

# Crossing the Bar

Joseph Barnby, 1893

Alfred Tennyson, 1889

$\text{♩} = 113$

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.