

The LONDON PRENTICE.

A___ Wor - thy Lon - don Pren - tice, Came to his Love by
 Night; The Can - dles were ligh - ted, The Moon did shine so bright:
 He knock - ed at the Door, To ease him of his Pain; She
 rose and let him in___ Love, And went to Bed a - gain.

He went into the Chamber,
 Where his true Love did lye;
 She quickly gave consent,
 For to have his Company:
 She quickly gave consent,
 The Neighbours peeping out;
 So take away your Hand,
 Love let's blow the Candle out.

I would not for a Crown Love,
 My Mistress should it know;
 I'll in my Smock step down Love,
 And I'll out the Candle blow;
 The Streets they are so nigh,
 And the People walk about;
 Some may peep in and spy Love,
 Let's blow the Candle out.

My Master and my Mistress,
 Upon the Bed do lye;
 Injoying one another,
 Why should not you and I:
 My Master kiss'd my Mistress,
 Without any fear or doubt;
 And we'll kiss one another,
 Let's blow the Candle out.

I prithee speak more softly,
 Of what we have to do;
 Least that our noise of Talking,
 Should make our Pleasure rue:
 For kissing one another,
 Will make no evil rout;
 Then let us now be silent,
 And blow the Candle out.

But yet he must be doing,
 He could no longer stay;
 She strove to blow the Candle out,
 And push'd his Hand away:
 The young Man was so hasty,
 To lay his Arms about;
 But she cryed I pray Love,
 Let's blow the Candle out.

As this young Couple sported,
 The Maiden she did blow;
 But how the Candle went out,
 Alas I do not know:
 Said she I fear not now, Sir,
 My Master nor my Dame;
 And what this Couple did, Sir,
 Alas I dare not Name.