

## Crossing the Bar

Sunset and evening star, And one clear call for me!	2
And may there be no moaning of the bar, When I put out to sea,	4
But such a tide as moving seems asleep, Too full for sound and foam,	6
When that which drew from out the boundless deep Turns again home.	8
Twilight and evening bell, And after that the dark!	10
And may there be no sadness of farewell, When I embark;	12
For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place The flood may bear me far,	14
I hope to see my Pilot face to face When I have cross'd the bar.	16

Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809–1892)