Michael Collins was shot in 1922 by his former comrades. Ireland has yet to recover from the loss.

Mo chara is mo lao thu! Is aisling trí néallaibh Do deineadh aréir dom IgCorcaigh go déanach Ar leaba im aonar

My friend and my calf A vision in dream Was revealed to me last night In Cork, a late hour, In my solitary bed

I remember you back in the GPO with Connolly and Clarke Laughin' with McDermott through the bullets and the sparks Always with the smart remark, your eyes blazin' and blue But when we needed confidence we always turned to you And when they shot our leaders up against Kilmainham wall You were there beside us in that awful Easter dawn

Hey, big fellah......where the hell are you now When we need you the most Hey, big fellah.......c'mon
"Tabhair dom do lamh"
"Give me you

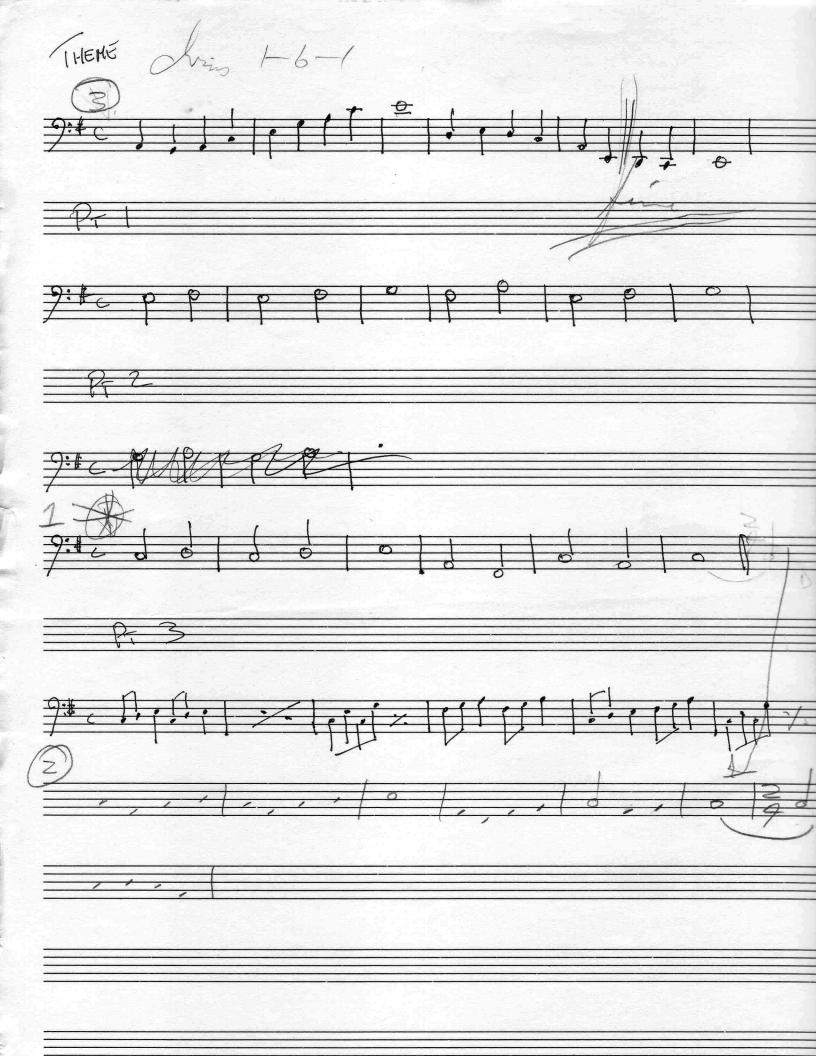
"Give me your hand"

Back on the streets of Dublin when we fought the black and tans You were there beside us, a towerin' mighty man And God help the informer or the hated English spy By Jaysus, Mick, you'd crucify them without the blinkin' of an eye Still you had a heart as soft as the early mornin' dew Every widow, whore and orphan could always turn to you

We beat them in the cities and we whipped them in the streets And the world hailed Michael Collins, our commander and our chief And they sent you off to London to negotiate a deal And to gain us a republic, united, boys, and real But the women and the drink, Mick, they must have got to you 'Cause you came back with a country divided up in two

We had to turn against you, Mick, there was nothin' we could do 'Cause we couldn't betray the republic like Arthur Griffith and you We fought against each other, two brothers steeped in blood But I never doubted that your heart was broken in the flood And though we had to shoot you down in golden Béal na Blath I always knew that Ireland lost her greatest son of all

WE FUET AR COTE (S) as m(1) 2) FH GH ABABCH (BGHE) (BGHE) OF F#G# ABAB C# B AMCGA EMEMBER you back in the GPO with Connolly and Clarke Laughin' with McDermott through the bullets and the sparks Em Em the small remark, your ex exes blazin' and blue of we needed confidence we always turned to you And with shot our leaders up against Kilmainham wall there beside us in that awful easter dawn Amm
OC
Mey, big tellah...where the helt are you now 00 Hey, big fellah.....all's forgiven c'mon, "tabhair dom do lamh" Amni D G OD Back on the streets of Dublin when we fought the black and tans You were there amongst us, a towerin' mighty man and god help the informer or the hated english spy By Jaysas, Mick, you'r crucify them without blinkin' an eye But still you had a heart as soft as the early mornin' dew Every widow, whore and orphan could always turn to you Ama DaD We beat them in the country and we whippped them in the streets And the world hailed Michael Collins our commander and our chief And they sent you off to London to negotiate a deal And to gain us a republic, united, boys and real But the women and the drink, Mick, they must have got to you For you came back with an island divided up in two We had to turn against you, Mick, there was nothin For we couldn't betray the republic like Arthur Griffith and you And we fought against each other; two brothers steeped in blood But I never doubted that your heart was broken in the flood And though we had to shoot you down in golden Beal na Blath e never southed Ireland lost the greatest son she had I always knowled Her could you tun against uso mil dillit efor them they it





Big Fella





Big Fella



