

Never Weather Beaten Saile

Adapted for Recorders

Thomas Campion (1567-1620)

Soprano solo:

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

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

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