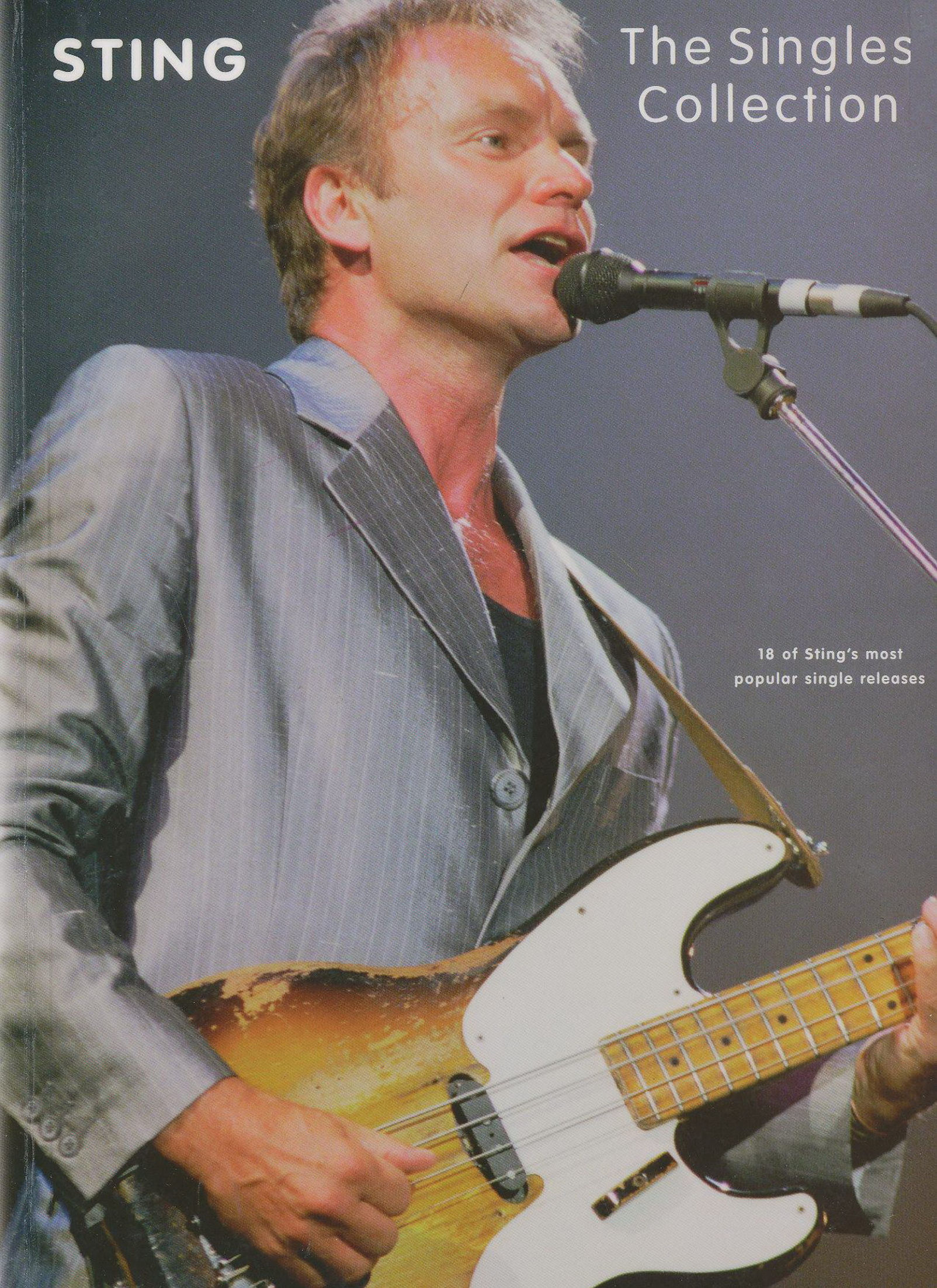
STING

The Singles Collection



18 of Sting's most popular single releases

STING
The Singles Collection

PIANO/VOCAL/GUITAR

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As publishers, we strive to produce every book to the highest commercial standards.
The book has been carefully designed to minimise awkward page turns and
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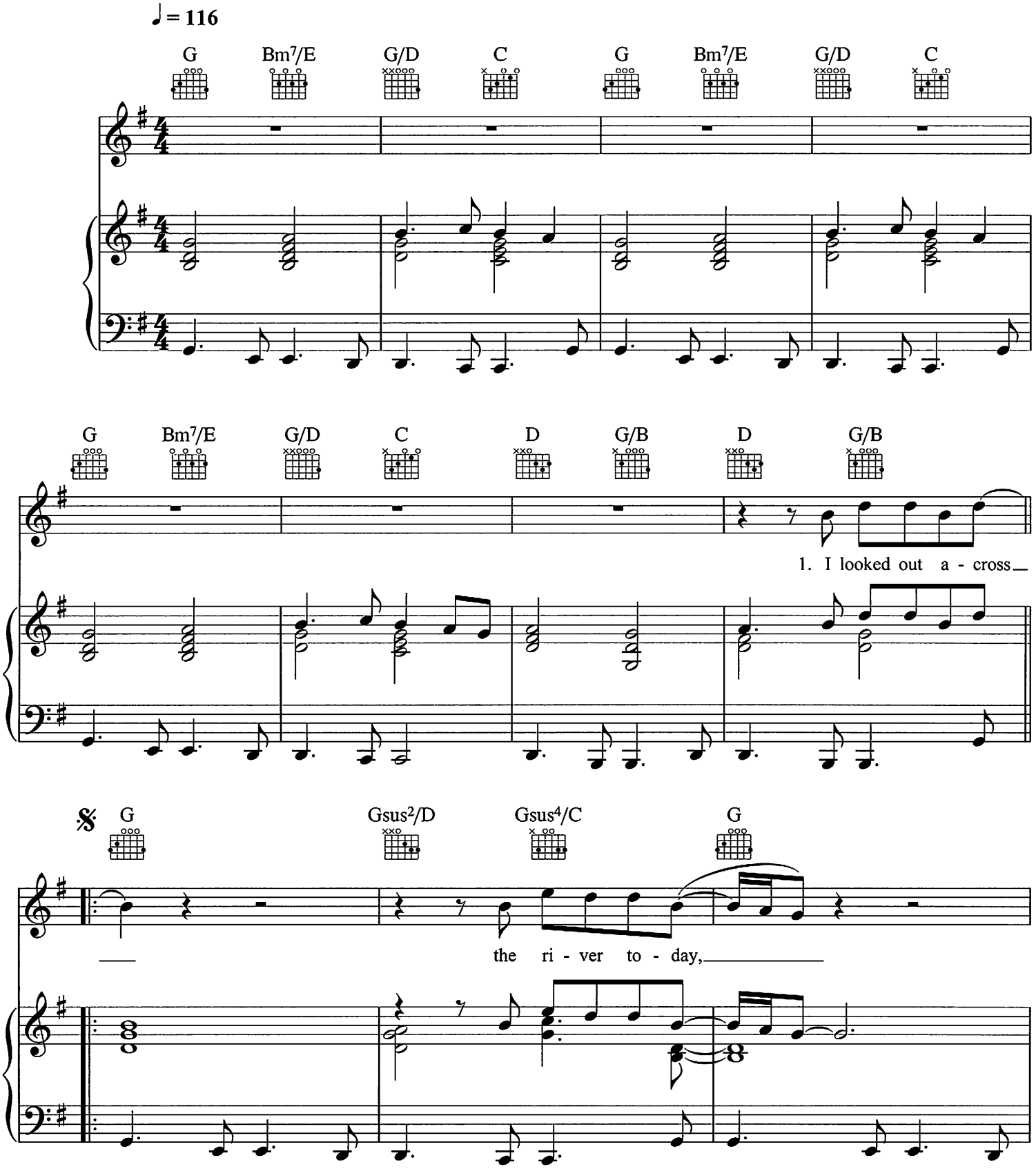
Throughout, the printing and binding have been planned to ensure a sturdy,
attractive publication which should give years of enjoyment.
If your copy fails to meet our high standards, please inform us and we will gladly replace it.

