Never Weather-Beaten Sail

Number 3 of Six Songs of Farewell

S.  
Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore, never

A.  
Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore, never

Men  
Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore, never

Reh only  

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sprite now longs to fly, my wea - ried sprite now
wea - ried sprite now longs to fly, now longs to
- ried sprite, than my wea - ried sprite now longs,
now longs to
fly, now longs to fly, longs to fly, out of my trou - bled breast: O come qui -
fly, now longs to fly out of my trou - bled breast: O come
a tempo

Ever blooming are the joys of heaven's high

Ever blooming are the joys of heaven's high

Ever blooming are the joys of heaven's high

Paradise, cold age deafs not there our ears nor vapour dims our eyes: Glo-

Paradise, cold age deafs not there our ears nor vapour dims our eyes: Glo-

Paradise, cold age deafs not there our ears nor vapour dims our eyes:
There, glory there, the sun outshines, glory there, the sun outshines, whose beams the sun outshines, glory there, the sun outshines.
beams the blessed only see: O come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my sprite, come quickly, glorious Lord.

whose beams the blessed only see: O come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my sprite, come quickly, glorious Lord.
sprite to thee, come quickly, glorious
quickly, come quickly, quickly glorious Lord, and
raise my sprite to thee, come quickly
Lord and raise my sprite, my sprite to pp thee!
raise my sprite to thee, raise my sprite to pp thee!
glorious Lord, and raise my sprite, my sprite to pp thee!