



2021

The Saga of James Wolfe

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Recommended Citation

Ellenson, Ian (2021) "The Saga of James Wolfe," *Floodwall Magazine*: Vol. 2: Iss. 7, Article 6.
Available at: <https://commons.und.edu/floodwall-magazine/vol2/iss7/6>

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The Saga of James Wolfe

List of Important Figures

- James Wolfe; [January 2, 1727–September 13, 1759] General of the British Army during the Seven-Years War, and our main focus.
- Edward Wolfe; [1685–March 26, 1759] Father of James Wolfe, served in the Wars of Spanish and Austrian Successions, Jacobite Rebellion of 1715, and the War of Jenkin's Ear.
- Alexander Durore; [1692–February 1, 1765] British colonel of the 4th (King's own) Regiment of Foot. Served in the Succession Wars, Jacobite uprisings, War of Jenkin's Ear, and in the Seven Years War.
- George II (Great King George); [1683–October 25, 1760] The Last Warrior King of England. Son of George I of Hanover, he succeeded his father, and was a key figure in the War of Austrian Succession and the European theater of the Seven-Years War.
- Fredrick the Great (Freddy); [January 24, 1712–August 17, 1786] King of Prussia, he was known for his conquest of Silesia in the War of Austrian Succession and triggered the Seven-Years conflict.
- Edward Hawke; [February 21, 1705–October 17, 1781] Baron of Scarthingwell, was a royal naval officer, was a nuisance to France in the War of Austrian Succession, and successful for blockading France in the Seven-Years War.
- Sir John Mordaunt; [1697–October 23, 1780] Whig politician, was a general in the Seven-Years War, but failed to raid Rochefort, leading to court-marshal and loss of command.
- Jeffrey Amherst; [January 29, 1717–August 3, 1797] Field Marshal in the Americas, he served in the War of Austrian Succession, Pontiac's Rebellion, defending Canada in the American Revolution, and a small portion of the French Revolutions. But his biggest contribution was in the Seven-Years War, when he captured Louisburg and Montreal.
- Louis-Joseph de Montcalm; [February 28, 1712–September 14, 1759] Commander of French forces in New France during the Seven-Years War. He also served in the Polish War of Succession and the War of Austrian Succession. In New France, he was tasked with defending Quebec.
- George III; [June 4, 1738–January 29, 1820] Grandson of George II, he succeeded his grandfather in 1760. Pushing for peace, and heaping restrictions on his subjects, he was responsible for the end of the Seven-Years War, and for creating a mess in the American Revolution. Because of this, he was given the nickname "Mad King."

The Saga of James Wolfe

Ian Ellenson



I. The Start of a Legend.
(January 2, 1727)

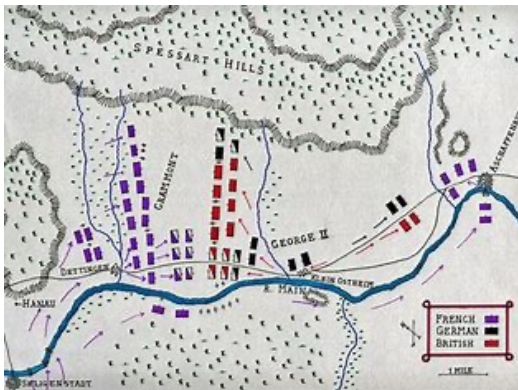
Will you ever remember our lads,
Who fought and bled at sea?
The days of glory have now clad,
Her dark cloak of misery.
'Twas a glory gone from elder days,
When we fought securely,
And one such lad that now lays,

Was James Wolfe, and his infantry.

He was born the son of Edward,
 Who fought at Jenkin's Ear.
 No prophecy was forward,
 But his son's name shall be revered,
 For they served the life as soldiers,
 With their destinies at hand,
 In times they shall beware,
 They and their honor band.

II. Battle of Dettinger, Bavaria.

(June 27, 1743)



A marine he was on one fine day,
 When the sergeant came a marchin' away,
 He said, "Dear James would you like to fight,
 With the army, and a battle that can fill your sight,
 For Freddy made war with Austria, and the King has pleaded for ya?"
 So, he said yes, and shook his hand, poor James what'll happen to ya.

He was in the regiment of Alex Duroure,
When he was at the fields of Dettinger.
The French, they came in disarray,
Caught the unit by surprise at the very foray.
But James leapt fourth with a few brave men, and faced the foreign soldier.
Now promoted to captain for his brave deeds, poor James what'll happen
to ya.

