NEVER WEATHER-BEATEN SAIL

Words and Music by
THOMAS CAMPION (Circa 1566-1629)
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Religioso, con espressione

1. Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore,
   Never tired pilgrim limbs affected slumber more;

2. Ever blooming are the joys of heaven's high paradise;
   Cold age deafs not there our ears, nor vapor dims our eyes.

Than my weary sprite now longs to fly out of my troubled breast:
Glory there the sun outshines, whose beams the blessed only see:

O come quickly, O come quickly, O come quickly,
O come quickly, O come quickly, O come quickly,

Sweetest Lord, and take my soul to rest,
Glorious Lord, and raise my sprite to Thee!

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