

# General Wolf

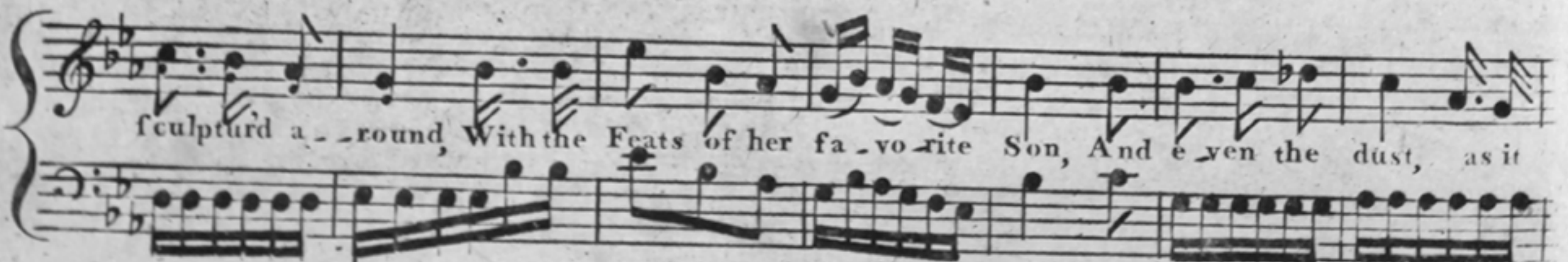
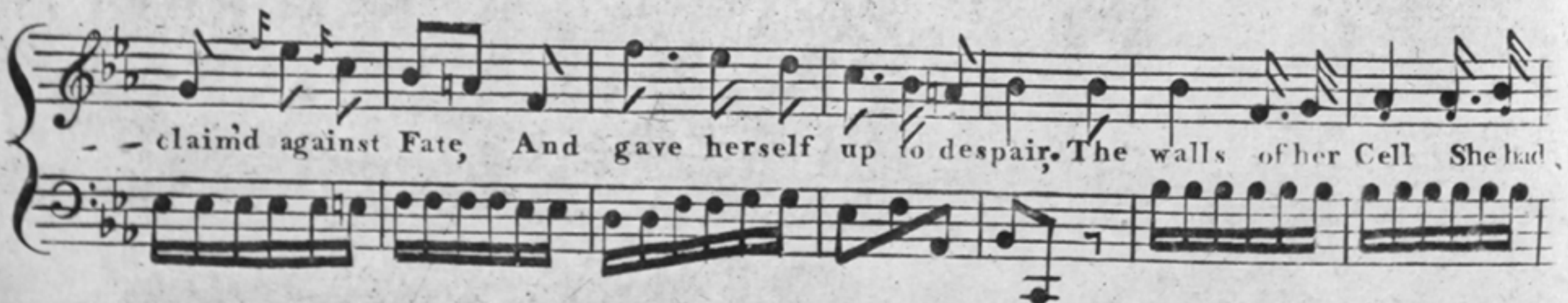
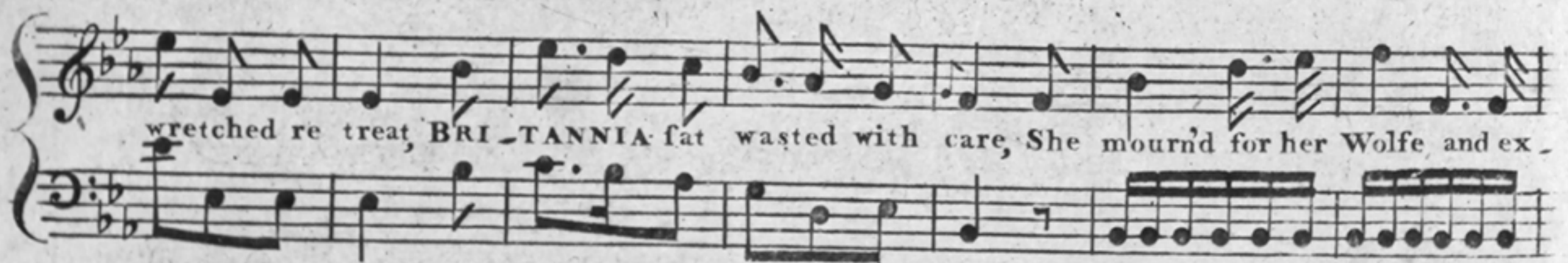
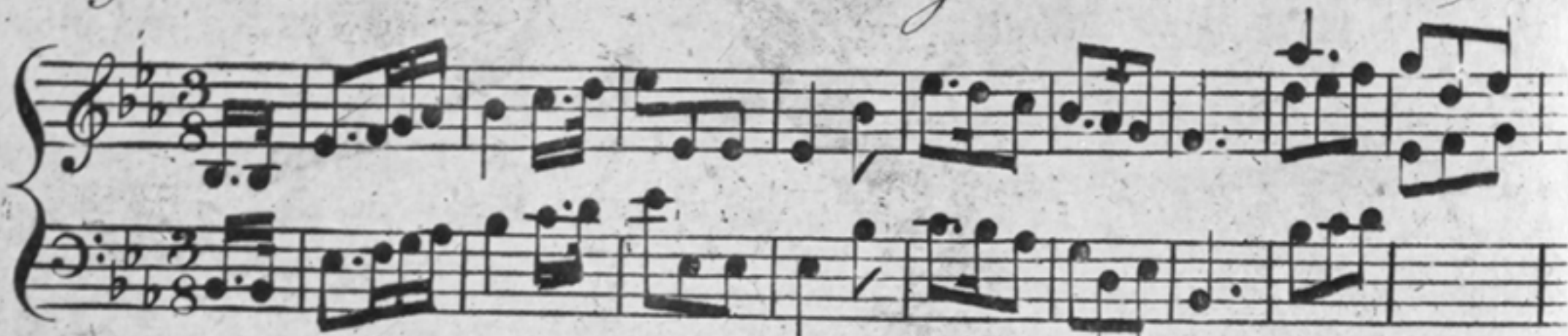
A Favorite Song Composed by

