



## **Crossing The Bar**

Sunset and evening star  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of  
the bar,  
When I put out to sea,  
But such a tide as moving seems  
asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out  
the boundless deep  
Turns again home.  
Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of  
farewell,  
When I embark;  
For though from out our bourne  
of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to  
face  
When I have crossed the bar.



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