**Harbour** by Anna Tabbush

When you’ve crossed the stormy waters

Come, walk a-shore

Bring your sons and bring your daughters.

Wander no more.

For our door is always open, And our hearth is always warm.

When you need a place to shelter, We’re a harbour in the storm.

There’ll be time for rest and sleeping.

Come, walk a-shore.

There’ll be space for peace and healing.

Wander no more.

For our door is always open, And our hearth is always warm.

When you need a place to shelter, We’re a harbour in the storm.

For in days of lesser fortune,

Come, walk a-shore.

We may need a door to open.

Wander no more.

For our door is always open, And our hearth is always warm.

When you need a place to shelter, We’re a harbour in the storm.

Alternative last bar!

For our door is always open, And our hearth is always warm.

When you need a place to shelter, We’re a harbour in the storm.