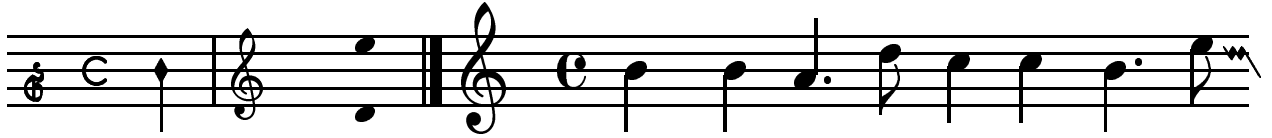


Never Weather-beaten Saile

Cantus

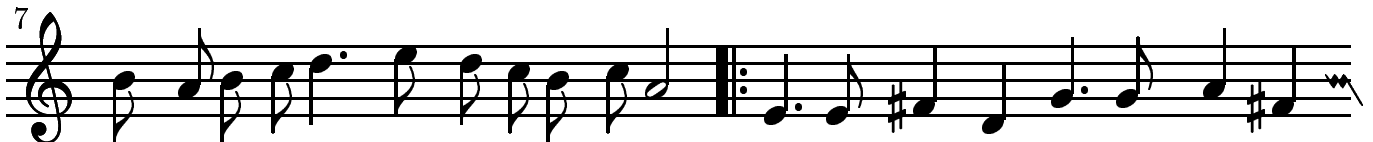
Thomas Campian



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



will- ing bent to shore, Than my wea- ry spright now longs to
fect- ed slum- ber more;
heavens high par- a- dise. Glo- ry there the Sun out- shines, whose
va- pour dims our eyes;



flye out of my trou- bled brest. O come quick- ly, O come quick- ly,
beames the bless- ed 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.

Never Weather-beaten Saile

Altus

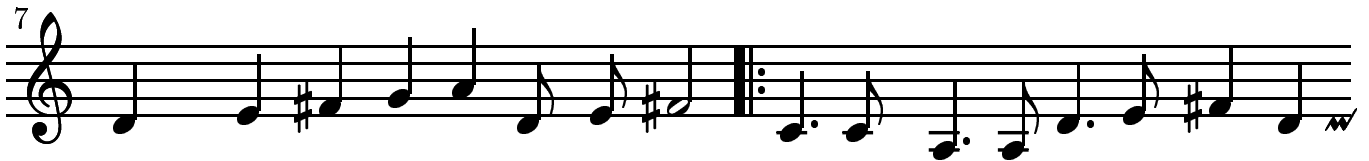
Thomas Campian



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 spright now longs
ect- ed slum- ber more;
heavens high par- a- dise. Glo- ry there the Sun out- shines,
va- pour dims our eyes;



to flye out of my trou- bled brest. O come quick- ly, O come quick- ly,
whose beames the bless- ed one- ly see: O come quick- ly, O come quick- ly,

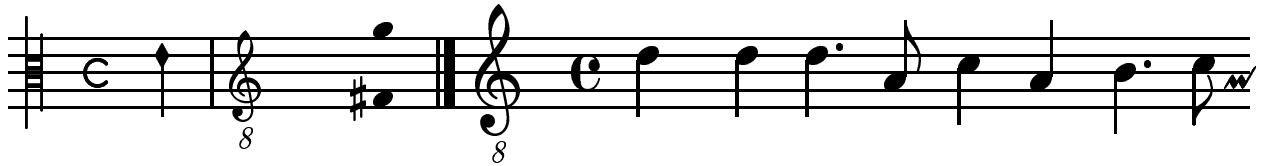


O come quick- ly, sweet- est Lord, and take my soule to rest.
O come quick- ly, Glor- ious Lord, and raise my spright to thee.

