

Never weather-beaten sail

Thomas Campion

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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 vap- ors dims our eyes; Glo- ry there the sun out- shines, whose

fly out of my trou- bled breast. O come quick- ly, O come quick- ly,
beams the bless- ed 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.