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**Anonymous**

***The Sisters Complaint for the Decay of the  
Gallants (1684)***

To the Tune of, *Will Womens Vanities never have End*

I.

Ye Geudly Sisters! have a care  
How you these Gallants trust,  
A sadder Tale you ne'er did hear,  
The now unfold, I must.  
It hapned lately that a Fair Maid,  
In London, would have set up her Trade,  
But by a Gallant was made a Jade.  
*Alack what shall we do?*

II.

She thought him able, to perform  
What e're he undertook,

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And knew he could do her no harm.  
For all his Lofty Look  
She was in hopes ti have enough,  
But when it came unto the proff,  
This Gallant went out like a Candle Snuff.  
*Alack what shall we do?*

III.

Firt at the Tavern, they did move  
Their Active Bloods, with Wine.  
She saw that this would not improve,  
Or further her design;  
With that she Thought if this would not do it,  
They'd have a Drain of Brandy to boot,  
The Dev'l's in't then of he came not to't.  
*Alack what shall we do?*

IV.

So hand in hand away they went,  
To see how this would take,  
And stayd not long for the Event,  
Such Courage Brandies make.  
For they had not been long at the Platter;  
But at him, her Mouth did water,  
And he, was eager to be at her.  
*Alack what shall we do?*

V.

They had no opportunity,  
To play their Loving Game,  
But where another Girl did lye,  
No matter for her Name.  
Who it seems did play Bo-peep.  
Or, as they call it, slept Dog-sleep,  
Because she did their Reckoning keep.  
*Alack what shall we do?*

VI.

They did enjoy their wisht content,  
Within the Naked Bed.  
But e're her brisk desire was spent,

The Gallant, he, was Dead.  
Yet, in an hour, it is well knoen,  
He was but fower times up and down,  
If none such Men serve the Towm.  
*Alack what shall we do?*