

C7 Dm

- ways turned__ to you__ And when they shot our lead - ers up a - gainst__

Bb F C7

__ Kil-main-ham wall__ You__ were there_ be-side us in that aw - ful Eas - ter dawn Hey, Big__

Gm Bb F C7

__ Fel - lah__ where the hell are you now when_ we need_ you_ the most. Hey,

Gm Bb F C7 To Coda ⊕ Gm C7

Big Fel - lah 'c - mon__ *Tabhair dom do lámh__*
(Give me your hand)

F C7 Gm C7 F

1. C7 2. D.S. al Coda C7

2. Back 3. Hey we

CODA ⊕ Gm Bb Gm Bb 1-3. Gm Bb 4. Gm

Vocal ad lib. We

Freely Dm Bb

had to turn_ a - gainst_ you, Mick there was noth-in' we_ could do_____ 'Cause we

F C

could-n't be-tray the re - pub - lic like Ar - thur Grif - fith and you We

Dm Bb

fought a - gainst _ each oth - er, two broth - ers steeped in blood _ But I

F C

nev - er doubt - ed that your heart was bro - ken in _ the flood _ And

A Tempo
Dm Bb

though we had to shoot you down in gold - en Bé - al na Bláth _ I

F C

al - ways knew that Ire - land lost her great - est son of all _ Hey, Big _

Gm Bb F

_ Fel - lah _ where the hell are you now when _ we need _

C7 Gm Bb

_ you _ the most _ Big Fel-lah 'c -



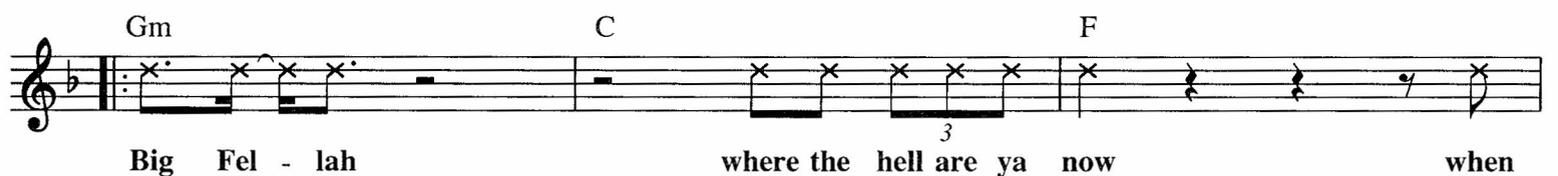
F C7 Gm C

mon _ "Tabhair_ dom do Tabhair_ dom_ do lámh"
(Give me your Give me your hand)



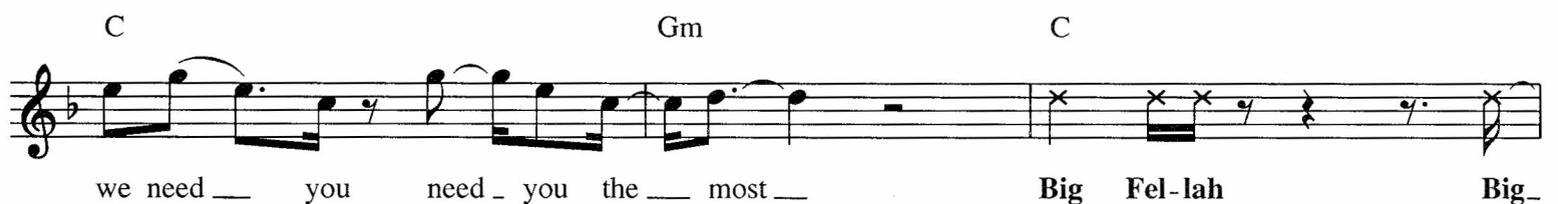
F C Gm C F C

Hey,



Gm C F

Big Fel - lah where the hell are ya now when



C Gm C

we need _ you need _ you the _ most _ Big Fel-lah Big_



F C Gm

_ Fel - lah 'c - mon Tabhair_ dom Tabhair dom_ do lámh

Repeat and Fade

Additional lyrics

2. 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
3. Hey 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