

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