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JOHN MILTON (1608 – 1674)

SONNET 19: WHEN I CONSIDER HOW MY LIGHT IS SPENT

When I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one Talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my Soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide;
“Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?”
I fondly ask. But patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, “God doth not need
Either man’s work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is Kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed
And post o’er Land and Ocean without rest:
They also serve who only stand and wait.”





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JOHN MILTON (1608 – 1674) ENGLISH POET



John Milton was an English poet, who served as a civil servant for the Commonwealth of England under its Council of State and later under Oliver Cromwell. He wrote at a time of religious flux and political upheaval, and is best known for his epic poem *Paradise Lost*, written in blank verse. His career as a writer of prose and poetry spans three distinct eras:

Stuart England; the Civil War (1642-1648) and Interregnum, including the Commonwealth (1649-1653) and Protectorate (1654-1660); and the Restoration. John Milton died in England in November 1674. There is a monument dedicated to him in Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey in London.