The Bonny Ship The Diamond

Scottish Folk

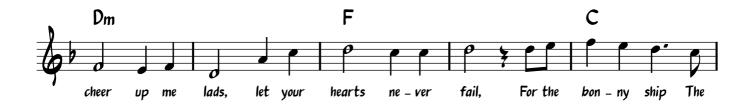




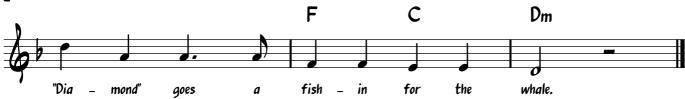












Along the quay at Peterhead, the lasses stand around,
With shawls all pulled around the and the salt tears running down.
Well don't you weep my bonny lass, though you be left behind
For the rose will bloom on Greenland's ice before we change our mind.

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