Ballade traditionnelle anglaise commémorant la disparition de l’expédition arctique de Sir John Franklin en 1845. Elle aurait été écrite par sa femme.

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 a hundred sailors he sailed away,
The frozen ocean in the month of may,
To seek a passage around the pole,
Where we poor sailors sometimes have to go.

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

In Baffin bay where the whale-fish blow
The fate of Franklin, no man may know;
The fate of Franklin, no tongue may tell,
Where Franklin along with his sailors does dwell.

And now my burden, it brings me pain;
For my long, lost Franklin I would cross the main;
Ten thousand guineas I would freely give
To say on Earth that my Franklin does live.

Evaluation :
je peux chanter la mélodie 1 2 3
je peux chanter en rythme 1 2 3
je peux garder ma voix dans la polyphonie 1 2 3
je connais les paroles 1 2 3