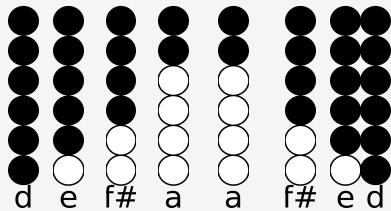


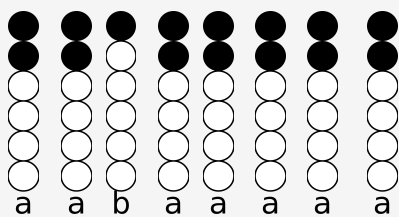
Tin whistle tabs for: Shelter

Categories: Folk

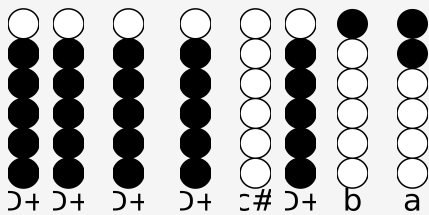
Author/Performer: Eric Bogle



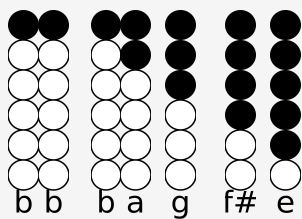
You can al-most touch, the o-cean,



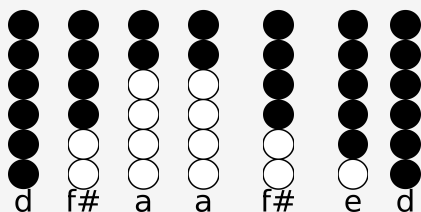
Shim-mer-ing in the dis-tant haze,



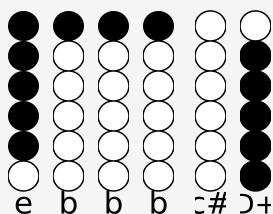
As you stand there, on the moun-tain,



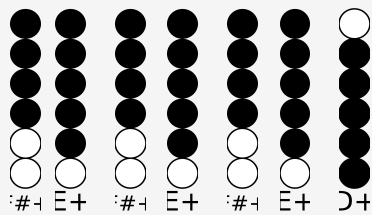
On the lov-li-est, of days,



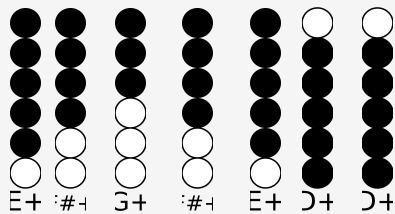
'Round half the world, you've drift-ed,



Left no wild oats un-sown,



But now your view, has shift-ed,



And you think you've, just come home.
And you're drown-ing, in the sun-shine,
As it pours down, from the skies,
And there's some-thing, stir-ring, in your heart,
Bright colours, fill your eyes.
As from here, the far hor-i-zon,
Your beauty, does un-fold,
And oh you look, so love-ly,
Dressed in, your green and gold.
To the home-less and the hung-ry,
May we al-ways, o-pen doors,
May the rest-less and the wear-y,
Find safe har-bour, on our shores,
May she al-ways, be our dream-time place,
Our spirits, glad re-lease,
May she al-ways be, our shel-ter,
May we al-ways, live in peace.