

## 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