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.