

Traditional Irish Music

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Only Our Rivers Run Free

(Michael McConnel, 1973)

G D G C G D
When apples still grow in November, when blossoms still bloom from each tree
C G D Bm Em
When leaves are still green in December, it's then that our land will be free
C G C D
I've wandered her hills and her valleys and still through my sorrow I see
C G D Bm Em
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
Then to live in the cold chains of bondage, to bring back there rights were denied
Oh where are you now when we need you, What burns, where the flame used to be
Are ye gone like the snows of last winter, and will only our rivers run free

How sweet is life, but we're crying, how mellow the wine that were 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 joy is in eyes that can't see
When there's sorrow in sunshine and flowers, and still only our rivers run free.