

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.

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Altus

Thomas Campian

1. Nev- er weath- er- beat- en Saile more
Nev- er tyr- ed Pil- grims limbs af-

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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.

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Tenor

Thomas Campian

1. Nev- er weath- er- beat- en Saile more
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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. Nev- er weath- er- beat- en Saile more
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2. Ev- er bloom- ing are the joyes of
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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;

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

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