The Rising of the Moon

C G
"O then, tell me Sean O' Farrell, tell me why you hurry so?"
F G C
"Hush a buachaill, hush and listen" and his cheeks were all a glow.
C G
"I bear orders from the captain, get you ready quick and soon,
F G C
for the pikes must be together, at the risin' of the moon.

C G
By the risin' of the moon, by the risin' of the moon,
F G C
the pikes must be together, at the risin' of the moon.

"O then, tell me Sean O' Farrell, where the gath'rin is to be?
iIn the old spot by the river, well known to you and me.
One word more for signal token, whistle up the marchin' tune,
With your pike upon your shoulder, by the risin' 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 passed along the valleys, like the banshee's lonely croon,
and a thousand blades were flashing, at the rising of the moon.

By the risin' of the moon, by the risin' of the moon,
the pikes must be together, at the risin' of the moon.

There beside the singing river, that dark mass of men were seen,
far above the shining weapons, hung their own beloved green.
"Death to every for and treator! Forward! Strike the marching tune,
and hurrah, my boys, for freedom. Tis the risin' of the moon.

Well they fought for poor old Ireland, and full bitter was their fate.
O, what glorious pride and sorrow, fills the name of nineti-eight!
Yet, thank God, e'en still are beating hearts in manhoods burnin' noon.
Who would follow in their footsteps, at the risin' of the moon.

||: *By the risin' of the moon, by the risin' of the moon,*
the pikes must be together, at the risin' of the moon... :||

Sangen handler om det Irske oprør i 1798 som mislykkedes.