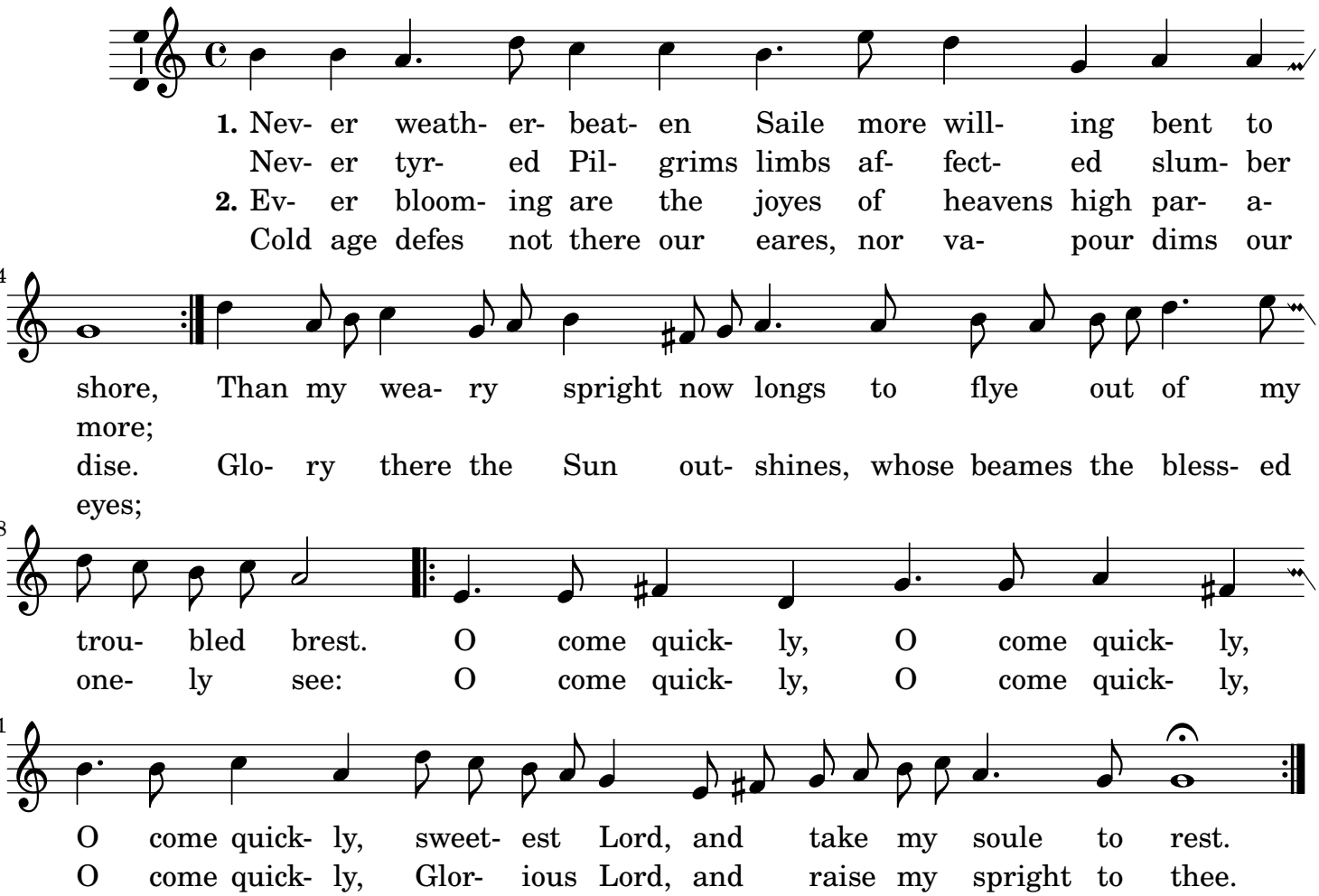
Cantus


1. Nev- er weath- er- beat- en Saile more will- ing bent to
Nev- er tyr- ed Pil- grims limbs af- fect- 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 my
more;
dise. Glo- ry there the Sun out- shines, whose beames the bless- ed
eyes;
trou- bled brest. O come quick- ly, O come quick- ly,
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.