

*Sir JOHN JOHNSON'S Farewell, by JO. HAINS.*



All Chris- tians that have Ears to hear, And Hearts in - clin'd to pi ty; Some  
In *Queen-street* did an Hei - ress live, Whose down - fall when I sing; 'Twill

of you all bes - tow one Tear, Up - on my mourn - ful Ditty:  
make the ve - ry Stones to grieve, God pros - per long our King.

For her a *Scotish* Knight did die,  
Was ever the like seen;  
I shame to tell place, how, or why,  
And so God bless the Queen:  
Some say indeed she swore a Rape,  
But God knows who was wrong'd;  
For he that did it did escape,  
And he did not was Hang'd.

Some say another thing beside,  
If true? it was a Vice;  
That *Campbell* when she was his Bride,  
Did trouble her but thrice:  
'Twas this the young Girls Choler mov'd,  
And in a Rage she swore;  
E'er she'd be a Wife but three times lov'd,  
She'd sooner be a Whore.

But don't you pity now her Case,  
Was forc'd to send for Surgeon,  
To show the Man that very place,  
Where once she was a Virgin.  
Parents take warning by her fall,  
When Girls are in their Teens;  
To marry them soon, or they will all,  
Know what the Business means.

For Girls like Nuts (Excuse my Rhimes)  
At bottom growing brown;  
If you don't gather them betimes,  
Will of themselves fall down:  
God bless King *William*, and Queen *Mary*,  
And Plenty and Peace advance;  
And hang up those wish the contrary,  
And then a Fig for *France*.