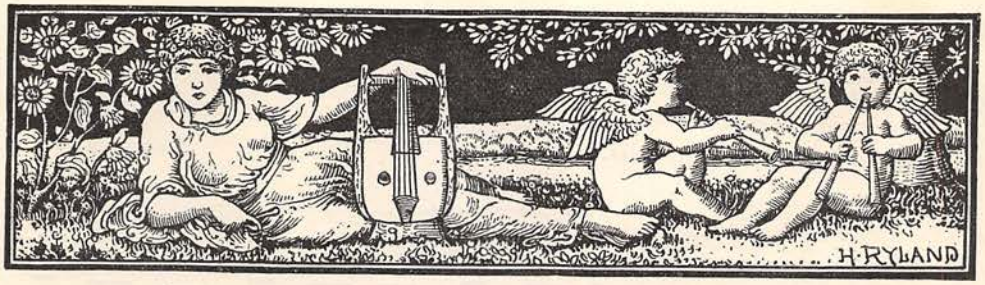
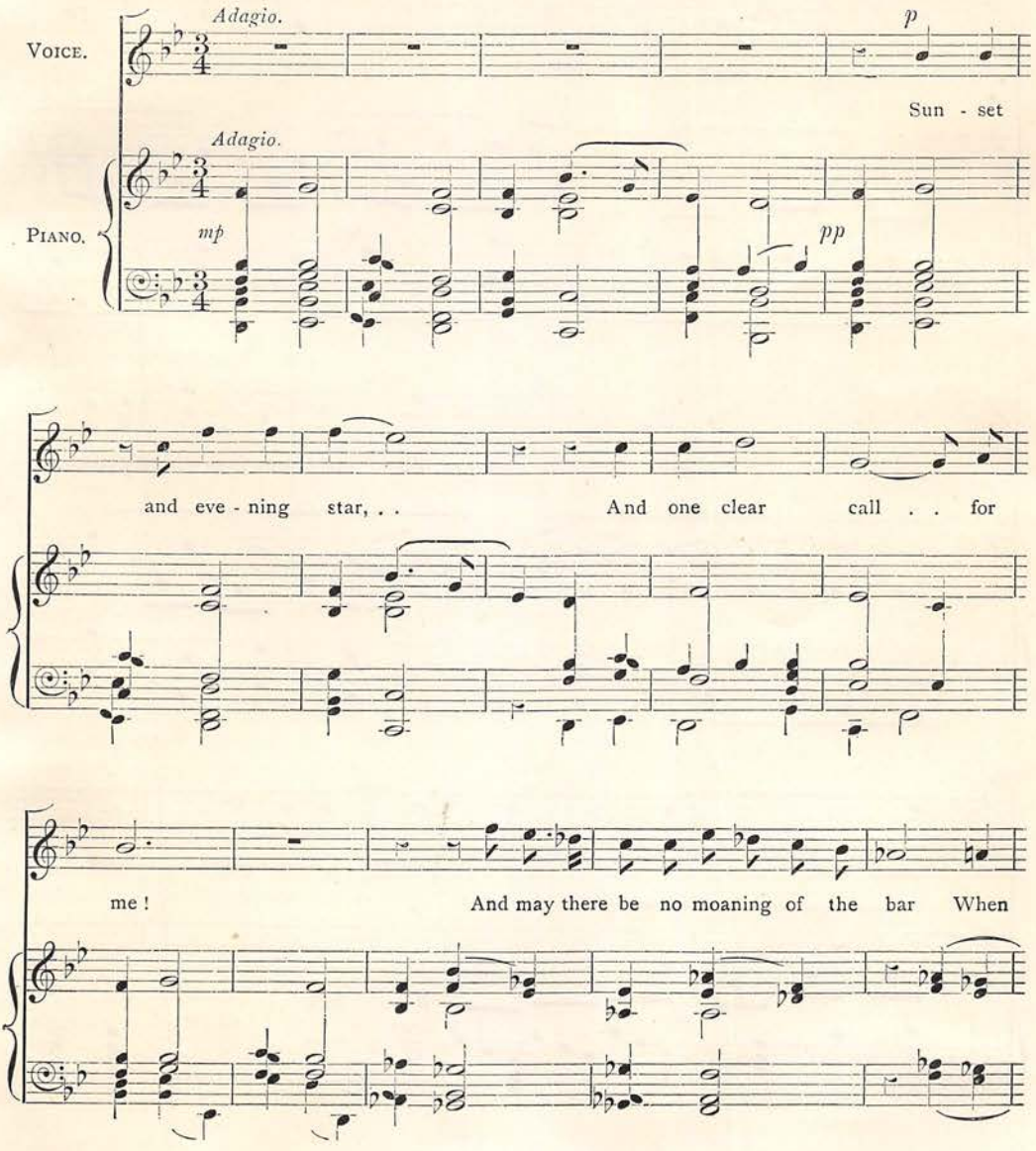
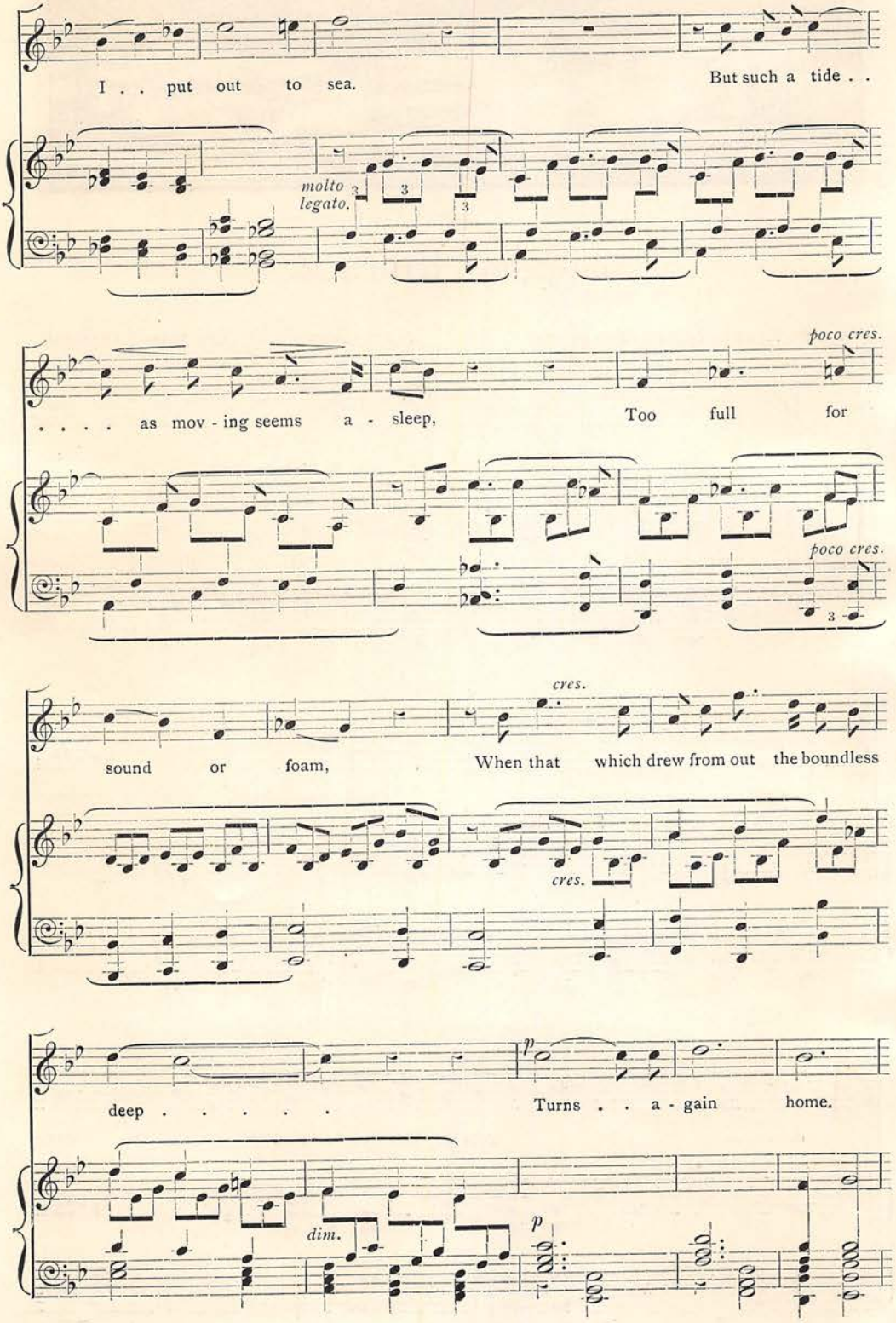
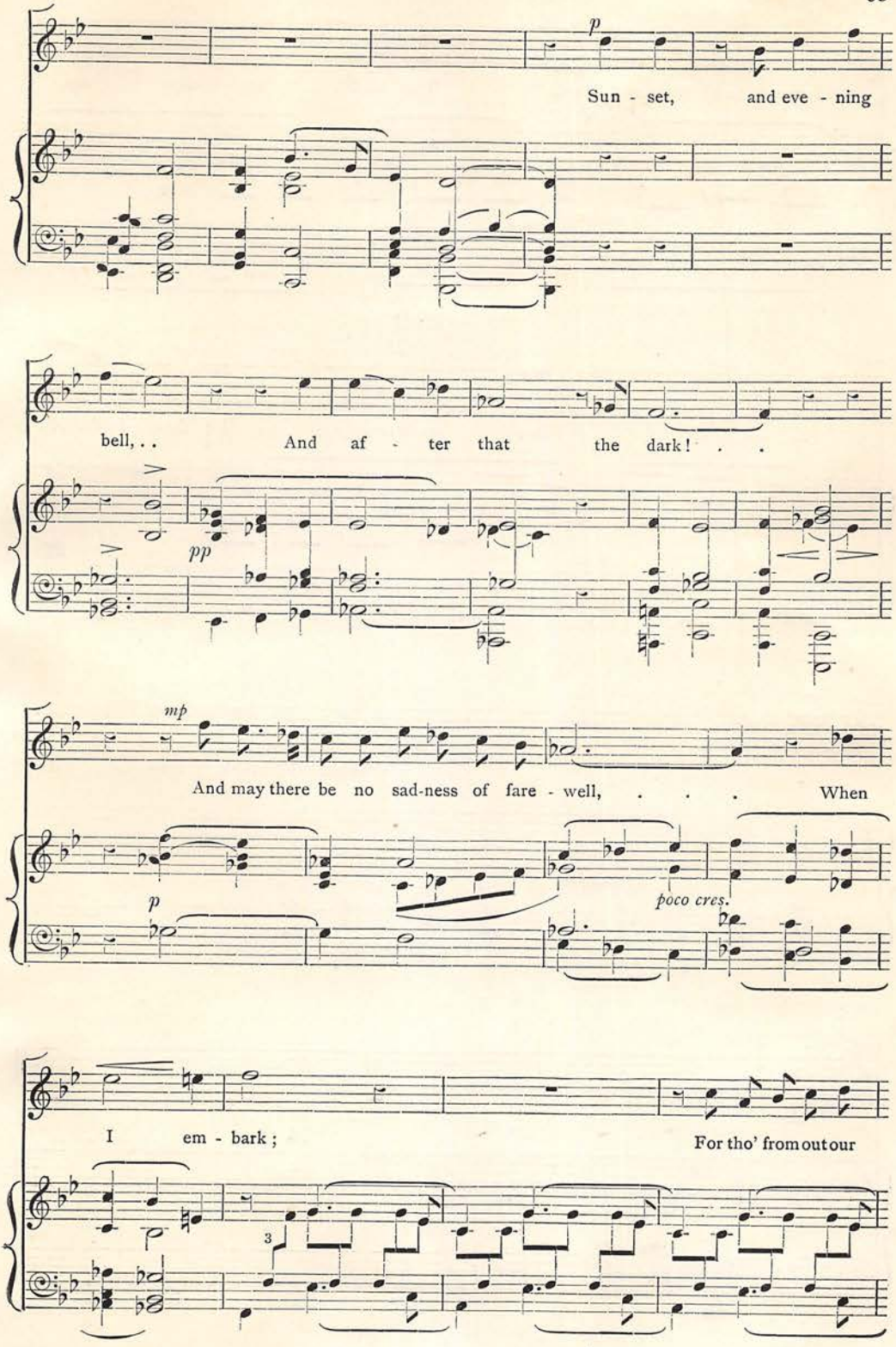


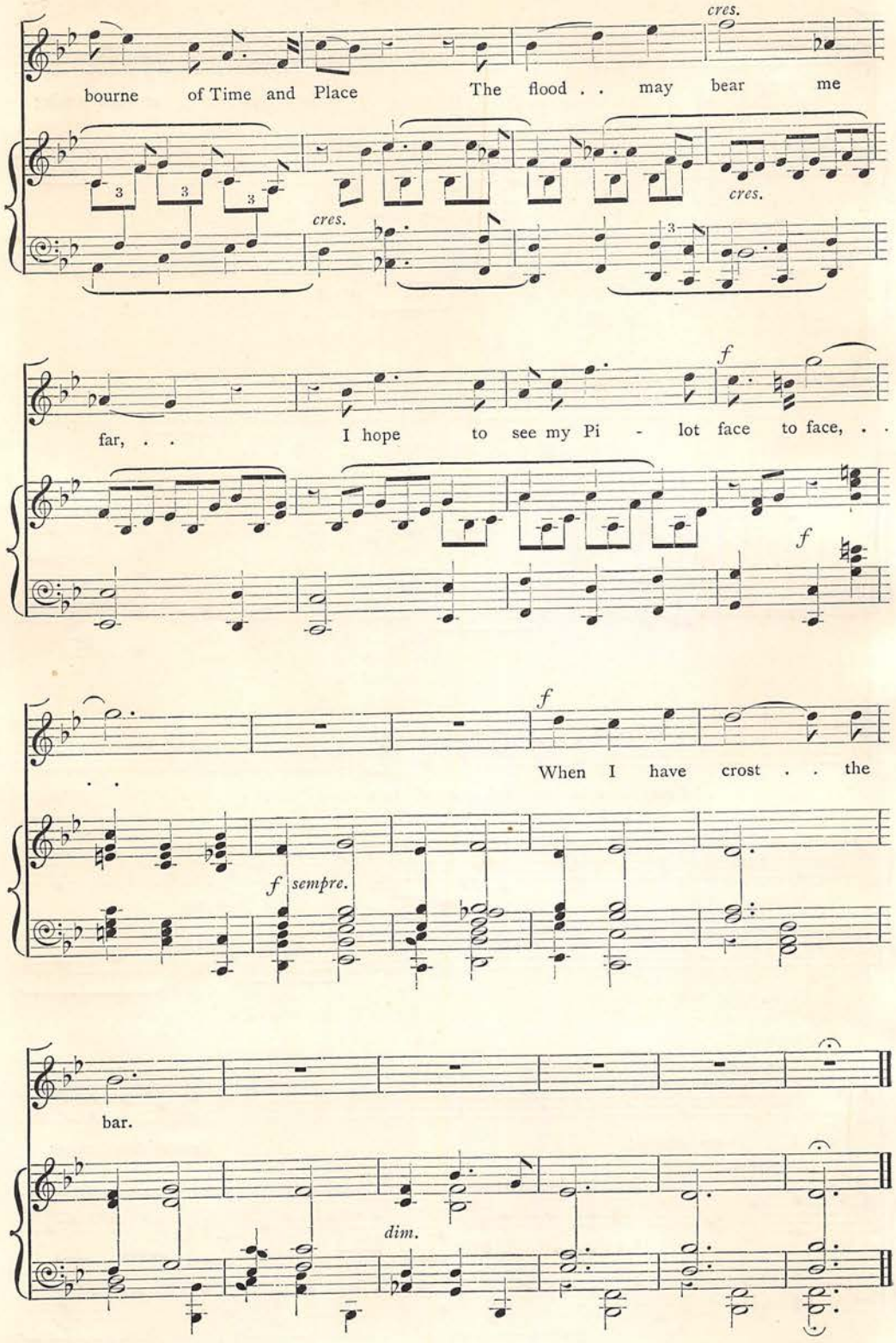
CROSSING THE BAR.

Poem by ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON. *Set to Music by* C. VILLIERS STANFORD.




I . . put out to sea.
But such a tide . .
molto legato.
poco cres.
. . . . as mov - ing seems a - sleep,
Too full for
poco cres.
cres.
sound or foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless
cres.
p
deep . . . . . .
Turns . . a - gain home.
dim.
p


p
Sun - set, and eve - ning
bell, . . And af - ter that the dark! . .
pp
mp
And may there be no sad-ness of fare - well, . . . When
p
poco cres.
I em - bark;
For tho' from out our
3


cres.
bourne of Time and Place The flood . . may bear me
cres.
cres.
far, . . I hope to see my Pi - lot face to face, . .
f
f
f
When I have crost . . the
f sempre.
bar.
dim.