All This Time · 4
Brand New Day · 12
Fields Of Gold · 18
Fortress Around Your Heart · 23
Desert Rose · 28
Englishman In New York · 36
Fragile · 42
If You Love Somebody Set Them Free · 47
If I Ever Lose My Faith In You · 52
Let Your Soul Be Your Pilot · 58
Mad About You · 64
Moon Over Bourbon Street · 70
Send Your Love · 75
Seven Days · 82
Russians · 91
Shape Of My Heart · 96
We'll Be Together · 102
When We Dance · 106

All This Time

Words & Music by Sting



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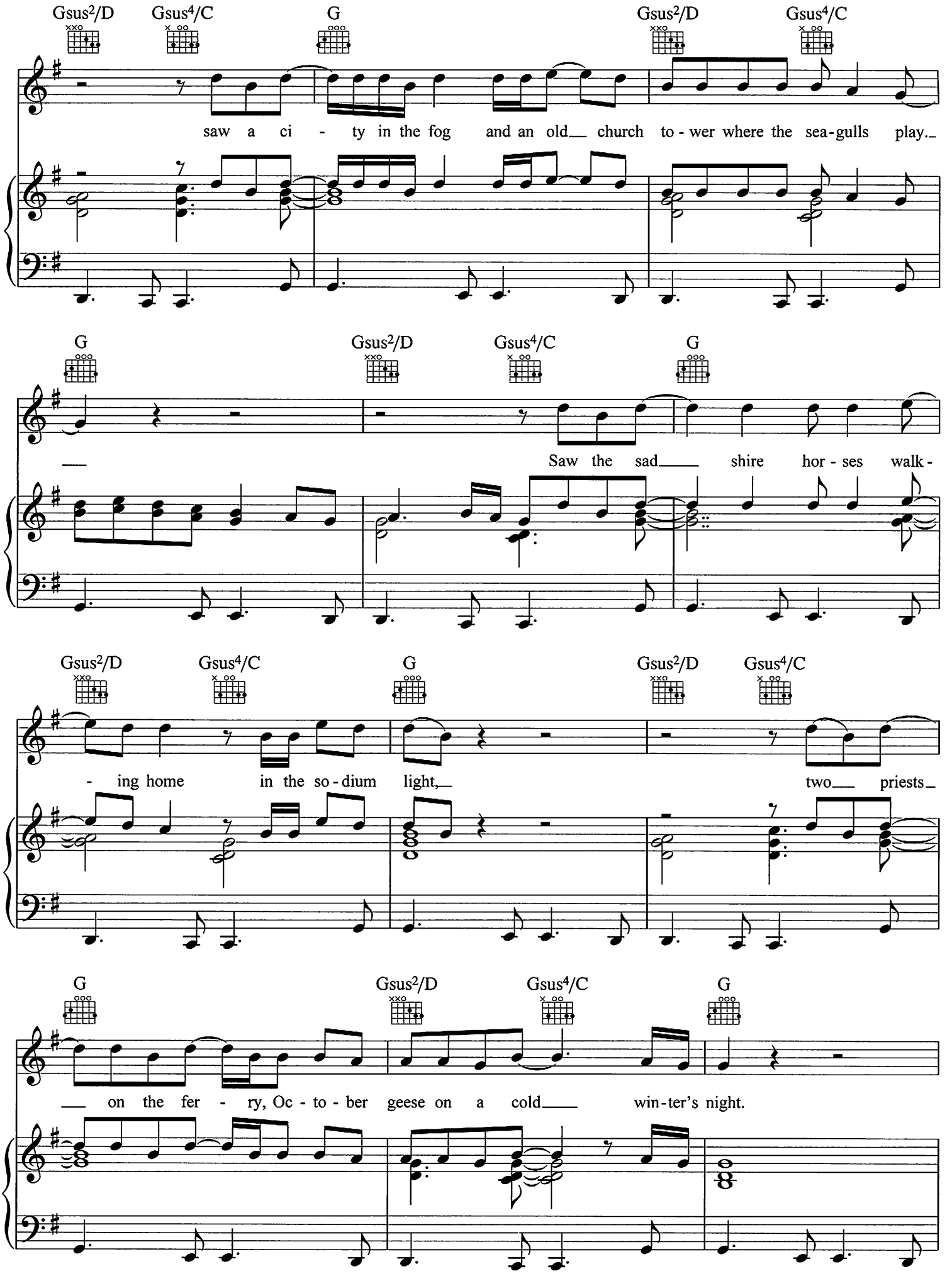
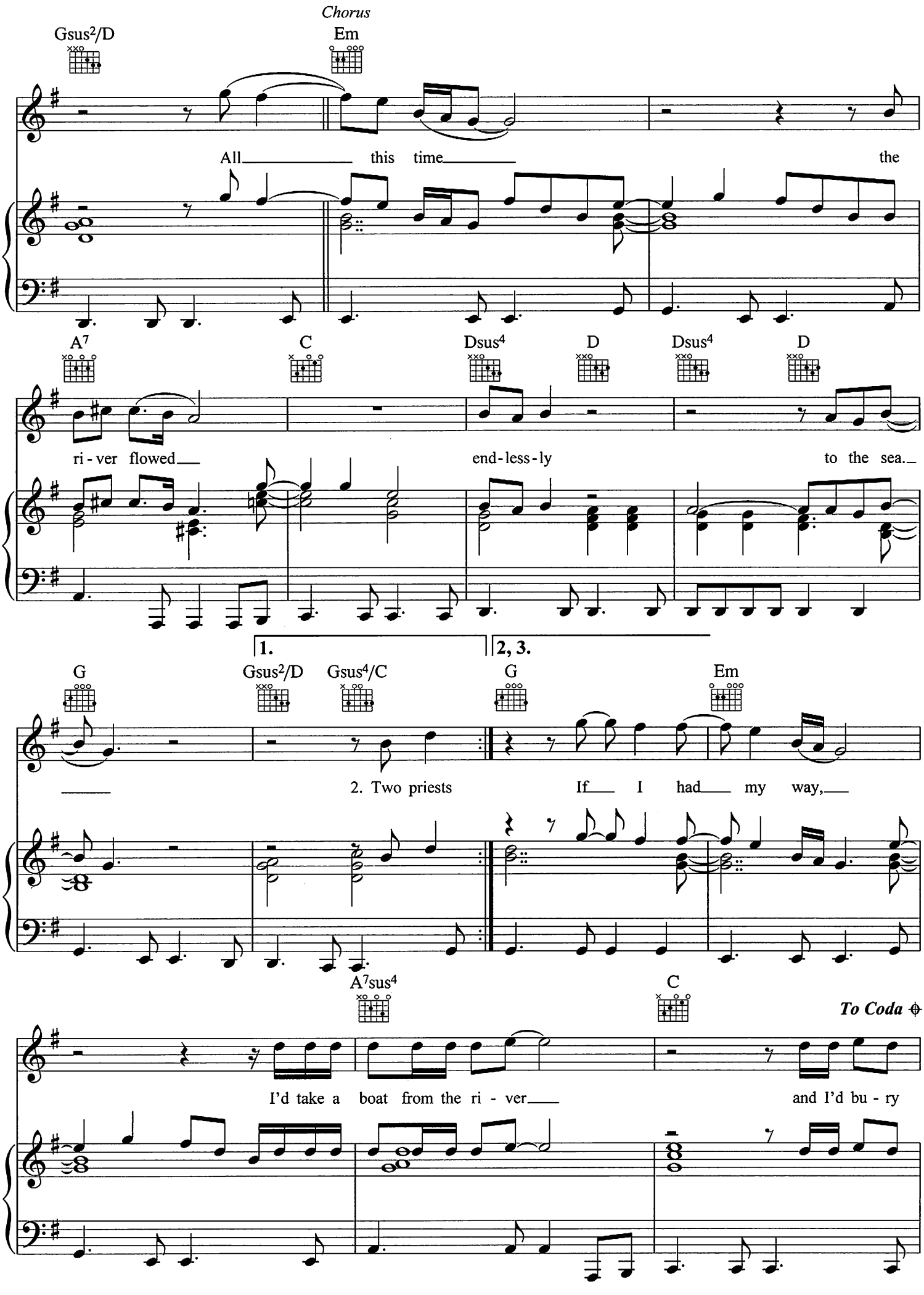
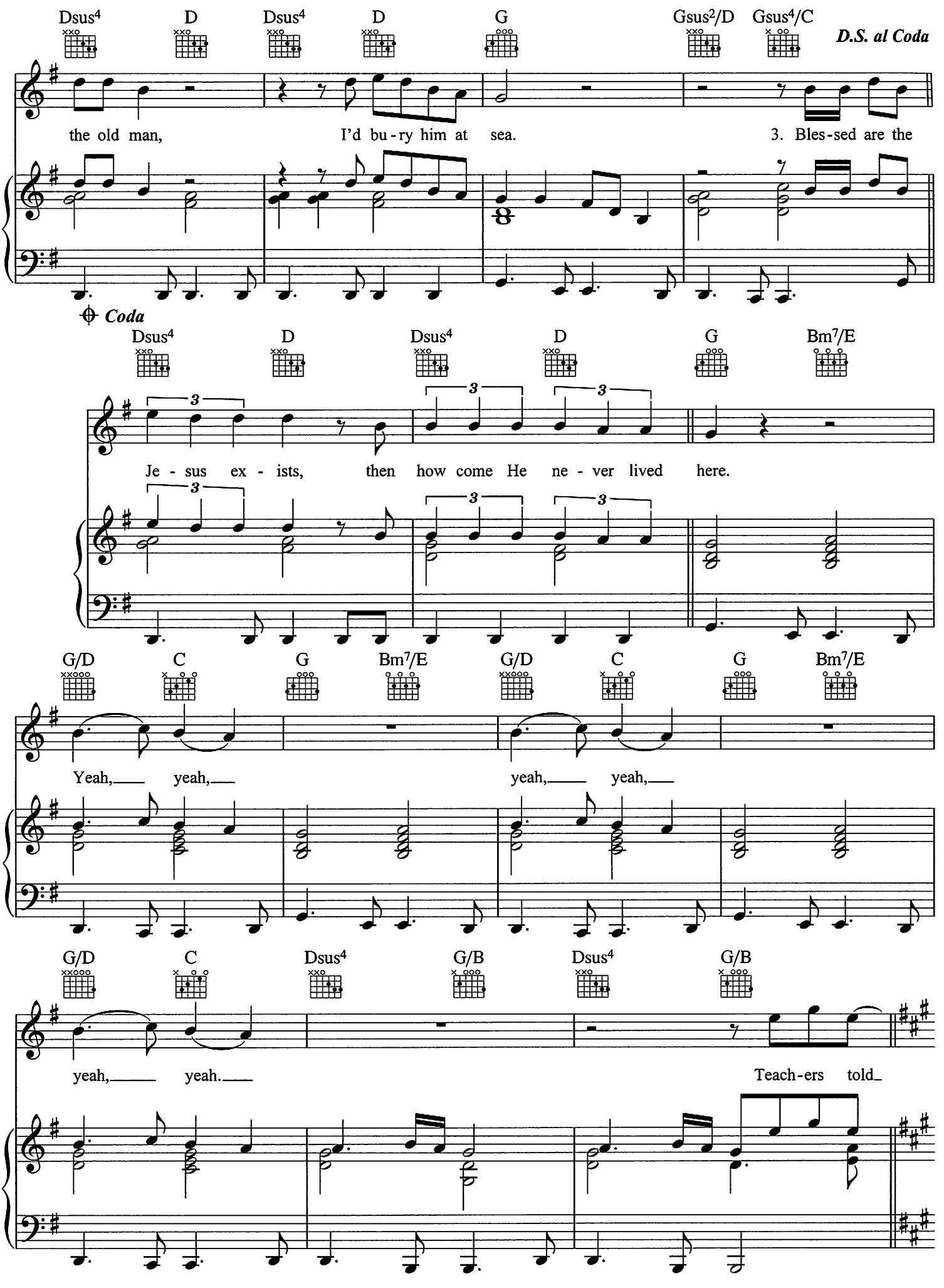
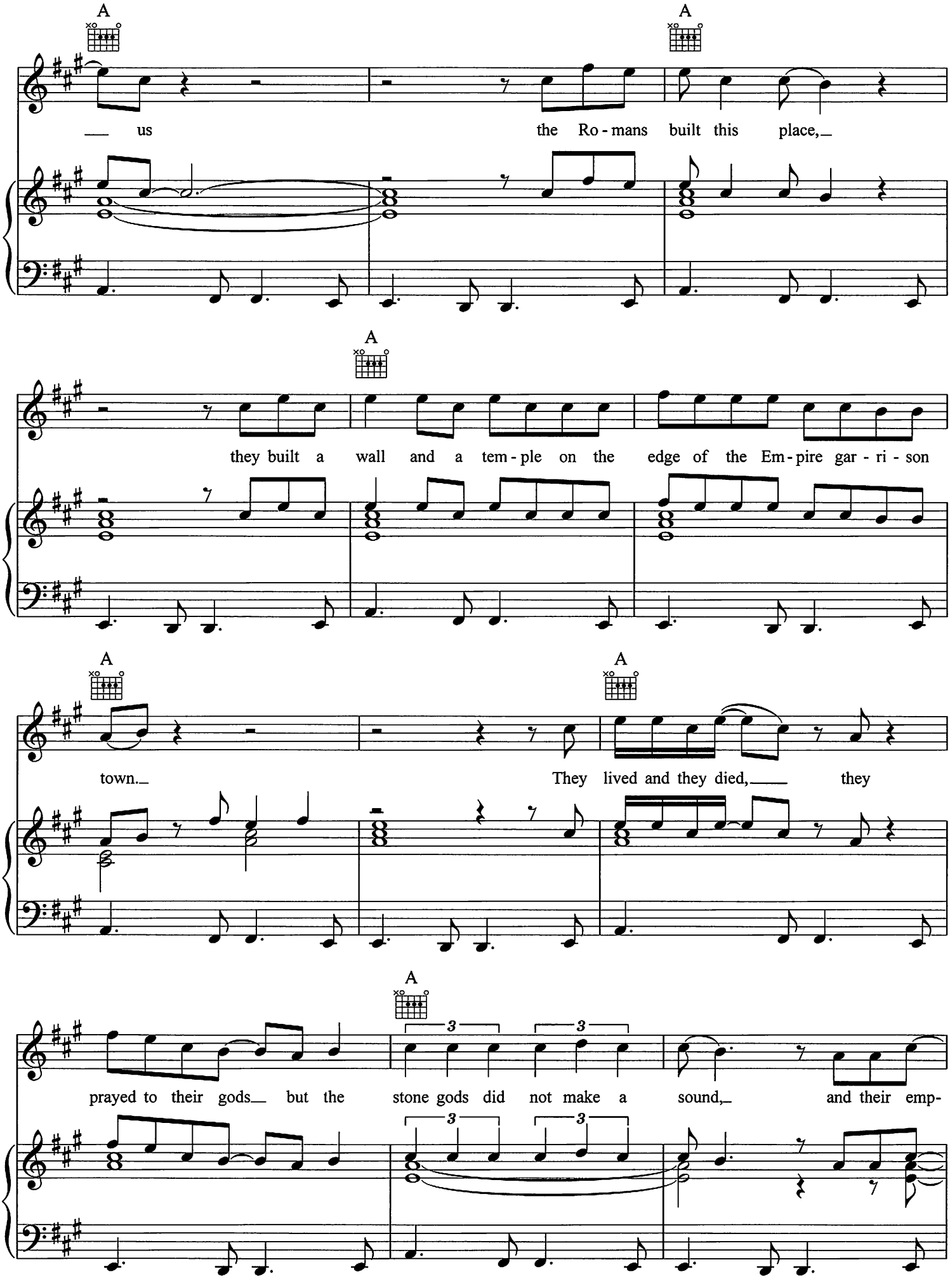
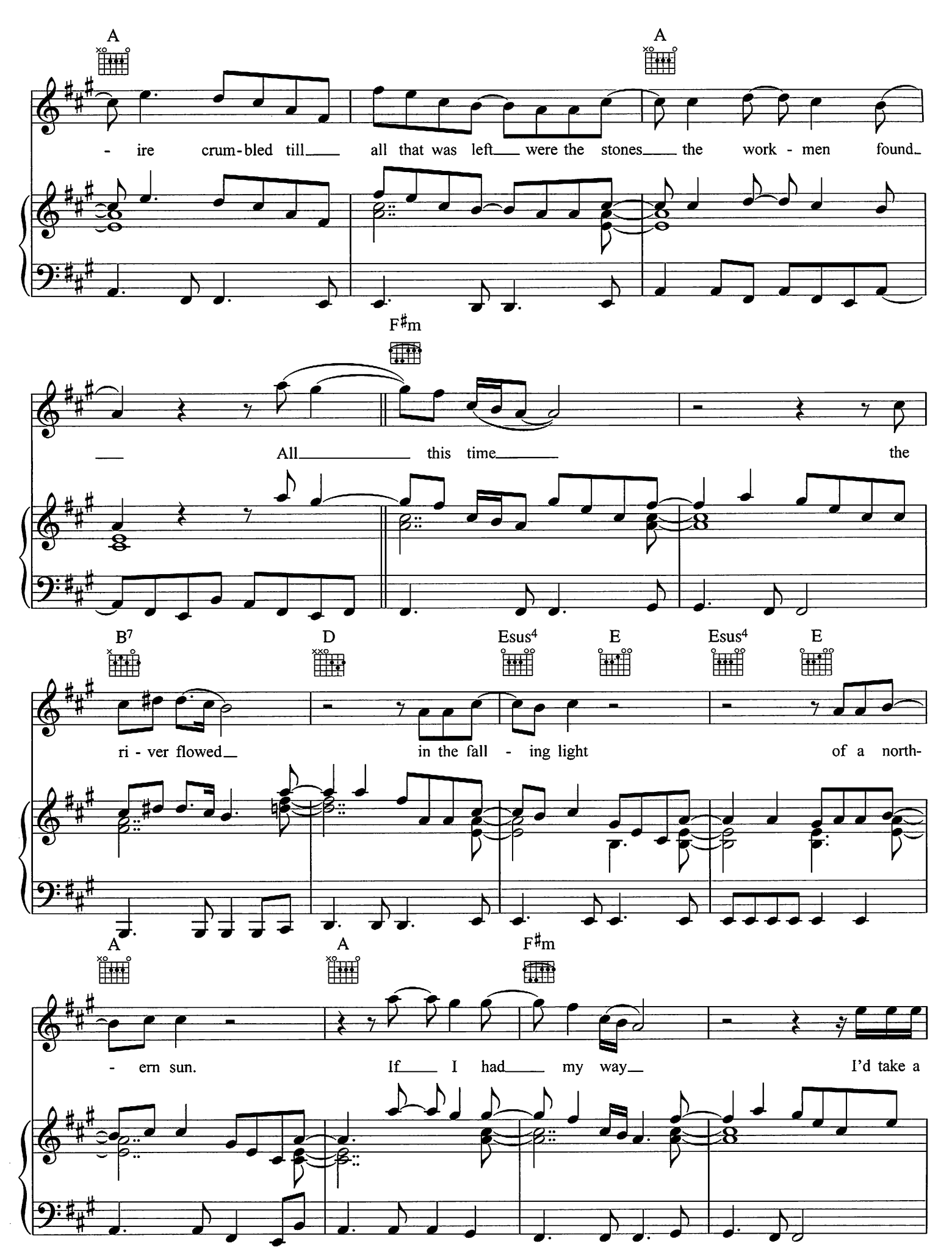
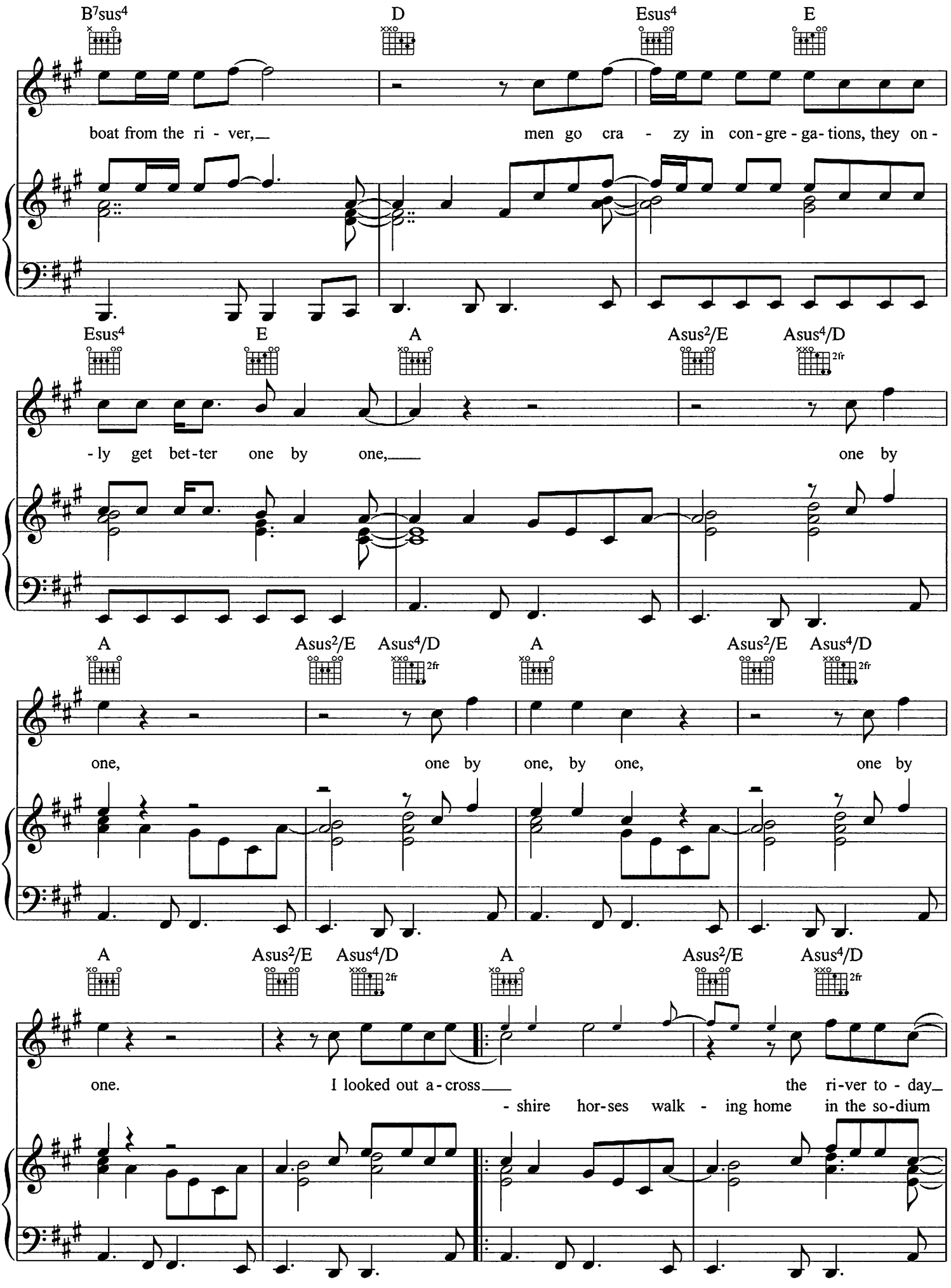

