

# George Morgan, Galway Bay

If you ever go across the sea to Ireland  
Then maybe at the closing of your day  
You will sit and watch the moon rise over Claddagh  
And see the sun go down on Galway Bay

Just to hear again the ripple of the trout stream  
The women in the meadows making hay  
And to sit beside a turf fire in the cabin  
And watch the barefoot gossoons at their play

(For the strangers came and tried to teach us their way  
They scorned us just for being what we are)  
But they might as well go chasing after moonbeans  
Or light a penny candle from a star

And if there is gonna to be a life hereafter  
And somehow I am sure there's gonna be  
I will ask my God to let me make my heaven  
In that dear land across the Irish sea