Lord Franklin

Craig Bickhardt

It was homeward bound one night on the deep
Swinging in my hammock I fell asleep
I dreamt a dream and I thought it true
Concerning Franklin and his gallant crew

As I was wandering on some foreign shore
I heard a lady and she did deplore
She wept aloud and to me did say
Oh, my loving husband, he's so long away

With a hundred seamen he sailed away
To the frozen ocean in the month of May
To seek a passage around the pole
Where these poor sailors do sometimes go

They sailed West and they sailed East
Their ship on oceans of ice did freeze
Only the Eskimo in his skin canoe
Was the only one that ever came through

In Baffin Bay where the whale fishes blow
The fate of Franklin no man may know
The fate of Franklin no tongue can tell
Franklin alone with his sailors do dwell

And now my burden it gives me pain
For my long lost Franklin I would cross the main
Ten thousand pounds would I freely give
To say on earth that my Franklin does live
To say on earth that my Franklin does live

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