

**ELIZABETHAN and JACOBEBAN**

**PART SONGS**

Edited by EDMUND H. FELLOWES  
(With Staff & Sol-fa Notation Combined)

**THOMAS CAMPIAN**

Awake, awake, thou heavy sprite  
Never weather beaten sail

**MICHAEL CAVENDISH**

Fair are those eyes  
Say, shepherds, say  
Sly thief, if so you will believe

**THOMAS FORD**

Come Phillis, come into these bowers  
Now I see thy looks were feigned  
Since first I saw your face  
There is a lady sweet and kind  
What then is love

**FRANCIS PILKINGTON**

Ay me she frowns  
Diaphenia like the daffdowndilly  
I sigh as sure to wear the fruit  
Now peep bo peep  
Rest, sweet nymph

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58 Berners Street, London, W.1.



# ELIZABETHAN AND JACOBEOAN PART SONGS

Edited by  
EDMUND H FELLOWES

## NEVER WEATHER BEATEN SAIL

by  
THOMAS CAMPLIAN

Tonic Solfa Translation by  
H.J.TIMOTHY

*The value of the crotchet remains uniform throughout each composition. Many of the repeat marks are of a conventional character and may be treated as optional.*

*Very moderate speed*

Doh is G

**SOPRANO**

(mf) Nev - er wea - ther - beat - en sail more wil - ling bent to  
(f) Ev - er bloom - ing are the joys of Heav'nshigh Pa - ra -

**ALTO**

(mf) Nev - er wea - ther - beat - en sail more wil - ling bent to  
(f) Ev - er bloom - ing are the joys of Heav'nshigh Pa - ra -

**TENOR**

(mf) Nev - er wea - ther - beat - en sail more wil - ling bent to  
(f) Ev - er bloom - ing are the joys of Heav'nshigh Pa - ra -

**BASS**

(mf) Nev - er wea - ther - beat - en sail more wil - ling bent to  
(f) Ev - er bloom - ing are the joys of Heav'nshigh Pa - ra -

**PIANOFORTE**  
*(For rehearsal only)*

shore, (p) Nev - er tir - ed pil - grim's limbs af -  
-dise. (mf) Cold age deaf not there our ears, nor

shore, (p) Nev - er tir - ed pil - grim's limbs af -  
-dise. (mf) Cold age deafs not there our ears, nor

shore, (p) Nev - er tir - ed pil - grim's limbs af -  
-dise. (mf) Cold age deafs not there our ears, nor



-fect - ed slum - ber more, (cr) Than my wea - ry  
 va - pour dims our eyes; (f) Glo - ry there the

-fect - ed slum - ber more, (cr) Than my wea - ry  
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 va - pour dims our eyes; (f) Glo - ry there the

sprite now longs (mf) to fly out of my trou - bled breast.  
 sun out shines, whose beams the bless - ed on - ly see.

sprite now longs (mf) to fly out of my trou - bled breast.  
 sun out shines, whose beams the bless - ed on - ly see.

sprite now longs (mf) to fly out of my trou - bled breast.  
 sun out - shines, whose beams the bless - ed on - ly see.



*(p)* O come quick - ly, *(cr)* O come quick - ly, *(mf)* O come quick - ly,  
*(p)* O come quick - ly, *(cr)* O come quick - ly, *(mf)* O come quick - ly,  
*(p)* O come quick - ly, *(cr)* O come quick - ly, *(mf)* O come quick - ly,  
*(p)* O come quick - ly, *(cr)* O come quick - ly, *(mf)* O come quick - ly,  
*(p)* O come quick - ly, *(cr)* O come quick - ly, *(mf)* O come quick - ly,  
*(p)* O come quick - ly, *(cr)* O come quick - ly, *(mf)* O come quick - ly,

*(dim)* sweet - est Lord, *(p)* and take my soul to rest.  
*(cr)* glo - rious Lord, *(f)* and raise my sprite to thee.  
*(dim)* sweet - est Lord, *(p)* and take my soul to rest.  
*(cr)* glo - rious Lord, *(f)* and raise my sprite to thee.  
*(dim)* sweet - est Lord, *(p)* and take my soul to rest.  
*(cr)* glo - rious Lord, *(f)* and raise my sprite to thee.