

Peter Liam Holcross

"Palestine"

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The birds have been scattered from their nest out of
season

The sheep have been driven from their fold without a
reason

Some children have never seen their home;
Who will free them?

The sun still shines the same upon the land
The mountains and the hills and every man
And yet there is the stain of oppression in the Land.

PALESTINE ãfÂçâ, ãÃ,Â! you are deep within the heart
Of all the children of your land
Whose hopes in you are chained:

PALESTINE ãfÂçâ, ãÃ,Â! like the fire that never dies
'Til freedom reigns beneath your skies
Faithful we will remain.

The sacred dove of peace our greatest possession
Is bleeding in the streets throughout the nation
And lying at the feet of occupation.

For those without a home, the memory grows more
bitter
With each passing day and every freezing winter
With each passing day and every freezing winter.

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