

¶ D. The Primrose.

Upon this Primrose hill  
Where if god would distill  
A shower of raine, each severall drop might goe  
To his owne primrose, & grow Mama for  
And where their forme & their infinity  
Make a terrestriall Galaxye  
As the small starrs doe in the sky)  
I walke to finde a true love, & doe see  
That tis not a meere woman that is shee,  
But must or more or less then woman bee.

Yet I know not w<sup>ch</sup> flower  
I wish; a Six, or fower;  
For should my true love less then woman bee  
Shee were scarce any thing; And then should shee  
Be more then woman shee would gett above  
All thought of Sex, & thinke to moue  
My heart to study her, not to love.  
Both these were monsters, since they must reside  
Falshood in woman I could more abide,  
Shee were by Art then Nature falsified.

Like Primrose then & thine  
With thy true number five,

And women whom this flower doth represent  
With this misterious number be content.  
Ten is the furthest number; if halfe Ten  
Belong unto each woman, then  
Each woman may take halfe vs men,  
Or if this will not serue their turne, since all  
Numbers are odd or euen, and they fall  
First into this five, women may take vs all.



¶ D. The Blossome.

Little thinkest thou poore flower  
Whom I have watchd six or seaven dayes  
And seene thy birth, & seene what waye howe  
Gave to thy growth, thee to this height to raise  
And now dost laugh & triumph ore this bough.

Little thinkest thou  
That it will freeze anon, & that I shall  
To morrow finde thee fallen, or not at all.

Little thinkest thou poore Hart  
That labourst yet to nestle thee  
And thinkest by hurring here to gett a part