

# Pentangle, 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 one 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 do sometimes go.

Through cruel hardships they mainly strove  
Their ship on mountains of ice was drove  
Only the Eskimo with his skin canoe  
Was the only one that ever came through.

In Baffin's 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 I would freely give  
To say on earth that my Franklin do live.