

XII. In this trembling shadow

CANTUS.

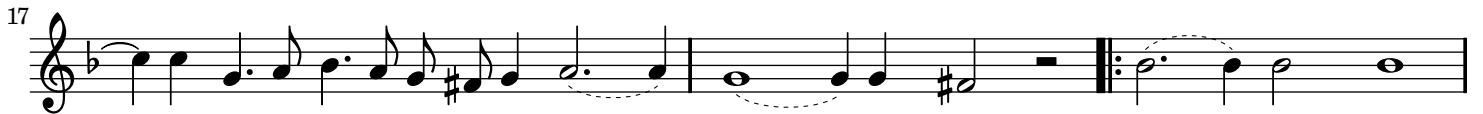
John Dowland



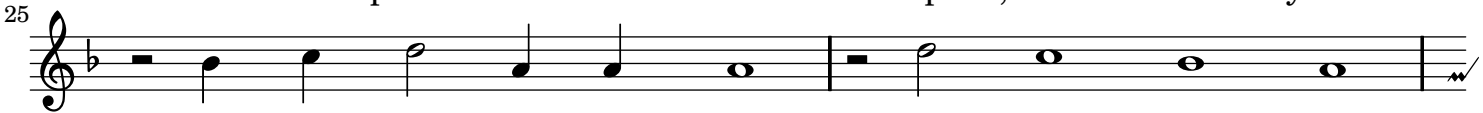
1. In this trem- bling, trem- bling sha- dow, cast
2. As I sing, sweet flow- ers Ile strow,
3. Mu- sicke all thy sweet- nesse, sweet- nesse lend



from those boughes which thy windes² shake, Farre from hu- mane trou-
from the fruit- full val- lies brought: Prais- ing him by whom
while of his high power I speake, On whom all pow-



bles, hu- mane trou- bles, trou- bles plac'd: Songs to the Lord,
they grow by whom, by whom they grow, him that heaven,
ers all pow- ers else de- pend, but my brest



to the Lord would I make, Dark- nesse, Dark- nesse,
that heaven and earth hath wrought, Him that Him that
is now too weeke, too weeke, trum- pets trum- pets



from my minde then take, For thy rites, thy rites none may be-
all things framde of nought, Him that all, that all for man did
shrill the ayre should breake, All in vaine in vaine my sounds I



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