

# 11. Never weather-beaten sail Thomas Campion

5

Nev- er wea- ther- beat- en sail more will- ing bent to shore, Nev- er ti- red  
Ev- er bloom- ing are the joys of heav'n's high pa- ra- dise, Cold age deafs not

10

pil- grim's limbs af- fect- ed slum- ber more; Than my wea- ry sprite now longs to  
there our ears, nor vap- ors dims our eyes; Glo- ry there the sun out- shines, whose

fly out of my trou- bled breast. O come quick- ly, O come quick- ly,  
beams the bless- ed on- ly see: O come quick- ly, O come quick- ly,

15

O come quick- ly, sweet- est Lord, and take my soul to rest.  
O come quick- ly, glo- rious Lord, and raise my sprite to thee.