

THE RISING OF THE MOON (Leo Casey 1866)

"Oh then tell me, Sean O' Far-rell, tell me why you hur-ry so," "Hush a bhua-chaille, hush and
6 lis-ten," and his cheeks were all a-glow; "I bear or-ders from the cap-tain, get you rea-dy quick and
12 soon, for the pikes must be to-ge-ther at the ri-sing of the moon." At the ri-sing of the
18 moon, at the ri-sing of the moon; for the pikes must be to-ge-ther at the ri-sing of the moon.

"Oh then tell me Seán O'Farrell, tell me why you hurry so"
"Hush, a *bhuachaill*, hush and listen," and his cheeks 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."

At the rising of the moon, at the rising of the moon
For the pikes must be together at the rising of the moon.

"Oh then tell me, Seán O'Farrell, where the gathering is to be"
"In the old spot by the river, right well known to you and me"
One word more for signal token, whistle up the marching tune
With your pike upon your shoulder at the rising of the moon.

At the rising of the moon, at the rising of the moon
For the pikes must be together at the rising of the moon.

Out from many a mud-wall cabin, eyes were watching through the night
Many a manly heart was beating for that blessed morning light
Murmurs passed along the valley like the *beansídhe*'s lonesome croon
And a thousand blades were flashing at the rising of the moon.

At the rising of the moon, at the rising of the moon
For the pikes must be together at the rising of the moon.

There beside the singing river that dark mass of men was seen
High above their shining weapons flew their own beloved green
"Death to every foe and traitor, forward, strike the marching tune
And hurrah me boys, for freedom, 'tis the rising of the moon."