

The Choice. A Song.

Clo as tother day we sate passing the time in harmless chat En-

-quird what Charms affect me most what marks adorn my fav'rite Toast

Steadfast I view'd the beauteous Maid and thus my secret thoughts betray'd while

She of all the world alone ne'er guess'd the Picture was her own

(2) I nor for Youth nor Beauty chose,  
Tho' sure my Charmer wants not those,  
Her worth in brighter Gems array'd,  
Shall shine when youth and Beauty fade.  
Good Sense my weal or woe to share,  
To temper Rage, or soften Care,  
Good Nature, ever kind and free,  
To wink at faults and pardon me.

(3)

Good Health, which oh! may Heav'n defend.  
Pitying the Lover and the Friend.  
Good Spirits, that informing Soul  
Which quickens and inspires the whole.  
Without all these the Nymph were poor,  
And wanting one She'd want the Four.  
Such are the Charms affect me most,  
Such marks adorn my fav'rite Toast.