

Waters Of Tyne

Northumberland, 1793

I cannot get to my love if I would die;
The water of Tyne runs between her and me
And here I must stand with a tear in my 'ee,
Both sighing and sickly, my sweetheart to see

I cannot get to my love, if I would die;
The water of Tyne runs between her and me
And here I must stand with a tear in my 'ee,
Both sighing and sickly my sweetheart to see

Oh, where is the boatman, 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

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