

The Death of General Wolf.

A SONG.

IN a mouldering cave, a wretched retreat,
Britannia sat wasted with care :
She wept for her Wolf, then exclaim'd against
fate,

And gave herself up to despair.
The walls of her cell she had sculptur'd around
With th' exploits of her fav'rite son ;
Nay, even the dust as it lay on the ground,
Was engrav'd with some deeds he had done.

The fire of the gods, from his chrystaline
throne,

Beheld the disconsolate dame,
And mov'd with her tears, sent Mercury down ;
And these were the tidings that came :
" Britannia forbear, not a sigh nor tear,
For thy Wolfe so deservedly lov'd ;
Thy grief shall be chang'd into tumults of joy
For Wolf is not dead but remov'd.

" The sons of the earth, the proud giants of old,
Have fled from their darksome abode ;
And, such is the news that in heaven is told,
They are marching to war with the gods.
A council was held in the chamber of Jove,
And this was their final decree ;
That Wolf should be call'd to the army above,
And the charge was entrusted to me.

" To the plains of Quebec with the orders I
flew,
Wolf begg'd for a moment's delay :
He cry'd, " Oh, forbear, let me victory hear,
And then the commands I'll obey."
With a dark'ning film I encompass'd his eyes,
And bore him away in an urn ;
Lest the fondness he bore for his own native
shore
Might tempt him again to return."