

1634

ON TIME

John Milton

Milton, John (1608-1674) - English poet and prose writer who is one of the most highly regarded figures in world literature and is widely considered the greatest poet since Shakespeare. Often called the "Puritan Poet," he had many of the good traits of the Puritans as well as many of the bad and spent much of his life immersed in political and religious controversy. On Time (1634) - One of Milton's minor poems written while at Horton in Buckinghamshire during his father's waning years.

ON TIME

Fly envious Time, till thou run out thy race,
 Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
 Whose speed is but the heavy Plummets pace;
 And glut thy self with what thy womb devours,
 Which is no more then what is false and vain,
 And meerly mortal dross;
 So little is our loss,
 So little is thy gain.
 For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,
 And last of all, thy greedy self consum'd,
 Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
 With an individual kiss;
 And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,
 When every thing that is sincerely good
 And perfectly divine,
 With Truth, and Peace, and Love shall ever shine
 About the supreme Throne
 Of him, t' whose happy-making sight alone,
 When once our heav'nly-guided soul shall clime,
 Then all this Earthy grosnes quit,
 Attir'd with Stars, we shall for ever sit,
 Triumphant over Death, and Chance, and thee O Time.

THE END