Sir Philip Sidney

*CERTAIN SONNETS*

[*Thou blind man's mark*]

Thou blind man's mark, thou fool's self-chosen snare,
Fond fancy's scum, and dregs of scattered thought **;**
Band of all evils, cradle of causeless care **;**
Thou web of will, whose end is never wrought **;**
Desire, desire ! I have too dearly bought,
With price of mangled mind, thy worthless ware **;**
Too long, too long, asleep thou hast me brought,
Who shouldst my mind to higher things prepare.
But yet in vain thou hast my ruin sought **;**
In vain thou madest me to vain things aspire **;**
In vain thou kindlest all thy smoky fire **;**
For virtue hath this better lesson taught,—
Within myself to seek my only hire,
Desiring nought but how to kill desire.