

# PEOPLE WHO SING TOGETHER

## THE FIELDS OF ATHENRY

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

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 cut me down,  
Now you must raise our child with dignity.”

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 harbour wall, She watched the last star falling;  
As that prison ship sailed out against the sky,  
For she’ll live and hope and pray,  
For her love in Botany Bay,  
It’s so lonely round the fields of Athenry.

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.

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