To her Grace the Dutcheſs of Mancheſter, *and Lady* Diana Spencer, *now Dutcheſs of* Bedford.

The humble Petition of little Jemmy Pen, *at* Tunbridge-Wells.

MADAM, I hear, and hear with Sorrow,
That we're to loſe Your Grace To-morrow;
Nor you alone, but Lady *Di.*
Where, thus deſerted, ſhall I fly?
Am I condemn'd to live in Pain,
Till diſtant Autumn comes again;
Till Time, in Pity to my Grief,
Shall bring you back to my Relief?

Do not, relentleſs, let me moan;
O take me, Ladies, as your own!

Tho'

Tho' Thouſands have your Rigour felt,
Let me your lovely Boſoms melt:
Since you to win my Heart have deign'd,
Quit not the Conqueſt you have gain'd:
Nor MARLBRO's glorious Footſteps ſhun;
He always kept the Field he won.

Written at Tunbridge-Wells, Auguſt, 1730.