

It was a cold winter night, as her father lay sleeping  
I tapped at the window when Mary was laid -  
By the light of her taper I saw her come peeping  
And who's at my window, she fearfully said -  
'Tis I, my dear Mary, benighted & weary,  
My limbs are all frozen, I'm wet to the skin  
I pray you take pity, and do but admit me  
She opened the window - I climbed & got in -

I'd not long been in bed, ere I sought to unfold  
By kissing & pressing her every chace  
She said I'd deceived her - and falsely had told  
That my limbs were all frozen - she found them quite warm -  
Said O my dear Mary, I have not deceived you  
I have one limb that's frozen so stiff, dear maid,  
That unless you will give me your aid to relieve me  
I will hardly be better, this night, I'm afraid -

She would not believe what I said, till she felt it  
When eager to ease the sensation I bore  
She agreed I should use her warm bath, so to melt it.  
Tho she would <sup>one</sup> never had used it before -  
Oh the warm bath of Mary, so soft & so hairy,  
So delightfully pleasuring, the entrance lay  
That I had not been in it, for more than a minute,  
Before all the stiffness dissolved quite away -

Ah, Lubin, she cried even, you have not deceived me  
I feel it dissolving so sweetly, Oh dear  
But indeed, my dear Lubin, indeed you must leave me  
I shall die with delight, if you longer stay here -  
Oh do not so hug me & kiss me and press me  
But leave me and heed (not the wind is the vain,  
And if this cold freezing your limb should be curing,  
But come back to me love, we shall melt it again -