Gsus2/D Gsus4/C G Gsus2/D Gsus4/C
saw a ci - ty in the fog and an old church to - wer where the sea-gulls play.
G Gsus2/D Gsus4/C G
Saw the sad shire hor - ses walk -
Gsus2/D Gsus4/C G Gsus2/D Gsus4/C
- ing home in the so - dium light, two priests
G Gsus2/D Gsus4/C G
on the fer - ry, Oc - to - ber geese on a cold win-ter's night.

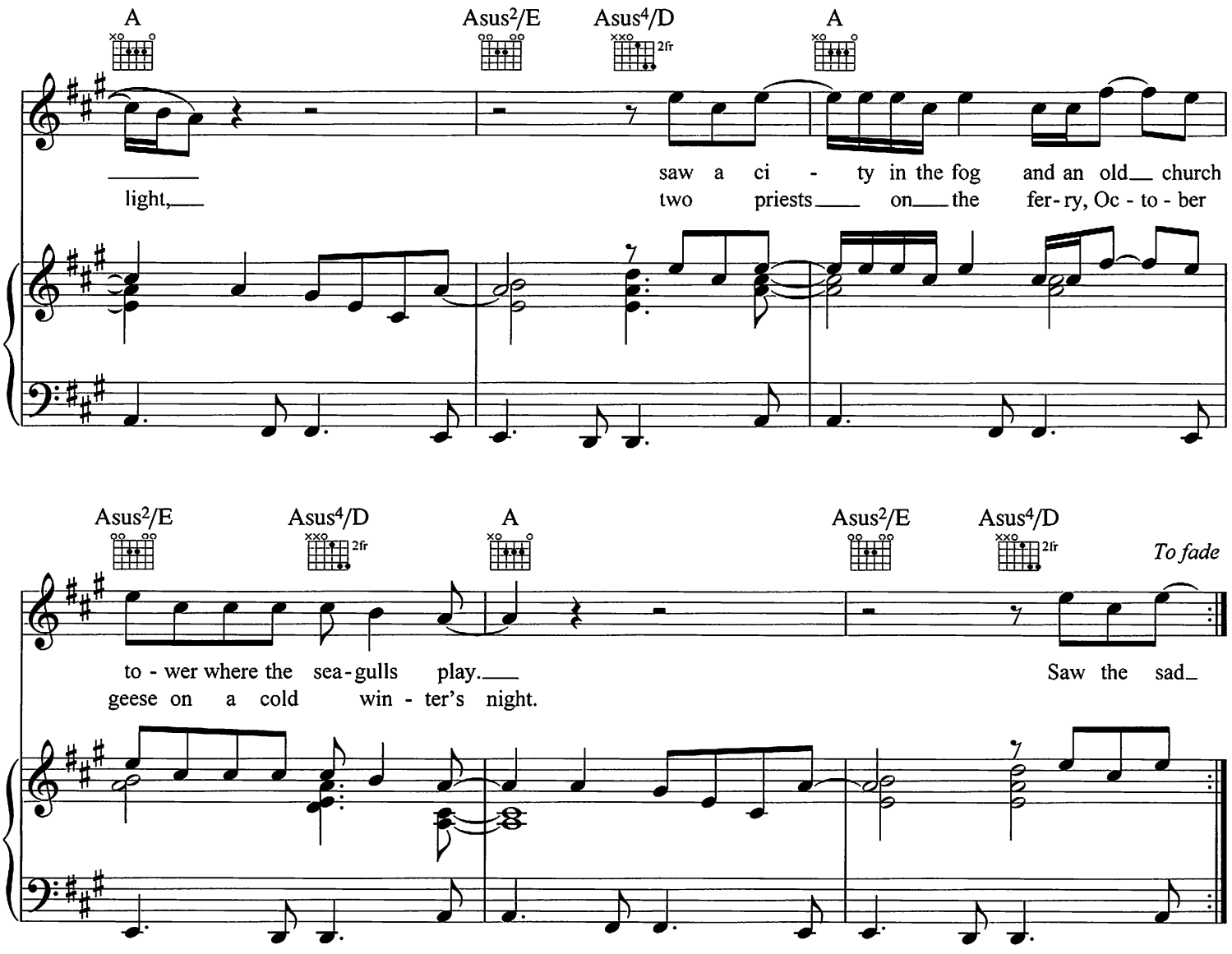

Chorus
Gsus2/D
Em
All this time the
A7
C
Dsus4
D
Dsus4
D
ri - ver flowed
end - less - ly
to the sea.
1.
2, 3.
G
Gsus2/D
Gsus4/C
G
Em
2. Two priests
If I had my way,
A7sus4
C
To Coda
I'd take a boat from the ri - ver
and I'd bu - ry


Dsus4 D Dsus4 D G Gsus2/D Gsus4/C
D.S. al Coda
the old man, I'd bu-ry him at sea. 3. Bles-sed are the
Coda
Dsus4 D Dsus4 D G Bm7/E
Je - sus ex - ists, then how come He ne - ver lived here.
G/D C G Bm7/E G/D C G Bm7/E
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah,
G/D C Dsus4 G/B Dsus4 G/B
yeah, yeah. Teach-ers told


A
A
us the Ro - mans built this place,
A
they built a wall and a tem - ple on the edge of the Em - pire gar - ri - son
A
A
town. They lived and they died, they
A
3
3
prayed to their gods but the stone gods did not make a sound, and their emp-


A
A
- ire crum - bled till all that was left were the stones the work - men found
F♯m
All this time the
B7
D
Esus4
E
Esus4
E
ri - ver flowed in the fall - ing light of a north-
A
A
F♯m
- ern sun. If I had my way I'd take a


