

Never Weather-beaten Saile

Thomas Campian



1. Nev - er weath - er - beat - en Saile more will - ing bent to shore,
Nev - er tyr - ed Pil - grims limbs af - ect - ed slum - ber more;



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



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