

The Fields of Athenry

Traditional

A-Flute Solo

1-Flute - Piano Joins- 2nd time Piano - Flute Joins

By the lone-ly pri-son wall, I heard a young girl cal - ling, "Michael they are

ta-king you a - way, For you stole Trevel-yn's corn, So the young might see the morn, Now a

B-Piano Joins

pri - son ship lies waiting in the bay. 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 songs to

sing; It's so lone - ly 'round the fields of Ath - en - ry.

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 ran 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 harbor wall
She watched the last star falling
As that prison ship sailed out against the sky
Sure she'll wait 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.