

Dingle is lost; where's now the Parents Care,
The boasted Force of Piety and Prayer?
No more shall She, within thy spacious Hall
Lead up the Dance, and Animate the Ball;
Deserted thus, no more shalt Thou Engage
Under thy Roof, to *Whartonize* the Age.

Train'd by thy Care, by thy Example led,
Early She learnt to scorn the Nuptial Bed;
In vain by thy Advice enlarg'd her Mind,
And Vow'd, like Thee, to multiply Her kind:
For *Dingle* Thou didst bless the nether Skies;
In hopes a mingl'd Race might once arise
To sooth thy hoary Age, and close thy dying Eyes.

Learn, ye Indulging Parents, learn from hence:
Think not Compliance e'er will influence.
The *Fifth* Command alone you did enjoin,
And Frankly gave her up the other *Nine*:
Yet She, tho' That, and That alone was press'd,
Regardless of your Will, the *Fifth* transgress'd.

But oh! my Friend, consider, tho' she's gone,
She left *no Coffers empty but her own*;
Her Mind that did direct *the great Machine*,
Mov'd like *the Universe*, by Springs unseen;
And tho' from thy Instructions she retreats,
Her Globe of Light grows larger as she sets:
For nought could brighter make her Lustre shine,
Than to withdraw, and single it from Thine.
Then think of this; and Pardon when you see
Those Virtues, you so late admir'd in Me.

Printed in the Year, 1711.