B7sus4
D
Esus4
E
boat from the ri - ver,
men go cra - zy in con-gre-ga-tions, they on-
Esus4
E
A
Asus2/E
Asus4/D
2fr
-ly get bet-ter one by one,
one by
A
Asus2/E
Asus4/D
2fr
A
Asus2/E
Asus4/D
2fr
one,
one by
one, by one,
one by
A
Asus2/E
Asus4/D
2fr
A
Asus2/E
Asus4/D
2fr
one.
I looked out a-cross
the ri-ver to - day
- shire hor-ses walk - ing home in the so-dium



Verse 2:
Two priests came round our house tonight
One young, one old, to offer prayers for the dying,
To serve the final rite
One to learn, one to teach
Which way the cold wind blows
Fussing and flapping in priestly black
Like a murder of crows

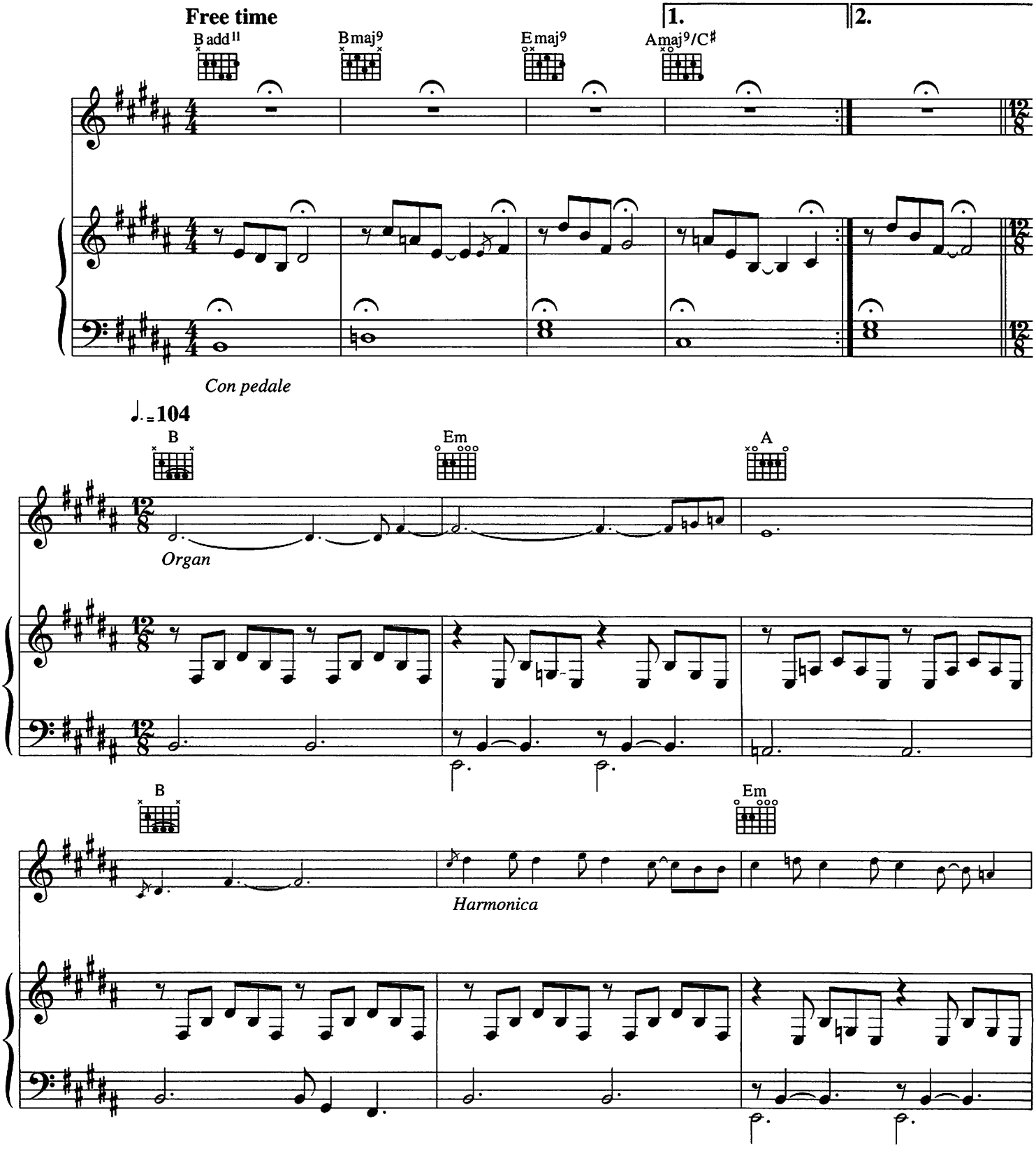
Chorus:

Verse 3:
Blessed are the poor, for they shall inherit the earth
Better to be poor than be a fat man in the eye of the needle
And as these words were spoken I swear I hear
The old man laughing
What good is a used up world,
And how could it be worth having.

Chorus 3:
All this time the river flowed
Endlessly like a silent tear
And all this time the river flowed
Father, if Jesus exists then how come He never lived here.

