

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