

# The Rising of the Moon

The Dubliners

And come tell me Sean O'Farrell, tell me why you hurry so  
Hush a bhuachaill, hush and listen and his cheeks were all aglow  
w

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

At the rising of the moon, at the rising of the moon  
For the pikes must be together at the rising of the moon  
And come tell me Sean O'Farrell, where the gathering 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 marching 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 walled cabin eyes were watching through the  
night

Many a manly heart was beating for the blessed morning's light  
Murmurs ran along the valley to the banshee's 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 hoorah me boys for freedom 'tis the rising of the moon  
'Tis the rising of the moon, 'tis the rising of the moon  
And hoorah me boys for freedom 'tis the rising of the moon