

John Dowland

A Pilgrimes Solace

1612

12. In this trembling shadow, cast.

In this trembling shadow, cast
From those boughes which thy wings shake,
Farre from humane troubles plac'd :
Songs to the Lord would I make,
Darknesse from my minde then take,
For thy rites none may begin,
Till they feele thy light within.

As I sing, sweete flowers Ile strow,
From the fruitfull vallies brought :
Praising him by whom they grow,
Him that heauen and earth hath wrought,
Him that all things framde of nought,
Him that all for man did make,
But made man for his owne sake.

Musicke all thy sweetnesse lend,
While of his high power I speake,
On whom all powers else depend,
But my brest is now too weake,
Trumpets shrill the ayre should breake,
All in vaine my sounds I raise,
Boundlesse power askes boundlesse praise.