

Never Weather-beaten Sail

Thomas Campion 1613

Soprano

Ne - ver wea - ther - bea - ten sail more wil - ling bent to shore.
 Ne - ver ti - red pil - grim limbs af - fec - ted slum - ber more.

Alto

Ne - ver wea - ther - bea - ten sail more wil - ling bent to shore.
 Ne - ver ti - red pil - grim limbs af - fec - ted slum - ber more.

Tenore

8 Ne - ver wea - ther - bea - ten sail more wil - ling bent to shore.
 Ne - ver ti - red pil - grim limbs af - fec - ted slum - ber more.

Basso

Ne - ver wea - ther - bea - ten sail more wil - ling bent to shore.
 Ne - ver ti - red pil - grim limbs af - fec - ted slum - ber more.

Lute

5

Than my wea - ry sprite now longs to fly out of my

Than my wea - ry sprite now longs to fly out of my

8 Than my wea - ry sprite now longs to fly out of my

Than my wea - ry sprite now longs to fly out of my

10

trou - bled breast. O come quick - ly, o come quick - ly, o come quick - ly

trou - bled breast. O come quick - ly, o come quick - ly, o come quick - ly

8 trou - bled breast. O come quick - ly, o come quick - ly, o come quick - ly

trou - bled breast. O come quick - ly, o come quick - ly, o come quick - ly

a	a	a	c	c	a	a	a	a	a	c
b	c	a	b	a	b	c	c	a	b	a
c	c	c	a	c	a	c	c	c	c	a
c	c	c	c	c	a	e	a	c	c	c

swee - test Lord and take my soul to rest.

swee - test Lord and take my soul to rest.

8 swee - test Lord and take my soul to rest.

swee - test Lord and take my soul to rest.

a	a	c	a	a	a	a
c	c	a	b	c	c	b
e	c	a	c	c	c	a

Ever blooming are the joys of heav'ns high paradise.
 Cold age deafs not there our ears nor vapour dims our eyes.
 Glory there the sun outshines, whose beams the blessed only see
 O come quickly glorious Lord and raise my sprite to thee.