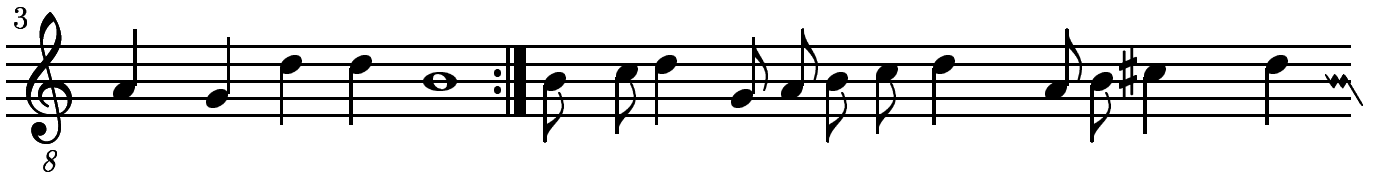
Never Weather-beaten Saile

Tenor

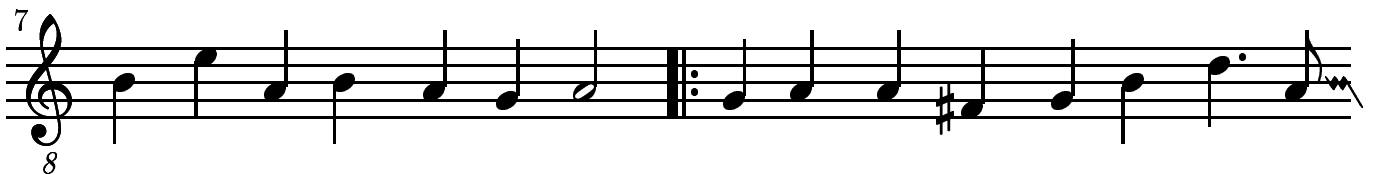
Thomas Campian



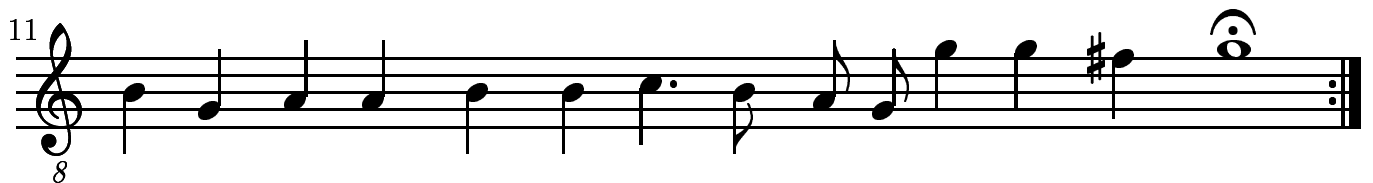
1. Nev-er weath- er- beat- en Saile more
Nev- er tyr- ed Pil- grims limbs af-
2. Ev- er bloom- ing are the joyes of
Cold age defes not there our eares, nor



will- ing bent to shore, Than my wea- ry spright now longs to
ect- ed slum- ber more;
heavens high par- a- dise. Glo- ry there the Sun out- shines, whose
va- pour dims our eyes;



flye out of my trou- bled brest. O come quick- ly, O come quick- ly,
beames the bless- ed 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.

Never Weather-beaten Saile

Bassus

Thomas Campian



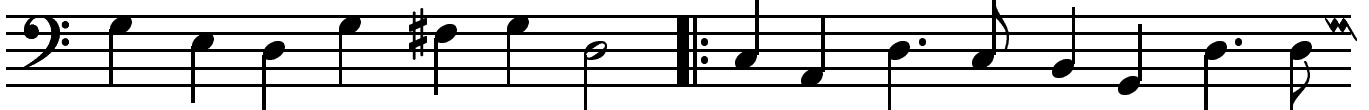
1. Nev-er weath- er- beat- en Saile more
Nev- er tyr- ed Pil- grims limbs af-
2. Ev- er bloom- ing are the joyes of
Cold age defes not there our eares, nor

3



will- ing bent to shore, Than my wea- ry spright now longs to
ect- ed slum- ber more;
heavens high par- a- dise. Glo- ry there the Sun out- shines, whose
va- pour dims our eyes;

7



flye out of my trou- bled brest. O come quick- ly, O come quick- ly,
beames the bless- ed one- ly see: O come quick- ly, O come quick- ly,

11



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.