

# Galway Bay

Hank Snow

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 forest  
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 turn fire in the cabin  
And watch the barefoot cousins at their play  
(For the strangers came and tried to teach us fairway  
They scorn us just for being what we are  
But they might as well go chasing after moonbeams  
Or buy a penny candle from a star)  
And if there's 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 here land across the Ivy sea

Songwriters

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