

# A Muscalle Dreame

Robert lones

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XIII. I know not what

1 I know not what, yet that I feele is much,  
It came I know not when, it was not euer,  
Yet hurtes I know not how, yet is it such,  
As I am pleasd though it be cured neuer,  
It is a wound that wasteth still in woe,  
And yet I would not, that it were not so.

2 Pleasde with a thought that endeth with a sigh,  
Sometimes I smile when teares stand in my eyes,  
Yet then and there such sweet contentment lieth,  
Both when and where my sweet sower torment lies,  
O out alas, I cannot long endure it,  
And yet alas I care not when I cure it.

3 But well away, me thinks I am not shee,  
That wonted was these fitsas foule to scorne.  
One and the same, euen so I seeme to be,  
As lost I liue, yet of my selfe forlorne,  
What may this be that thus my mind doth moue,  
Alasse I feare, God shield it be not loue.