

The Rising of the Moon

Peter, Paul and Mary

Come and tell me Sean O'Farrell tell me why you hurry so
Hush me buachaill hush and listen and his cheeks were all a glow

I bear orders from the captain get you ready quick and soon
For the pikes must be together by the rising of the moon

By the rising of the moon, by the rising of the moon
For the pikes must be together by the rising of the moon

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

By the rising of the moon, by the rising of the moon
With your pike upon your shoulder by the rising of the moon

Out from many a mud wall cabin eyes were watching through the night

Many a manly heart was throbbing for the blessed warning light
Murmurs rang along the valleys like the banshees lonely croon
And a thousand blades were flashing by the rising of the moon

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

There beside that singing river that dark mass of men was seen
For above their shining weapons hung their own beloved green
Death to every foe and traitor! Forward strike 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

Well they fought for poor old Ireland
And for bitter was their fate

Oh what glorious pride and sorrow fills the name of 1918
Yes thank god instill our beating hearts in manhoods burning loom

Who would follow in their footsteps at the rising of the moon

At the rising of the moon, at the rising of the moon
Who would follow in their footsteps at the rising of the moon