Never weather-beaten sail

Thomas Campion
(1567 - 1620)

1. Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore, than my weary limbs more, weary limbs more, than my

2. Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more, sprite now longs to fly out of my troubled breast. O come quickly,
2. Ever blooming are the joys of heav'n's high paradise:
   Cold age deafs not there our ears, nor vapour dims our eyes;
   Glory there the sun outshines, whose beams the blessed only see.
   O come quickly, O come quickly, O come quickly, glorious Lord and raise my sprite to thee.

"deafs" = "deafens"