

Crossing the Bar (Tenor)

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

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

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

Turns again in home, Turns again in home

That which drew from out the boundless deep

Turns again in home

Twilight and evening bell, And after that the dark!

And may there be no sadness of farewell

When I embark;

For though 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.
