

# Feast Or Famine, Return To Fingal/Lord Franklin

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 sea men he sailed away  
To the frozen ocean in the month of May  
Seeking a passage around the pole  
Where we poor sea men must sometimes go

With a crew of 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 whale fishes blow  
The fate of Franklin no man may know  
The fate of Franklin no tongue can tell  
Where Franklin along with his sailors does dwell

And now my burden it gives me pain  
For my long lost Franklin I would cross the main  
Ten thousand pounds I would freely give  
To say on earth that my Franklin does live  
To say on earth that my Franklin does live