My Own Dear Galway Bay

My Own Dear Galway Bay
(Frank Fahy)

It's far away I am today
from scenes I roamed a boy
And long ago the hour, I know
I first saw Illinois
Not time nor tide nor water wide
could wean my heart away
But straight and true 'twill fly to you
my own dear Galway Bay

My chosen bride is by my side
her brown hair silver-grey
Our daughter Rose as like her grows
as April dawn to day
Our eldest son, our chosen one
his father's pride and stay
With gifts like these I'd live at ease
Beside you Galway Bay

By shore and creek both grey and bleak
the rugged rocks abound
But sweeter green the grass between
than grows on Irish ground
So friendhip fond all else beyond
and love to live always
Bless each dear home beside your foam
my own dear Galway Bay

Had I youth's blood and hopeful mood
and heart of fire once more
For all the gold the earth could hold
I'd never leave your shore
I'd live content whatever God sent
midst neighbors old and grey
And leave my bones 'neath churchyard stones
beside you Galway Bay

The blessings of a poor old man
be with you night and day
The blessings of a poor old man
whose heart will soon be clay
'Tis all the heaven I ask of God

upon my dying day
My soul to soar forever more
above you, Galway Bay

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