

CROSSING THE BAR (Craig McLeish, words by Tennyson)

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

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