



The fighting Temeraire (1839) - William Turner

Crossing the Bar

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.

Crossing the bar (1889) - Alfred Tennyson
(strophes 1, 2 & 3)