

" But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
 Too full for sound or 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 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."
