

Crossing the Bar

Alfred Tennyson, 1889

Joseph Barnby, 1893

♩=113

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.