



# Galway Bay

Songwriter: A. Colahan

**C** **G7**  
If you ever go across the sea to Ireland,  
**C**  
It may be at the dawning 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 trout stream  
The women in the meadow making hay,  
And to sit beside the turf fire in a cabin,  
And watch the bare-foot gossoons as they play,

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

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

And if there is going to be a life here after,  
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.

Claddagh (kla'-duh) is an area close to the centre of Galway city, where the River Corrib meets Galway Bay.

pratie - a potato  
gossoon - a lad