

Paddy Schmidt

"THE RISING OF THE MOON"

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Tell me, tell me, Sean O'Farrell, tell me why you hurry so?"

"Hush mavoughal, hush and listen," and his face was all aglow

"I bear orders from the captain, get you ready quick and soon

With your pike upon your shoulder for the rising of the moon"

"Tell me, tell me, Sean O'Farrell, where the gatherin' is to be?"

"Near the old spot by the river, right well known to you and me"

"One more thing, the signal token?" "Whistle up the marching tune

For our pikes must be together by the rising of the moon"

Out from many a mud-walled cabin, eyes were lookin' through the night

Many a manly heart was throbin' for the blessed morning light

A cry arose along the river, like some banshee's mournful croon

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

All along the shining river one black mass of men was seen

And above them in the night wind floated our immortal green

Death to every foe and traitor. Onward, strike the
marching tune

And hurrah me boys for freedom, it's the rising of the
moon

Well they fought for dear old Ireland, and full bitter
was their fate,

Oh what glorious pride and sorrow fills the name of
ninety-eight.

But thank God e'en now are beating hearts in
mankind's burning noon,

Who will follow in their footsteps, at the rising of the
moon

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