

St. Patrick's Day "By The Rising Of The Moon"

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And come tell me Sean O'Farrell tell me why you hurry
so
Husha buachaill hush and listen and his cheeks were
all a glow
I bare orders from the captain get you ready quick and
soon
For the pikes must be together by the rising of the
moon

By the rising of the moon, by the rising of the moon
For the pikes must be together by the rising of the
moon

And come tell me Sean O'Farrell where the gath'rin is to
be
At the old spot by the river quite well known to you and
me
One more word for signal token whistle out the
marchin' tune
With your pike upon your shoulder by the rising of the
moon

By the rising of the moon, by the rising of the moon
With your pike upon your shoulder by 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 the blessed
warning light
Murmurs rang along the valleys to the banshees lonely
croon
And a thousand pikes were flashing by the rising of the
moon

By the rising of the moon, by the rising of the moon
And a thousand pikes were flashing by the rising of the
moon

All along that singing river that black mass of men was
seen
High above their shining weapons flew their own

beloved green
Death to every foe and traitor! Whistle out the
marching tune
And hurrah, me boys, for freedom, 'tis the rising of the
moon

'Tis the rising of the moon, 'tis the rising of the moon
And hurrah, me boys, for freedom, 'tis the rising of the
moon

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