

Unbekannt "Galway Bay"

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If you ever go across the seas to Ireland
Then maybe at the closing of your day
You will sit and watch the moonrise over Claddagh
And see the sun go down on Galway Bay

To hear again the ripple of the trout stream
The women in the meadows making hay
To sit beside the turf fire in the cabin
And watch the barefoot goosons at their play

Oh. the breezes blowing o'er the sea from Ireland
Are perfumed by the heather as they blow
And the women in the upland digging praties
Speak a language that the strangers do not know
For the strangers came and tried to teach us their ways
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's going to be a life hereafter
And somehow I am sure there's going to be
I will ask my God to let me make my heaven
In that fair land beyond the Irish Sea

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