

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

# Crossing the bar

Sir Joseph Barnby  
(1838-96)

S  
A

*mp* Sun-set and eve-ning star, And one clear call for me! And may there be no moan-ing of the bar, When

T  
B

S  
A

I put out to sea, — But such a tide as mov-ing seems a - sleep, Too full for sound and

T  
B

S  
A

foam, — When that which drew from out the bound-less deep — Turns a-gain — home.

T  
B

Tw-

S  
A

Twilight and eve - ning bell, And af - ter that the dark! And may there be no sad-ness

T  
B

light and eve-ning bell, And

S  
A

of fare-well When I em - bark; For, tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place The flood may

T  
B

S  
A

bear me far, — I hope to see my Pi-lot face to face When I have crost the bar.

T  
B