

Never weather-beaten sail

Thomas Campion

Cantus

Altus

Tenor

Bassus

Lute

Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore,
 Ever blooming are the joys of heav'n's high paradise,

5

Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more; Than my weary
 Cold age deafs not there our ears, nor vapors dims our eyes; Glory there the

10

sprite now longs to fly out of my troubled breast. O come quick-ly,
 sun out-shines, whose beams the blessed on-ly see: O come quick-ly,

15

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