

Wolfetones, The "Fields of athenrye"

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by a lonely prison wall
i heard a young girl calling
michael they are taking you away
for you stole Travalien's corn
so the young might see the morn
now the prison ship lyes waiting in the bay

CHORUS:

Low Lye the fields of Athenrye
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 athenrye

By a loneley 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

CHORUS

by a lonely harbor wall
she watched the last star falling
as the prison ship sailed out against the sky
but she'll wait and hope and pray
for her love in botany bay
but it's so lonely 'round the fields of Athenrye

CHORUS

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