



Never weather beaten Saile

Thomas Campion (1567-1620)

Two bookes of Ayres: The first book, 1619

Soprano

Neu-er weath-er beat-en Saile more will-ing bent to shore, Than my wea-ried—
 Neu-er tyr-ed Pil-grims limbs af-fect-ed slum-ber more;

Alto

Neu-er weath-er beat-en Saile more will-ing bent to shore, Than my wea-ried
 Neu-er tyr-ed Pil-grims limbs af-fect-ed slum-ber more;

Tenor

Neu-er weath-er beat-en Saile more will-ing bent to shore, Than my wea-ried—
 Neu-er tyr-ed Pil-grims limbs af-fect-ed slum-ber more;

Baixo

Neu-er weath-er beat-en Saile more will-ing bent to shore, Than my wea-ried
 Neu-er tyr-ed Pil-grims limbs af-fect-ed slum-ber more;

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spright now longs to flye out of my trou-bled brest. O come quick-ly,
 spright now longs to flye out of my trou-bled brest. O come quick-ly,
 spright now longs to flye out of my trou-bled brest. O come quick-ly,
 spright now longs to flye out of my trou-bled brest. O come quick-ly,

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O come quick-ly, O come quick-ly, sweet-est Lord, and take my soule to rest.
 O come quick-ly, O come quick-ly, sweet-est Lord, and take my soule to rest.
 O come quick-ly, O come quick-ly, sweet-est Lord, and take my soule to rest.
 O come quick-ly, O come quick-ly, sweet-est Lord, and take my soule to rest.

Euer-blooming are the joys of Heau'ns high paradise,
 Cold age deafes not there our eares, nor vapour dims our eyes;
 Glory there the Sun outshines, whose beames the blessed onely see:
 O come quickly, O come quickly, O come quickly,
 Glorious Lord, and raise my spright to thee.