

The Woman's Complaint to her Neighbour.

Good mor - row Gos - sip Joan, Where have you been a Wal - king?

I have for you at Home, A Bud - get full of Tal - king, Gos - sip Joan.

My Sparrow's flown away,
And will no more come to me;
I've broke a Glass to Day,
The Price will quite undo me,
Gossip Joan.

My Pocket is cut off,
That was full of Sugar-candy;
I cannot stop my Cough,
Without a Gill of Brandy,
Gossip Joan.

I've lost a Harry Groat,
Was left me by my Granny;
I cannot find it out,
I've search'd in every Cranny,
Gossip Joan.

O I am sick at Heart,
Therefore pray give me some Ginger;
I cannot Sneeze or Fart,
Therefore pray put in Finger,
Gossip Joan.

My Goose has laid away,
I know not what's the Reason;
My Hen has hatch'd to Day,
A Week before the Season,
Gossip Joan.

O pitty, pitty me,
Or I shall go Distracted;
I have cry'd 'till I can't see,
To think how things are acted,
Gossip Joan.

I've lost my Wedding-Ring,
That was made of Silver gilt;
I had Drink would please a King,
And the whorish Cat has spill'd it,
Gossip Joan.

Let's to the Ale-house go,
And wash down all my Sorrow;
My Griefs you there shall know,
And we'll meet again to morrow,
Gossip Joan.

My Duck has eat a Snail,
And is not that a Wonder;
The HORNS bud out at Tail,
And have split her Rump asunder,
Gossip Joan.