

Crossing the Bar (Bass)

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

When I put out to sea, When I put out to sea

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

Turns again home, Turns again home

That which drew from out the boundless deep

Turns again home

Hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum.

Hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum.

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

When I have crossed the bar, When I have crossed the bar

I hope to see my Pilot face to face

When I have crossed the bar

When I have crossed the bar, When I have crossed the bar

I hope to see my Pilot face to face

When I have crossed the bar.
