

The Bonny Ship The Diamond


Scottish Folk

Dm Am Dm Am



The Dia-mond is a ship my lads, for the Da - vis straight we're bound. The

Dm Am F C Dm




quay it is all gar-nished with bon-ny las-ses round. Cap-tain Thomp-son gives the or -

Am Dm Am Dm Am



- ders to sail the o - cean wide, where the sun it ne - ver sets, my lads, nor

F C Dm F




dark-ness dims the sky. For it's cheer up me lads, let your hearts ne - ver

C G



fail, For the bon - ny ship The "Dia - mond" goes a fish - in for the whale. For it's

Dm F C



cheer up me lads, let your hearts ne - ver fail, For the bon - ny ship The

"Dia - mond" goes a fish - in for the whale.

*Along the quay at Peterhead, the lasses stand around,
 With shawls all pulled around the and the salt tears running down.
 Well don't you weep my bonny lass, though you be left behind
 For the rose will bloom on Greenland's ice before we change our mind.*

*Here's a health to the Resolution, likewise the Eliza Swan,
 Three cheers for the Battler of Montrose and the Diamond, ship of fame.
 We wear the trousers of the white and jackets of the blue,
 When we get back to Peterhead we'll have sweet hearts anoo.*

*It will be bright both day and night when the Greenland lads come hame,
 Our ship filled up with oil me 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 & Hush-a-by, my dear*