

Dubliners, The

"The Rising Of The Moon"

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And come tell me Sean 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

And come tell me Sean O'Farrell, where the gathering
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
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
With your pike upon your shoulder at the rising of the
moon

Out from many a mud walled cabin eyes were watching
through the night
Many a manly heart was beating for the blessed
morning's light
Murmurs ran along the valley to the banshee's 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 hoorah me boys for freedom 'tis the rising of the
moon

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

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