

## Galway Bay in D (Across the Sea to Ireland)

IF YOU EVER GO ACROSS THE SEA TO IRELAND,  
THEN MAYBE AT THE CLOSING OF YOUR DAY,  
YOU WILL SIT AND WATCH THE MOON RISE OVER CLADDAGH,  
AND SEE THE SUN GO DOWN ON GALWAY BAY.

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 JUST TO HEAR AGAIN THE RIPPLE OF THE TROUT STREAM,  
D  
 THE WOMEN IN THE MEADOWS MAKING HAY,  
G  
 AND TO SIT BESIDE THE TURF FIRE IN THE CABIN,  
A
D  
 AND TO WATCH THE BAREFOOT GOSSOONS AT THEIR PLAY.

FOR THE BREEZES BLOWING O'ER THE SEAS FROM IRELAND,  
ARE PERFUMED BY THE HEATHER AS THEY BLOW,  
AND THE WOMEN IN THE UPLANDS DIGGIN' PRATIES,  
SPEAK A LANGUAGE THAT THE STRANGERS DO NOT KNOW.

FOR THE STRANGERS CAME AND TRIED TO TEACH US THEIR WAYS,  
THEY SCORN'D US JUST FOR BEING WHAT WE ARE,  
BUT THEY MIGHT AS WELL GO CHASIN' AFTER MOON BEAMS,  
OR LIGHT A PENNY CANDLE FROM A STAR.

D A  
AND IF THERE IS GOING TO BE A LIFE HEREAFTER,  
D  
AND SOMEHOW I AM SURE THERE'S GOING TO BE,  
G  
I WILL ASK MY GOD TO LET ME MAKE MY HEAVEN,  
A D  
IN THAT DEAR LAND ACROSS THE IRISH SEA.

Tag

Revised: 2014-07-18  
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