

# The 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,  
its then that our land will be 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.  
I drink to the death of her manhood,  
those men, whod rather had died.  
Than to live in the cold chains of boundage  
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 were 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 its ageing,  
what joy in the eyes that cant see?  
When theres 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 trough her sorrows I see  
a land that has never known freedom  
and only our rivers run free,  
and only our rivers run free.