

Never Weather Beaten Saile

Adapted for Recorders

Thomas Campion (1567-1620)

Soprano solo:

8

S

1. Ne - ver wea - ther bea - ten Saile more will - ing bent to shore,
Ne - ver tyr - ed Pil - grims limbs af - fe - cted slu - mber more;
2. E - ver bloom - ing are the joyes of Heav'ns high pa - ra - dice,
Cold age deafes not there our eares, nor va - pour dims our eyes;

A1

A2

T

B

5 8

S

1. Than my wea - ried spright now longs to flye out of my trou - bled breast.
2. Glo - ry there the Sun out - shines, whose beams the bless - ed one - ly see:

A1

A2

T

B

9 8

S

1. O come qui-ckly, O come qui-ckly, O come qui-ckly sweet - est lord, and take my soule to rest.
2. O come qui-ckly, O come qui-ckly, O come qui-ckly glo - rious Lord, and raise my spright to thee.

A1

A2

T

B