

The Vine

I dreamed this mortal part of mine
 Was metamorphosed to a vine,
 Which, crawling one and every way,
 Enthralled my dainty Lucia.¹
 5 Methought, her long small legs and thighs
 I with my tendrils did surprise;
 Her belly, buttocks, and her waist
 By my soft nervelets were embraced.
 About her head I writhing hung,
 10 And with rich clusters (hid among
 The leaves) her temples I behung,
 So that my Lucia seemed to me
 Young Bacchus ravished by his tree.^o
 My curls about her neck did crawl,
 15 And arms and hands they did enthral,
 So that she could not freely stir
 (All parts there made one prisoner).
 But when I crept with leaves to hide
 Those parts which maids keep unespied,
 20 Such fleeting pleasures there I took
 That with the fancy I awoke,
 And found (ah me!) this flesh of mine
 More like a stock^o than like a vine.

*the grapevine**hard stalk*

Dreams

Here we are all, by day; by night, we're hurled
 By dreams, each one into a several^o world.

*separate*Delight in Disorder¹

A sweet disorder in the dress
 Kindles in clothes a wantonness.
 A lawn^o about the shoulders thrown
 Into a fine distraction;
 5 An erring^o lace, which here and there
 Enthralls the crimson stomacher;²
 A cuff neglectful, and thereby
 Ribbons to flow confusedly;
 A winning wave, deserving note,

*fine linen scarf**wandering*

1. For the sake of both rhyme and meter, the name of this lady is given three syllables here; in line 12 it has only two.

1. One of several poems in this period in which

women's dress is a means by which to explore the relation of nature and art.

2. An ornamental covering of the chest, worn under the laces of the bodice.

- 10 In the tempestuous petticoat;
A careless shoestring, in whose tie
I see a wild civility:
Do more bewitch me than when art
Is too precise³ in every part.

His Farewell to Sack¹

Farewell, thou thing, time-past so known, so dear
To me as blood to life and spirit; near,
Nay, thou more near than kindred, friend, man, wife,
Male to the female, soul to body, life
To quick action, or the warm soft side
5 Of the resigning^o yet resisting bride. *yielding*
The kiss of virgins; first fruits of the bed;
Soft speech, smooth touch, the lips, the maidenhead;
These and a thousand sweets could never be
So near or dear as thou wast once to me.
10 O thou, the drink of gods and angels! Wine
That scatterest spirit and lust;^o whose purest shine *pleasure*
More radiant than the summer's sunbeams shows,
Each way illustrious, brave;^o and like to those *splendid*
15 Comets we see by night, whose shagg'd² portents
Foretell the coming of some dire events,
Or^o some full flame which with a pride aspires, *or like to*
Throwing about his wild and active fires.
'Tis thou, above nectar, O divinest soul!
20 (Eternal in thyself) that canst control
That which subverts whole nature: grief and care,
Vexation of the mind, and damned despair.
'Tis thou alone who with thy mystic fan³
Work'st more than wisdom, art, or nature can
25 To rouse the sacred madness,⁴ and awake
The frost-bound blood and spirits, and to make
Them frantic with thy raptures, flashing through
The soul like lightning, and as active too.
'Tis not Apollo can, or those thrice three *lacking*
30 Castalian sisters sing,⁵ if wanting^o thee.
Horace, Anacreon both had lost their fame
Had'st thou not filled them with thy fire and flame.⁶
Phoebean splendor! and thou Thespian spring!⁷

3. "Precise" and "precision" were terms used satirically about Puritans. Herrick, in praising feminine disarray, is at one level praising the "sprezzatura," or careless grace, of Cavalier art.
1. Sherry wine, imported from Spain.
2. Hairy, referring to a comet's tail.
3. Instrument for winnowing grain; associated with Bacchus, god of wine.
4. Poetic inspiration or frenzy, often likened to intoxication.

5. Apollo, god of poetry, and the Nine Muses; the Castalian spring on Mount Parnassus was sacred to them.
6. Both Horace and Anacreon wrote about the pleasures of wine.
7. In addition to being an epithet of Apollo, *Phoebus* in Greek means bright, pure. The inhabitants of Thespieae, in Boeotia, worshipped the Muses and held an annual festival in their honor at the spring of Hippocrene, nearby.