

The Rising of the Moon

The Dubliners

D	0 1 2 2~2 1 2 4	4 2 2 1 1 0 1
A		
D		

And come tell me Sean O'Farrell, tell me why you hurry so

D	4 4 5 3	8 5 5 4	2 0 2 1 1 2 1
A			
D			

Hush a bhuachaill, hush and listen and his cheeks were all aglow

D	0 1 2~2 2 1 2 4	4 2 2 1 1 2 1
A		
D		

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

D	4 4 5 3 8 5 5 4	2 0 1. 0~0 0~0
A		
D		

For the pikes must be together at the rising of the moon

D	0 1 2~2 2 1 2 4	4 2 2 1 1 0 1
A		
D		

At the rising of the moon, at the rising of the moon

D	4 4 5 3 8 5 5 4	2 0 1 0~0 0~0
A		
D		

For the pikes must be together at the rising of the moon

D	0 1 2 2~2 1 2 4	4 2 2 1 1 0 1
A		
D		

And come tell me Sean O'Farrell, where the gathering is to be

D	4 4 5 3 8 5 5 4	2 0 2 1 1 2 1
A		
D		

At the old spot by the river quite well known to you and me

D	0 1 2 2~2 1 2 4	4 2 2 1 1 0 1
A		
D		

One more word for signal token, whistle out the marching tune

D	4 4 5	3 8 5 5 4	2 0 1 0~0 0~0
A			
D			

With your pike upon your shoulder at the rising of the moon

D	0 1 2~2 2 1 2 4	4 2 2 1 1 0 1
A		
D		

At the rising of the moon, at the rising of the moon

D	4 4 5 3 8 5 5 4	2 0 2 1 1 2 1
A		
D		

With your pike upon your shoulder at the rising of the moon

D	0 1 2~2 2~2 1 2 4	4 2 2 1 1 0 1
A		
D		

Out from many a mud-walled cabin eyes were watching through the night

D	4~4 4 5 3 8 5 5 4	2 0 2 1 1 2 1
A		
D		

Many a manly heart was beating for the blessed morning's light

D	0 1 2 2~2 1 2 4	4 2 2 1 1 0 1
A		
D		

Murmurs ran along the valley to the banshee's lonely croon

D	4~4 5 3 8 5 5 4	2 0 1 0~0 0~0
A		
D		

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

D	0 1 2~2 2 1 2 4	4 2 2 1 1 0 1
A		
D		

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

D	4~4 5 3 8 5 5 4	2 0 1 0~0 0~0
A		
D		

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

D	0 1 2 2~2 1 2 4	4 2 2 1 1 2 1
A		
D		

All along that singing river, that black mass of men was seen

D	4~4 5 3 8 5 5 4	2 0 2 1 1 2 1
A		
D		

High above their shining weapons flew their own beloved green

D	0 1 2 2~2 1 2 4	4 2 2 1 1 0 1
A		
D		

Death to every foe and traitor, whistle out the marching tune

D	4~4 5 3 8 5 5 4	2 0 1 0~0 0~0
A		
D		

And hoorah me boys for freedom 'tis the rising of the moon

D	5 4 2 2~2 2~2	5 4 1 1~1 1~1
A		
D		

'Tis the rising of the moon, 'tis the rising of the moon

D	4~4 5 3 8 5 5 4	2 0 1 0~0 0~0
A		
D		

And hoorah me boys for freedom 'tis the rising of the moon