

Ah, then tell me Sean O'Farrell, tell me why you hurry so  
Hush me buachaill, hush and listen and his eyes were all a glow  
I bear orders from the captain, get you ready quick and soon  
For the pikes must be together at the rising of the moon

Ah, then tell me Sean O'Farrell where the gatherin' is to be  
In the old spot by the river, right well known to you and me  
One more word, a signal token, whistle out the marchin' tune  
With your pike upon your shoulder at the rising of the moon

There beside the singing river that dark mass of men were seen  
Far above their shining weapons hung their own immortal green  
Death to every foe and traitor, forward strike the marching tune  
And hurrah, me boys, for freedom, 'tis the rising of the moon

How well they fought for poor old Ireland and for bitter was their fate  
Oh, what glorious pride and sorrow fills the name of 98  
Yet thank God while hearts are beating, each man bears a burning loom  
We will follow in their footsteps at the rising of the moon