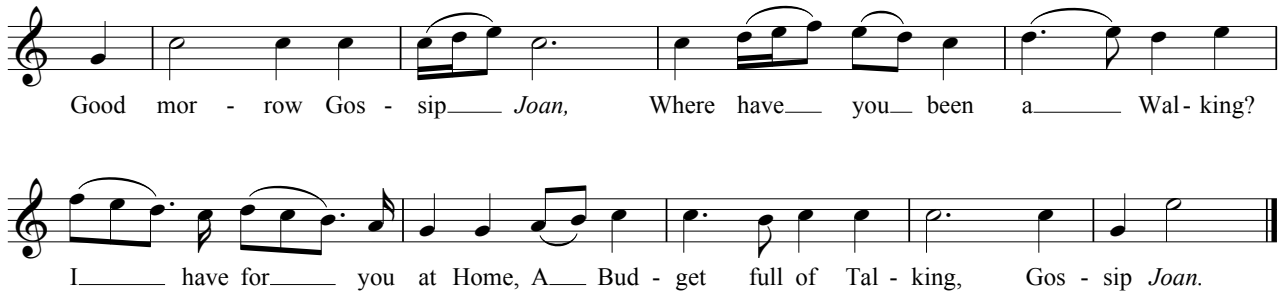


## *The Woman's Complaint to her Neighbour.*



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 Grievs 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.