

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*.