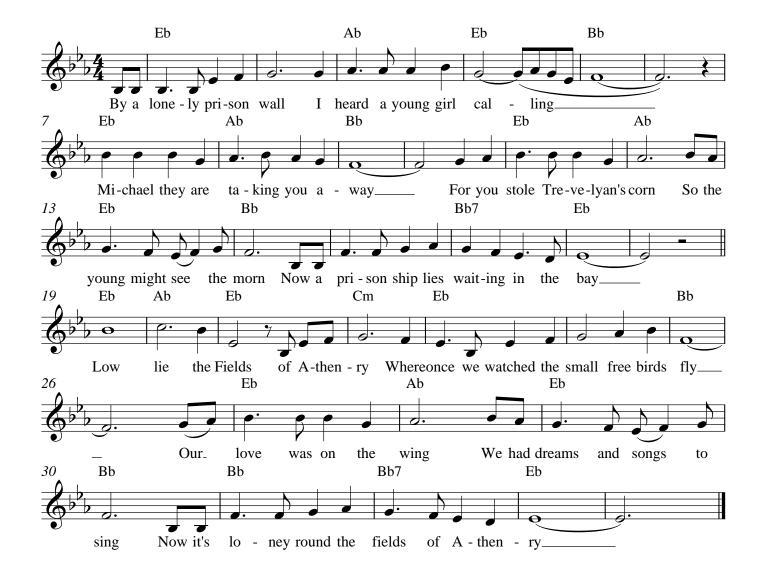
## The Fields of Athennry

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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 ran me down
Now you must raise our child with dignity"

By a lonely harbour wall she watched the last star falling While the prison ship sailed out against the sky Sure she wait and hope and pray for her love in Botany Bay It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry