

Only Our Rivers Run Free

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(Michael McConnell)

When apples still grow in November,
When blossoms still grow from each tree,
When leaves are still green in December,
It's then that our land will be free.
I wander the hills and valleys,
And still through my sorrow 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'd rather have died
Than to live in the cold chains of bondage
To bring back their rights were denied.
Oh, where are you now that we need you,
What burns where the flame used to be
Are you gone like the snow of last winter
And will only our rivers run free?

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

Apr98