

# Celtic Woman, Galway Bay

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 moon beams,  
Or light a penny candle from a star.  
And if there's gonna be a life here after,  
And faith somehow I'm 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 my dear land across the Irish sea.  
Ooooooh.....  
In my dear land across the Irish sea.