

words & music by Leon Rosselson

In 1649 to St. George's Hill

A ragged band they called the "Diggers" came to show the peoples' will  
They defied the landlords, they defied the laws  
They were the dispossessed reclaiming what was theirs

"We come in peace," they said, "to dig and sow  
"We come to work the land in common and to make the wasteland grow  
"This earth divided we will make whole  
"So it can be a common treasury for all"

"The sin of property we do disdain  
"No man has any right to buy and sell the earth for private gain  
"By theft and murder they stole the lands  
"Now everywhere the walls rise up at their commands"

"They make the laws to chain us well  
"The clergy dazzle us with heaven or they damn us into hell  
"We will not worship the god they serve  
"The god of greed who feeds the rich while poor men starve"

"We work, we eat together, we need no swords  
"We will not bow to masters or pay rent to the lords  
"We are free men, though we are poor  
"You Diggers, all stand up for glory! Stand up now!"

From the men of property the orders came  
They sent the hired men and troopers to roots out the Diggers' claim  
Burn down their cottages, tear down their corn  
They came in peace, but the orders came to cut them down

You poor take courage, you rich take care  
This earth was made a common treasury for everyone to share  
All things in common, all people one  
They were dispersed, but still the vision lingers on

*words by J.K. Casey, music Turlough O'Carolan*

And come tell me Sean O'Farrell tell me why you hurry so  
Husha buachaill hush and listen and his cheeks were all a glow  
I bear orders from the captain get you ready quick and soon  
For the pikes must be together by the rising of the moon

By the rising of the moon, by the rising of the moon  
For the pikes must be together by the rising of the moon

And come tell me Sean O'Farrell where the gath'rin is to be  
At the old spot by the river quite well known to you and me  
One more word for signal token whistle out the marchin' tune  
With your pike upon your shoulder by the rising of the moon

By the rising of the moon, by the rising of the moon  
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 heart was beating for the blessed warning light  
Murmurs rang along the valleys to the banshees lonely croon  
And a thousand pikes were flashing by the rising of the moon

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

All along that singing river that black mass of men was seen  
High above their shining weapons flew their own beloved green  
Death to every foe and traitor! Whistle out the marching tune  
And hurrah, me boys, for freedom, 'tis the rising of the moon

'Tis the rising of the moon, 'tis the rising of the moon  
And hurrah, me boys, for freedom, 'tis the rising of the moon

I sat within a valley green,  
I sat there with my true love,  
My sad heart strove the two between,  
The old love and the new love, -  
The old for her, the new that made  
Me think of Ireland dearly,  
While soft the wind blew down the glade  
And shook the golden barley.

Tw'as hard the woeful words to frame  
To break the ties that bound us  
Tw'as harder still to bear the shame  
Of foreign chains around us  
And so I said, "The mountain glen  
I'll seek next morning early  
And join the brave United Men  
While soft winds shook the barley.

While sad I kissed away her tears,  
My fond arms 'round her flinging,  
The foeman's shot burst on our ears,  
From out the wildwood ringing, -  
A bullet pierced my true love's side,  
In life's young spring so early,  
And on my breast in blood she died  
While soft winds shook the barley!

I bore her to the wildwood screen,  
And many a summer blossom  
I placed with branches thick and green  
Above her gore-stain'd bosom:-  
I wept and kissed her pale, pale cheek,  
Then rushed o'er vale and far lea,  
My vengeance on the foe to wreak,  
While soft winds shook the barley!

But blood for blood without remorse,  
I've ta'en at Oulart Hollow  
And placed my true love's clay-cold corpse  
Where I full soon will follow;  
And round her grave I wander drear,  
Noon, night and morning early,  
With breaking heart whene'er I hear  
The wind that shakes the barley!