

Galway Bay

G Gdim Am7-D7
If you ever go across the sea to Ireland,
Am7 D7 G
Then maybe at the closing of the day,
G E7 A7
You will sit and watch the moon rise over Claddagh,
Am7 D7 G
& see the sun go down on Galway Bay.

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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 the cabin,  
And watch the bare-foot gossoons as they play.

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For the breezes blowing over the seas from Ireland
Are perfumed by the heather as they blow,
And the women in the uplands digging pray-tees,
Speak a language that strangers do not know.

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For the strangers 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.

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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

Parody

Well here's a story bout ole Murphy from Ireland,
He never could walk home without a sway
& if the sea were beer instead of water,
He's live his life & die in Galway Bay.

You can find him downing pints all over Ireland
& when the barman says it's time to go,
He tells him off but not in old style Gaelic,
But in a language the clergy does not know.

On his chest is tattooed a map of Ireland,
& when he takes a bath on Saturday
He rubs the soap all around by Claddagh,
To watch the suds flow down on Galway Bay.