

# 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

3  
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;

6  
spright now longs to flye out of my  
Sun out- shines, whose beames the bless- ed

8  
trou- bled brest. O come quick- ly,  
one- ly see: O come quick- ly,

10  
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.

# Never weather-beaten Saile

Altus

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  
Sun out- shines, whose beames the bless-

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

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

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  
Sun out- shines, whose beames the bless- ed

8  
trou- bled brest. O come quick- ly,  
one- ly see: O come quick- ly,

10  
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.

# 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  
Sun out- shines, whose beames the bless- ed

8  
trou- bled brest. O come quick- ly,  
one- ly see: O come quick- ly,

10  
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.