

Hank Snow, Galway Bay

If you ever go across the sea to Ireland
Then maybe at the closing of the 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's is goin' 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