

## Never Weather-Beaten Sail

Thomas Campion



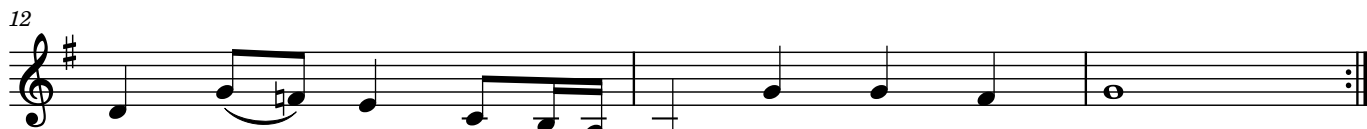
1. Ne - ver wea - ther - beat - en sail more will - ing bent to shore,  
 Ne - ver tir - ed pil - grim's limbs af - fec - ted slum - ber more,



Than my wea - ry sprite now longs to — fly out of my trou - bled breast.



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



sweet - est — Lord, and — take my soul to rest.



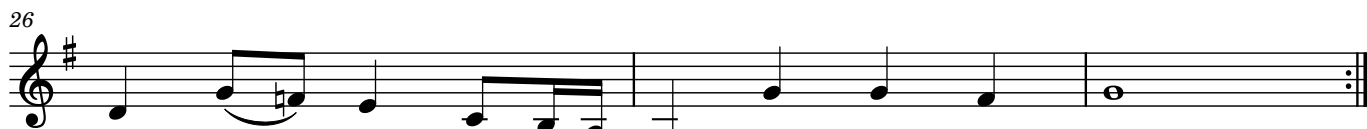
2. Ev - er bloom - ing are the joys of Heav'n's high Pa - ra - dise:  
 Cold age deafs not there our ears, nor va - pour dimes our eyes;



Glo - ry there the sun out - shines, whose beams the bless - ed on - ly — see.



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



sweet - est — Lord, and — take my soul to rest.