

High Kings, The

"The Rising Of The Moon"

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"O come tell me Sean O'Farrell,
tell me why you hurry so?"
"Hush ma bouchal, hush and listen"
And his cheeks were all aglow
"I bear orders from the Capt'n
Get you ready quick and soon
For the pikes must be together
By the rising of the moon"

"O come tell me Sean O'Farrell
Where the gath'rin is to be?
At the old spot by the river,
Well known to you and me.
One more word for signal token,
Whistle up 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 morning light.
Murmurs rang along the valleys,
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 were seen,
High above their shining weapons,
flew their own beloved green.
"Death to every foe and traitor!
Whistle out the marching tune.

And hurrah my boy for freedom;
At 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

By the rising of the moon,
By the rising of the moon,
With your pike upon your shoulder;
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

By the rising of the moon,
By the rising of the moon
For the pikes must be together;
By the rising of the moon".

At the rising of the moon,
At the rising of the moon,
And hurrah my boy for freedom;
At the rising of the moon".

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