

Thomas Campion (1567-1620)

Tr

1 Ne - ver wea - ther bea-ton sail more will - ing bent to shore;
 2 *Ev - er bloom-ing are the joys of Heav'ns high Pa - ra - dise,*
 3 My Soul get thee to thy Rock, on high set there thy Nest,
 6 *How do they be - hold the Face of him that sits on high!*

A

Air

T.
8

1 Ne - ver wea - ther bea-ton sail more will - ing bent to shore;
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 3 My Soul get thee to thy Rock, on high set there thy Nest,
 6 *How do they be - hold the Face of him that sits on high!*

B

5

Tr

Ne - ver tir - ed Pil - grams limbs af - fec - ted slum - ber more.
Old age deafs not there our ears, nor va - per dims our Eyes,
 Be - yond all the Storms and Clouds, Faith hath a Seat of Rest,
With what Plea - sure do they serve, and praise con - tin - ual - ly!

A

Air

T.
8

Ne - ver tir - ed Pil - grams limbs af - fec - ted slum - ber more.
Old age deafs not there our ears, nor va - per dims our Eyes,
 Be - yond all the Storms and Clouds, Faith hath a Seat of Rest,
With what Plea - sure do they serve, and praise con - tin - ual - ly!

B

9

Tr

Then my wear - ry spi - rit now longs to fly out of my
Glo - ry there the Sun out - shines, whose beams the bless - ed
 Ev - er whilst we dwell be - low, we may be oft and
There's no Sin, nor Sor row, in the glor ious Reg - ions

A

Air

T.
8

Then my wear - ry spi - rit now longs to fly out of my
Glo - ry there the Sun out - shines, whose beams the bless - ed
 Ev - er whilst we dwell be - low, we may be oft and
There's no Sin, nor Sor row, in the glor - ious Re - gions

B

12

Tr
 troub - led brest, O come quick - ly, O come quick - ly,
on - ly see, O come quick - ly, O come quick - ly,
 soon a - bove, O how spee - dy, O how spee - dy,
of the Blest, What ad - mir - ing, and as - pir - ing,

A

Air
 T.
 8
 troub - led brest, O come quick - ly, O come quick - ly,
on - ly see, O come quick - ly, O come quick - ly,
 soon a - bove, O how spee - dy, O how spee - dy,
of the Blest, What ad - mir - ing, and as - pir - ing,

B

15

Tr
 O come quick - ly sweet - est Lord and take my Soul to rest.
O come quick - ly glor - ious Lord and raise my Sp'rit to thee.
 O how safe - ly Souls do fly on Wings of Faith and Love.
and de - sir - ing, O how do I long to be at rest.

A

Air
 T.
 8
 O come quick - ly sweet - est Lord and take my Soul to rest.
O come quick - ly glor - ious Lord and raise my Sp'rit to thee.
 O how safe - ly Souls do fly on Wings of Faith and Love.
and de - sir - ing, O how do I long to be at rest.

B

This tune by Thomas Campion first appeared as Hymn No. 11 in his Book of Ayres, 1613. [HTI No.: 301a]
 Called therein the Black Hymn, is taken from Matthew Wilkin's 'Introduction to Psalmody', c.1750,
 Great Milton, Oxon., BL. Ref. A.487.n., where it is set in two parts to Campion's two verses plus two others.
 This four part setting of the hymn was found in a copy of
 John Arnold's 'The Compleat Psalmody', 1753, now in our possession, where
 it is entitled An Hymn of the Joys of Heaven. Original spelling as used by Wilkins throughout.
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