

Fields of Atherny

Pete St. John

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(FF Version)

$\text{♩} = 130$

By a lone - ly pri - son wall I heard a young girl call
By a lone - ly pri - son wall I heard a young man call
By a lone - ly har - bour wall, she watched the last star fall

5
ing Mich - ael they are tak - ing you a way.
ing Noth - ing mat - ters Ma - ry when you're free.
ing As that prison ship sailed out a - gainst the sky.

10
For you stole Tre - vel - yan's corn, so the young might see the
A - gainst Fam - ine and the Crown, I re - belled, they ran me
Sure she'll wait and hope and pray, for her love in Bo - y

14
morn. Now a pri - son ship lies wait - ing in the bay. Low
down. Now you must raise our child with dig - ni - ty.
Bay. It's so lone - ly 'round the fields of A - then - ry.

20
lie the fields of Ath - en - ry where once we watched the small free birds

25
fly. Our love was on the wing, we had dreams and songs to

30
sing. It's so lone - ly 'round the fields of Ath - en - ry.