

# Lord Franklin

Nic Jones

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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