

CROSSING THE BAR

Alfred Tennyson

Sunset and evening start,
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.