

The Choice.

In strains so moving, soft and witty;
 That they your Heart at length must move
 To some Remorse, if not to Love,
 Which he soon guesses by your Eyes,
 And in an amorous Rapture dies.

The Choice.

*A Dialogue between Emilia and
 Marissa.*

Mar. **V**irtue sure's th' only Treasure,
 Th' only solid lasting Pleasure:
 It does our Souls, our Thoughts refine,
 And gives us Joys almost Divine.
 It may a while obscur'd remain,
 But soon its Lustre will regain;
 Like *Phæbus* chase the Shades away,
 And bring again triumphant Day:
 Censures like Clouds sometimes appear,
 And keep its Rays from shining clear:
 But having reach'd Meridian Height,
 They fly before its conqu'ring Light;
 Before that Light whose glorious Blaze
 Does trembling guilty Souls amaze,
 And from its dazling Seat on high
 Disperses Splendor thro' the Skie:
 Pale Envy sickens at the Sight,
 And full of Shame, and full of Spite,

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To the dark nether World returns,
 And there, her Disappointment mourns :
 But oh ! my dearest Friend, I find
 That Malice still is left behind :
 Alas ! that Fury never sleeps,
 But thro' the World still sily creeps,
 Each Day a new Disguise she takes,
 Each Day some different Figure makes :
 Like Zeal and Pity she appears,
 And drown'd in false dissembling Tears,
 Often the Mask of Friendship wears,
 And with a Shew of Love insnares,
 On me she's bent to wreak her Spite,
 And with her dire Attacks affright :
 From her to this Recess I fled,
 And here my Life obscurely led ;
 Supposing She with Clouds wou'd stay,
 Or with the Great, the Rich, the Gay,
 With the Young, the Fair, the Wife,
 And me, poor worthless me, despise ;
 But now too late, alas ! I find
 She will not, will not stay behind,

Emi. Since Virtue's seated in her Breast,
Marissa ne'er can be distressed :
 Malice may you perhaps assail,
 But never, never can prevail :
 Fortune too may take her part,
 Exert her Strength, and shew her Art ;
 With these the Vicious may combine,
 And favour their unjust Design ;
 But Virtue will the Shock sustain,
 And you'll unvanquish'd still remain :

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Your

The Choice.

Your inward Joys will be secure,
And you'll no Loss, nor Ill endure.

Mar. Virtue has, ever had my Love,
And still my Choice, my Guide shall prove;
To me shall still point out the Way,
Until I reach eternal Day,
That dear, that welcome, blissful Shore
Where I shall never suffer more;
No more the Toils of Life sustain,
But live secure from Sin and Pain.
Hark! hark! I'm call'd! I'm call'd away!
I cannot, will not, longer stay:
My Guardian Angel see appear,
See! see! he cuts the yielding Air:
Celestial Musick sweetly plays,
I hear! I hear Seraphick Lays!
O! the soft enchanting Sound!
Nothing here's so charming found!
Adieu, vain World, vain World, adieu:
I come, ye blest! I come to you!
Fortune's Gifts I ne'er could prize,
And now her Trifles I despise:
If at my Feet her Bounties lay,
And Crowns were scatter'd in my Way,
I'd scorn 'em all, and onward go;
There's nothing tempting here below.

Emi. O! stay my Friend! O! stay for me,
I still will your Companion be:
My Love to Virtue, Love to you,
Was ever strong, and ever true;
And still the same shall ever prove;
Nothing my fixt Resolves shall move.

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The Choice.

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The Sun may sooner cease to shine,
And it may freeze beneath the Line;
Mountains may sink, and Plains may rise,
Beasts chuse the Seas, and Fish the Skies;
Birds their lov'd airy Region leave,
And flatt'ring Men no more deceive,
Than my *Marissa* shall e'er find
Emilia faithless, or unkind:
O! do not then her suit disdain,
O! let her not implore in vain:
She longs, she longs with you to die;
Thus, Hand in Hand we'll upward fly;
Thus, thus, my best, my dearest Friend,
Thus, thus embracing we'll ascend.

Mar. No, thou lov'd Darling of my Heart,
We'll never, never, never part:
Those Virtues which our Souls combine,
Shall ever in our Union shine:
Together we'll lay down our Clay,
Together throw the Load away;
And bright as Fire, and light as Air,
To the superior World repair;
To glorious Seats, and Realms Divine,
Where Love do's in Perfection shine:
Love undisguis'd, without alloy,
Noble, pure, and full of Joy,
Sincere, and strong, and still the same,
One steady, bright, immortal Flame:
There, there our Friendship we'll improve,
Together tast the Sweets of Love;
Still in each other's Blis rejoice,
And prove one Soul, one Thought, one Voice;
In nothing ever disagree,
Throughout a blest Eternity.

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