

# 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 1st 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 than 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?

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