1. If you ever go across the sea to Ireland,
   Just to hear again the ripple of the trout stream,
   May be at the closing of your day,
   You will sit and watch the moon rise over Cladagh,
   And see the sun go down on Galway Bay.

2. To the Irish in the uplands digging pratties,
   The women in the meadows making hay,
   And to sit beside a turf fire in the cabin,
   And watch the bare-foot go soons at their play.

3. For the breezes blowing o'er the sea to Ireland
   Are perfumed by the heather as they blow;
   And the women in the uplands digging pratties
   Speak a language that the strangers do not know.

4. For the strangers tried to come and 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.

5. And if there is going to be a life hereafter
   And somehow I know there's going to be
   I shall ask my God to let me make my heaven
   In that dear land across the Irish Sea.

6. 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 Cladagh
   And see the sun go down on Galway Bay.