

# Palestine

## Peter Liam Holcross

The birds have been scattered from their nest out of season  
The sheep have been driven from their fold without a reason  
Some children have never seen their home;  
Who will free them?The sun still shines the same upon the land  
The mountains and the hills and every man  
And yet there is the stain of oppression in the Land.PALESTINE ... you are deep within the heart  
Of all the children of your land  
Whose hopes in you are chained:PALESTINE ... like the fire that never dies  
'Til freedom reigns beneath your skies  
Faithful we will remain.The sacred dove of peace our greatest possession  
Is bleeding in the streets throughout the nation  
And lying at the feet of occupation.For those without a home, the memory grows more bitter  
With each passing day and every freezing winter  
With each passing day and every freezing winter.

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