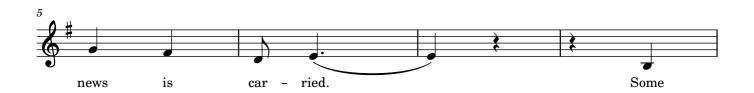
Brave Wolfe

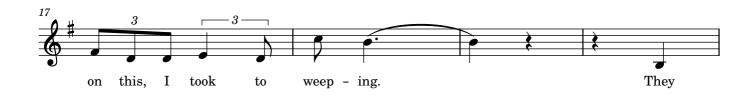
Traditional Arranged by Matthew Sabatella



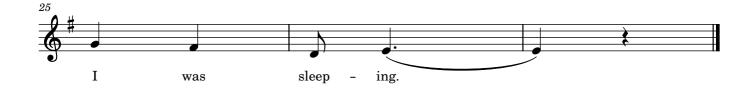












Additional verses:

"Love, here's a diamond ring, if you'll accept it 'Tis for your sake alone, long time I've kept it When you this posy read think on the giver Madam, remember me, or I'm undone for ever"

So then this gallant youth did cross the ocean To free America from her invasion He landed at Quebec with all his party The city to attack, being brave and hearty

Brave Wolfe drew up his men, in a line so pretty On the plains of Abraham before the city A distance from the town the French did meet him With a double number they resolved to beat him

The French drew up their men, for death prepared In one another's face the armies stared While Wolfe and Montcalm together walked Between the armies they like brothers talked

Each man then took his post at their retire So then these numerous hosts began to fire The cannon on each side did roar like thunder And youths in all their pride were torn asunder

The drums did loudly beat, colors were flying The purple gore did stream, and men lay dying When shot off from his horse fell this brave hero And we lament his loss in weeds of sorrow

The French began to break, their ranks were flying Wolfe seemed to revive while he lay dying He lifted up his head while guns did rattle And to his army said, "How goes the battle?"

His aide-de-camp replied, "'Tis in our favor Quebec with all her pride, nothing can save her She falls into our hands with all her treasure" "O then," brave Wolfe replied, "I die with pleasure"