



IN LOVING MEMORY OF
Peter John Waldon

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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.*

*For though from out our bourn 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.*

– Alfred Lord Tennyson