

Never Weather-beaten Sail

THOMAS CAMPION (1567 - 1620)

Nev - er wea - ther-beat-en sail more will - ing bent to shore, Nev - er ti - red
 Ev - er bloom-ing are the joys of Heav'n's high Pa - ra - dise: Cold age deafs not

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pil-grim's limbs af - fect-ed slum-ber more, Than my wea - ry_ sprite now longs to
 there our ears, nor va-pour dims our eyes; Glo - ry there the_ sun out-shines, whose

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fly out of my troubled breast. O, come quick-ly, O, come quick-ly,
beams the blessed on-ly see, O, come quick-ly, O, come quick-ly,

fly out of my troubled breast. O, come quick-ly, O, come quick-ly,
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O, come quick-ly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to rest.
O, come quick-ly, glorious Lord, and raise my sprite to Thee.

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