

Kelly Family, Only Our Rivers Run Free

When apples still grow in November
And blossoms still grow from each tree.
When leaves are still green in December,
It's then that our lands will be free.

I travelled her hills and her valleys
And still through the sorrows I see
A land that has never know freedom.
And only our rivers run free.
And only our rivers run free.

I drink to the death of her manhood
Those men who'd rather had died.
Than to live in the cold chains of bondage
To bring back their lives were denied.

Oh where are you now when we need you
What burns were the flames used to be
Are you gone like the snows of last winter.
And will only our rivers run free.
And will only our rivers run free.

How sweet is life but we're crying
How mellow the wine but is dry
How fragrant the rose but is dying
How gentle the breeze but is sigh.

What good is it new when it's aging
What joy in the eyes that can't see
When there's sorrow in sunshine and flower
And still only our rivers run free
And still only our rivers run free.

I travelled her hills and her valleys
And still through her sorrows I see
A land that has never known freedom.
And only our rivers run free.
And only our rivers run free.