Brand New Day

Words & Music by Sting



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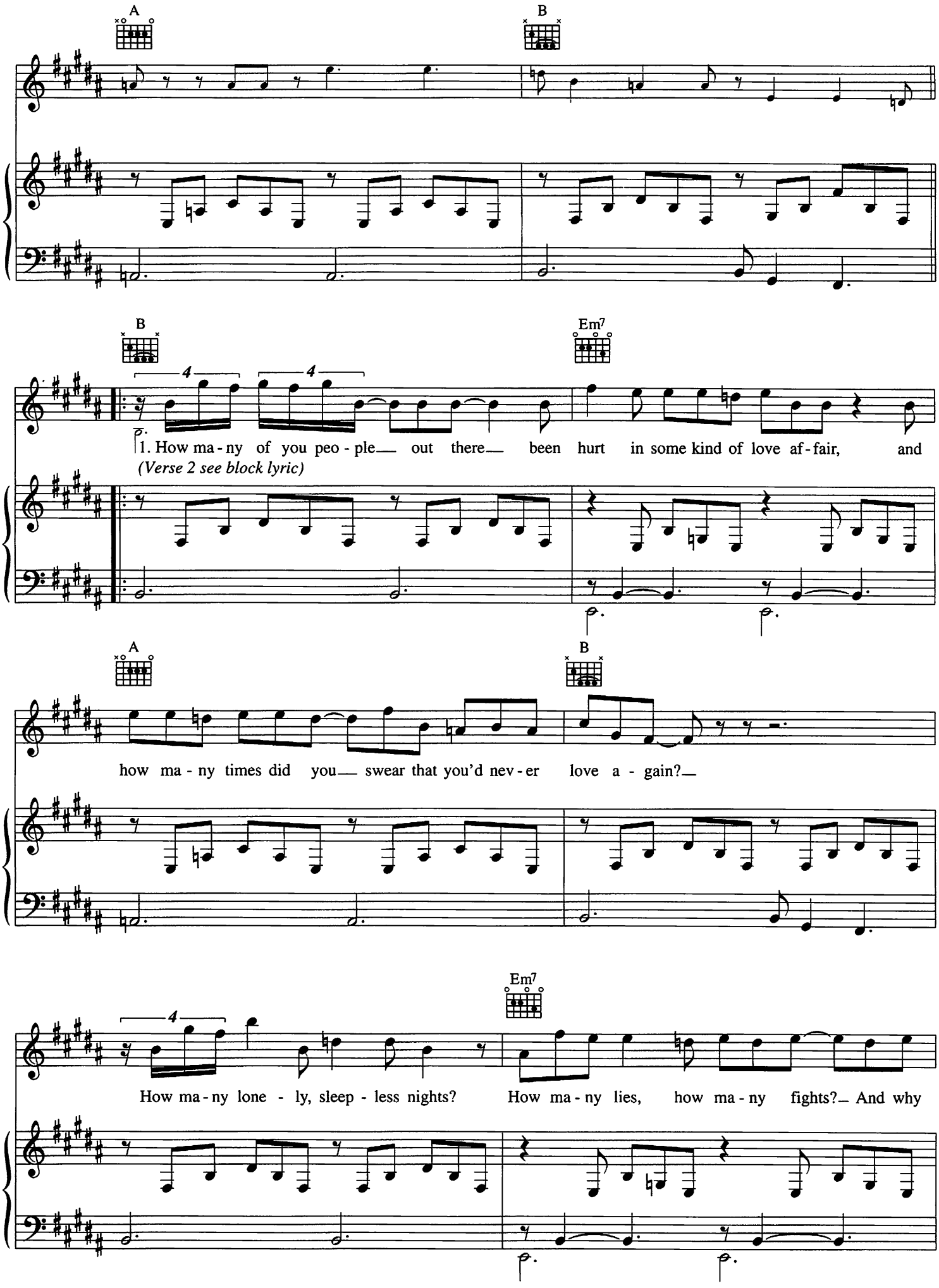
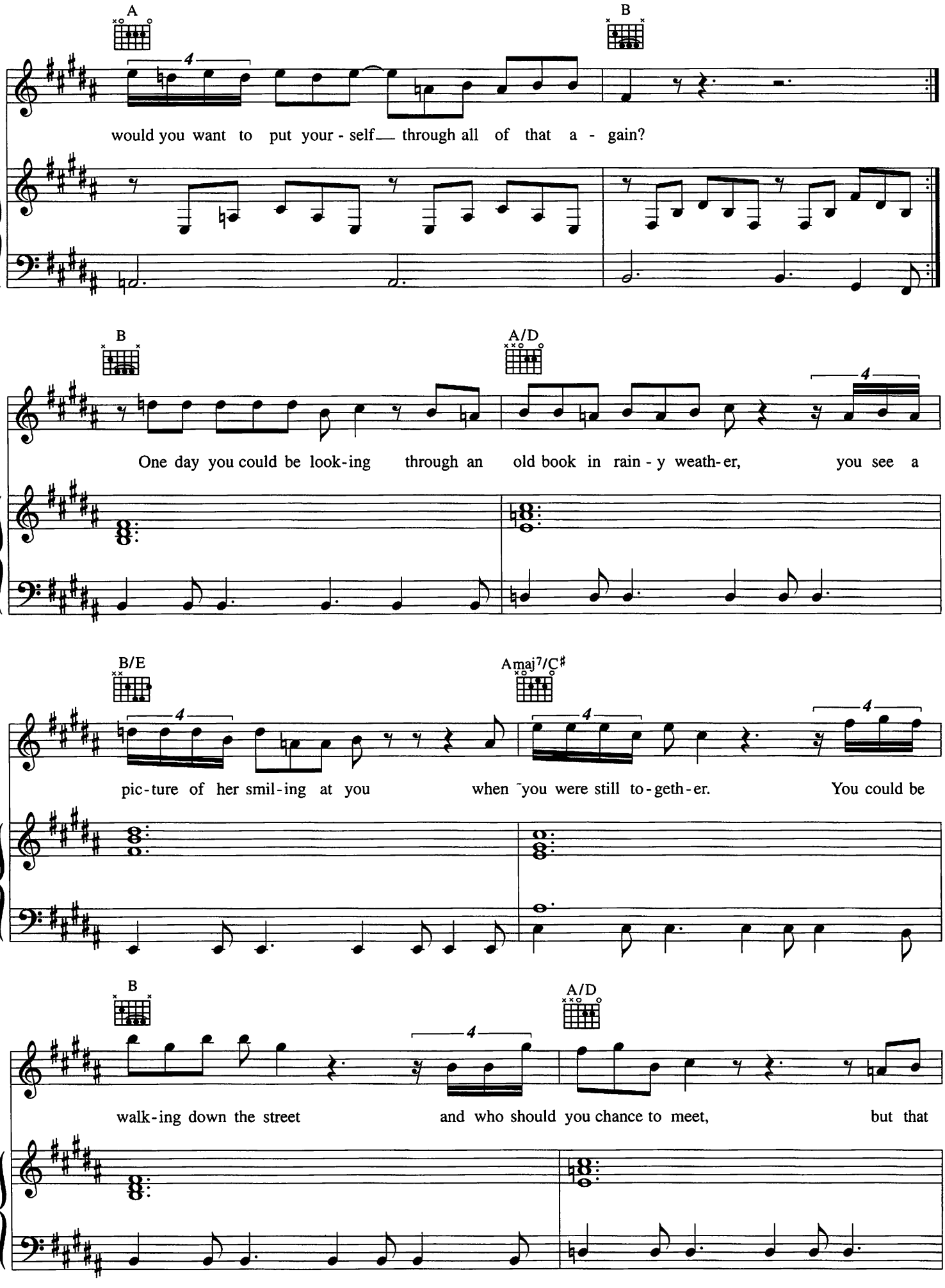
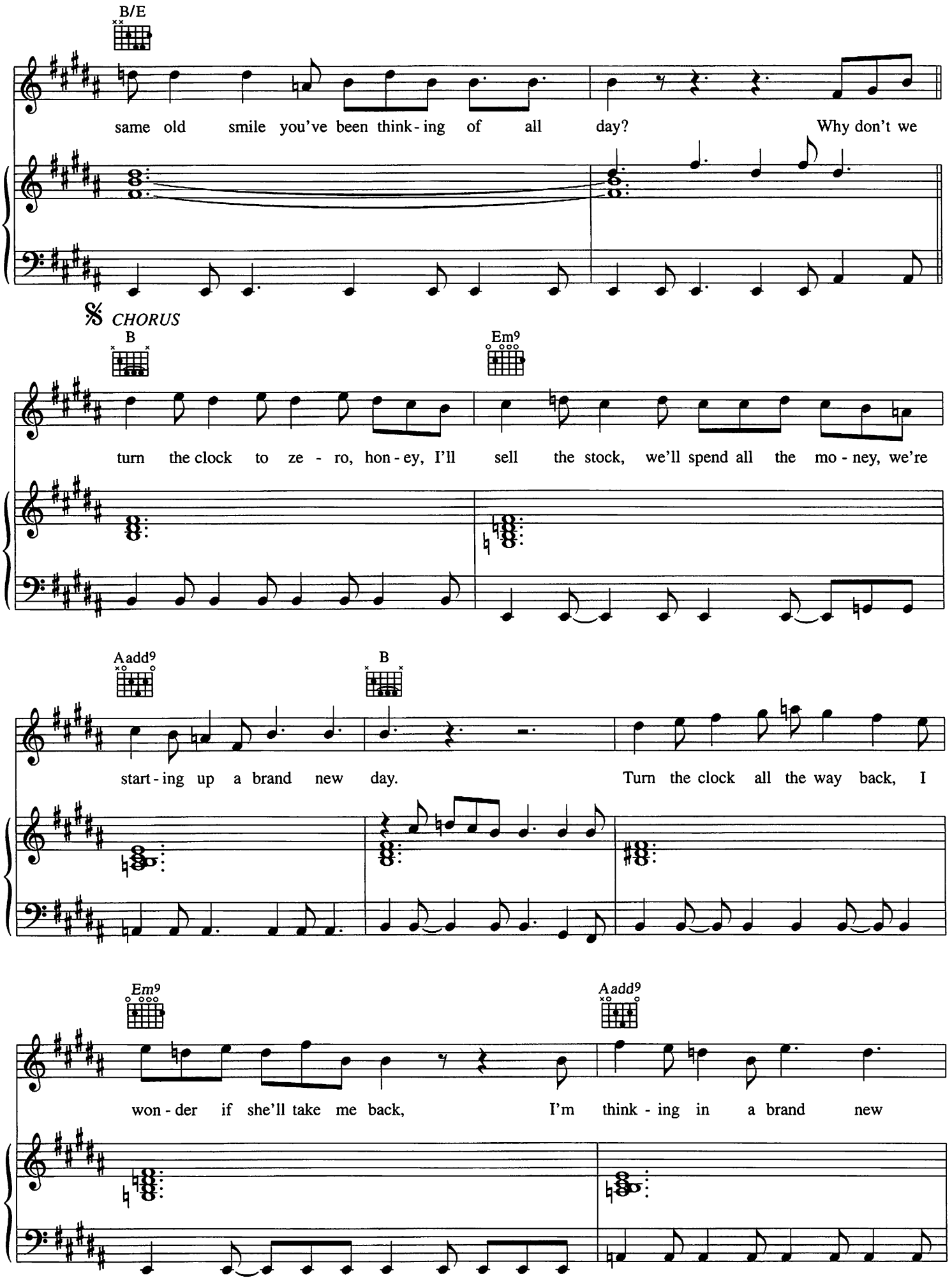
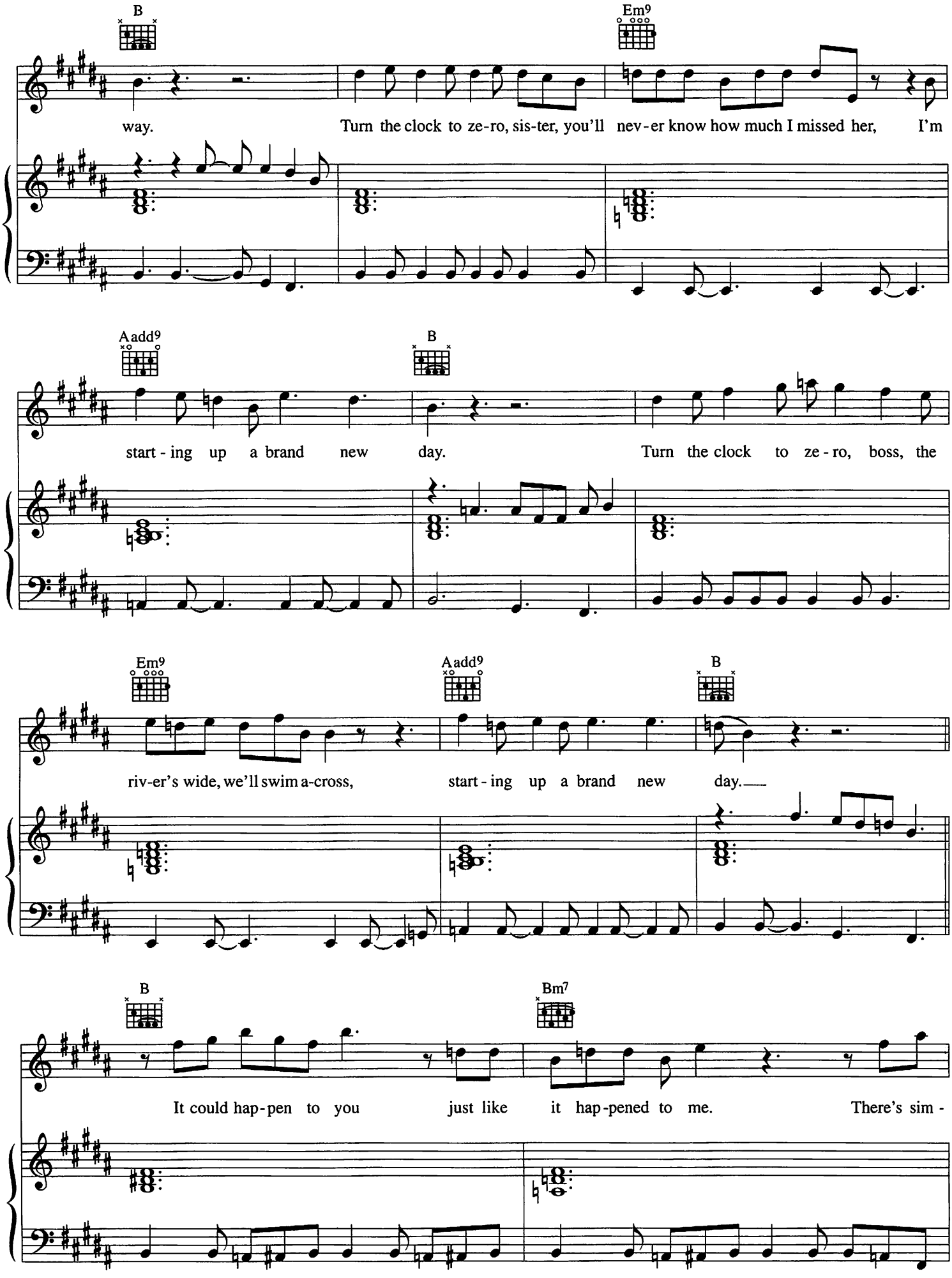
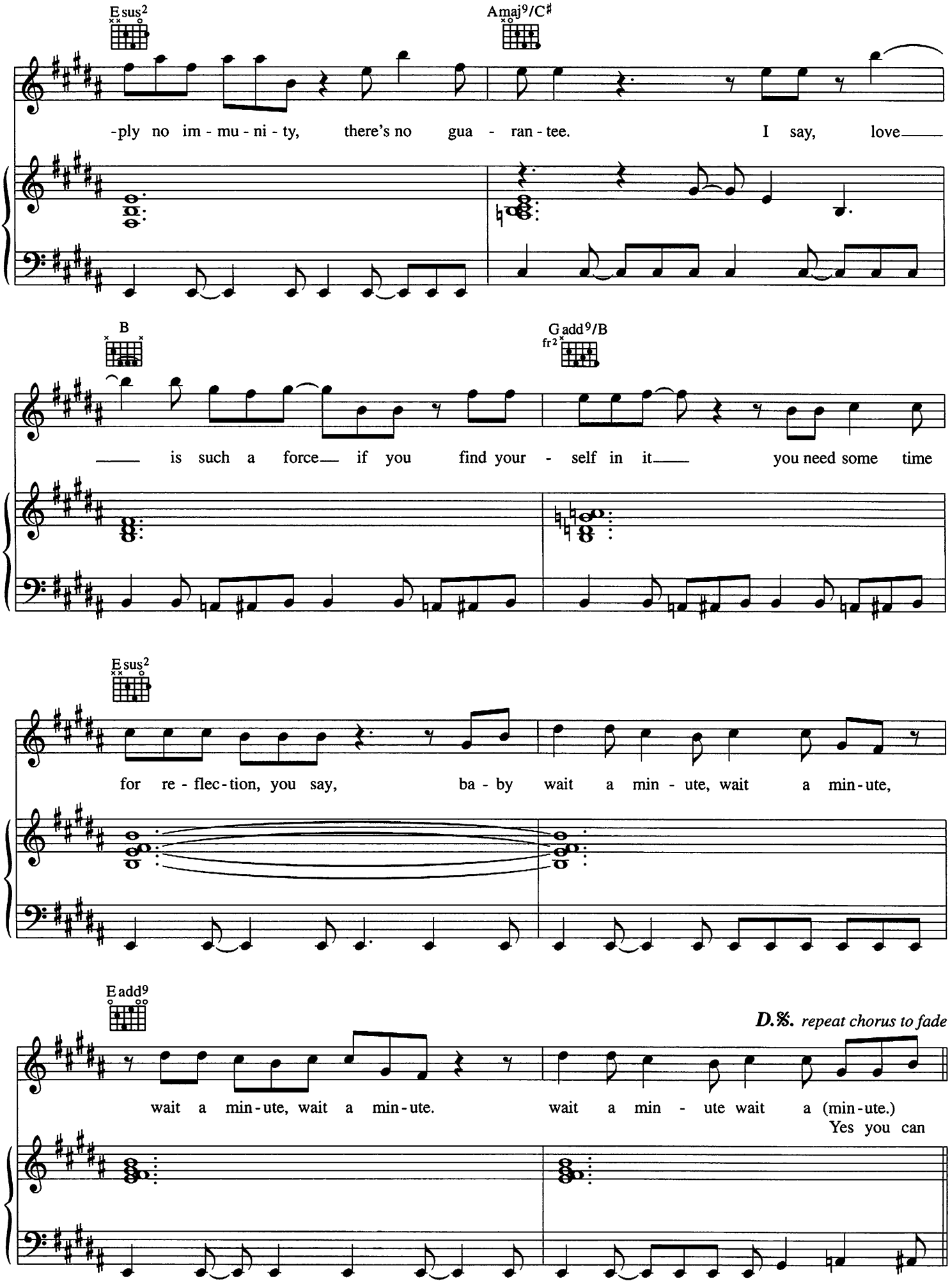

