Traditional Irish Music
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Galway Bay,

D A
If you ever go accross the sea to Ireland,
A7 D
It may be at the dawning of the day,
Em
You will sit and watch the moon rise over Claddagh,
A7 D
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 gosoons 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 whi we are,
But they might as well go chacing 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 accross the Irish sea.

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