Oh, Polly love, oh Polly, the route has now begun,
And we must go a marchin' to the beating of the drum.
Come dress yourself all in your best, and come along with me,
I'll take you to the cruel wars of high Germany.

Oh, cursed be you cruel wars, wherever you shall rise.
And out of merry England, press many men likewise.
They took our brave James from her, with father and brother, three,
And sent them to the cruel wars of high Germany.

III. Jacobite Rebellion of 1745
(August 19, 1745-April 20, 1746)



*Ye Jacobite's my name, lend an ear.
Ye Jacobite's my name,
Your faults I will proclaim,*

*Your doctrines I will blame, you shall hear, you shall hear.
Your doctrines I will blame, you shall hear.*

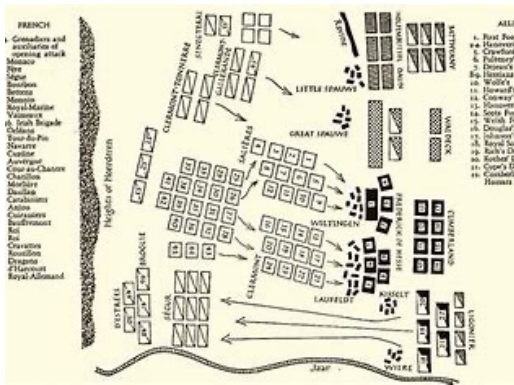
Oh, cursed be that Wolfe, and his boys, and his boys,
Oh, cursed be that Wolfe and his boys.
Oh, cursed be that Wolfe,
Who fought us at Falkirk,
And put us all to work, with delay, with delay.
And put us all to work, with delay.

*Ye Jacobite's my name, lend an ear, lend an ear,
Ye Jacobite's my name, lend an ear.
Ye Jacobite's my name,
Your faults I will proclaim,
Your doctrines I will blame, you shall hear, you shall hear.
Your doctrines I will blame, you shall hear.*

Oh, where were all ye men, of Scotland, of Scotland,
Oh, where were all ye men, of Scotland.
Oh, where were all ye men,
When Wolfe fought us again,
All with his bloody band, at Culloden, at Culloden,
All with his bloody band at Culloden.

*Ye Jacobite's my name, lend an ear, lend an ear,
Ye Jacobite's my name, lend an ear.
Ye Jacobite's my name,
Your faults I will proclaim,
Your doctrines I will blame, you shall hear, you shall hear.
Your doctrines I will blame, you shall hear.*

IV. Battle of Lehfelddt
(July 2, 1747)



Oh, ye men of Hanover,
How great your England weeps,
When many men went over,
To the terrible French keep.
All ye brave men with Major Wolfe,
How hollow now have ye felt,
When your brothers fought engulfed,
At the bloody battle of Lehfelddt.

It was heavy rain when ye began,
And waves of Frenchmen advancing,
Ye powder fine, but when all gone,
Ye resort with bayonets thrusting.
Wolfe charged his horse with support,
But when wounded he did fall,
His leg in pain, no use of foot,
At the bloody battle of Lehfelddt.

Oh, weep, young England for ye lads,
As they laid dying on the field,

For retreat was for ye noble band,
As shown that France refused to yield.
Ye took your Wolfe upon your hands,
As he bled, and sorry felt,
For your brave boys who went with Cumberland,
At the bloody battle of Leffeldt.

V. The Calm before the Firestorm
(1748-1756)

When peace comes, do you weep,
Or do you shout with joy above?
Which is when you shall see,
How the price of peace may be,
As it shall fly away like a dove.

Do you go to France again?
All be it now at rest.
When you see what they have loved,
Gives you sight for above,
And pursue yourself to ye best.

Do you love with new culture,
Or do you train your troops?
For you know that peace won't last,
And no hatred shall not come past,
And your pride for such peace shall droop.

VI. Rochefort Raid
(September 1757)



Oh, England now is back at war,
Heave away ye good, brave men,
For our colonies knocked at the door,
And Freddy went on a marchin'.

*Rock the Rochefort, away good men,
Do not forget, not again,
For we shall seek peace, brave men,
With our raid at Rochefort.*

Come Wolfe, come Hawke, come Mordaunt,
Heave away ye good, brave men,
To Rochefort raid ye shall amount,
And to France ye go a sailin'.

*Rock the Rochefort, away good men,
Do not forget, not again,
For we shall seek peace, brave men,
With our raid at Rochefort.*

Oh, bicker away now close to goal,
 Heave away ye good, brave men.
 What raid was planned is out the bowl,
 And to England we go a sailin'.

