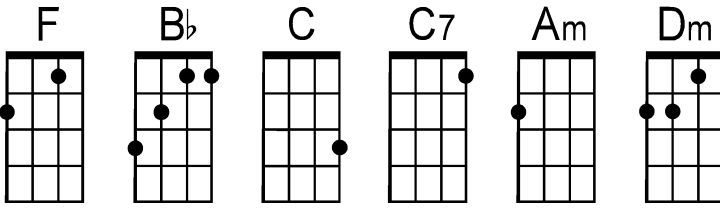


Fields of Athenry

by Pete St. John



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

. | F | | Bb | F | C | |
By a lone-ly pris-on wall—— I heard a young girl call—— a-a-all-ing——

F | Bb | C | C7
Mi-chael— they— have tak-en you— a-way——

. | F | Bb | F | C
For you stole— Tre-vel-yan's corn—— That your young— might see-ee— the morn——

. | | C7 | F . . . Am\ | F |
Now a prison— ship— lies wait-ing—— in the bay——

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——

. | F | | Bb | F | C | |
By a lone-ly pris-on wall—— I heard a young man call—— a-a-all-ing——

F | Bb | C | C7
No-thing mat-ters Mar-y— when you're free——

. | F | Bb | F | C
A-gainst the famine— and the Crown—— I re-belled they cut—— me down——

. | | C7 | F . . . Am\ | F |
now You must raise our child with digni-ty——

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——

. |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