

# 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&#039;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&#039;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