

Never weather-beaten sail

Thomas Campion

Ne- ver wea- ther bea- ten sail more wil- ling bent to
E- ver bloom- ing are the joys of Heav'ns high pa- ra-

4

shore, Ne- ver ti- red Pil- grims limbs af- fec- ted slum- ber
dise, Cold age deafs not there our ears, nor va- pour dims our

8

more; Then my - wea- ry - spright now - longs to
eyes; Glo- ry - there the - Sun out- - shines, whose

11

fly - out - of my trou- - bled - breast.
beams - the - bles- sed on- - ly - see;

13

O come quick- ly, O come quick- ly, O come quick- ly
O come quick- ly, O come quick- ly, O come quick- ly

16

sweet- - est - Lord, and - take - my - soul to rest.
glor- - i- ous Lord, and - raise - my - spright to thee.