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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