

The Two Conneeleys

Christy Moore

Hear the Atlantic seethe and swell
And hear the lonely chapel bell
God save their souls and mind them well
The two fishermen Conneeley

Yesterday at half past four
They pushed their currach from the shore
One took the net while one took the oar
The two fishermen Conneeleys

From Connor's fort and from Synge's chair
Towards Inis Mor and Inis Iarr
They scour the sea in silent prayer
As they go searching for their neighbours

Dia Diobh a beirt iascari brea
Nach mbeidh ar ais ar barr an tra
Go mbeidh sibh sona sasta ar neamh
Tomas agus Sean O'Conghaile

Draw the seaweed up the hill
And sow potatoes in the drill
Try to understand God's will
And the loss of the two Conneeleys