

Never weather-beaten saile

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Ne - ver wea - ther - bea - ten saile more wil - ling bent to shore,
Ne - ver ty - red pil - grims limbs af - fe - cted slum - ber more;

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Then my wea - ry spright now longs to flye out of my trou - bled brest.

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9

C Am D G G D G Em Am D G

O come quickly, O come quickly, O come quick-ly sweet-est Lord & take my soule to rest.

8 O come quick-ly, O come quickly, O come quick-ly sweet-est Lord & take my soule to rest.

8 O come quickly, O come quick-ly, O come quick-ly, sweet-est Lord & take my soule to rest.

O come quick-ly, O come quick-ly, O come quick-ly sweetest Lord & take my soule to rest.

2. Ever-blooming are the ioyes of Heav'ns high paradise,
 Cold age deafes not there our eares, nor vapour dims our eyes;
 Glory there the Sun out-shines, whose beames the blessed onely see:
 O come quickly glorious Lord, and raise my spright to thee.