

*Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view
 Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend.
 All tongues (the voice of souls) give thee that due,
 Utt'ring bare truth, ev'n so as foes commend.
 Thy outward thus with outward praise is crowned;
 But those same tongues that give thee so thine own,
 In other accents do this praise confound
 By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
 They look into the beauty of thy mind,
 And that in guess they measure by thy deeds;
 Then, churls, their thoughts (although their eyes
 were kind)
 To thy fair flow'r add the rank smell of weeds:
 But why thy odor matcheth not thy show,
 The soil is this, that thou dost common grow.*

An abrupt shift in attitude occurs when the speaker reverts to addressing his friend directly, and comes to a climax in a sharp chastisement of him. The form is part argument, part descriptive narrative. The microscene of the first quatrain imagines "the world" gazing in approval at the outward aspects of the friend. His excellent "parts" need no amendment from the hearts of others, a contention that breeds skepticism because the heart has been established as the source of truth as opposed to the eyes. But the speaker continues with the statement that all tongues, which are "the voice of souls" (l. 3), praise the friend's outward self with the kind of truth that enemies would use--an ambiguous compliment.

The next quatrain makes this ambiguity apparent when the praise is confounded--turned upside down--by those same tongues. The world's gaze shifts to another microscene, which looks beyond external graces into the beauty of the young man's mind. The opening of the sestet thus becomes savagely ironical, as the world sees by the friend's deeds what his mind really contains. Their thoughts are churlish, though their gazes are approving. (The word *churl* occurs in Sonnet 1 in the phrase "tender churl" (l. 12) applied to

the young man as a chastisement by the speaker.)

There is a cumulative argument against the friend at this point based on his corruption. Though the deeds are not named, the preceding sonnets make it clear that they are moral, and probably sexual, offenses. When the speaker says that the flower of the young man has the odor of weeds, he unleashes his own stored up rancor. The worst blow is the last: the uncommon friend has become "common."