

Michael Collins

The Wolfe Tones

Come listen all me true men to my simple rhyme
For it tells of a young man cut off in his prime
A soldier and a statesman who laid down the law, and
To die by the roadside in lone Beal na Blath
When barely sixteen to England crossed o'er
For to work as a boy in a government store
But the Volunteers call he could not disobey
So he came back to Dublin to join in the fray
Chorus:

At Easter nineteen sixteen when Pearse called them out
The men from the Dublin battalion roved out
And in the post office they nobley did show
How a handful of heros could outfight the foe
To Stafford and jails transported they were
As prisoners of England they soon made a stir
Released before Christmas and home once again
He banded old comrades together to train
Dáil Éireann assembled, our rights to proclaim
Suppressed by the English you'd think it's a shame
How Ireland's best and bravest were harried and torn
From the arms of their loved ones and children newborn
For years Mick eluded their soldiers and spies
For he was the master of clever disguise
With the Custom House blazing she found t'was no use
And soon Mother England had asked for a truce
Oh when will the young men a sad lesson spurn
That brother and brother they never should turn
Alas that a split in our ranks 'ere we saw
Mick Collins stretched lifeless in lone Beal na Blath
Oh long will old Ireland be seeking in vain
Ere we find a new leader to match the man slain
A true son of Grainne his name long will shine
O gallant Mick Collins cut off in his prime