1. Never weather-beaten Saile more
Never tyr- ed Pil- grims limbs af-
willing 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. Never weather-beaten Saile more willing bent to Never tyred Pil-grims limbs affected slumber
2. Ever blooming are the joyes of heavens high para-

Cold age defes not there our eares, nor vapour dims our shore, Than my weary spright now longs to flye out of more;

dise. Glory there the Sun outshines, whose beames the bless-

eyes;

my troubled brest. O come quickly, O come quickly, ed one-
ly see: O come quickly, O come quickly,

O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soule to rest. O come quickly, Glorious Lord, and raise my spright to thee.
Never weather-beaten Saile

Tenor

Thomas Campian

1. Never weather-beaten Saile more
   Never tyr-ing 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-
   ect-ed slumber more;
   heavens high para-dise. Glo-
   vapour dims our eyes;
   spright now longs to flye out of my trou-
   O come quickly, O come quickly, O come quickly,
   O come quickly, O come quickly, O come quickly,
   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. Never weather-beaten Saile more
Never tyr'ed Pilgrims 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
eect-ed slumber more;
heavens high par-a-dise. Glo-ry there the

va-pour dims our eyes;
spright now longs to flye out of my troub-bled brest.
Sun out-shines, whose beames the bless-ed one-ly see:

O come quickly, O come quickly, O come quickly,
O come quickly, O come quickly, O come quickly,

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