



Galway Bay

Songwriter: A. Colahan

C G7
If you ever go across the sea to Ireland,
C
It may be at the closing of the day,
C7 F
You will sit and see the moon rise over Claddagh,
G7 C
And watch the sun go down on Galway Bay.

Just to hear again the ripple of the [G7] trout stream
The women in the meadow making [C] hay,
And to sit beside the [C7] turf fire in a (F) cabin,
And [G7] watch the bare-foot gossoons as they [C] play,

For the breezes blowing over the sea's from [G7] Ireland,
Are perfumed by the heather as it [C] blows,
And the women in the [C7] uplands diggin' [F] praties,
[G7] Speak a language that strangers do not [C] know,

For the stranger came and tried to teach us [G7] their ways,
They scorned us just for being who we [C] are,
But they might as well go [C7] chasing after [F] moonbeams,
Or [G7] light a penny candle from a [C] star.

And if there is going to be a life here [G7] after,
And somehow I am sure there's going to [C] be,
I will ask my God to [C7] let me make my [F] heaven
In that [G7] dear land across the Irish [G] sea.