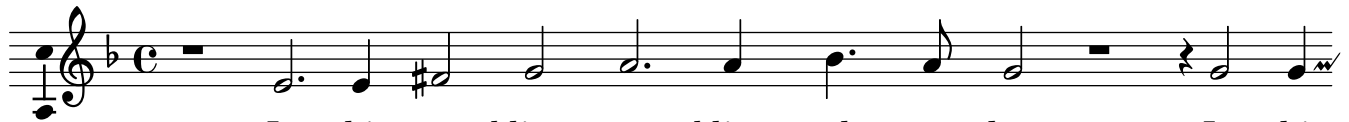


XII. In this trembling shadow

ALTUS.

John Dowland



1. In this trem- bling, trem- bling sha- dow, In this
2. As I sing, sweet flow- ers Ile strow, As I
3. Mu- sicke all thy sweet- nesse, sweet- nesse lend Mu- sicke



trem- bling, trem- bling sha- dow, cast from those boughes which thy windes, thy windes
sing, sweet flow- ers Ile strow, from the fruit- full val- lies, val- lies
all thy sweet- nesse, sweet- nesse lend while of his high pow- er I



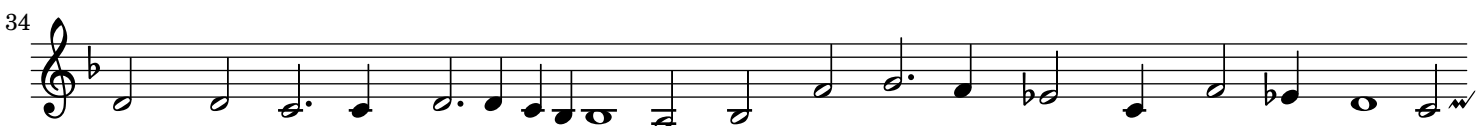
shake, Farre from hu- mane trou- bles, hu- mane trou- bles, trou- bles
brought: Prais- ing him by whom they grow by whom, by whom they
speake, On whom all pow- ers all pow- ers else de-



plac'd: Songs to the, to the Lord, would I make, Songs
grow, him that heaven, that heaven and earth hath wrought, him
pend, but my brest, my brest is now too weeke, but




to the Lord, would I make, Dark- nesse, from my minde, my minde then
that heaven earth hath wrought, Him that all things framde, things framde of
my brest is now too weeke, trum- pets shrill the ayre, the ayre should



take, For thy rites, none none may be- gin, thy rites, thy rites none may none may be-
nought, Him that all, for for man did make, that all, that all for man for man did
breake, All in vaine my my sounds I raise, in vaine my sounds, my sounds I raise, I

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gin, Till they feele, they feele thy light with- in.
make, But made man, made man for his own sake.
raise, Bound- lesse, bound- lesse power asks bound- lesse praise.