THE RISING OF THE MOON

And come [**G**]tell me Sean O'Farrell tell me [**D7**]why you hurry so

Husha [**C**]buachaill hush and [**G**]listen and his [**D7**]cheeks were all a [**G**]glow

I bear orders from the captain get you [**D7**]ready quick and soon

For the [**C**]pikes must be [**G**]together at the [**D7**]rising of the [**G**]moon

At the rising of the moon, at the [**D7**]rising of the moon

For the [**C**]pikes must be [**G**]together at the [**D7**]rising of the [**G**]moon

And come tell me Sean O'Farrell where the gath'rin is to be
At the old spot by the river quite well known to you and me
One more word for signal token whistle out the marchin' tune
With your pike upon your shoulder at the rising of the moon

At the rising of the moon, at the rising of the moon
With your pike upon your shoulder at the rising of the moon

Out from many a mud wall cabin eyes were watching through the night
Many a manly heart was beating for the blessed warning light
Murmurs rang along the valleys to the banshees lonely croon
And a thousand pikes were flashing by the rising of the moon

By the rising of the moon, by the rising of the moon
And a thousand pikes were flashing by the rising of the moon

All along that singing river that black mass of men was seen
High above their shining weapons flew their own beloved green
Death to every foe and traitor! Whistle out the marching tune
And hurrah, me boys, for freedom, 'tis the rising of the moon

'tis the rising of the moon, 'tis the rising of the moon
And hurrah, me boys, for freedom, 'tis the rising of the moon