

## Chloe Agnew

### "Galway Bay"

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If you ever go across the sea to Ireland  
Then maybe at the closing of your day  
You can sit and watch the moon rise over Claddagh  
And see the sun go down on Galway Bay.

Just to hear again the ripple of the trout stream  
The women in the meadow making hay  
Just to sit beside a turf fire in the cabin  
And watch the barefoot gossoons at their play.

For the breezes blowing o'er the sea from Ireland  
Are perfumed by the heather as they blow  
And the women in the uplands digging praties  
Speak a language that the strangers do not know.

Yet the strangers came and tried to teach us their way  
And they scorned us just for being what we are  
But they might as well go chasing after moonbeams  
Or light a penny candle from a star.

And if there is going to be a life hereafter  
And faith, somehow I'm 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.  
I will ask my God to let me make my heaven  
In my dear land across the Irish sea.

In my dear land across the Irish sea...

Thanks to Kimberly

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