



In this trembling shadow

CANTUS.

John Dowland



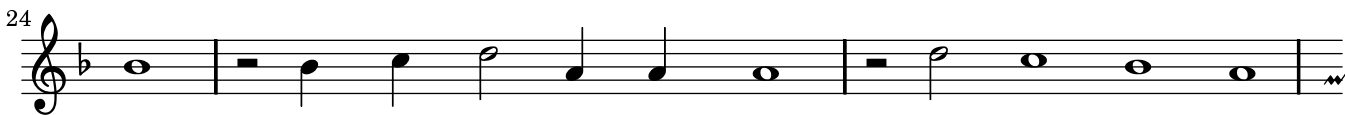
1. In this trem-bling, trem-bling sha-dow, cast
2. As I sing, sweet flow-ers Ile strow,
3. Mu-sicke all thy sweet-nesse, sweet-nesse lend



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
 they grow by whom, by whom they grow, him that
 ers all pow- ers else de- pend, but my



Lord, to the Lord would I make, Dark- nesse, Dark- nesse,
 heaven, that heaven and earth hath wrought, Him that Him that
 brest 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.

² The facsimile has wings here and windes in the other three parts. Probably this one is the mistake.

¹ Original has a dot to the right of a barline here.



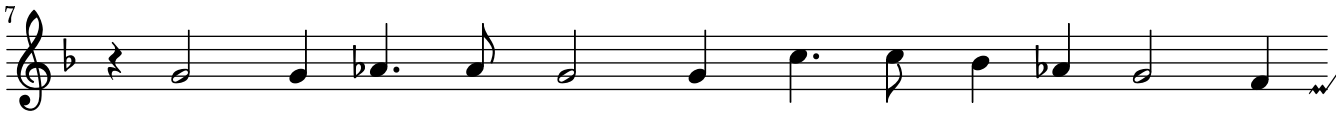
In this trembling shadow

ALTUS.

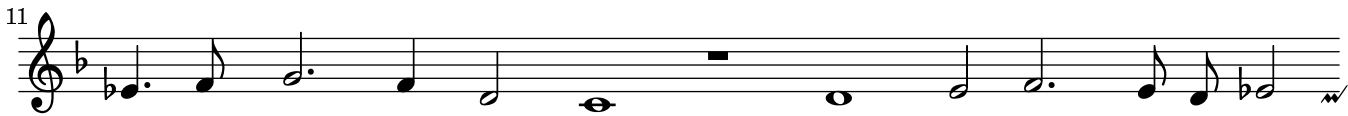
John Dowland



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



In this trem- bling, trem- bling sha- dow, cast from those boughes
As I sing, sweet flow- ers Ile strow, from the fruit- full
Mu- sicke all thy sweet- nesse, sweet- nesse lend while of his



which thy windes, thy windes shake, Farre from hu- mane trou-
val- lies, val- lies brought: Prais- ing him by whom
high pow- er I speake, On whom all pow-



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



the, to the Lord, would I make, Songs to the Lord, would I make,
heaven, that heaven and earth hath wrought, him that heaven earth hath wrought,
brest, my brest is now too weeke, but my brest is now too weeke,



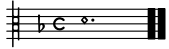
Dark- nesse, from my minde, my minde then take, For thy rites,
Him that all things framde, things framde of nought, Him that all,
trum- pets shrill the ayre, the ayre should breake, All in vaine



none none may be- gin, thy rites, thy rites none may none may be-
for for man did make, that all, that all for man for man did
my my sounds I raise, in vaine my sounds, my sounds I raise, I



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 askes bound- lesse praise.



In this trembling shadow

TENOR.

John Dowland



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



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



shake, cast, cast from those boughes which thy windes shake, thy windes
 brought: from, from the fruit- full val- lies brought: val- lies
 speake, while, while of his high power I speake, power I



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



Songs to the Lord, to the Lord would I make, to the
 him that heaven, that heaven and earth hath wrought, that heaven
 but my brest is now too weeke, too weeke, is now



Lord would I make, Dark- nesse, from my minde, my
 and earth hath wrought, Him that all things framde, things
 too weeke, too weeke, trum- pets shrill the ayre, the



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



rites none, none may be- gin, Till they feele thy light, thy light, with- in.
all for man did make, But made man for his, for his, own sake.
vaine my, my sounds I raise, Bound-lesse pow- er asks, bound- lesse praise.



In this trembling shadow

BASSUS.

John Dowland



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



from those boughes which thy windes shake, thy windes shake, Farre
 the fruit- full val- lies brought, val- lies brought: Prais-
 of his high pow- er I speake, power I speake, On



from hu- mane trou- bles, hu- mane trou- bles placed Songs to the Lord,
 ing him by whom they, by whom they grow him that heaven,
 whom all pow- ers, pow- ers else de- pend but my brest



to the Lord (songs) would I make, Dark- nesse, from my minde, my
 him that heaven (and) earth hath wrought, Him that all things framde, things
 but my brest (is) weeke, too weeke, trum- pets shrill the ayre, the



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



may be- gin, Till they feele, they feele thy light with- in.
 man did make, But made man, made man for his own sake.
 sounds I raise Bound- lesse pow- er asks, power asks bound- lesse praise.

