

Bonnie Ship the Diamond

Fiddler's Green

The Diamond is a ship me lads
For the Davis Straits she's bound
And the Quay it is all garnished
With bonnie lassies round
Captain Thompson gives the order
To sail the ocean wide
Where the sun it never sets me lads
Nor darkness dims the sky

And it's cheer up, me lads
Let your hearts never fail
For the bonnie ship The Diamond
Goes a-fishing for the whale

Along the quay at Peterhead
The lassies stand around
Wi' their shawls all pulled about them
And the salt tears runnin' down
Oh don't you weep, my bonnie lass
Though you be left behind
For the rose will grow on Greenland's ice
Before we change our mind

Here's a health to The Resolution
Likewise the Eliza Swan
Here's a health to the Battler of Montrose
And The Diamond ship of fame
We wear the trousers of the white
And the jackets of the blue
When we return to Peterhead
We'll hae sweethearts anoo