

Never Weather-beaten Saile

Thomas Campian



Nev - er tyr - ed Pil - grims limbs af - will - ing bent to shore,
fect - ed slum - ber more;



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



O comequick-ly, O comequick-ly, O comequick-ly, sweetest Lord, and take my soule to rest.