

## Only our Rivers Run Free

The Wolfe Tones

were apples still grow in november  
where blossoms still bloom from each tree  
where leaves are still green in november  
its then that our land will be free  
i wander her hills and her valleys  
and still through my sorrows i see  
a land that has never known freedom  
and only her rivers run free  
i drink to the death of her manhood  
those men who rather have died  
than to live in the cold chains of bondage  
to bring back there rights were denied  
oh were are u now when we need u  
what burns were the flame used to be  
are u gone like the snow of last winter  
and will only our rivers run free  
how sweet is the life but we're crying  
how mellow the wine but its dry  
how fragrent the rose but its dying  
how gentle the breeze but it sighs  
what good is in youth when its aging  
what joy is in eyes that cant see  
when theres sorrow in sunshine and flowers  
and still only our rivers run free