

O, that you were your self! But, love, you are  
No longer yours than you yourself here live;  
Against this coming end you should prepare,  
And your sweet semblance to some other give.  
So should that beauty which you hold in lease  
Find no determination; then you were  
Your self again after yourself's decease  
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.  
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,  
Which husbandry in honor might uphold  
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day  
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?

O, none but unthrifths, dear my love, you know.  
You had a father; let your son say so.