

Never Weather-Beaten Sail

Thomas Campion (1567-1620)

Soprano
 Alto
 Tenor
 Bass

Ne - ver wea - ther bea - ten sail more wil - ling bent to shore, Ne - ver ti - red
 E - ver bloo - ming are the joys of heav'ns high pa - ra - dise, Old age deafs not

6
 S
 A
 T
 B

pil - grim's limbs af - fec - ted 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

11
 S
 A
 T
 B

fly out of my trou - bled breast, O come quick - ly, O come quick - ly,
 beams the bles - sed on - ly see, O come quick - ly, O come quick - ly,

S
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.

A
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.

T
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.

B
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.