

Bass

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,

5



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

9



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

12



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

15



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;

19



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

23



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

26



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