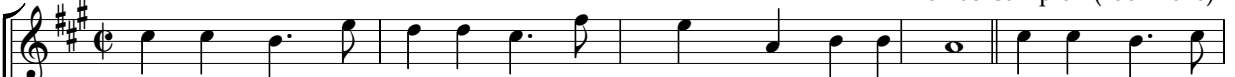


An Hymn call'd the Black HYMN.

Thomas Campion (1567-1620)


Cantus




8

1 Ne-ver wea-ther bea-ton sail more will - ing bent to shore; ne-ver tir - ed
2 Ev - er bloom-ing are the joys of Heav'ns high Pa-ra - dise, old age deafs not

Bassus




6



8

Pil - grams limbs af - fec - ted slum - ber more. Then my wear - ry
there our ears, nor va - pers dims our Eyes, glo - ry there the



10




8

spi-rit now longs to fly out of my troub - led brest, O come quick-ly,
Sun out - shines, whose beams the bless-ed on - ly see, O come quick-ly,




14



8

O come quick-ly, O come quick-ly sweet- est Lord and take my Soul to rest.
O come quick-ly, O come quick-ly glor - ious Lord and raise my Sp'rit to thee.



This tune by Thomas Campion first appeared as Hymn No. 11 in his Book of Ayres, 1613. [HTI 301a]

The Black Hymn is taken from Matthew Wilkin's Introduction to Psalmody, c.1750, Great Milton, Oxon., BL. A.487.n., where it is set to Campion's two verses and two others.

The setting of the hymn on the following two pages was found in a copy of

John Arnold's The Compleat Psalmist, 1753, now in our possession.

With two further verses 'My Soul get thee to thy Rock ' and 'Let thy Heart thus fixed be', it is entitled An Hymn of the Joys of Heaven. Original spelling used throughout.

© This arrangement Shelwin Music, Oxford, 2009.

An HYMN on the Joys of HEAVEN

Tr
 3 My Soul get thee to thy Rock, on high set there thy Nest,
 4 Let thy Heart thus fix - ed be, 'twill make Day of dark Nights,
 5 What Love and Con - cord is there, and what sweet Har - mo - ny!
 6 How do they be - hold the Face of him that sits on high!

A

T.
 8 3 My Soul get thee to thy Rock, on high set there thy Nest,
 4 Let thy Heart thus fix - ed be, 'twill make Day of dark Nights,
 5 What Love and Con - cord is there, and what sweet Har - mo - ny!
 6 How do they be - hold the Face of him that sits on high!

B

Tr
 5 Be - yond all the Storms and Clouds, Faith hath a Seat of Rest,
 And in Mi - sers Wants, shall feed on those un - seen De - lights,
 In Heav'n a - bove it rai - ses Hearts to thy great Ma - jes - ty,
 With what Plea - sure do they serve, and praise con - tin - ual - ly!

A

T.
 8 Be - yond all the Storms and Clouds, Faith hath a Seat of Rest,
 And in Mi - sers Wants, shall feed on those un - seen De - lights,
 In Heav'n a - bove it rai - ses Hearts to thy great Ma - jes - ty.
 With what Plea - sure do they serve, and praise con - tin - ual - ly!

B

Tr
 9 Ev - er whilst we dwell be - low, we may be oft and
 That Soul may have Calms in Storms, whose An - chor is with -
 How do the Heav'n - ly Choir sing to him that sits en -
 There's no Sin, nor Sor - row, in the glor - ious Reg - ions

A

T.
 8 Ev - er whilst we dwell be - low, we may be oft and
 That Soul may have Calms in Storms, whose An - chor is with -
 How do the Heav'n - ly Choir sing to him that sits en -
 There's no Sin, nor Sor - row, in the glor - ious Reg - ions

B

An HYMN on the Joys of HEAVEN page 2

12

Tr
soon a - bove, O how spee - dy, O how spee - dy,
in the Vale, O how safe - ly, O how safe - ly,
thron'd a - bove! O how should I, O how should I,
of the Blest, What ad - mir - ing, and a - spir - ing,

A

T.
8 soon a - above, O how spee - dy, O how spee - dy,
in the Vale, O how safe - ly, O how safe - ly,
thron'd a - bove! O how should I, O how should I,
of the Blest, What ad - mir - ing, and a - spir - ing,

B

15

Tr
O how safe - ly Souls do fly on Wings of Faith and Love.
O how plea - sant may we live, though seen Sup - ports do fail.
O how should I, and I long to see this Feast of Love.
and de - sir - ing, O how do I long to be at rest.

A

T.
8 O how safe - ly Souls do fly on Wings of Faith and Love.
O how plea - sant may we live, though seen Sup - ports do fail.
O how should I, And I long to see this Feast of Love.
and de - sir - ing, O how do I long to be at rest.

B