

Intro: 4/4 | F - | D7 | G7 | C7 | F |
(If you)

1. If you e-ver go a-cross the sea to Ire-land
 Then may-be at the clos-ing of your day
 You will sit and watch the moon rise o-ver Clad-dagh
 And see the sun go down on Gal-way Bay

2. Just to hear a-gain the rip-ple of the trout stream
 The wo-men in the mea-dow mak-ing hay
 Just to sit be-side a turf fire in the cab-in
 And watch the bare-foot Gos-soons at their play

3. For the breez-es blōw-ing o'er the seas from Ire-land
 Are per-fumed by the heath-er as they blow
 And the wo-men in the up-lands dig-gin' pra-ties
 Speak a lang-uage that the strang-ers do not know

4. For the strang-ers came and tried to teach us their way
 They scorn'd us just for be-ing what we are
 But they might as well go chas-ing after moon-beams
 Or light a pen-ny can-dle from a star

5. And if there is going to be a life here-af-ter
 And some-how I am sure there's going to be
 I will ask my God to let me make my hea-ven
 In that dear land a-cross the I-rish sea...

Back To Top