

# A Wretched Choice

Shortly after his conversion in 1831 Robert Murray M'Cheyne heard of a family friend, that she had said, "that she was determined to keep by the world", and this so deeply troubled him, that he penned the following lines:

She has chosen the world,  
And its paltry crowd;  
She has chosen the world,  
And an endless shroud!  
She has chosen the world,  
With its misnamed pleasures;  
She has chosen the world,  
Before heaven's own treasures.

She hath launched her boat  
On life's giddy sea,  
And her all is afloat  
For eternity.  
But Bethlehem's star  
Is not in her view;  
And her aim is far  
From the harbour true.

When the storm descends  
From an angry sky,  
Ah! where from the winds  
Shall the vessel fly?

When stars are concealed,  
And rudder gone,  
And heaven is sealed  
To the wandering one.

The whirlpool opes  
For the gallant prize;  
And with all her hopes,  
To the deep she hies!  
But who may tell  
Of the place of woe,  
Where the wicked dwell,  
Where the worldlings go?

For the human heart  
Can ne'er conceive  
What joys are the part  
Of them who believe  
Nor can justly think  
Of the cup of death  
Which all must drink  
Who despise the faith.

Away, then – oh, fly  
From the joys of earth!  
Her smile is a lie –  
There's a sting in her mirth.  
Come leave the dreams  
Of this transient night,  
And bask in the beams  
Of an endless light