

## Galway Bay

Dr. Arthur Colohan

1. If you e-ver go a-cross the sea to Ire-land, it  
 may be at the dawn-ing of the day, You will sit and watch the moon rise o-ver  
 Clad - dagh, and watch the sun go down on Gal-way bay.

**Galway Bay***(Colohan)*

1. If [D] you ever go across the sea to [A] Ireland,  
 It may be at the [A7] dawning of the [D] day,  
 You will sit and watch the moon rise over [Em] Claddagh,  
 And watch the [A7] sun go down on Galway [D] bay.
2. Just to hear again the ripple of the trout stream  
 The women in the meadow making hay,  
 And to sit beside the turf fire in a cabin,  
 And watch the bare-foot gossoons as they play,
3. For the breezes blowing over the sea's from Ireland,  
 Are perfumed by the heather as it blows,  
 And the women in the uplands diggin' praties,  
 Speak a language that strangers do not know,
4. For the English\* came and tried to teach us their ways,  
 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.
5. 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.

\*the original... Bing Crosby popularised the more pc 'strangers'

**Galway Bay**

*(Alternate Lyrics - (Clancy Brothers?))*

1. Oh, it's maybe someday I'll go back to Ireland,  
if my dear old wife would only pass away.  
for she's nearly driven me mad with her naggin',  
and she's got a mouth as big as Galway Bay.
  
2. When she's drinkin' 16 pints down at Paddy Murphy's,  
and the barman says, "I think it's time to go."  
Well she doesn't seem to answer him in Gaelic,  
but a language that the clergy does not know.
  
3. When she drinks her 16 pints of Pabst Blue Ribbon,  
you know she can't walk home without a sway.  
If the sea was beer instead of salty water,  
I'm sure she'd live and die in Galway Bay.
  
4. On her back there is tatoed the map of Ireland,  
and when she takes her bath on Saturday,  
she rubs that Sunlight soap down around by Claddagh,  
just to watch the suds roll down by Galway Bay.