

# 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 moonAh 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 moonRumors passed along the valley  
    Like a banshee's lonely croon  
    And a thousand blades were flashin'  
At the rising of the moonAll 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 moonWell, 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 moonDeath 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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