

Tones Wolfe, Only Our Rivers Run Free

were apples still grow in november
where blossoms still bloom from each tree
where leaves are still green in november
its then that our land will be free
i wander her hills and her valleys
and still through my sorrows 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 rather have died
than to live in the cold chains of bondage
to bring back there rights were denied
oh were are u now when we need u
what burns were the flame used to be
are u gone like the snow of last winter
and will only our rivers run free

how sweet is the life but we're crying
how mellow the wine but its dry
how fragrent the rose but its dying
how gentle the breeze but it sighs
what good is in youth when its aging
what joy is in eyes that cant see
when theres sorrow in sunshine and flowers
and still only our rivers run free