(Who euer comes to shewe me, do not harme
nor questyon much)

But walke not alwayes of daynt, out crandrninge arnes;
"The mystery the signe you must not buck,
for til my woundes sole,
Axe to the heale and then to heald, beinge gone
will lewe this to contrule,
and kepe these limmes her promised, from diarrhoue.

For if the simewy shouered my brygne lett fall
through every part,
Can try these parties, and make me one of all,
these bayerdes not hampant growe, & strenght eart
hame from a better brynging.

Can better do, except the nead that f
by this shoule know my brygne
as prision still are manacle, when they're condemnde to dye.

What are she meanede byts, bury it with
for since & aym
loves martymg it might breed fouletrye.
if into other hands, those relics came.

As tres humlylye
offord to yt at, not a thole can doe,
so this somne beholde
that since you would save mynde of me, I bury none of you
find 

The primrose

5: Open this primrose hill,
whence if heare would dedit
& shew of brygne, each tendril drop might drie
in his owne primrose, and grow Manna for
and where their forme and their infinitus
make a now small galaxys
as small stars do in a plecy

I walke to find a true love, and to see
that it's not a meane woman y so shed
but much or more, or less then woman he.

Yet I know not what flower

could find with a fire or fount.
for were my true love less then woman she
she were blame any thing & then should she.
De more than woman, she would not above
all thoughts of sex, and think to more
my heart to study her not to ruin.
Both these were monstrous; since there must reside
falsehood in woman, and more so.
She was by art, then natur foul and false.

Line prime set then, and thrice
with the true number, true;
And woe women whom this flower both resplendent,
with this mysterious number be contrived.
Ten is ye straightest number, it belongeth
belong into each woman then
each woman may take the half of men,
or if this will not leave their harm since all
numbers are odd, of course, and they fall
first into this five, women may take as all.

Break of Day:
This true is day, what though it be
with them their rice from me?
why should we rise because it is light?
If we be drowned because it was night?
love I in pride of darkness brought us brother,
I should in delight of light hold us together.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye,
it's own speaker, as well as a sky,
this is ye word of it could say,
that I long well to joyne and stay,
and that I love my heart, and long for,
that I from him that hath ye would not go.

Thus build up thee from hence remove,
of that is want, desire of love,
the poor, the souled, the fallen love can
admit, but not the unloved man
he that hath built up, she makes love to the
such wrong, as if a married man should not

John F. D.