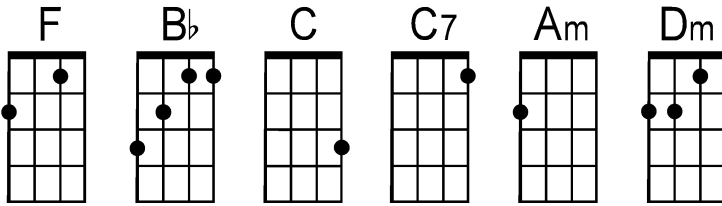


Fields of Athenry

by Pete St. John



Intro: F | C . . . | C7 . . . | F . . . Am\ | F . . .

By a lone-ly pris-on wall—— I heard a young girl call—— a-a-all-ing——

Michael— they— have tak-en you— a-way——

For you stole— Tre-vel-yan's corn—— That your young— might see-ee— the morn——

Now a prison— ship— lies wait-ing—— in the bay——

Chorus: F . . . | Bb . . . | F . . . Am\ | Dm . . .
Low—— lie—— the Fields—— of Athen-ry——

Where once we watched the small—— free birds fly——

Our love— was on—— the wing—— We had dreams— and so—ongs to sing——

It's so lonely—— 'round the Fields—— of Athen-ry——

By a lone-ly pris-on wall—— I heard a young man call—— a-a-all-ing——

No-thing mat-ters Mar-y— when you're free——

A-gainst the famine— and the Crown—— I re-belled they cut—— me down——

now You must raise our child with digni-ty——

Chorus: F . . . | Bb . . . | F . . . Am\ | Dm . . .
Low—— lie—— the Fields—— of Athen-ry——

Where once we watched the small—— free birds fly——

Our love— was on—— the wing—— We had dreams— and so—ongs to sing——

It's so lonely—— 'round the Fields—— of Athen-ry——

Instrumental Chorus:

F . . . | Bb . . . | F . . . Am\ | Dm . . . |
 F . . . | Dm . . . | C . . . | . . . |
 F . . . | Bb . . . | F . . . | C . . . |
 . . . | C7 . . . | F . . . Am\ | F . . .

. | F . . . | . . . | Bb . . . | F . . . | C . . . | . . .
 By a lone-ly har-bor wall— She watched the last star fall— a-a-all-ing—
 . | F . . . | Bb . . . | C . . . | C7 . . .
 As that pris-on— ship— sailed out— a-against the sky—
 . | F . . . | Bb . . . | F . . . | C . . .
 For she'll live— and hope— and pray— for her love— in Bo— ta-ny Bay—
 . | . . . | C7 . . . | F . . . Am\ | F . . .
 It's so lonely— 'round the Fields— of Ath-en— ry—

Chorus:

F . . . | Bb . . . | F . . . Am\ | Dm . . .
 Low— lie— the Fields— of Athen— ry—
 . | F . . . | Dm . . . | C . . . | . . .
 Where once we watched the small— free birds fly—
 . | F . . . | Bb . . . | F . . . | C . . .
 Our love— was on— the wing— We had dreams— and so— ongs to sing—
 . | . . . | C7 . . . | F . . . Am\ | F . . . |
 It's so lonely— 'round the Fields— of Athen— ry—
 C . . . | C7 . . . | F . . . Am\ | F