**‘Money-lending in Milton and Shakespeare’**

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**Shakespeare**

**Sonnet 4**

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend  
Upon thy self thy beauty's legacy?  
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,  
And being frank she lends to those are free:  
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse  
The bounteous largess given thee to give?  
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use  
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?  
For having traffic with thy self alone,  
Thou of thy self thy sweet self dost deceive:  
Then how when nature calls thee to be gone,  
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?  
   Thy unused beauty must be tombed with thee,  
   Which, used, lives th' executor to be.

**Sonnet 6**

Then let not Winter's ragged hand deface   
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:  
Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some place  
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.   
That use is not forbidden usury,   
Which happies those that pay the willing loan;  
That's for thyself to breed another thee,   
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;   
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,  
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee:   
Then what could Death do, if thou shouldst depart,  
Leaving thee living in posterity?   
    Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair,  
    To be Death's conquest and make worms thine heir.

**Sonnet 134**

So now I have confessed that he is thine,  
And I my self am mortgaged to thy will,  
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine  
Thou wilt restore to be my comfort still:  
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,  
For thou art covetous, and he is kind;  
He learned but surety-like to write for me,  
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.  
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,  
Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use,  
And sue a friend came debtor for my sake;  
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.  
   Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me:  
   He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

**Milton**

**Sonnet 7**

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,

       Stol'n on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!

       My hasting days fly on with full career,

       But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.

Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth

       That I to manhood am arriv'd so near;

       And inward ripeness doth much less appear,

       That some more timely-happy spirits endu'th.

Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,

       It shall be still in strictest measure ev'n

       To that same lot, however mean or high,

Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heav'n:

       All is, if I have grace to use it so

       As ever in my great Task-Master's eye.

**Sonnet: ‘On His Blindness**

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| When I consider how my light is spent |  |
| E're half my days, in this dark world and wide, |  |
| And that one Talent which is death to hide, |  |
| Lodg'd with me useless, though my Soul more bent |  |
| To serve therewith my Maker, and present |  |
| My true account, least he returning chide, |  |
| Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd, |  |
| 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 milde yoak, they serve him best, his State |  |
| Is Kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed |  |
| And post o're Land and Ocean without rest: |  |
| They also serve who only stand and wait.  ***Paradise Lost* Book 4**  What could be less then to afford him praise, The easiest recompence, and pay him thanks, How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me, And wrought but malice; lifted up so high I ‘sdeined subjection, and thought one step higher Would set me highest, and in a moment quit The debt immense of endless gratitude, So burthensome, still paying, still to ow; Forgetful what from him Istill receivd, And understood not that a grateful mind  By owing owes not, but still pays, at once Indebted and dischargd; what burden then? (46-57) |  |