

Only Our Rivers *

M. MacConnell (b 249)

When apples still grow in November
when blossoms still bloom from each tree
when leaves are still green in December
it's then that our land will be free.
I've wandered her hills and her valleys
and still through my sorrow I see
a land that has never known freedom
and only our 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 where 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, but it's dry,
how fragrant the rose, but it's dying,
how gentle the wind, but it sighs.
What good is in youth when it's ageing?
What joy is in eyes that can't see,
when there's sorrow in sunshine and flowers
and still only our rivers run free.