Lord Franklin

The Pentangle

It was homeward bound one night on the deep
Swinging in my hammock I fell asleep
I dreamed the dream and I thought it true
Concerning Franklin and his gallant crew

With a hundred seamen he sailed away
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 the mainly strove
Their ship on mountains with ice was drove
Only the Eskimo in his skin canoe
Was the only one that ever came through

In Baffin Bay where the whalefish blow
The fate of Franklin no man may know
The fate of Franklin no tongue can tell
When 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 guineas would I freely give
To say on earth that my Franklin do live

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!