

GALWAY BAY

(A. Cohalan)

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 SEE THE SUN GO DOWN ON GALWAY BAY

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 TO WATCH THE BAREFOOT GOSSOONS
AT THEIR PLAY

FOR THE BREEZES BLOWING
OVER THE SEAS FROM IRELAND
ARE PERFUMED BY THE HEATHER AS THEY BLOW
AND THE WOMEN IN THE UPLANDS
DIGGING PRATIES
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'S 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!