

*Look in thy glass and tell the face thou viewest,  
 "Now is the time that face should form another,  
 Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,  
 Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.  
 For where is she so fair, whose unneared womb  
 Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?  
 Or who is he so fond will be the tomb  
 Of his self-love to stop posterity?"  
 Thou art thy mother's glass and she in thee  
 Calls back the lovely April of her prime,  
 So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,  
 Despite of wrinkles this thy golden time.  
     But if thou live remembred not to be,  
     Die single and thine image dies with thee.*

**T**he speaker turns up the pressure, beginning with a command and then asking some direct questions. (Questions are asked more and more after this, forcefully combined with the arguments.) Instead of imagining the youth's future, the speaker tells him to look into his "glass" (a common word for "mirror") and tell the face he sees that now is the time he should create another such face. By this the speaker seems to move closer, almost peering over the young man's shoulder. His logic again warns that if the youth does not replicate his own image, he will not play fair with "the world" and will deprive some potential mother of his ability to father beauty. The word *unbless* suggests a devotional and masculine deficiency that the youth would not want to have attributed to him. (l. 4)

The urgent tone is carried over in the second quatrain's argument that the speaker knows no virgin so beautiful that she would refuse to be his wife. The imagery becomes more plainly sexual when he asks what fair woman would disdain "the tillage of [his] husbandry" (l. 6—pun intended). Then the speaker shames the young man with the contention that no one but a fool would be so much in love with himself (Narcissus again) that he would evade procreation.

In the third quatrain, the argument hits home by shifting to familial grounds. The speaker calls the youth his mother's glass, thereby

summoning up for him (and others) the image of “the lovely April of her prime.” (l. 10) Finally he shoots the youth ahead to his future wrinkles described in the first lines of the preceding sonnet. Plowing as a metaphor for sexual intercourse (l. 6) is connected to the deep trenches dug by time in the youth’s beautiful brow by forty winters. As his mother now sees her beauty in him, so will he see himself in his son; despite his wrinkles he will enjoy a “golden time.” (l. 12)

Again the couplet is cautionary. If, says the speaker, you choose not to be remembered, you will die single and your beauty (“image,” l. 14) will die with you. The noose of logic is beginning to tighten with the mention of death—twice in the final line. This is a continuation of the thread of death begun in the couplet of Sonnet 1, followed by the images of deep-sunken eyes and chilling blood in Sonnet 2.