

# Riverdance, Heal Their Hearts - Freedom

In the deep night  
From a dark space  
I hear voices calling out in heartache  
They are wounded  
They are broken  
But their spirit rises when awoken  
Yes, they may be poor in birth - but  
Yes, how great each one is worth  
Heal their Hearts  
Feed their Souls  
Their lives can be golden if your love enfolds

In their dreamtimes  
In their visions  
How they always hunger after freedom  
Every hard load  
Every dark road  
Leads them on to reach a new horizon  
Yes, they may be poor in birth - but  
Yes, how great each one is worth

Heal their Hearts  
Feed their Souls  
Their lives can be golden if your love enfolds

Lord, where is our freedom?  
When will our hope begin?  
Lord, what of the promise you made?  
When will it come?  
We have waited for the time  
For the truth to live, when justice will shine  
Too long those hands of greed  
Held on and made us bleed  
When will your people breathe  
Lord, will it come?

Lord, what of our children?  
Will they always depend on you?  
Lord, why are they scattered and torn  
And their young hearts in chains  
How they hunger for liberty  
Feel their hatred of poverty  
Let their spirit rise, soaring free  
Lord let it come  
Our day will come