

Maire Brennan, Sign From The Hill

In this place I shelter now
The fire built will soon die down
I thirst for You on this dry land
My life is daily in Your hand

A sign from the hills
A veil floats by
I sail to the Island i*
A sign from the hills
A veil over me
A last farewell I said

And now I bow in humble praise
Will this writing never fade
And will the heros end the same
For all these gifts are in your name

A sign from the hills
A veil floats by
I sail to the Island i*
A sign from the hills
A veil over me
A last farewell I said

("*Iona island, off the coast of Scotland is known in Irish as i")