



BRITAIN IN TEARS

For the Loss of the Brave

GENERAL WOLFE

Printed and sold by Jennings, 13, Water-lane,
Fleet-street, London.

IF ancient Romans did lament,
When heroes' deaths caus'd discontent,
Then well may England make her moan,
That her best hero, Wolfe, is gone.

Mourn, England, mourn in duller strain!
Your chiefest glory Wolfe, is slain!

Adorn'd with ev'ry manly grace,
In heart and body, mind and face;
His virtues far and near were fam'd.—
A better man no age has nam'd.

Then England, &c.

This matchless hero's valour great
Led him abroad—which prov'd his fate:
Quebec he conquer'd;—there did die,
Thus rose to immortality.

Then England, &c.

What tongue his praise enough can tell?
Or pen express the griefs we feel?
This hero's death for ever will
Each Briton's heart with sorrow fill.

Then, England, &c.

His virtuous mother thus is left,
Of her beloved son bereft;
But this her sorrow over-awes,
He boldly died in honour's cause.

Yet England, &c.

Yet pass not time in grief alone,
But hope, as George sits on the throne,
As good as Wolfe, another'll rise,
To curb Great Britain's enemies.

Yet, England, &c.



1810