

Paddy Schmidt**"ONLY OUR RIVERS RUN FREE"**

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When apples still grow in November
When blossoms still bloom on each tree
When leaves are still green in December
It's then that our land will be free
I've wandered her hills and 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
But where are you now that we need you?
What burns where the flame used to be?
Are you gone like the snow of last winter?
And still only our rivers run free
How sweet is life, but we're dying
How mellow the wine, but we're dry
How fragrant the rose, but it's dying
How gentle the wind but it sighs
What good is in youth when it's aging?

What joys are 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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