**By the Rising of the Moon 4/4**

**C** **G** **F** **C** **G** **C**

**C** **G**

Oh then, tell me Sean O'Farrell, tell me why you hurry so?

**F** **C** **G** **C**

"Hush my bhuachaill, hush and listen", and his cheeks were all a-glow,

**Am** **G**

"I bear orders from the captain: get you ready quick and soon,

**F** **C** **G** **C\***

for the pikes must be to-gether by the rising of the moon."

**C** **G**

Oh, the rising of the moon, Oh, the rising of the moon,

**F** **C** **G** **C**

for the pikes must be to-gether by the rising of the moon

**C** **G**

Oh then, tell me Sean O'Farrell, where the gatherin’s to be?"

**F** **C** **G** **C**

"In the old spot by the river, quite well known to you and me.

**Am** **G**

One more word for signal token: whistle up the marchin' tune,

**F** **C** **G** **C\***

with your pike upon your shoulder, by the rising of the moon."

**C** **G**

Oh, the rising of the moon, Oh, the rising of the moon,

**F** **C** **G** **C**

with your pike upon your shoulder, by the rising of the moon.

**C** **G**

Out of many a mud wall cabin eyes were watching through the night,

**F** **C** **G** **C**

many a manly heart was throbbin’, for the coming morning light.

**Am** **G**

Murmurs ran along the valley like the banshee's lonely croon,

**F** **C** **G** **C\***

and a thousand pikes were flashing by the rising of the moon.

**C** **G**

Oh, the rising of the moon, Oh, the rising of the moon,

**F** **C** **G** **C**

and a thousand pikes were flashing by the rising of the moon

**C** **G**

There be-side that singing river that dark mass of men was seen,

**F** **C** **G** **C**

far a-bove their shining weapons, on their own beloved green.

**Am** **G**

"Death to every foe and traitor! Forward strike the marching tune."

**F** **C** **G** **C\***

And hur-rah my boys for freedom; 'tis the rising of the moon.

**C** **G**

Oh, the rising of the moon, Oh, the rising of the moon,

**F** **C** **G** **C\***

and hur-rah me boys for freedom; 'tis the rising of the moon.

**C\*** **G\***

Well they fought for poor old Ireland, and full bitter was their fate,

**F\*** **C**\* **G**\* **C\***

Oh, what glorious pride and sorrow, fills the name of ninety-eight!

**Am^** **G^**

Yet, thank God, e'en still are beating hearts in manhood burning noon,

**F^** **C**^ **G**^ **C^**

who would follow in their footsteps, at the risin' of the moon

**C** **G**

By the rising of the moon, by the rising of the moon,

**F** **C** **G** **C**

who would follow in their footsteps, at the risin' of the moon.

**C** **G**

Oh, the rising of the moon, Oh, the rising of the moon,

**F** **C\*** **G**\* **C\***

and hur-rah me boys for freedom; 'tis the rising of the moon.

\*: Single Strum

^: Low String, 2nd Low String, Strum