

CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call from 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 crossed the bar.

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If you were to envy such a