

Galway Bay

[Bing Crosby](#)

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 watch the barefoot gossoons at their play
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 see the sun go down on Galway Bay
For the breezes blowing over the seas from Ireland
Are perfumed by the heather as they blow
And the women in the uplands diggin' prates
Speak a language that the strangers do not know
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 moonbeams
Or light a penny candle from a star
And if there is 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

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