

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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pilgrim's limbs af - fect - ed slum - ber more, Than my wea - ry_ sprite now longs to
 there our ears, nor vapour 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 blest on-ly see, O, come quick-ly, O, come quick-ly,

fly out of my troub- led breast. O, come quick - ly, O, come quick-ly,
beams the bles-sed on - ly see, O, come quick - ly, O, come quick-ly,

fly out of my troub- led breast. O, come quick-ly, O, come quick - ly,
beams the bles-sed on - ly see, O, come quick-ly, O, come quick - ly,

fly out of my troub- led breast. O, come quick - ly, O, come quick - ly,
beams the bles-sed on - ly see, O, come quick - ly, O, come quick - ly,

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O, come quick-ly, sweet-est Lord, and take my soul to rest.
O, come quick-ly, glo-rious Lord, and raise my sprite to Thee.

O, come quick - ly, sweet - est Lord, and take my soul to rest.
O, come quick - ly, glo - rious Lord, and raise my sprite to Thee.

O, come quick-ly, sweet - est Lord, and take my soul to rest.
O, come quick-ly, glo - rious Lord, and raise my sprite to Thee.

O, come quick - ly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to rest.
O, come quick - ly, glo - rious Lord, and raise my sprite to Thee.