

Galway Bay (Dr. Arthur Colahan, c. 1927) (C)

Intro (first line) C G G7 C G7

C G G7 C
If you ever go across the sea to Ireland, then maybe at the closing of your day,

C C7 F Cdim7
You can sit and watch the moon rise over *Claddagh*, *(area where the River Corrib meets Galway Bay)*
G G7 F D7
And see the sun go down on Galway Bay.

C G
Just to hear again the ripple of the trout stream,

G7 C
The women in the meadow making hay,
C C7 F Cdim7
Just to sit beside the turf fire in a cabin,

G G7 C G7
And watch the barefoot *gosoons* as they play. *(boys or lads)*

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

G7 C
Are perfumed by the heather as they blow,

C C7 F Cdim7
And the women in the uplands digging *praties* *(Irish potatoes)*

G G7 C G7
Speak a language that the strangers do not know.

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

G7 C
And they scorned us just for being what we are

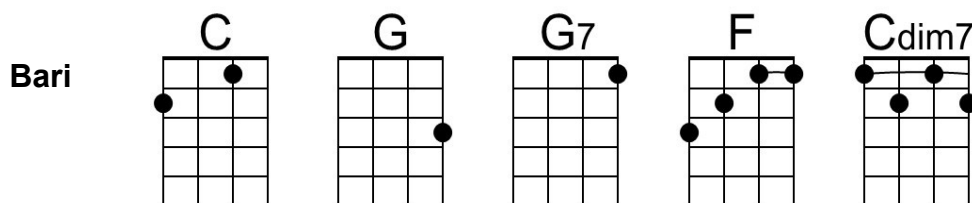
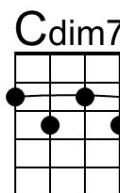
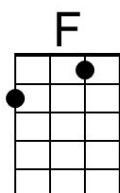
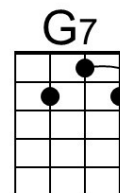
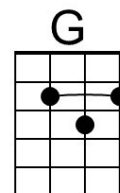
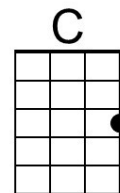
C C7 F Cdim7
But they might as well go chasin' after moonbeams

G G7 C G7
Or light a *penny candle* from a star. *(A small, inexpensive candle)*

C G G7 C
And if there's gonna be a life here after, and somehow I feel sure there's gonna be,

C F Cdim7 G G7 C
I will ask my God to let me make my Heaven, in that dear land across the Irish sea.

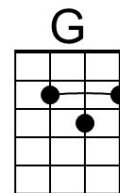
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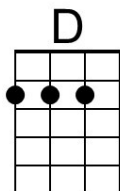
Galway Bay (Dr. Arthur Colahan, c. 1927) (G)

Intro (first line) G D D7 G D7

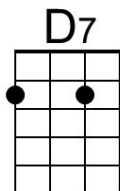
If you ever go across the sea to Ireland, then maybe at the closing of your day,
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 And see the sun go down on Galway Bay.



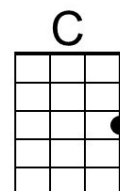
Just to hear again the ripple of the trout stream,
 The women in the meadow making hay,
 Just to sit beside the turf fire in a cabin,
 And watch the barefoot *gosoons* as they play. *(boys or lads)*



For the breezes blowing o'er the seas from Ireland
 Are perfumed by the heather as they blow,
 And the women in the uplands digging *praties* *(Irish potatoes)*
 Speak a language that the strangers do not know.



Yet the strangers came and tried to teach us their ways
 And they scorned us just for being what we are
 But they might as well go chasin' after moonbeams
 Or light a *penny candle* from a star. *(A small, inexpensive candle)*



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

