

# Unbekannt, Galway Bay

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