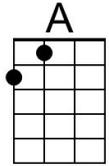


# Galway Bay (Dr. Arthur Colahan, c. 1927) (A)

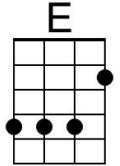
## Galway Bay by John McDermott from "Songs of the Isles" (2004)

**Intro** E E7 A E7  
*(light a penny candle from a star)*



A E E7 A  
 If you ever go across the sea to Ireland, then maybe at the closing of your day,

A A7 D Adim7  
 You can sit and watch the moon rise over Claddagh, *(area where the River Corrib meets Galway Bay)*

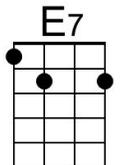


E E7 A E7  
 And see the sun go down on Galway Bay.

A E  
 Just to hear again the ripple of the trout stream,  
 E7 A

The women in the meadow making hay,

A A7 D Adim7  
 Just to sit beside the turf fire in a cabin,

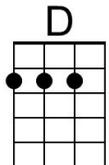


E E7 A E7  
 And watch the barefoot gosoons as they play. *(boys or lads)*

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

E7 A  
 Are perfumed by the heather as they blow,

A A7 D Adim7  
 And the women in the uplands digging *praties* *(Irish potatoes)*

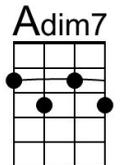


E E7 A E7  
 Speak a language that the strangers do not know.

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

E7 A  
 And they scorned us just for being what we are

A A7 D Adim7  
 But they might as well go chasin' after moonbeams



E E7 A E7  
 Or light a penny candle from a star. *(A small, inexpensive candle)*

A E E7 A  
 And if there's gonna be a life here after, and somehow I feel sure there's gonna be,

A D Adim7 E E7 A  
 I will ask my God to let me make my Heaven, in that dear land a-cross the Irish sea.

A D Adim7 E E7 D - A  
 I will ask my God to let me make my Heaven, in that dear land a-cross the Irish sea.

**Baritone**

A

E

E7

D

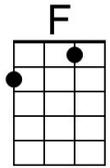
Adim7



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

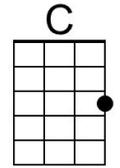
Galway Bay by John McDermott from "Songs of the Isles" (2004)

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



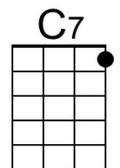
F                                      C                      C7                                      F  
 If you ever go across the sea to Ireland, then maybe at the closing of your day,

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,

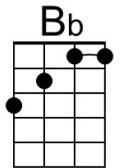


C                      C7                      F C7  
 And watch the barefoot *gosoons* as they play. *(boys or lads)*

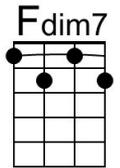
F                                      C  
 For the breezes blowing o'er the seas from Ireland

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

F	C	C7	Bb	Fdim7