

Crossing the Bar.

"FRESHWATER."

ALFRED, Lord TENNYSON.

C. H. H. PARRY.

mf $\text{♩} = 92.$

Sun - set and eve - ning star, And one clear call for me!

mf

And may there be no moan - ing of the bar, When I put out to sea,

cres.

But such a tide as mov - ing seems a - sleep, Too full for sound and foam,

cres. *f*

mf *dim.* *Slower.*

When that which drew from out the boundless deep Turns a - gain . . . home.

mf *dim.*

p

Twi - light and eve-ning bell, And af - ter that the dark!

p

And may there be no sad-ness of fare-well, When I . . . em-bark ;

p *poco cres.*

For, tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place The flood may bear me far,

p *poco cres.*

mf *dim.* *Slower.* *pp*

mf *dim.* *pp*

I hope to see my Pi-lot face to face When I have crost the bar.