



DEATH OF General Wolfe.

Printed and sold by Jennings, No. 13, Water-
lane, Fleet-street, London.

IN a mouldering cave where the wretched re-
Britannia sat wasted with care, (treat,
She mourn'd for her Wolfe, and exclaim'd a-
gainst fate

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

The sire of the Gods from his chrystalline throne,
Beheld the disconsolate dame,
And mov'd with her tears sent Mercury down,
And these were the tid'ings that came;
Britannia forbear, not a sigh or a tear,
For thy Wolfe so deservedly lov'd,
Thy grief shall be chang'd into triumphs of joy,
For thy Wolfe is not dead but removed.

Then a council was held in the chamber of Jove,
And this was their final decree, [above,
That Wolfe should be called to the armies
And the care be entrusted to he;
The sons of the earth, the proud giants of old,
They fled from their darksome abode,
And such was the news that in heaven was told,
Wolfe was marching to war with the gods.

To the plain of Quebec with their orders they
But he begg'd for a moment's delay, (flew,
He cry'd, O forbear, let me victory hear,
And then your commands I'll obey;
With a dark'ning film they encompass'd his eyes,
And they bore him away in an urn, (shore,
Lest the fondness he bore to his own native
Should tempt him again to return.



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