Big Fellah

Black 47

Mo chara is mo lao thu!
(My friend and my calf)
Is aisling tri nallaibh
(A vision in dream)
Do deineadh arir dom
(Was revealed to me last night)
IgCorcaigh go danach
(In Cork, a late hour)
Ar leaba im aonar
(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 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 Bal na Blath
I always knew that Ireland lost her greatest son of all

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