**The Rising Of The Moon**

## John Keegan Casey

Oh! then tell me, Sean O'Farrell,
Tell me why you hurry so?
"Hush, mo bhuachaill, hush and listen,"
And his cheeks were all aglow.
"I bear orders from the Captain,
Get you ready quick and soon
For the pikes must be together
By the rising of the moon."

Oh! then tell me, Sean O'Farrell,
Where the gathering is to 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 mud-wall cabin
Eyes were watching through the night.
Many a manly breast was throbbing
For the  blessed warning light.
Murmers passed along the valleys
Like the Banshee's lonely croon,
And a thousand blades were flashing
At the rising of the moon.

There beside the signing river
That dark mass of men were seen;
Far above the shining weapons
Hung their own beloved green.
"Death to every foe and traitor!
Forward! strike the marching tune,
And hurrah, my boys, for freedom!
'Tis the rising of the moon."

Well they fought for poor old Ireland,
And full bitter was their fate
Oh! what glorious pride and sorrow
Fill the name of Ninety-eight!
Yet, thank God, e'en still are beating
Hearts in manhood's burning noon,
Who would follow in their footsteps
At the rising of the moon!