



The Diamond

The Diamond is a ship, my lads, for the Davis Strait she's bound,
And the quay it is all garnished with bonny lasses 'round;
Captain Thompson gives the order to sail the ocean wide,
Where the sun it never sets, my lads, no darkness dims the sky,

*So it's cheer up my lads, let your hearts never fail,
While the bonny ship, the Diamond, goes a-fishing for the whale.*

Along the quay at Peterhead, the lasses stand aroon,
Wi' their shawls all pulled around them and the salt tears runnin' doon;
Don't you weep, my bonny lass, though you be left behind,
For the rose will grow on Greenland's ice before we change our mind.

*So it's cheer up my lads, let your hearts never fail,
While the bonny ship, the Diamond, goes a-fishing for the whale.*

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 trouser o' the white and the jackets o' the blue,
When we return to Peterhead, we'll hae sweethearts anoo,

*So it's cheer up my lads, let your hearts never fail,
While the bonny ship, the Diamond, goes a-fishing for the whale.*

It'll be bricht both day and nicht when the Greenland lads come hame,
Wi' a ship that's fu' of oil, my lads, and money to our name;
We'll make the cradles for to rock and the blankets for to tear,
And every lass in Peterhead sing "Hushabye, my dear"

*So it's cheer up my lads, let your hearts never fail,
While the bonny ship, the Diamond, goes a-fishing for the whale.*