

AIR XXXVIII. Good morrow, Gossip Joan.

Why how now, Madam Flirt, If you thus must chatter,  
 And are for flinging dirt, Let's  
 try who best can spatter; Madam Flirt. Why how now, Saucy  
 Jade! Sure the Wench is Topsy. How can you see me made -  
 The scoff of such a Gipsy? Saucy Jade!

AIR XXXVIII. Good-morrow, Gossip Joan.

Lucy. *Why how now, madam Flirt?*

*If you thus must chatter,  
 And are for flinging dirt,  
 Let's try who best can spatter;*

*Madam Flirt!*

Polly. *Why how now, saucy Jade;*

*Sure the wench is tipsy!  
 How can you see me made  
 The scoff of such a Gipsy?*

[To him.

*Saucy Jade!*

[To her.