

The Fields of Athenry (Irische Volksweis
 Arr. für GCH von HDS (01/05)

By the lone-ly pri-son - wall - I heard a young girl cal - - - - - ling:
 By the lone-ly pri-son - wall - I heard a young man cal - - - - - ling:
 By the lone-ly har-bour - wall - she wathed the last star fal - - - - - ling:

Mi-chael, they are ta-king you a - way - - - for you stole Tre - ve - lynes
 No-thing mat - ters Ma - ry when you're free - - - 'gainst the fa - mine and the
 Pri - son - ship sailed out a - gainst the sky - - - sure she'll wait and hope and

for you stole the

corn, so the Young might see - the morn', now a pri - son - ship lies wai - ting in the
 crown, I re - belled, they brought - me down now you must raise our - child with dig - ni
 pray for her love in Bo - ta - ny - bay, it's so lone - ly round the fields of A - the:

bay ty ry . . . Low lie the fields of A - then - ry, 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 lone-ly round the fields of A-then - ry.