHORUS

By a lonely harbour wall She watched the last star falling
And that prison ship sailed out against the sky
Sure she'll wait and hope and pray
For her love in Botany Bay,
It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry.

CHORUS