

# The Rising of the Moon

Trad.



1. Oh, then tell me Sean O' Farrell, tell me why you hur - ry
2. Oh, then tell me Sean O' Farrell, where the gathering is to
3. Out of ma - ny a mud wall cab-in, eyes were watch-ing thru' the



so. Hush me Buch-all hush and lis - ten, and his cheeks were all a -  
be. In the old spot by the ri - ver, right well known to you and  
night. Many a man - ly heart was throbbing for the com - ing morn - ing



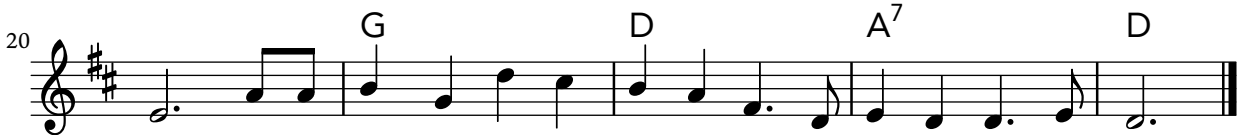
glow. I bear or - ders from the captain, get you rea - dy quick and  
me. One more word for sig - nal to - ken, whist - le up the mar - ching  
light. Mur - murs ran a - long the val - ley, like the banshee's lone - ly



soon, for the pikes must be to - geth - er by the ri - sing of the  
tune. With your pike up - on your should - er by the  
croon, and a thou - sand pikes were flash - ing by the



moon. By the ri - sing of the moon, by the ri - sing of the



moon. For the pikes must be to - geth - er by the ri - sing of the moon.