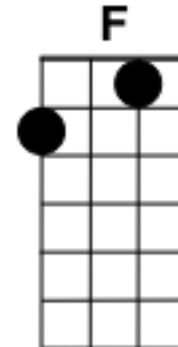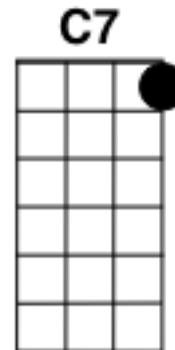# Galway Bay

Dr. Arthur Colahan
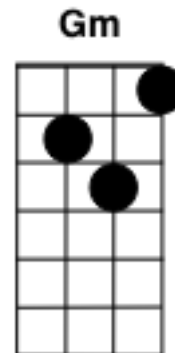
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      F                          C7
If you ever go across the sea to Ireland,
                            F
Then maybe at the closing of the day,
                                  Gm
You will sit and watch the moon rise over Claddagh,
      C7                          F
And see the sun go down on Galway Bay.


       F                          C7
Just to hear again the ripple of the trout stream,
                              F
The women in the meadows making hay,
                           Gm
And to sit beside a turf fire in the cabin,
      C7                              F
And watch the barefoot gosoons at their play.


      F                               C7
For the breezes blowing o'er the seas from Ireland,
                            F
Are perfumed by the heather as they blow,
                            Gm
And the women in the uplands diggin' praties,
           C7                             F
Speak a language that the strangers do not know.


      F                               C7
For the strangers came and tried to teach us their way,
                             F
They scorn'd us just for being what we are,
                             Gm
But they might as well go chasing after moonbeams,
      C7                      F
Or light a penny candle from a star.


      F                          C7
And if there is going to be a life hereafter,
                              F
And somehow I am sure there's going to be,
                           Gm
I will ask my God to let me make my heaven,
           C7                    F
In that dear land across the Irish Sea.
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F

C7

Gm