

Rising of the Moon

Modified from a poem by John Keegan "Leo" Casey, 1865.



[Em] Ah then tell me Sean O'Farrell
[Em]
Tell me [Bm] why you [Em] hurry,
[Bm] so.
[Em] Hush my boy now [G] hush
and listen
And his [B7] eyes were all [Em]
aglow.

[CHORUS]

[Em] I bear orders [Bm] from the
[Em] captain [G]
Get ye ready [Em] quick and soon
[C] For the [Am] pikes must [Bm] be
to [Em] gether
At the [B7] rising of the [Em] moon.

[Em] Ah then tell me [Bm] Sean
O'Farrell [Em]
Where the gathering [Bm] is to be
[Em] In the old spot [G] by the river
[Bm] Right well known to [Em] you
and me.

[CHORUS]

[Em] One word more, a [Bm] signal
token
[G] Whistle of the [Em] marching
tune
[C] With your [Am] pike
u [Bm] pon your [Em] shoulder
At the [B7] rising of the [Em] moon.

[Em] There beside the singing river
[Em] That dark [Bm] mass of [Em]
men were [Bm] seen
[Em] Far a [G] bove their shining
[Bm] weapons
Hung their [Em] own
im [B7] mortal [Em] wreath.

[CHORUS]

[C] Death to [Am] every [Bm] foe
and [Em] traitor
[G] Whistle of the [EM] marching
tune
[C] And hur [Am] rah my [Bm]
boys, for [Em] freedom!
'Tis the [B7] rising of the [Em]
moon.

[Em] How well they fought for
[Bm] poor old Ireland
[Am] And full [Bm] bitter, [Em] was
their [Bm] fate
[Em] Oh what glorious [G] pride
and sorrow
Fills the [B7] name of ninety-[Em]
eight.

[CHORUS]

[C] Yet thank [Am] God while [Bm]
hearts are beating
[G] Each man bears a [Em] burning
wound
[C] We will [Am] follow [Bm] in
their [Em] footsteps
At the [B7] rising of the [Em] moon.