A
B
B
Em7
1. How ma - ny of you peo - ple out there been hurt in some kind of love af - fair, and
(Verse 2 see block lyric)
A
B
how ma - ny times did you swear that you'd nev - er love a - gain?
Em7
How ma - ny lone - ly, sleep - less nights? How ma - ny lies, how ma - ny fights? And why


A
B
would you want to put your - self through all of that a - gain?
B
A/D
One day you could be look-ing through an old book in rain - y weath-er, you see a
B/E
Amaj7/C♯
pic-ture of her smil-ing at you when you were still to-geth-er. You could be
B
A/D
walk-ing down the street and who should you chance to meet, but that

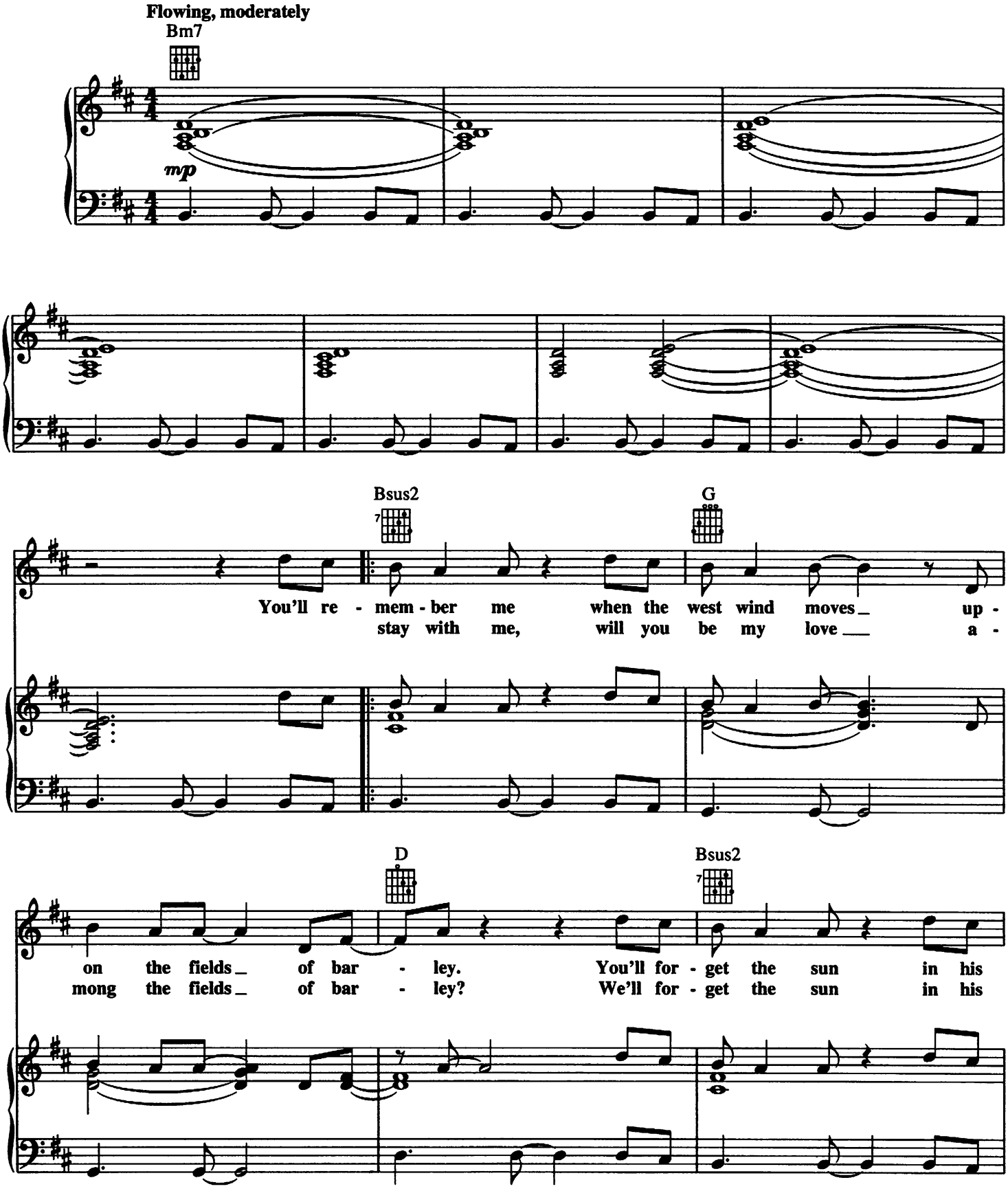

B/E
same old smile you've been think-ing of all day? Why don't we
𝄋 CHORUS
B
Em9
turn the clock to ze - ro, hon-ey, I'll sell the stock, we'll spend all the mo-ney, we're
Aadd9
B
start-ing up a brand new day. Turn the clock all the way back, I
Em9
Aadd9
won-der if she'll take me back, I'm think-ing in a brand new


