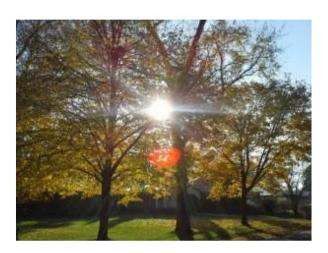
A Good that never satisfies the Mind..

(Woodford)

A favorite of mine keeps everything in perspective.



A coop that never satisfies the mind,
A beauty fading like the April flowers,
A sweet with flouds of gall that runs combined,
A pleasure passing ere in thought made ours,
An honour that more fickle is than wind,
A glory at opinion's frown that lowers,
A treasury which bankrupt time devours,
A knowledge than grave ignorance more blind;
A vaine delight our equals to command,
A stile of greatnesse, in effect a dreame,
A swelling thought of holding sea and land,
A servile lot, deck't with a pompous name;
Are the strange ends we toil for here below,
Till wisest death make us our errors know.

The book of sonnets, ed by

edited by A Montagu Woodford

A.M. Woodford