



Bold General
WOLFE.

and Co., Printers, 2 & 3, Monmouth Court, Seven Dials, and 35, Hanover Street, Portsea; where upwards of 4000 different sorts of ballads are continually on sale, together with 40 new penny song books, &c.

BOLD General Wolfe to his men did say
Come, come my lads and follow me,
To yonder mountains that are so high,
All for the honour all for the honour of your
king and country.

The French are on the mountains high,
While we poor lads in the vallies lie,
I see them falling like moths in the sun,
Thro' smoke and fire, thro smoke and fire
all from our British guns.

The first volley they gave to us,
Wounded our general in his left breast,
Yonder he sits for he cannot stand,
Fight on so boldly, fight on so boldly, for
whilst I've life I'll have command:

Here is my treasure lies all in gold,
Take it and part it for my blood runs cold
Take it and part General Wolfe did say,
You Lads of honour, you Lads of honour,
who made such gallant play.

When to Old England you do return,
Pray tell my parents I'm dead and gone,
And tell my tender old mother dear,
Not to weep for me, not to weep for me, it
is a death I wish to share.

At Sixteen years when I first begun,
All for the honour of George our King,
All you commanders do as I've done before
I'd's friend, be a soldier's friend,
boys, and they'll fight for evermore



Tobacco.

and Co., Printers, 2 & 3, Monmouth Court, Seven Dials, and 35, Hanover Street, Portsea, where upwards of 4000 different sorts of ballads are continually on sale, together with 40 new penny song books, &c.

TOBACCO is an Indian weed,
Grows green in the morn cut down
at eve, (clay
I shews our decay, we came from the
Think of this when you're smoking to-
bacco.

The pipe that is so lilly white,
In which most men take great delight,
Its broke with a touch men's lives are such
Think of this when you're smoking to-
bacco.

The pipe that is so foul with it,
It shews men's souls are stain'd in sin.
For it doth require to be cleansed by the
fire, (bacco.
Think of this when you're smoking o-

The smoke that from the pipe doth flyd
It shews we are nothing but vanity,
For its gone with a puff, men's lives are
as such, (bacco
Think of this when you're smoking to

The dust that from the pipe doth fall,
It shews we are nothing but dust at all,
For we came from the dust & return we
must, (bacco.
Think of this when you're smoking to

