

# Never Weather-Beaten Saile

(from Two Books of Ayres - The First Book - 1613)

Thomas Campian (d.1620)

1 : D-A-dd

D A G A7 D D Bm Em A7 D

Nev - er weath - er beat - en saile more wil - ling bent to shore,  
 Nev - er tyr - ed pil - grims limbs af - fec - ted slum - ber more,  
 Ev - er bloom - ing are the joys of Heav'n's high par - a - dice.  
 Cold age deafes not there our ears, nor va - por dims our eyes:

5 D A7 G Bm F#m Em D F#m Em A

Than my wear - ied spright now longs to fly out of my trou - bled brest.  
 Glo - ry there the sun out - shines, whose beames the bless - ed on - ly see:

9 Em A D A D G

O, come quick - ly, O, come quick - ly, O come quick - ly,  
 O, come quick - ly, O, come quick - ly, O come quick - ly,

12 D Bm A D

sweet - est Lord, and take my soul to rest.  
 glo - rious Lord, and raise my spright to thee. 1st end 2nd end