

Only our Rivers Run Free

Mickey MacConnell - 1965
Arr. The Wolfe Tones

When ap- ples still grow in Nov- em- ber, when blos- soms still bloom from each tree, when leaves are sti- ll green in Dec-
I drink to the death of her peo- ple the ones who would rath- er have died than to live in the cold chains of
How sweet is life, but we're cry- ing how mel- low the wine, yet we're dry. How frag- rent the rose, but it's

em- ber, it's then that our land will be free. I wan- der her hills and her vsl- leys but still to my
bon- dage; to bring back the rights we're den- ied. Oh! where are you now when we need you? What burns where the
dy- ing how gen- tle the wind, yet it sighs. What good is in youth when you're ag- ing? What joy is in

sor- row I see: a land that has ne- ver known free- dom where on- ly her riv- ers run free.
flame used to be? Are you gone like the snows of last win- ter? and will on- ly our riv- ers run free?
eyes that can see? That there's sor- row in sun- shine and flow- ers If on- ly our riv- ers ran free.