Crossing the Bar

Joseph Barnby, 1893

Alfred Tennyson, 1889

Sun-set and even-ing star, And one clear call for me! And may there be no moan-ing
of the bar When I put out to sea. But such a tide as mov-ing seems a-sleep, Too
full for sound and foam. When that which drew from the bound-less deep Turns a-gain
home. Twi-light and even-ing bell, And af-ter that the dark! And may there be no sad-ness
of fare-well When I em-bark. For, though from out our bourne of time and place The flood may
bear me far, I hope to see my Pi-lot face to face When I have crossed the bar.

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