

# The Rising of the Moon

*John Keegan Casey (1846-1870)*

Dm F Dm C

"Oh, then tell me, Sean O' - Far-rell, tell me why you

B b Am Dm F

hur - ry so." "Hush a while, just hush and lis-ten,"

Am C Dm Dm

and his cheeks were all a-glow. "I bear or - ders —

C Am Dm F B b Am

from the Cap-tain, et you read-y quick and soon,

Dm F

For the pikes must be to - - eth - er

Am C Dm

at the Ris - - ing of the Moon."

"Oh, then tell me, Sean O'Farrell, where the gathering is t 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, by the Rising of the Moon?"

Out from many a mudwall cabin eyes were watching through the night,  
 Many a manly breast was throbbing for the blessed warning light.  
 Murmurs passed along the valley, like the banshee's lonely croon,  
 And a thousand blades were flashing at the Rising of the Moon.

There beside the singing river that dark mass of men were seen,  
 Far above the shining weapons hung their own immortal green.  
 "Death to every for and traitor! Forward! Strike the marching tune,  
 And hurrah, my boys, for freedom! 'Tis the Rising of the Moon."