

Walking At Night

Dm Am
The Diamond is a ship my lads,
Dm Am
For the Davis Straits she's bound,
Dm Am
And the key edge is all garnished up,
Dm Am Dm
With forty lashes round.

Captain Thompson gives the orders,
To sail the ocean wide,
Where the sun it never sets my lads,
Nor darkness dims the sky.

Chorus:

Dm Am Dm
So it's cheer up my lads,
Am Dm
Let your 'arts never fail,
Am
For the bonnie ship the Diamond,
Dm Am Dm
Goes a- fishing for the whale.

Along the keys of Peterhead,
The lassies stand around,
Their shawls all put around their men,
And the sword tails hanging down.

Now don't you weep my bonnie lass,
Though you be left behind,
For the rose will bloom on Greenland's ice.
Before we change our minds.

Here's a health to the Resolution,
Likewise the Eliza Swan,
Here's a health to the Battle of Old Montrose,
And the Diamond ship will pay.

We wear our trousers o'er the white,
Till the jig is o'er the blue,
When we return to Peterhead,
We'll hasten sweethearts to you.

Oh, it'll be brack both day and night,
When the Greenland lads come home,
We've a ship that's full o' oil, my boys,
And money to our names.

We'll make those cradles for to rock,
And the blankets for to tear,
And every lass in Peterhead,
Will sing hush-a-bye my dear.