

# I know not what

from "A Musical Dreame ... " 1609

Robert Jones  
ed. Andreas Stenberg

CANTUS



Altus  
know  
I know not what, [I

Tenor  
I  
I Know not with,

Bassus

I know not what, [I know not  
know not what,] [I know not what, not what] yet  
[I know not with, not with] [I know not with]

what] yet that I feele is much, It  
that I feele is much, It came I know not when, I  
[I know not with, not with] Yet that i feele is much,  
know not what] yet that I feele is much, [yet that I feele is

came I know not when, It  
 know not when, [I know not when,]  
 is much It came I  
 much,] It came I know not when,

was not e - uer Yet  
 It came I know not when, [I know not when, not  
 know not when, it was not e uer, it hurts I know  
 [It came I know not when,] It

hurts I know not how, Yet is it such  
 when,] Yet is it such [Yet is it such] As I am  
 now how it is, it such yet is,  
 was not e - uer It hurts I know not how, Yet is it

As I am pleasd, [as I am pleasd] [as  
 pleasd, [As I am pleasd,] [As I am pleasd,]  
 such as I am pleasd, [as I am pleasd,]  
 such [It hurts I know not how, Yet is it such] As I am

I am pleasd] Though it be cu - red  
 Though it be cu - red ne - - - uer, [Though it  
 [as I am pleasd,] thoug it be cu - red ne -  
 pleasd, Though it be cu - red, Though [it be cu - red]

ne - uer  
 be cu - red ne - uer] It is a  
 uer, [ne - - uer.] It is  
 ne - - - uer It is a

It is a wound, [it is a wound] That was - teth still in  
wound, [it is a wound] [it is a wound] That wasteth still in  
a wound that was - teth still in woe, [in woe,] still in woe,  
wound, [it is a wound] That was - teth still in

woe and yet I would not, That it were not so.  
woe and yet I would not, That it were not so.  
and I yet would not, I would not that it were not so.  
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 alasse 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.