

# Lord Franklin

[SinÃ©ad O'Connor](#)

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

With 100 seamen he sailed away  
To the frozen ocean in the month of May  
To seek a passage around the pole  
Where all poor sailors do sometimes go.

Through cruel hardships they vainly strove  
Their ships on mountains of ice was drove  
Only the Eskimo with his skin canoe  
Was the only one that ever came through

In Baffin's Bay where the whale fish blow  
The fate of Franklin no man may know  
The fate of Franklin no tongue can tell  
And Lord Franklin among his seamen do dwell

And now my burden it gives me pain  
For my Lord Franklin I'd sail the main  
Ten thousand pounds I would freely give  
To know Lord Franklin, and where he is.

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