

A SONG.

A Young Man and a Maid, *put in all, put in all,* To - ge - ther late - ly
 play'd, *put in all;* The Young Man was in Jest, O the Maid she did prot - est: She
 bid him do his best, *put in all, put in all.*

With that her rowling Eyes, *put, &c.*
 Turn'd upward to the Skies, *put, &c.*
 My Skin is White you see,
 My Smock above my Knee,
 What wou'd you more of me, *put, &c.*

I hope my Neck and Breast, *put, &c.*
 Lie open to your chest, *put in all,*
 The Young Man was in heat,
 The Maid did soundly Sweat,
 A little farther get, *put, &c.*

According to her Will, *put, &c.*
 This Young Man try'd his Skill, *put in all;*
 But the Proverb plain does tell,
 That use them ne'er so well,
 For an Inch they'd take an Ell, *put, &c.*

When they had ended sport, *put, &c.*
 She found him all too short, *put in all;*
 For when he'd done his best,
 The Maid she did protest,
 'Twas nothing but a Jest, *put in all, put in all.*