*Rock the Rochefort, away good men,
 Do not forget, not again,
 For we shall seek peace, brave men,
 With our raid at Rochefort.*

VII. Siege of Louisbourg
 (June 8-July 26, 1758)



Oh, look upon the shoreline, ye sorrow, sore lads,
 Our poor, and pain, and dead shall now rest upon our beds.
 Here comes General Amherst, and great legend named Wolfe.
 Their swellin' ranks will join ours, and to New France we shall engulf.

*Leap out of yer longboats,
 And charge up the beach,
 And we shall see victory at Louisburg's siege.*

We cannot weather longer, our cannons too exposed,
Yet Wolfe with cunnin' and darin,' he landed at rocky shoals.
Out flanked, the proud Frenchmen, withdrew into their walls,
And now we can continue to Louisburg's fall.

*Leap out of yer longboats,
And charge up the beach,
And we shall see victory at Louisburg's siege.*

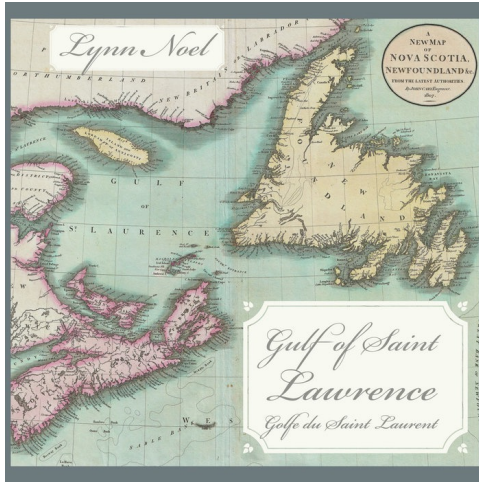
And what of the French navy, what timber they were all,
We sank them with our own ships, with the sea cry of the gulls.
And one of our shore guns burned a large ship out at sea,
Her 64-guns remembered, as we cheered gleefully.

*Leap out of yer longboats,
And charge up the beach,
And we shall see victory at Louisburg's siege.*

You can boast about Churchill, who fought with iron grip,
Or your Willington at Flanders, who made the Frenchmen slip,
Your ancient kings of England who fought the great Vikings.
But I am American, and with Wolfe, we strike and sing.

*Leap out of yer longboats,
And charge up the beach,
And we shall see victory at Louisburg's siege.*

VIII. Gulf of St. Lawrence Campaign
(September 15-23, 1758)



Oh, were going around St. Lawrence, we'll go around again,
Fightin' for merry, old England.
We'll sail around the bay, and down the coast again,
Fightin' for merry, old England.

*Our Union forever, with Irish and the Scots,
Fly up the Jack flag, and rally up the lot.
While were going around St. Lawrence, we'll go around again,
Fightin' for merry, old England.*

We shall raid with brave Wolfe, after success at Louisburg,
Fightin' for merry, old England.
And when we go fight the French, our numbers they shall surge,
Fightin' for merry, old England.

*Our Union forever, with Irish and the Scots,
Fly up the Jack flag, and rally up the lot,
While were going around St. Lawrence, we'll go around again,
Fightin' for merry, old England.*

IX. Siege of Quebec

(June 28-September 18, 1759)



We're leavin' together,
And Wolfe, he stands tall,
With thousands of rangers,
We're ready for the call.
Our cannons they're blazin',
With hopes soaring high,
Soon the gates will open wide.

Quebec's final countdown.

Her final countdown.

Her final countdown.

We're going upriver,
To Abraham's plains,
The cliffs are a shiver,
But we shall obtain.
Montcalm began chargin',

With Wolfe followin' suit,
I'm afraid it's his last war cry.

Quebec's final countdown.

Her final countdown.

Her final countdown.

X. The Death of England's Finest

(Wolfe on September 13, 1759, and George II on October 25, 1760)



**They shall look to their commanders for inspiration,
But they shall not recover from their greatest loss,
Their King, their Hanover, and their General Wolfe.**

I looked upon the remains as a figure stands, in a war fought for furs.
The fiery sword a cracklin' and the red horse cries, as battle surrounds her,
What news from the front, dear spirit of war, can you tell me straight as so?
What news of General Wolfe and lads, as the winds of war ceased to blow?

I was with great kings, leaders of old, as their spirits soared,
As they bled and died, they bring honor, with their chosen sword.
Ask not of the war, for I saw him fight, yet he was too far away,
Seek out the northern spirit and see what he can say.

