

Galway Bay

Traditional

All: If you ever go across the sea to Ireland,
Then maybe at the closing of your day;
You will sit and watch the moonrise over Claddagh,
And see the sun go down on Galway Bay,

Men: Just to hear again the ripple of the trout stream,
The women in the meadows making hay;
And to sit beside a turf fire in the cabin,
And watch the barefoot gossoons at their play,

Women: For the breezes blowing o'er the seas from Ireland,
Are perfum'd by the heather as they blow;
And the women in the uplands diggin' praties,
Speak a language that the strangers do not know,

All: For the strangers came and tried to teach us their way,
They scorn'd us just for being what we are;
But they might as well go chasing after moonbeams,
Or light a penny candle from a star.

All: And if there is going to be a life hereafter,
And somehow I am sure there's going to be;
I will ask my God to let me make my heaven,
In that dear land across the Irish sea.