J. Smart.

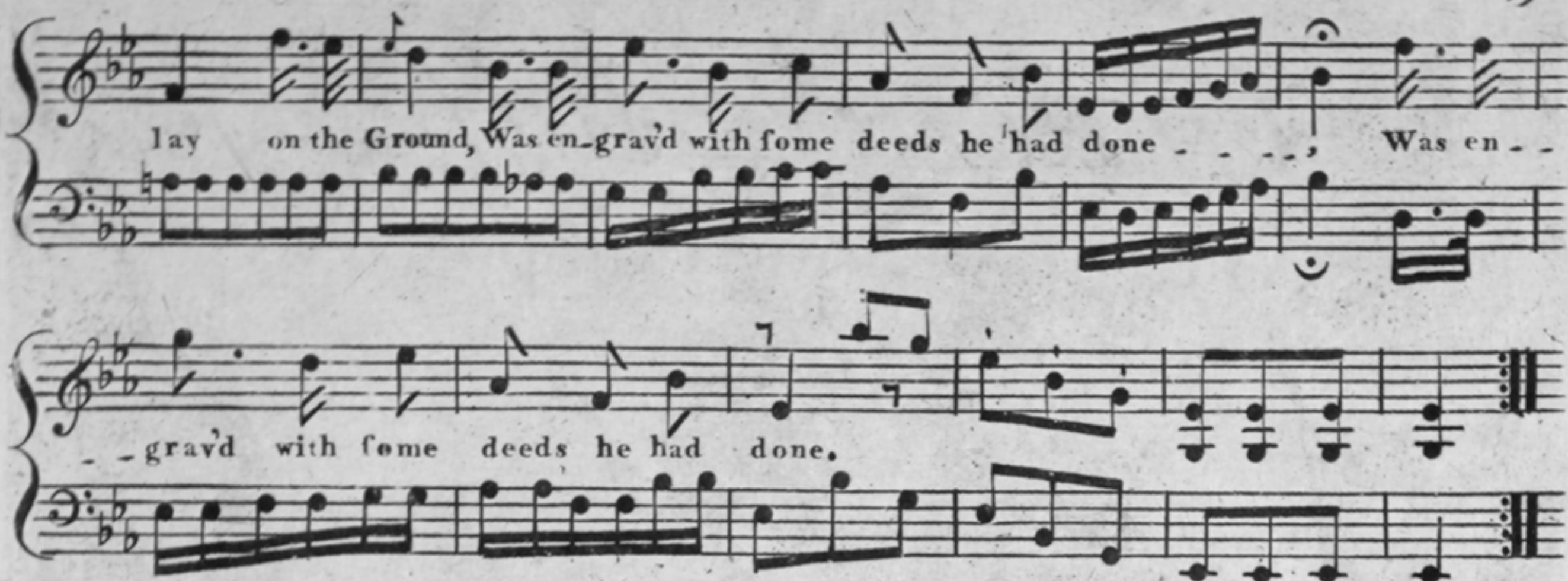
Pr. 6<sup>d</sup>

London Published by G. Walker at his Music Warehouse 106 Great Portland Street.

Moderato







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The Sire of the Gods, from his chrystalline Throne,  
Beheld the disconsolate Dame,  
And mov'd with her Tears he sent Mercury down,  
And these were the Tidings that came,  
BRITANNIA, forbear, not a Sigh or a Tear,  
For thy Wolfe so deservedly lov'd,  
Your Tears shall be chang'd into triumphs of Joy,  
For thy Wolfe is not dead, but remov'd.

The Sons of the East, the proud Giants of old,  
Have crept from their darksome abodes,  
And this is the News as in Heav'n we are told,  
They were marching to War with the Gods.  
A Council was held in the Chambers of Jove,  
And this was the final decree,  
That Wolfe should be call'd to the Armies above,  
And the charge was entrusted to me.

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To the Plains of Quebeck with the orders I flew,  
He begg'd for a Moments delay,  
He cry'd Oh forbear let me Victory hear,  
And then thy Commands Ill obey;  
With a darksome thick film I encompass'd his Eyes,  
And bore him away in an Urn,  
Lest the fondness he bore, for his own native Shore,  
Should induce him again to return.

### For the German Flute.

