

# Celtic Folk, Athen Rye

Celtic Folk  
Miscellaneous  
Athen Rye  
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.