

Crossing the Bar

By Alfred Tennyson

- 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 tho' 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 cross'd the bar.