

Folk Celtic

"Athen Rye"

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ATHEN RYE

v.1 By lonely prison wall I heard a young girl calling,
"Michael, they have taken you away !"

You stold Tim Valien's corn so the young might see the
morn.

Now a prison ship lies waiting in the bay."

Chorus:

And low lies the fields of Athen Rye,
Where once we watched the small free birds fly.
Our love was on the wing; we had dreams and songs to
sing,

Its so lonely round the fields of Athen Rye.

v.2 By lonely prison walls, I heard a young man calling,
"Nothing matters Mary when your free. Against the
famine

And the crown I rebelled they cut me down,
Now you must raise our child with dignity."
cho.

By lonely harbor wall, she watched the last star falling.
As the prison ship sailed out against the sky.
Now she lives and hopes and prays for her love in
Botany bay

Its so lonely round the fields of Athen Rye.
cho.

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