

John Milton

1608 - 1674 -

On ~~the~~ his Blindness

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
"Dost thou exact day-labour, light denied?"
I hardly ask. But patience, to prevent

That murrain soon replies. "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
Bears 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."