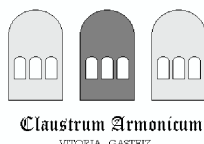


Never weather-beaten sail

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

A.

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

T.

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

B.

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

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

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

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

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

11

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,

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,

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,

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,

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.

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.

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.

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.

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!