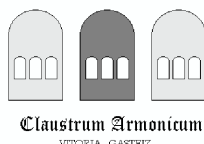


# Never weather-beaten sail

Texto y música: Thomas Campion  
(1557-1620)



[Andante]

S.

1. Ne-ver wea - ther- bea-ten sail more will - ing bent to shore, Ne- ver ti - red  
2. Ev - er bloom - ing are the joys of Heav'n's high Pa - ra - dise. Cold age deafs not

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T.

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6

pil-grim's limbs af- fec- ted slum-ber more, Than my - wea - ry sprite now longs to  
there our ears, nor va-pour dims our eyes; Glo - ry there the sun out - shines, whose

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fly out of my trou - bled breast. O come quick - ly, O come quick - ly,  
beams the bles - sed on - ly see. O come quick - ly, o come quick - ly,

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15

O come quick - ly, sweet - est Lord, and take my soul to rest.  
O come quick - ly, glo - rious Lord, and raise my sprite to thee.

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**Traducción:**

1. Jamás una vela deteriorada navegó con más ganas hacia la costa;  
jamás los cansados miembros del peregrino inquietaron tanto su sueño  
como mi espíritu cansado desea salir fuera de mi pecho atormentado.  
¡Ven pronto, bendito Señor, y tráeme el descanso a mi alma!
2. Los placeres del paraíso, arriba en el cielo, siempre están presentes;  
ni el frío entorpece nuestros oídos, ni el vapor empaña nuestros ojos.  
La gloria eclipsa allí al sol, cuyos rayos sólo verán los bienaventurados.  
¡Ven pronto, glorioso Señor y lleva mi espíritu hacia Tí!