Never weather-beaten Saile

Cantus

Thomas Campian

1. Never weather-beaten Saile more
   Never tyr'd Pilgrims limbs after

2. Ever blooming are the joyes of
   Cold age defes not there our eares, nor

   willing bent to shore, Than my weary
   effect ed slumber more;
   heavens high paradise. Glory there the
   vapour dims our eyes;

   spright now longs to flye out of my
   Sun outshines, whose beames the blessed

   troubled brest. O come quickly,
   one ly see: O come quickly,

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

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

Altus

Thomas Campian

1. Never weather-beaten Saile
   Never tyr'ed Pilgrims limbs af-

2. Ever blooming are the joyes of
   Cold age defes not there our ears, nor

3. willing bent to shore, Than my weary
   expectation slumber more;

4. heavens high paradise. Glory there the
   pour dim's our eyes;

5. spright now longs to flye out of
   Sun outshines, whose beames the bless-

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

7. O come quickly, O come quickly,
   O come quickly, O come quickly,

8. sweetest Lord, and take my soule to rest.
   Glorious Lord, and raise my spright to thee.

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Never weather-beaten Saile

Tenor Thomas Campian

1. Never weather-beaten Saile
   Never tyr- ed Pil- grims limbs af-
2. Ev- er blooming 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
Sun out- shines, whose beames the bless- ed

trou- bled brest. O come quick- ly,
one- ly see: 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. Never weather-beaten Saile more
Never tyr-ed Pil-grims limbs af-

2. Ev-er blooming 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
Sun out-shines, whose beames the bless-ed

trou-bled brest. O come quick-ly,
one-ly see: 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-i-ous Lord, and raise my spright to thee.