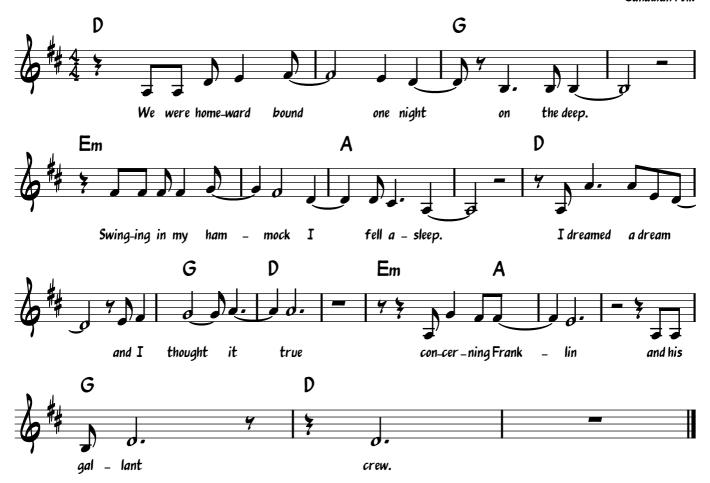
Lord Franklin

Canadian Folk



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.