

The Fields of Athenry

By a lonely prison wall,
I heard a young girl calling
Michael, they have taken you away,
For you stole Trevelyan's corn,
So the young might see the morn.
Now a prison ship lies waiting in the bay.

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 prison wall,
I heard a young man calling
Nothing matters, Mary, when you're free.
Against the famine and the Crown,
I rebelled, they cut 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.

It's so lonely 'round the fields of Athenry.

Written by Pete St.John in the 1970's.

The Fields of Athenry is an Irish folk ballad set during the Great Irish Famine (1845-1850) about a fictional man named Michael from near Athenry in County Galway who has been sentenced to transportation Botany Bay, Australia for stealing food for his starving family.

The lyrics say the convict's crime is that he "stole Trevelyan's corn". This is a reference to Charles Edward Trevelyan, a senior British civil servant in the administration of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in Dublin Castle.

[Click here for video of Paddy Reilly's version of this song](#)