

Only Our Rivers Run Free

Christy Moore

When apples still grow in September when blossoms still bloom
on each tree

When leaves are still green in December it's then that our land
will be free

I wander her hills and her valleys and still through my sorrow
I see

A land that has never known freedom, only her rivers run free

I drink to the death of her manhood, those men who would rather
have died

Than to live in the cold chains of bondage to bring back their
rights were denied

Where are you now when we need you, what burns where the flame
used to be?

Are you gone like the snows of last winter will only our rivers
run free

How sweet is life but we're crying how mellow the wine that we
re dry

How fragrant the rose but its dying how gentle the wind but its
sighs

What good is youth when its ageing what joy is in eyes that can
see?

There is sorrow in sunshine and flowers and only our rivers run
free