Fields of Athenry
by Pete St. John

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

Chorus:
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——

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-against 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:
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 har-bor wall—— She watched the last star fall—— a-a-all-ing——
As that pris-on— ship— sailed out— a-gainst the sky——
For she'll live— and hope— and pray—— for her love—— in Bo-ta-ny Bay——
It's so lonely—— ‘round the Fields— of Ath-en-ry——

Chorus:

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——

San Jose Ukulele Club
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