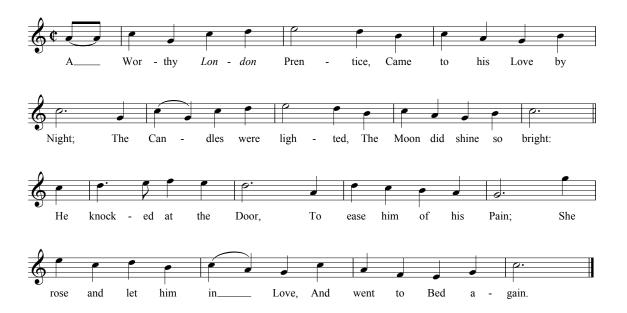
The LONDON PRENTICE.



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.