

Michael Collins

Cruachan

A volunteer in his nations struggle
Another soldier in the G.P.O.
The rising failed - our leaders captured
The English grip would not let go
But Michael would return to lead us
In our fight to re-claim our lands
The I.R.B. will march victorious
For they shall have the upper hand

He rallied men from far and wide
To join the rebellion that lay ahead
His murder squad was formed in earnest
The secret service soon lay dead
In reprisal the British army killed
Innocent people watching a hurling game
That day would become a turning point
Irish psyche would never be the same

The customs house was set on fire
The I.R.B. became the I.R.A.
The time was nigh to call a cease-fire
July 1th would be that day
De Valera, our elected president
Knew a republic he would not get
He sent Collins to meet the British
He sent Collins to his death!

The British treaty was signed by Collins
A free state was all they would give
A step towards independence
Is better that a war we cannot win
Many people did not agree with him
Civil war split the country in two
Michael would die from an Irish bullet
He gave his best, what more could he do?