

## *A Good that never satisfies the Mind..*

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(Woodford)

*A favorite of mine keeps everything in perspective.*



**A good that never satisfies the mind,  
A beauty fading like the April flowers,  
A sweet with floods 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  
A.M. Woodford  
edited by A Montagu Woodford