Brave Wolfe (2)

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On Monday morning as we set sail
The wind did blow a pleasant gale,
To fight the French, it was our intent
Through smoke and fire, through smoke and fire
And it was a dark and a gloomy night.

The French were landed on mountains high,
While we poor souls in the valley lie,
"Cheer up, me lads," General Wolfe did say,
"Brave lads of honor, brave lads of honor
Old England she shall win the day."

The very first broadside we gave to them
We wounded a hundred and fifty men,
"Well done, me lads," General Wolfe did say,
"Brave lads of honor, brave lads of honor
Old England she shall win the day."

The very next broadside they gave to us
The've wounded our general in his right breast,
And from his breast, precious blood did flow,
Like any fountain, like any fountain
And all his men were filled with woe.

"Here's a hundred guineas, all in bright gold,
Take it, part it, for my love's quite cold,
And use your men as you did before,
Your soldiers on, your soldiers on
And they will fight forevermore.

"And when to England you do return,
Tell all my friends that I'm dead and gone,
And tell my tender old mother dear
That I am dead, oh, that I am dead, oh,
And never shall see her no more.

From Harmonious Companions, Myers
Transcribed from the singing of the Watersons.
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