

The Yielding LASS.

There's none so Pret - ty, As my sweet Bet - ty, She bears a - way the
 Bell; For sweet - ness and neat - ness, And all Com - pleat - ness, All
 o - ther Girls doth ex - cell.

Whenever we meet,
 She'll lovingly greet,
 Me still, with a how d'ye do;
 Well I thank you, quoth I,
 Then she will reply,
 So am I Sir, the better for you.

Then I ask'd her how,
 She told me, not now,
 For Walls, and Ears, and Eyes;
 Nay, she bid me take heed,
 What ever I did,
 'Tis good to be merry and Wise.

I took her by th' Hand,
 She did not withstand,
 And I gave her a smirking Kiss;
 She gave me another,
 Just like the tother,
 Quoth I, what a Comfort is this?

This put me in Heart,
 To play o'er my part,
 That I had intended before;
 She bid me to hold,
 And not be too bold,
 Until she had fastned the Door.

She went to the Hatch,
 To see that the Latch,
 And Cranies were all cock-sure;
 And when she had done,
 She bid me come on,
 For now we were both secure.

And what we did there,
 I dare not declare,
 But think that silence is best;
 And if you will know,
 Why I Kiss'd her, or so,
 I'll leave you to guess at the rest.