The Bonny Ship the ‘Diamond’

Traditional

Dm Am Dm Am
The ‘Diamond’ is a ship, my lads, to the Davis Strait she’s bound
Dm Am Dm C Dm
And the quay it is all garnishèd with bonny lasses ’round
Am Dm Am
Captain Thompson gives the order to sail the ocean wide
Dm Am Dm C Dm
Where sun it never sets, my lads, nor darkness dims the sky

Dm C Dm Am Dm
CHORUS: And it’s cheer up, my lads – let your hearts never fail
C Dm Am Dm C Dm
For the bonny ship the ‘Diamond’ goes a-fishing for the whale

Dm Am Dm Am
Along the quays of Peterhead the lasses stand around
Dm Am Dm C Dm
Their shawls all pulled about them and the salt tears running down
Am Dm Am
Now don’t you weep, my bonny lass, though you be left behind
Dm Am Dm C Dm
For the rose will bloom on Greenland’s ice before we change our mind **CHORUS**

Dm Am Dm Am
Here’s health to the ‘Resolution’, likewise the ‘Eliza Swan’
Dm Am Dm C Dm
Here’s a health to the ‘Rattler of Leigh’, and the ‘Diamond’ ship of fame
Am Dm Am
We wear the trousers of the white, the jackets of the blue
Dm Am Dm C Dm
When we return to Peterhead we’ll have sweethearts enoo’ **CHORUS**

Dm Am Dm Am
Oh, it will be bright both day and night when the whaling lads come home
Dm Am Dm C Dm
In a ship that’s full of oil, my lads, and money to our name
Am Dm Am
We’ll make the cradles all to rock, and the blankets for to tear
Dm Am Dm C Dm
And ev’ry lass in Peterhead sing ‘Hush-a-bye, my dear’

Dm C Dm Am Dm
CHORUS: And it’s cheer up, my lads – let your hearts never fail
C Dm Am Dm C Dm
For the bonny ship the ‘Diamond’ goes a-fishing for the whale

Dm C Dm Am Dm
And it’s cheer up, my lads – let your hearts never fail
C Dm Am Dm C Dm
For the bonny ship the ‘Diamond’ goes a-fishing for the whale

Dm C Dm Am Dm
And it’s cheer up, my lads – let your hearts never fail
C Dm Am Dm C Dm
For the bonny ship the ‘Diamond’ goes a-fishing for the whale

The Bonny Ship the ‘Diamond’

Traditional

Guitar – capo V (key of D minor)

Am Em Am Em
The ‘Diamond’ is a ship, my lads, to the Davis Strait she’s bound
Am Em Am G Am
And the quay it is all garnishèd with bonny lasses ’round
Em Am Em
Captain Thompson gives the order to sail the ocean wide
Am Em Am G Am
Where sun it never sets, my lads, nor darkness dims the sky

Am G Am Em Am
CHORUS: And it’s cheer up, my lads – let your hearts never fail
G Am Em Am G Am
For the bonny ship the ‘Diamond’ goes a-fishing for the whale

Am Em Am Em
Along the quays of Peterhead the lasses stand around
Am Em Am G Am
Their shawls all pulled about them and the salt tears running down
Em Am Em
Now don’t you weep, my bonny lass, though you be left behind
Am Em Am G Am
For the rose will bloom on Greenland’s ice before we change our mind **CHORUS**

Am Em Am Em
Here’s health to the ‘Resolution’, likewise the ‘Eliza Swan’
Am Em Am G Am
Here’s a health to the ‘Rattler of Leigh’, and the ‘Diamond’ ship of fame
Em Am Em
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Am Em Am Em
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Am Em Am G Am
In a ship that’s full of oil, my lads, and money to our name
Em Am Em
We’ll make the cradles all to rock, and the blankets for to tear
Am Em Am G Am
And ev’ry lass in Peterhead sing ‘Hush-a-bye, my dear’

Am G Am Em Am
CHORUS: And it’s cheer up, my lads – let your hearts never fail
G Am Em Am G Am
For the bonny ship the ‘Diamond’ goes a-fishing for the whale

Am G Am Em Am
And it’s cheer up, my lads – let your hearts never fail
G Am Em Am G Am
For the bonny ship the ‘Diamond’ goes a-fishing for the whale

The Bonny Ship the 'Diamond'

Traditional

** Chords in parentheses – guitar capo V (optional)*

arr. Peter McLaren

2. Along the quays of Peterhead the lasses stand around
   Their shawls all pulled about them and the salt tears running down
   Now 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 CHORUS

3. Here's health to the 'Resolution', likewise the 'Eliza Swan'
   Here's a health to the 'Rattler of Leigh', and the 'Diamond' ship of fame
   We wear the trousers of the white, the jackets of the blue
   When we return to Peterhead we'll have sweethearts enoo' CHORUS

4. Oh, it will be bright both day and night when the whaling lads come home
   In a ship that's full of oil, my lads, and money to our name
   We'll make the cradles all to rock, and the blankets for to tear
   And ev'ry lass in Peterhead sing 'Hush-a-bye, my dear' CHORUS *(x 2)*