

GALWAY BAY



Some day I'll go back across the sea to Ireland,
 Be it only at the closing of my day,
 To see again the moon rise over Claddagh,
 And to watch the sun go down in Galway Bay.

To see again the ripple on the trout stream,
 The women in the meadow making hay,
 To sit beside a turf fire in a cabin,
 And to watch the barefoot gorsoons at their play,

The winds that blow across the sea from Ireland
 Are perfumed by the heather as they blow,
 The women in the uplands digging praties,
 Speak a language that the English do not know.

The English came and tried to teach us their way,
 They blamed us for being what we are,
 But they might as well go try to catch a moonbeam,
 Or to light a penny candle from a star.

And if there's going to be a life hereafter,
 And somehow I think there is going to be,
 I'll ask my God to let me make my heaven
 In that little land across the Irish sea.