

# Never weather-beaten Saile

Cantus

Thomas Campian

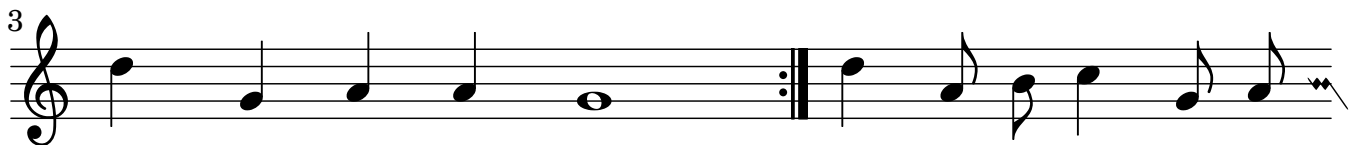


1. Nev- er weath- er- beat- en Saile more

Nev- er tyr- ed Pil- grims limbs af-

2. Ev- er bloom- ing are the joyes of

Cold age defes not there our eares, nor



will- ing bent to shore, Than my wea- ry

fect- ed slum- ber more;

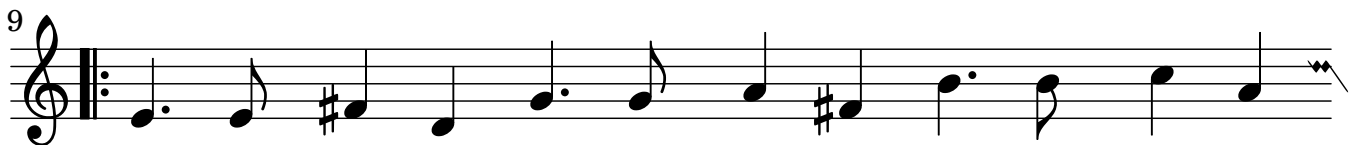
heavens high par- a- dise. Glo- ry there the

va- pour dims our eyes;



spright now longs to flye out of my trou- bled brest.

Sun out- shines, whose beames the bless- ed one- ly see:



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

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



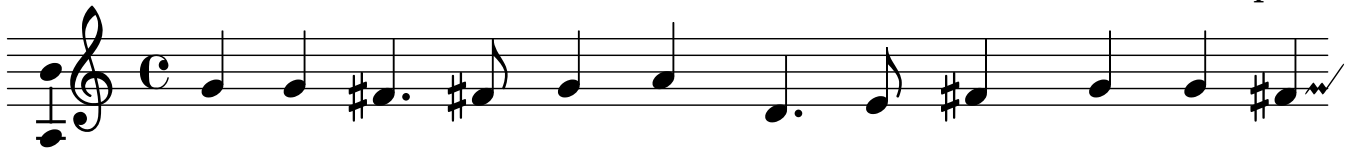
sweet- est Lord, and take my soule to rest.

Glor- ious Lord, and raise my spright to thee.

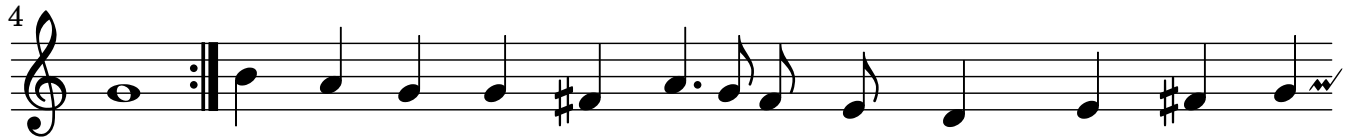
# Never weather-beaten Saile

Altus

Thomas Campian



1. Nev- er weath- er- beat- en Saile more will- ing bent to  
Nev- er tyr- ed Pil- grims limbs af- ect- ed slum- ber
2. Ev- er bloom- ing are the joyes of heavens high par- a-  
Cold age defes not there our eares, nor va- pour dims our



shore, Than my wea- ry spright now longs to flye out of  
more;

dise. Glo- ry there the Sun out- shines, whose beames the bless-  
eyes;



my trou- bled brest. O come quick- ly, O come quick- ly,  
ed one- ly see: O come quick- ly, O come quick- ly,

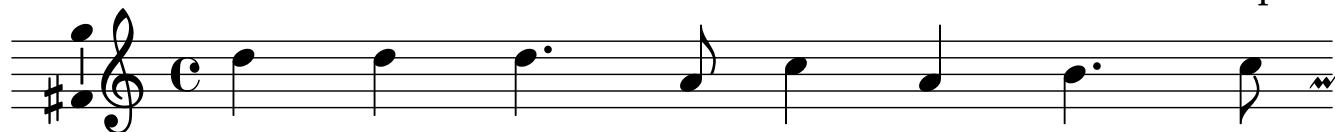


O come quick- ly, sweet- est Lord, and take my soule to rest.  
O come quick- ly, Glor- ious Lord, and raise my spright to thee.

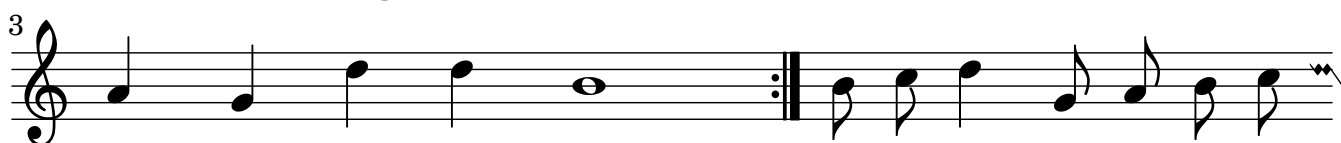
# Never weather-beaten Saile

Tenor

Thomas Campian



1. Nev- er weath- er- beat- en Saile more  
Nev- er tyr- ed Pil- grims limbs af-  
2. Ev- er bloom- ing are the joyes of  
Cold age defes not there our eares, nor



will- ing bent to shore, Than my wea- ry  
ect- ed slum- ber more;  
heavens high par- a- dise. Glo- ry there the  
va- pour dims our eyes;



spright now longs to flye out of my trou- bled brest.  
Sun out- shines, whose beames the bless- ed one- ly see:



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



sweet- est Lord, and take my soule to rest.  
Glor- ious Lord, and raise my spright to thee.

# Never weather-beaten Saile

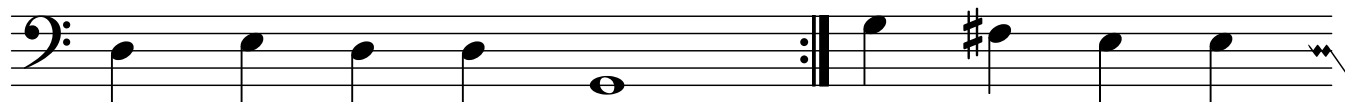
Bassus

Thomas Campian



1. Nev- er weath- er- beat- en Saile more  
Nev- er tyr- ed Pil- grims limbs af-  
2. Ev- er bloom- ing are the joyes of  
Cold age defes not there our eares, nor

3



will- ing bent to shore, Than my wea- ry  
ect- ed slum- ber more;  
heavens high par- a- dise. Glo- ry there the  
va- pour dims our eyes;

6



spright now longs to flye out of my trou- bled brest.  
Sun out- shines, whose beames the bless- ed one- ly see:

9



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

12



sweet- est Lord, and take my soule to rest.  
Glor- ious Lord, and raise my spright to thee.

