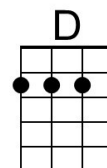


# Galway Bay (Dr. Arthur Colahan, c. 1927) (D)

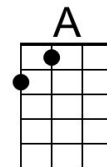
Galway Bay by John McDermott from "Songs of the Isles" (2004)

**Intro**    A                A7                D A7  
*(light a penny candle from a star)*



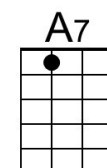
          D                            A                A7                                D  
 If you ever go across the sea to Ireland, then maybe at the closing of your day,

          D                D7                G                Ddim7  
 You can sit and watch the moon rise over Claddagh, *(area where the River Forrib meets Galway Eay)*  
 A                A7                D A7  
 And see the sun go down on Galway Bay.



          D                            A  
 Just to hear again the ripple of the trout stream,  
 A7                                D

The women in the meadow making hay,  
 D                D7                G                Ddim7  
 Just to sit beside the turf fire in a cabin,

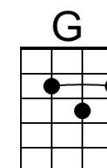


          A                A7                D A7  
 And watch the barefoot gosoons as they play. *(boys or lads)*

          D                            A  
 For the breezes blowing o'er the seas from Ireland

          A7                                D  
 Are perfumed by the heather as they blow,

          D                D7                G                Ddim7  
 And the women in the uplands digging *praties* *(Irish potatoes)*



          A                A7                D A7  
 Speak a language that the strangers do not know.



          D                            A  
 Yet the strangers came and tried to teach us their ways

          A7                                D  
 And they scorned us just for being what we are

          D                D7                G                Ddim7  
 But they might as well go chasin' after moonbeams

          A                A7                D A7  
 Or light a *penny candle* from a star. *(A small, inexpensive candle)*

          D                            A                A7                                D  
 And if there's gonna be a life here after, and somehow I feel sure there's gonna be,

          D                                G                Ddim7                A                A7                                D  
 I will ask my God to let me make my Heaven, in that dear land a-cross the Irish sea.

          D                                G                Ddim7                A                A7                                G - D  
 I will ask my God to let me make my Heaven, in that dear land a-cross the Irish sea.

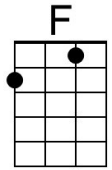
Baritone

# Galway Bay (Dr. Arthur Colahan, c. 1927) (F)

Galway Bay by John McDermott from "Songs of the Isles" (2004)

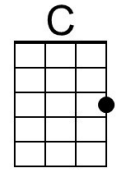
## Intro

C C7 F C7  
(light a penny candle from a star)



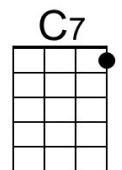
F C C7 F  
If you ever go across the sea to Ireland, then maybe at the closing of your day,

F F7 Bb Fdim7  
You can sit and watch the moon rise over Claddagh, (area where the River  
C C7 F C7 Aborrib meets Galway Gay)  
And see the sun go down on Galway Bay.



F C  
Just to hear again the ripple of the trout stream,  
C7 F

The women in the meadow making hay,  
F F7 Bb Fdim7  
Just to sit beside the turf fire in a cabin,

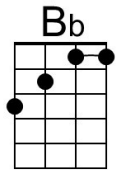


C C7 F C7  
And watch the barefoot gosoons as they play. (boys or lads)

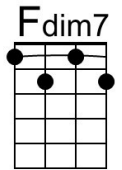
F C  
For the breezes blowing o'er the seas from Ireland

C7 F  
Are perfumed by the heather as they blow,

F F7 Bb Fdim7  
And the women in the uplands digging praties (Irish potatoes)



C C7 F C7  
Speak a language that the strangers do not know.



F C  
Yet the strangers came and tried to teach us their ways

C7 F  
And they scorned us just for being what we are

F F7 Bb Fdim7  
But they might as well go chasin' after moonbeams

C C7 F C7  
Or light a penny candle from a star. (A small, inexpensive candle)

F C C7 F  
And if there's gonna be a life here after, and somehow I feel sure there's gonna be,

F Bb Fdim7 C C7 F  
I will ask my God to let me make my Heaven, in that dear land a-cross the Irish sea.

F Bb Fdim7 C C7 Bb - F  
I will ask my God to let me make my Heaven, in that dear land a-cross the Irish sea.

Baritone

