

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 BayJust 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 playFor 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 knowFor 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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