

# Galway Bay

Dr. Arthur Colahan

**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 gossoons 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.