

## Waters of Tyne

Sting

I cannot get to my love if I would die  
For the waters of Tyne run between her and me  
And here I must stand with a tear in my 'ee  
Both sighing and sickly my true love to see

Oh, where is the boatman, oh, my bonny hinny?  
Oh, where is the boatman? Bring him to me  
To ferry me over the Tyne to my honey  
And I will remember the boatman and thee

It's starting to rain and I'm froze to the marrow  
I see her as plainly as she can see me  
It's less than a mile between North Shields and Jarrow  
And the ship of my heart's carried out to the sea

Oh, bring me a boatman, I'll give any money  
And you for your trouble, rewarded shall be  
To ferry me over the Tyne to my honey  
Or scull her across that rough river to me