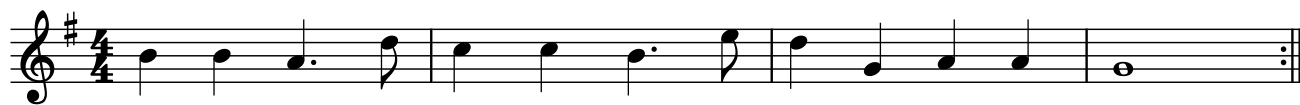


Never Weather-Beaten Sail

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.