

# The Rising of the Moon

[Tia Blake](#)

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 more word for signal token  
Whistle up the marchin' tune  
With your pike upon your shoulder  
At the rising of the moon

All beside 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  
Forward strike the marching tune  
And hurrah my boys for freedom  
'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  
Fills the name of ninety-eight  
Yet thank God while hearts are beating  
in manhood's burning noon,  
We shall follow in their footsteps  
At the rising of the moon.

Lyrics Submitted by Christian Saiseau

Lyrics provided by

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