

## Christy Moore

### "Only Our Rivers Run Free"

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When apples still grow in November  
When Blossoms still bloom from 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  
And only her rivers run free

I drink to the death of her manhood  
Those men who'd rather have died  
Than to live in the cold chains of bondage  
To bring back their rights were denied  
Oh where are you now when we need you  
What burns where the flame used to be  
Are ye gone like the snows of last winter  
And will only our rivers run free?

How sweet is life but we're crying  
How mellow the wine but it's dry  
How fragrant the rose but it's dying  
How gentle the breeze but it sighs  
What good is in youth when it's aging  
What joy is in eyes that can't see  
When there's sorrow in sunshine and flowers  
And still only our rivers run free.

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