

The Two Conneeleys
Christy Moore

The Two Conneeleys
Christy Moore/Wally Page
Capo in 5.

[Am] Hear the Atlantic seethe and [Em] swell
[Am] And hear the lonely chapel [Em] bell
[F] God save their souls and mind them [Em] well
[F] Tomas and {Em} Sean [Am] 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 Conneeley

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

[F]Dia Diobh a beirt iascari [Em] brea
[F]Nach mbeidh ar ais ar barr[Am] an[Em] tra
[F] Go mbeidh sibh sona sasta ar [Em]neamh
[F]Tomas agus [Em] Sean O [Am] Conghaile
[Can anyone translate this?)

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

Hear the Atlantic seethe and swell
And hear the lonely chapel bell
God save their souls and mind them well
Tomas and Sean Conneeley
