

## MEMIADLUK & UCKALUK

(Dave Evardson)

Am Fmaj7 G6 Am  
In eighteen-forty-seven to a place as cold as hell  
Am Fmaj7 G6  
I sailed wi' Captain Parker where them Eskimos do dwell

Fmaj7 G6 Am  
Pity them poor starvin' Eskimos!

In the Truelove out of Kingston, a-whalin' we were bound  
To Labrador & Baffin Bay & then to Cumberland Sound

Now the Eskimos of Greenland by the Danes are treated well  
But them in British Labrador endure a life of hell

To the Eskimos of Greenland the Danes give guns & gear  
But them in British Labrador must starve from year to year

Young Uckaluk was starvin', weepin' by her mother's grave  
And our Captain bein' kindly vowed her wretched life to save

For she was nowt but skin & bone, just fifteen years of age  
And beggin' off the dogs for food, who snarled at her in rage

Now Memiadluk was starvin' too & pleaded for his life  
Our Captain said he'd take him if he'd have her for his wife

So this couple they were married & their bellies soon were full  
In the care of Surgeon Gedney they sailed home with us to Hull

They were starvin' when they came on board, all caked in dirt & grime  
But they disembarked at Kingston, a young couple in their prime

With spear & bow & skin canoe they'll soon go on display  
To assist their fellow Eskimos who starve in Baffin Bay

Here's a health to Captain Parker & to Surgeon Gedney too  
And the Lord preserve the Eskimo with his spear & skin canoe  
Pity them poor starvin' Eskimos!