

The Fields of Athenry

Words and Music by Pete St. John, Arr: F.X. Riggio, 5/97 (approx. 88 BPM)

By a lone-ly pri-son wall I hear-d a young girl
 call-ing Mi-ch-a-el th-ey have ta-a-ken you a-
 way for you sto-le Tre-vel-yn's corn so the
 youn-g might see the morn now a pri-son ship lies
 wai-t-ing in the bay Low lie in the
 fiel-ds of Ath-en-ry where on-ce we watch-ed the small free bir-ds
 fly our lo-ve was on the wing we had drea-ms and so-ngs to
 sing it's so lone-ly round the fiel-ds of A-th-en-ry