**By the Rising of the Moon Chords**

**D** **A** **G** **D** **A** **D**

**D** **A**

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

**G** **D** **A** **D**

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

**Bm** **A**

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

**G** **D** **A** **D**

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

**D** **A**

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

**G** **D** **A** **D**

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

**D** **A**

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

**G** **D** **A** **D**

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

**Bm** **A**

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

**G** **D** **A** **D**

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

**D** **A**

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

**G** **D** **A** **D**

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

**D** **A**

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

**G** **D** **A** **D**

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

**Bm** **A**

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

**G** **D** **A** **D**

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

**D** **A**

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

**G** **D** **A** **D**

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

**D** **A**

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

**G** **D** **A** **D**

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

**Bm** **A**

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

**G** **D** **A** **D**

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

**D** **A**

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

**G** **D** **A** **D**

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

**D** **A**

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

**G** **D** **A** **D**

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

**Bm** **A**

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

**G** **D** **A** **D**

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

**D** **A**

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

**G** **D** **A** **D**

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