

## 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