**Galway Bay (Dr. Arthur Colahan, c. 1927) (C)**

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| **Intro (first line) C G G7 C G7**  **C G G7 C**  If you ever go across the sea to Ireland, then maybe at the closing of your day,  **C C7 F Cdim7**  You can sit and watch the moon rise over *Claddagh*, *(area where the River*  **G G7 F D7**  *Corrib meets Galway Bay)*  And see the sun go down on Galway Bay.  **C G**  Just to hear again the ripple of the trout stream,  **G7 C**  The women in the meadow making hay,  **C C7 F Cdim7**  Just to sit beside the turf fire in a cabin,  **G G7 C G7**  And watch the barefoot *gosoons* as they play. *(boys or lads)*  **C G**  For the breezes blowing o'er the seas from Ireland  **G7 C**  Are perfumed by the heather as they blow,  **C C7 F Cdim7**  And the women in the uplands digging *praties* *(Irish potatoes)*  **G G7 C G7**  Speak a language that the strangers do not know.  **C G**  Yet the strangers came and tried to teach us their ways  **G7 C**  And they scorned us just for being what we are  **C C7 F Cdim7**  But they might as well go chasin' after moonbeams  **G G7 C G7**  Or light a *penny candle* from a star. (*A small, inexpensive candle)*  **C G G7 C**  And if there's gonna be a life here after, and somehow I feel sure there's gonna be,  **C F Cdim7 G G7 C**  I will ask my God to let me make my Heaven, in that dear land across the Irish sea.  **C F Cdim7 G G7 C**  I will ask my God to let me make my Heaven, in that dear land across the Irish sea. | | | | | | |  |
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**Galway Bay (Dr. Arthur Colahan, c. 1927) (G)**

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| **Intro (first line) G D D7 G D7**  **G D D7 G**  If you ever go across the sea to Ireland, then maybe at the closing of your day,  **G G7 C Gdim7**  You can sit and watch the moon rise over *Claddagh*,  *(area where the River*  **A A7 D A7** *Corrib meets Galway Bay)*  And see the sun go down on Galway Bay.    **G D**  Just to hear again the ripple of the trout stream,  **D7 G**  The women in the meadow making hay,  **G G7 C Gdim7**  Just to sit beside the turf fire in a cabin,  **D D7 G D7**  And watch the barefoot *gosoons* as they play. *(boys or lads}*    **G D**  For the breezes blowing o'er the seas from Ireland  **D7 G**  Are perfumed by the heather as they blow,  **G G7 C Gdim7**  And the women in the uplands digging *praties* *(Irish potatoes)*  **D D7 G D7**  Speak a language that the strangers do not know.    **G D**  Yet the strangers came and tried to teach us their ways  **D7 G**  And they scorned us just for being what we are  **G G7 C Gdim7**  But they might as well go chasin' after moonbeams  **D D7 G D7**  Or light a *penny candle* from a star. (*A small, inexpensive candle)*  **G D D7 G**  And if there's gonna be a life here after, and somehow I feel sure there's gonna be,  **G C Gdim7 D D7 G**  I will ask my God to let me make my Heaven, in that dear land across the Irish sea.  **G C Gdim7 D D7 G**  I will ask my God to let me make my Heaven, in that dear land across the Irish sea. | | | | | | |  |
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