

Iona, Murlough Bay

The stones here are coloured
With the shades of time
Trees here have weathered
A storm or two
Waves that have pounded
Upon this land
Shaping the rocks that surround you

And here at last
I'm on my own with you

Here is a place
You could write or paint pictures
And dream that the troubles will end
Here is a place where we join our hands
In a love we defend

Here we can bathe
In a love that's Divine
Here we can know
I am yours, you are mine
Here in Your arms
That are faithful and strong
Here with You
This is where I belong