

Who ever comes to shroud me do not harme  
 nor question much  
 that subtle rebath of hayre wh<sup>ch</sup> crowns mine arme;  
 the mystery the signe you might not touch,  
 for tis my inward soule,  
 vicroy to that, w<sup>ch</sup> then to heauen being gone  
 will leave this to controule,  
 and keepe these limmas her provinces, from dissolution.

For if the sinnewy thred my brayne lets fall  
 through every part,  
 Can theye these parts, and make me one of all;  
 these hayres, wh<sup>ch</sup> toward grow, & straighte are  
 have from a better braining  
 Can better do it, except the meane that I  
 by this should know my payne  
 as prifonen still are manacled, when theyre condemn'd to dye.

What ere she meant byt, bury it with ~~me~~  
 for since I am  
 Loues Martyr, it might breed foolstorie  
 if into others hands these relicks came  
 As 'twas humilitie  
 I afford to at all wh<sup>ch</sup> a soule can doe,  
 so tis some braverie  
 that since you would save none of me, I bury some of you  
 finis. I D.

The primrose.

Upon this primrose hill  
 whence if heauen would distill  
 A shewre of rayne, each several drop might goe  
 to his owne primrose, and grow Mamma good for;  
 and where their forme and their Infinitie  
 make a perpetuall Galaxie  
 as ye small starres do in y<sup>e</sup> skyes;  
 I walke to find a true-love, and to see  
 that 'tis not a meere woman y<sup>t</sup> is shee  
 but myt or more or lesse then women be

Yes I know not w<sup>h</sup> flower  
 I with a six or foure,  
 for ~~were~~ my true love less then women, shee be,  
 she were faine any thing, & then should shee

Be more than woman, she would not about  
all thoughts of sex, and think no more  
my heart to study her, not to love;  
Both these were moysters, since their myst reside  
falthood in woman, if could here abide  
she were by art, then Nature falsifyde

Line primrose then, and throve  
with thy true number, five;  
And women whom this flower doth represent;  
with this mysterious number be content,  
Ten is y<sup>e</sup> further number, if halfe ten  
belong unto each woman, then  
each woman may take halfe a man,  
Or if this will not serve their turne, since all  
numbers are odd, or even, and they fall  
first into this five, women may take as all.

### Break of Day.

Is true tis Day, what though it be,  
with them therefore rise from me?  
why should we rise because tis light?  
Did we by downe because twas night?  
Love it in spite of darknes brought us hither,  
should in Delight of light hold us together.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye,  
if it could speake, as well as eye,  
this is y<sup>e</sup> worst yt it could say,  
that being with y<sup>e</sup> fayne would stay,  
and that I love my hart, & longer for,  
that I from him that hath y<sup>e</sup>, would not goe.

Thy Cupid is thee from hence remove?  
oh thats y<sup>e</sup> worst disease of love,  
the more, the fouler, the faller, love can  
admitt, but not the ~~or~~ Cupid man,  
he that hath Cupid, and makes love doth doe  
such wrong, as if a married man should see.  
finis J. D.