

# The Rising of the Moon

Judy Collins

Ah then tell me Sean O'Farrell  
Tell me why you're hurrying so  
Hush my boy oh hush and listen  
And his eyes were all aglow  
I bear orders from the captain  
Get you ready quick and soon  
For the pikes must be together  
At the rising of the moon Ah then tell me Sean O'Farrell  
Where the gatherin' is to be  
In the old spot by the river  
Right well known to you and me  
One thing more for signal token  
Whistle up the marchin' tune  
With your sword upon your shoulder  
At the rising of the moon Rumors passed along the valley  
Like a banshee's lonely croon  
And a thousand blades were flashin'  
At the rising of the moon All along the singing river  
That dark mass of men were seen  
Far above their shining weapons  
Hung their own immortal green  
Death to every foe and traitor  
Foreign strike the marchin' tune  
And hurrah me boys for Ireland  
Tis the rising of the moon Well, they fought for poor old Ireland  
And full bitter was their fate  
Oh what glorious pride and sorrow  
Fill the name of ninety-eight  
Yet thank God while hearts are beating  
Foreign manhood's burnin' noon,  
We shall follow in their footsteps  
At the rising of the moon. Death to every foe and traitor  
Foreign, strike the marchin' tune  
And hurrah me boys for freedom  
Tis the rising,  
Tis the rising of the moon

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