

# Big Fella

## 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 fella... where the hell are you now  
When we need you the most  
Hey, big fella... 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

