

The Maids CONJURING Book.

A Young Man late - ly in our Town, He went to Bed one Night;
 He had no soo - ner lay'd him down, But was
 trou - bled with a Sprite: So vi - go - rou - sly the
 Spi - rit stood, Let him do what he can, Sure then he said it
 must be lay'd, By Wo - man, not by Man.

A Handsome Maid did undertake,
 And into Bed she leap'd;
 And to allay the Spirits Power,
 Full close to him she crep'd:
 She having such a Guardian care,
 Her Office to discharge;
 She open'd wide her Conjuring Book,
 And lay'd the Leaves at large.

Her Office she did well perform,
 Within a little space;
 Then up she rose, and down he lay,
 And durst not shew his Face;
 She took her leave, and away she went,
 When she had done the Deed;
 Saying, if't chance to come again,
 Then send for me with speed.