

The Ballad Of Michael Collins

C G C
Mick Collins he cursed as soldiers curse
G
And he drank as soldiers drink,
Am G F C
And he fought the fight that soldiers fight
G Am F
And then he sat down to think, think, think,
C G C
And then he sat down to think.

Now where are you going, Mick Collins? they said,
Now where are you going? said they.
I am going to Cork to settle this war
That is leading this country astray, -stray -stray,
That is leading this country astray.

Then take a convoy of lorries, they said,
And a Crosley-tender so fast
And a scout to search for Republican men
Who will ambush you as you go past, past, past,
Who will ambush you as you go past.

A scout and a lorry behind
And a Crossley-tender between
They sheltered him safely to Cork it is true
But returning they weren't any screen, screen, screen,
But returning they weren't any screen, screen, screen.

There were six men waiting at BeÁil-na-Blath
Well furnished with rifles and lead
Oh who is the officer fallen and pale?
'Tis Mick Collins that no one wished dead, dead, dead,
'Tis Mick Collins that no one wished dead, dead, dead.

They took him up and carried him home
And he lies in a Soldier's plot,
And men who fought each other deplore
The hour that Mick Collins was shot, shot, shot,
The hour that Mick Collins was shot.