Crossing the Bar

Joseph Barnby, 1893

Alfred Tennyson, 1889

J₌₁₁₃ star, And one clear call for me! And may there of the bar When Sun-set and even-ing be no moan-ing 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 gain home. Twi-light and even-ing dark! And may there be no sad-ness of fare-well When I em - bark. For, though from out our bourne of time and hope to see my Pi-lot face to face When I have crossed the bar. place The flood may bear me far,