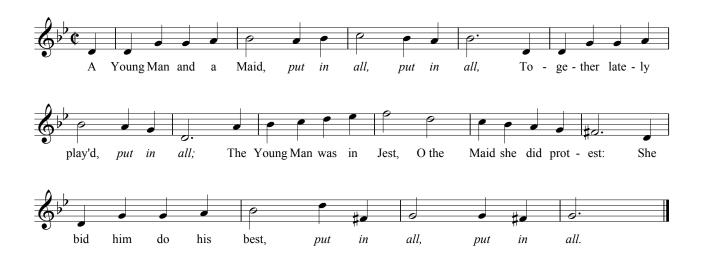
A SONG.



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*.