*Oh, General Wolfe, a warrior's lord,
Quebec you fought and won,
But the greatest price of your reward,
Is to be your overdone.*

I saw the mass of black darkness, full of sad sorrow,
The mass was the spirit of the dead, and his eyes were hollow.
What news I dared ask, in quivering fear, for I knew of his great claws.
What pain and illness took dear Wolfe, and the band of his fellows?

*He was in ill health, the sorrow mass did speak,
Rheumatism and gravel, and bullets three at steak.
Though I saw him fell, and I took his hand, I know not where he now goes,
Go ask the northern spirit out, it's in his domain he knows.*

*Oh, General Wolfe, your selfless deeds,
Has racked you ill of health.
But you never wavered through the needs,
To damage France's wealth.*

As white as snow he came a chillin', as gracefully he glides,
Father winter was harsh, as he was calm, stoic with great suffice.
What news I dared ask, with fear so great, for I was cold to the bone.
What news of Wolfe and his great lads, for their light was the last shown?

*I saw him fight, the great spirit spoke,
Even though fallen, he was with his folk.
He was with George, the warrior king, two great legends, nevermore,
To heavens and to wilderness, he wanders through endless shores.*

*Oh, General Wolfe, the northern pride,
Your memory still there,
To heavens and wilderness, you stride,*

With courage dowsing fear.

XI. The Inflammable Peace
(February 15, 1763-April 19, 1775)



With France now in ruins, as Freddy ceased to fight,
 Great King George, lost his life.
 Now his grandson reigns, racked with strife,
 As for all our distant conflicts, fought with wood, fire and steel.
 America and India,
 are now ours with Jamaica,
 And though many men have suffered, and many more have died,
 Nine years land has now BEEN won, racked with blood at the rising sun.
 And as the men come, the generals call, and the hatred carries on.
 And on, what was the purpose of it all?
 Why the price of peace?

*Thousands of men march to the beat, it's an army returnin,'
 Their lives, and homes, covered in blood with no hard pay.
 Thousands of men march to the beat, it's an army starvin,'
 Knee deep, in debt, stuck in their land, with no profit.*

Our land now racked in ruins, as the tribes rise to fight.
Gone with Wolfe, and expansion,
As gains turned into restrictions.
As for all our distant vessels, racked with ruin and little pay,
Boston and Charlestown,
Racked the prices, such beyond,
And though many men have suffered, and many more have died.
Now cry out, with blood and rage, only killed upon the stage,
And as the men crawl, the generals call, and the chaos carries on.
And on, what was the purpose of it all?
Why the price of peace?

*Thousands of men march to the beat, it's an army returnin,'
Their lives, and homes, covered in blood with no hard pay.
Thousands of men march to the beat, it's an army starvin,'
Knee deep, in debt, stuck in their land, with no profit.*

Our children starvin,' they pay the price,
Oh, how they suffered, I tell you, what's the price for your peace?

Bloody price for peace!

*Thousands of men march to the beat, it's an army returnin,'
Their lives, and homes, covered in blood with no hard pay.
Thousands of men march to the beat, it's an army starvin,'
Knee deep, in debt, stuck in their land, with no profit.*

Songs of note:

A few songs are parodies from originals, as old as trumpet history. Some of these songs are dated to the nineteenth century, while others are more recent. Here is the list of songs that are branched off from originals:

- 1.) Battle of Dettinger, originated from "The Cruel Wars" (The Dreadnoughts)
- 2.) Jacobite Rebellion of 1745, originated from "Jacobites" (Fiddler's Green)
- 3.) Siege of Louisburg, melody originated from "Dear Old Stan" (The Dreadnoughts)
- 4.) Gulf of St. Lawrence Campaign, melody originated from "Battle Cry of Freedom" (George Fredrick Root)
- 5.) Siege of Quebec, originated from "The Final Countdown" (Europe)
- 6.) The Death of England's Finest, melody originated from "The Lament of Boromir" (J. R. R. Tolkien)
- 7.) The Inflammable Peace, originated from "The Price of a Mile" (Sabaton)

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Ian Ellenson is working for a history major at UND, and this is his final of four years at UND. His epic poem is based on a famed commander of the Seven-Years War, at least for North America. The commander was a veteran of the War of Austrian Succession and one of many Jacobite Rebellions. But like Admiral Nelson, this commander became famous when he died at a successful campaign that ultimately changed the continent forever. That commander was none other than James Wolfe.