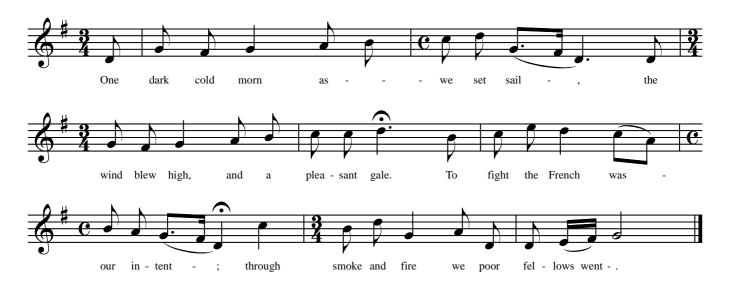
General Wolfe - Mr Dade



- 1 One dark, cold morn as we set sail, the wind blew high and a pleasant gale. To fight the French was our intent; through smoke and fire we poor fellows went.
- The French was landed on mountains high while we poor fellows in the valleys lay.
 'Fire up, fire up!' General Wolfe did cry,
 'you lads of honour, Old England will win the day!'
- The very first fire we gave to them we killed one hundred and fifty men.
 'That's very well done!' bold Wolfe did cry,
 'you lads of honour, Old England will win the day!'

- 4
 The very first fire they gave to us
 they wounded our General in his right breast.
 Then from his belly the blood did flow,
 like some fountain, caused us fellows grief and woe.
- 5
 'All you Commanders now round me stand, pray take hold of my bleeding hand, and throw me into some water deep; let me lie my boys to take my long and silent sleep.
- When to Old England then you ndo return, pray tell my friends that I am dead and gone; pray tell my tender old mother dear weep not, I died a death I wished to share.

[Rhythms of last lines need to be flexible to fit the already edited words.]