

# 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