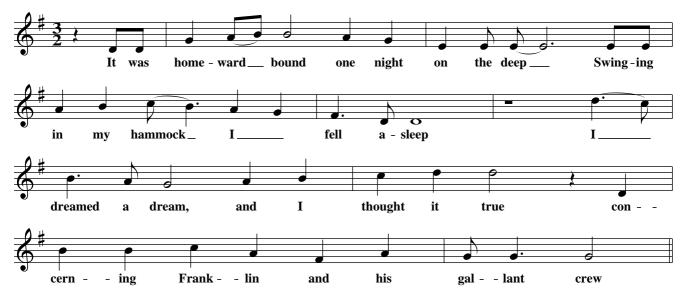
## Lord Franklin



It was 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 a hundred seamen he sailed away To the frozen ocean in the month of May To seek that passage around the pole Where we poor sailors do sometimes go.

Through cruel hardship his men did go His ship on mountains of ice was drove Where the Eskimo in his skin canoe Was the only one who ever came through.

In Baffin Bay where the Whale fish blow The fate of Franklin no man may know The fate of Franklin no tongue can tell Lord Franklin along with his sailors do dwell.

And now my burden it gives me pain For my long lost Franklin I'd cross the main Ten thousand pounds would I freely give To know on earth that my Franklin do live.