Never weather-beaten sail

Thomas Campion
(1567-1620)

Charles Wood
(1866-1926)

T. C. A. T.
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Ped.

Senza Ped.

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fly out of my troubled breast: O, come quickly, sweet-est

Lord, and take my soul to rest!

are the joys of heaven’s high Paradise, Cold age deafs not there our ears nor vapour dims our eyes:
Glo-ry there the sun out-shines; whose beams the Bless-ed on-ly see: O_ come quick-ly, come quick-ly, glorious Lord, and raise my

sprite to Thee!