



The DEATH of the BRAVE GENERAL WOLF

COME all you young men all, let nothing fright you;
Nor your objection make, nor let it delight you;
Let not your courage fail till after trial,
Let not your fancy move to the first denial,

Bad news is come to town, bad news is carried;
Bad news is whisper'd round—my love is married;
Bad news is come to town—I fell a weeping,
They stole away my love when I was sleeping.

I sat down by my love thinking to enjoy her,
I took her by the hand, not to delude her;
When I attempt to speak my tongue doth quiver,
I dare not speak my mind whilst I am with her.

Here is a chain of gold, long time I've kept it,
Here is a ring of gold, Madam, if you'll accept it;
When you this poetry read, think on the giver,
Madam, remember me, or I'm undone for ever.

Then this brave youth took to the ocean,
To free America of those invasions:
He landed at Quebec, with all his party,
That city to attack, being brave and hearty.

Wolf drew up his men in a line so pretty,
On the plains of Abraham, before the city:
A distance from the town, the French did meet him,
With a double number they resolve for to beat him—

The French drew up their men for death prepared;
In one another's face they stood and stared;
Whilst Wolf and Montcalm together walked
Betwixt their armies, they like two brothers talked.

Then each one took his place, 'twas of attire,
And then this numerous host began their fire;
Suddenly from his horse fell this brave hero,
You may lament his loss in the wilds of sorrow.

The French began to break their ranks and flying;
Wolf seemed to revive while he lay a dying—
He rais'd up his head where cannons rattle,
And to his army said, how goes the battle?

His aid-de camp reply'd, 'tis in our favour,
Quebec, and all her pride, nothing can save her;
She falls into our hands with all her treasure.
Oh then reply'd brave Wolf, I die with pleasure.

The Death of General Wolf.

A SONG.

IN a mould'ring cave, a wretched retreat,
Britannia sat wasted with care;
She wept for her Wolf, then exclaim'd a-
gainst fate,

And gave herself up to despair.
The walls of her cell she had sculptur'd a-
round

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 christaline
throne,
Beheld the disconsolate dame,
And mov'd with her tears, lent Mercury
down,

And these were the tidings that came,
"Britannia forbear, not a sigh nor a tear,
For thy Wolf 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 abodes;
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 Wolfshou'd be call'd to the army above
And the charge was entrusted to me.

"To the plains of Quebec with the orders I
Wolf begg'd for a moments delay (slew
He cry'd, "Oh, forbear, let me victory hear
And then the commands I'll obey."

"with a dazzling film I encompass'd his
eyes,
and bore him away in an urn;
Lest the fondness he bore for his own pa-
trive shore,
Might tempt him again to return."