

# The Rising Of The Moon (60's US Folk)

## Peter, Paul & Mary

Ah then tell me Sean O'Farrell  
Tell me why you hurry, so.  
Hush my boy now hush and listen  
And his eyes were all aglow. I bear orders from the captain  
Get ye 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 by you and me. One word more, a signal token  
Whistle of the marchin' tune  
With your pike upon your shoulder  
At the rising of the moon. There beside the singing river  
That dark mass of men were seen  
Far above their shining weapons  
On their own immortal ring. Death to every fallen traitor  
Forward strike the marchin' tune  
And hurrah my boys, for freedom!  
'Tis the rising of the moon. How well they fought for poor old Ireland  
And full bitter, was their fate  
Oh what glorious pride and sorrow  
Fills the name of ninety-eight. Yet thank God while hearts are beating  
Each man bears a burning wound  
We will follow in their footsteps  
At the rising of the moon.

Songwriters

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