

## **Daniel O'Donnell**

### **"Galway Bay"**

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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.

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

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

Oh, the strangers came and tried to teach their way  
They scorn'd us just for being what we are  
But they might as well go chasing after moon beams  
Or light a penny candle from a star.

And if there's going to be a life hereafter  
That somehow I feel 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 that dear land across the Irish sea...

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