

Young Johnson - Mr Hilton



1
Come all you wild young men a warning take by me,
don't touch pen, ink or paper for it is a forgery.

2
It was my wit and learning that brought me to this place,
now at the bar I am arraigned, my parents to disgrace.

3
Young Johnson being a clever youth, so neat from top
to toe,
when the judge condemned him with tears his eyes
did flow.

4
The neighbours that around him stood one thousand
pounds would give,
all for the life of Johnson if they could him relieve.

5
Then up starts the jury, Oh no, that must not be'
'If you could give ten thousand pounds we could
not let him go free.

6
For his uncle he is standing by with all that forged will;
we are forced to hang young Johnson, though much against
our will.'

7
Young Johnson he rode over Yanky Hill; a shocking sight to
see,
saying, 'I freely forgive them if they will forgive me.'

8
Then with a smiling countenance he made a graceful bow;
'Farewell, farewell to this vain world, I soon must bid adieu.

9
Farewell, farewell relations all; likewise my uncle too,
although you swore my life away I freely forgive you.

10
Farewell to my companions all; a warning take by me;
the fate of young Johnson who died upon a tree.'