

Sinead O' Connor, Lord Franklin

We were 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 100 seamen he sailed away
To the frozen ocean in the month of May
To seek a passage around the pole
Where all poor sailors do sometimes go.

Through cruel hardships they vainly strove
Their ships 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
And Lord Franklin among his seamen do dwell

And now my burden it gives me pain
For my Lord Franklin I'd sail the main
Ten thousand pounds I would freely give
To know Lord Franklin, and where he is.