The Primrose

Upon the Primrose hill
Where if God would distill
A shower of rain, each flower Lust might see
to his own primrose, to grow, am a foe
And where their forms, in their infinity
Make a terrestrial eye
As the small stars dot in the sky
I walked to finde a true love, or Doe see
That is not a mere woman, that is she.
But must or more or less then woman be.

Yet I know not with flower
I wish; a Sire, or flower,
For should my true love, less then woman bee
She were scarce anything. And then should she
Be more then woman, she would get a bower.
All thought of Sire, to make to move
My heart to study her not to love.
Both these were monsters, since they must reside
Flourished in woman, if could more abide.
Sire was by art then Nature satisfied.

Let Primrose then be true
With thy true number five.

And woman whom this flower both represent
With this misterious number be content.
Five is the furtiest number; it halfs them.
Belong unto each woman, then.
Each woman may take half is men.
Or if this will not ferus their turne, for all.
Numbers are odd or even, and they fall
First into this five, women may take us all.

The Blossom

Little thinkst thou poor flower
Whom I have watcht six or seven days
And seen the birth, to scene what ever hour
True to thy growth, this to this height to raise
And now best laugh, and triumph of this bough,
Little thinkst thou
That it will freeze aman, and that I shall
To morrow finde the fall, or not at all.

Little thinkst thou poor flower
That labourest yet to nestle this
And thinkst thy hourings here to get a part