

# Lord Franklin

Canadian Folk

We were home-ward bound one night on the deep.  
Swing-ing in my ham - mock I fell a - sleep. I dreamed a dream  
and I thought it true con-cer - ning Frank - lin and his  
gal - lant crew.

*With a hundred seamen he sailed away,  
To the frozen ocean in the month of May,  
To seek a passage around the pole,  
Where we poor seamen must sometimes go.*

*Through cruel hardships they mainly strove.  
The ship on mountains of ice was drove.  
Only the eskimo in his skin canoe,  
Was the only one that ever came through.*

*In Baffin Bay where the whalefishes blow,  
The fate of Franklin no man may know.  
The fate of Franklin no tongue can tell.  
Lord Franklin alone with his sailors does dwell.*

*Now my burden it gives me pain.  
For my lost Franklin I would cross the main.  
Ten thousand pounds would I freely give,  
To say on Earth that my Franklin do live.*