

Fields of Athnry

Irish Air

Andante

PETER ST. JOHN

Violin



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



“Mi- chael they are ta- king you a- way, For you stole Trev- el- yn’s corn, So the



young might see the morn, Now a pri- son ship lies wai- ting in the bay, 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 Ath- en- ry.