

Andy M. Stewart, If I Never Spend A Morning With

It's morning o'er the Islands I love
And wild seas lie still, deep and blue
Though life has sent me troubles, I'll feel no pain

If I never spend a morning without you
If I never spend a morning without you

When hope was an ocean-pounding heart
Then love was the ship that carried me through
And now I've reached my Island I'll find peace again

If I never spend a morning without you
If I never spend a morning without you

Old the land, older its people. But the promise of new life is still
the victor o'er decay. Hold the dream, pass by the stranger,
He can never call this land his home
Nor wish the truth away.

With the honesty of fire light on your face
We while away the hours as lovers do
At the closing of the evening I will ask no more

If I never spend a morning without you
If I never spend a morning without you

Old the land, older its people. But the promise of new life is still
the victor o'er decay. Hold the dream, pass by the stranger,
He can never call this land his home
Nor wish the truth away.

Though tomorrow is still no more than dreams
It's yesterday that gives me strength to do
For the hardest roads will run like silk to me,
it seems.

If I never spend a morning without you
If I never spend a morning without you