

# Hank Locklin, 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 a cabin  
And watch the barefoot gosoons at their play.

For the breezes blowing o'er the sea to Ireland,  
are perfumed by the heather as they blow.  
And the women in the uplands digging praties  
Speak a language that the strangers do no know.

For the strangers came and tried to teach us their ways,  
And scorned us just for being what we are  
But they might as well be 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 dear land across the Irish Sea.