

# Bold General Wolfe



On Mon-day eve - ning as we \_set sail The wind did blow \_a most



pleas - ant \_\_\_ gale For to fight the Fre - nch it was



our \_\_\_ in - tent, Through smoke \_ and fire \_\_\_\_\_ Through



sm-o-ke and fi - re \_ And it \_was a dark and a gl-o-o-my night