No more shall *Duchesses* to *Bath* repair, Or fly to *Tunbridge* to procure an Heir; *Spring-Gardens* can supply their every Want, For here whate'er they ask the Swain wil grant, And future Lords (if they'll confess the right) Shall owe their Being to this blessed Night; Hence future Wickedness shall take its Rise, (For Masquerade to this is paultry Vice) An Aera of new Crimes shall hence begin, And *H----gg----r* chief Devil be of Sin; No more shall Ugliness be his Disgrace, His Head mends all the Frailties of his Face; When Masques and Balls to their Conclusion drew, To this his last Resort the Hero flew; So by degrees the Errant Knights of old To Glory rose, and by Degrees grew bold; A while content the common Road they trod, 'Till some great Act at last confess the *God*.