

# Galway Bay

**John McDermott**

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 meadow making hay  
And to sit beside a turf fire in the cabin  
And watch the barefoot gossoons at their play For the breezes blowing o'er the seas from Ireland  
Are perfumed by the heather as they bloom  
And the women in the uplands digging praties  
Speak a language that the strangers do not know For the stranger 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 moonbeams  
Or light a penny candle from a star

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