

Thomas Campion

The First Booke of Ayres

XI

1 Neuer weather-beaten Saile more willing bent to shore,
Neuer tyred Pilgrims limbs affected slumber more;
Then my weary spright now longs to flye out of my troubled brest.
O come quickly sweetest Lord and take my soule to rest.

2 Euer-blooming are the ioyes of Heau'ns high paradise,
Cold age deafes not there our eares, nor vapour dims our eyes ;
Glory there the Sun out shines, whose beames the blessed onely see,
O come quickly glorious Lord, and raise my spright to thee.