B
Em9
way.
Turn the clock to ze-ro, sis-ter, you'll nev-er know how much I missed her, I'm
Aadd9
B
start-ing up a brand new day.
Turn the clock to ze-ro, boss, the
Em9
Aadd9
B
riv-er's wide, we'll swim a-cross,
start-ing up a brand new day.
B
Bm7
It could hap-pen to you
just like it hap-pened to me.
There's sim-


Esus2
Amaj9/C♯
-ply no im - mu - ni - ty, there's no gua - ran - tee. I say, love
B
Gadd9/B
fr2
is such a force if you find your - self in it you need some time
Esus2
for re - flec - tion, you say, ba - by wait a min - ute, wait a min - ute,
Eadd9
D.S. repeat chorus to fade
wait a min - ute, wait a min - ute. wait a min - ute wait a (min - ute.)
Yes you can

Fields Of Gold

Words & Music by Sting



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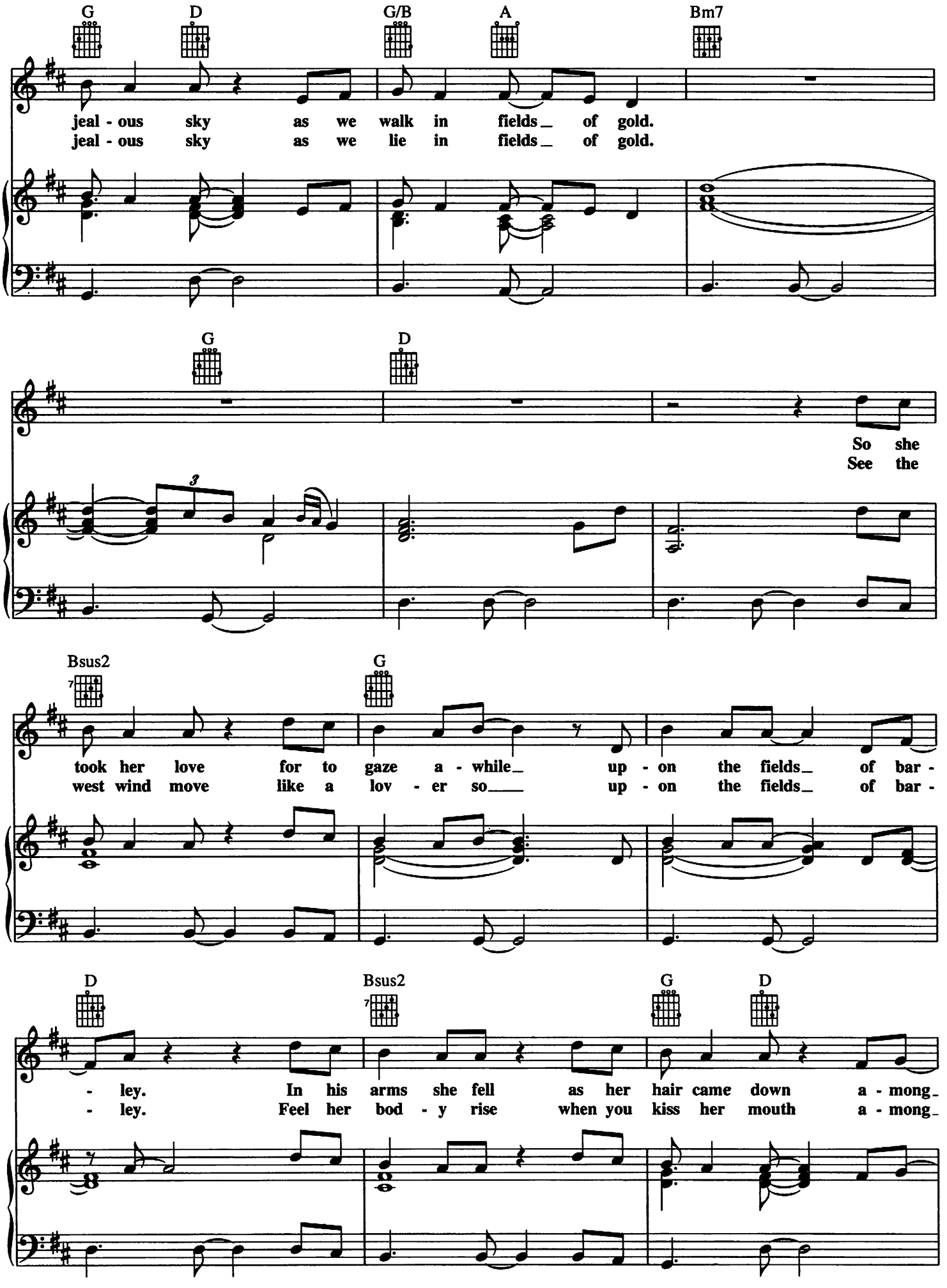
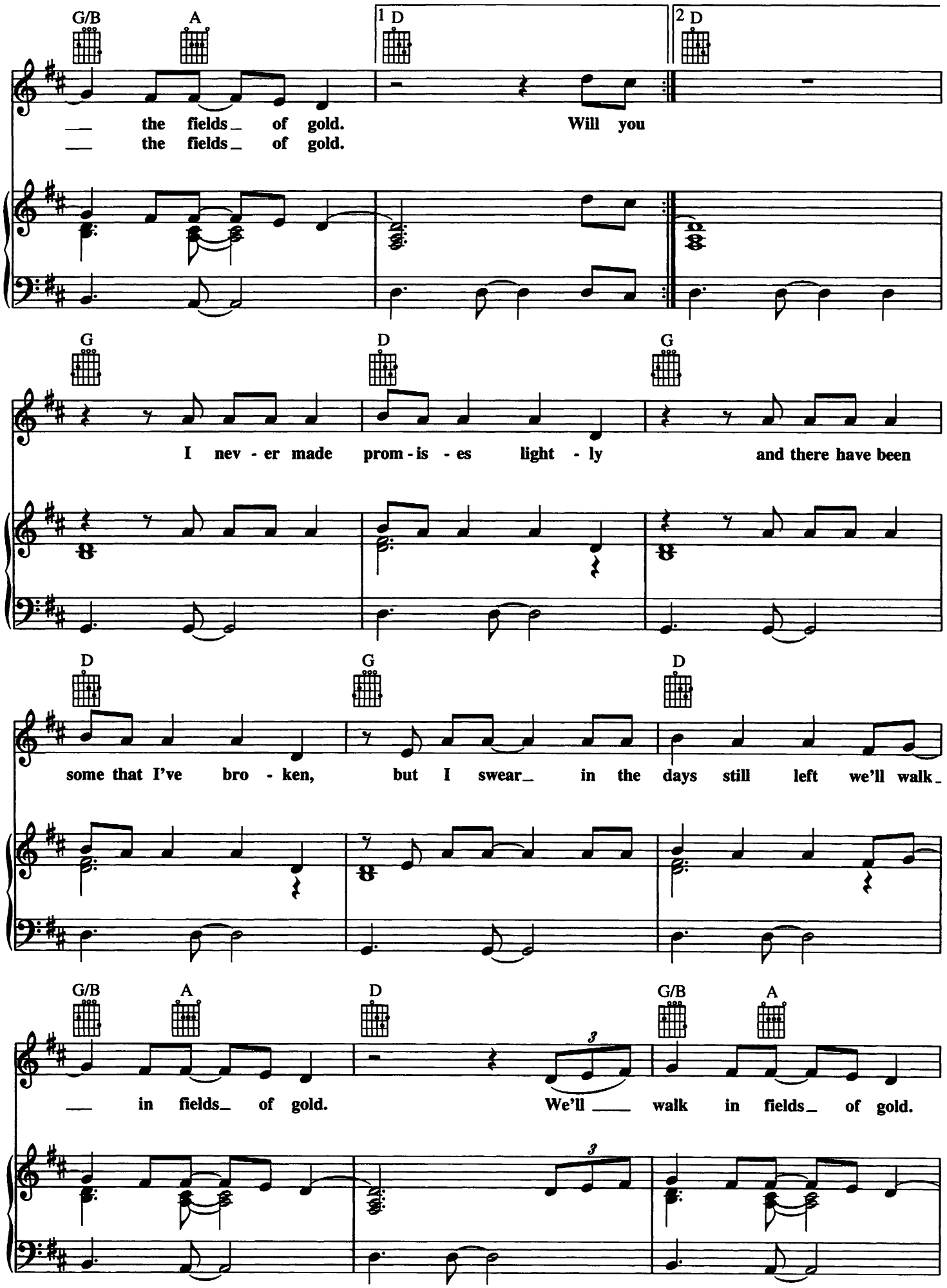
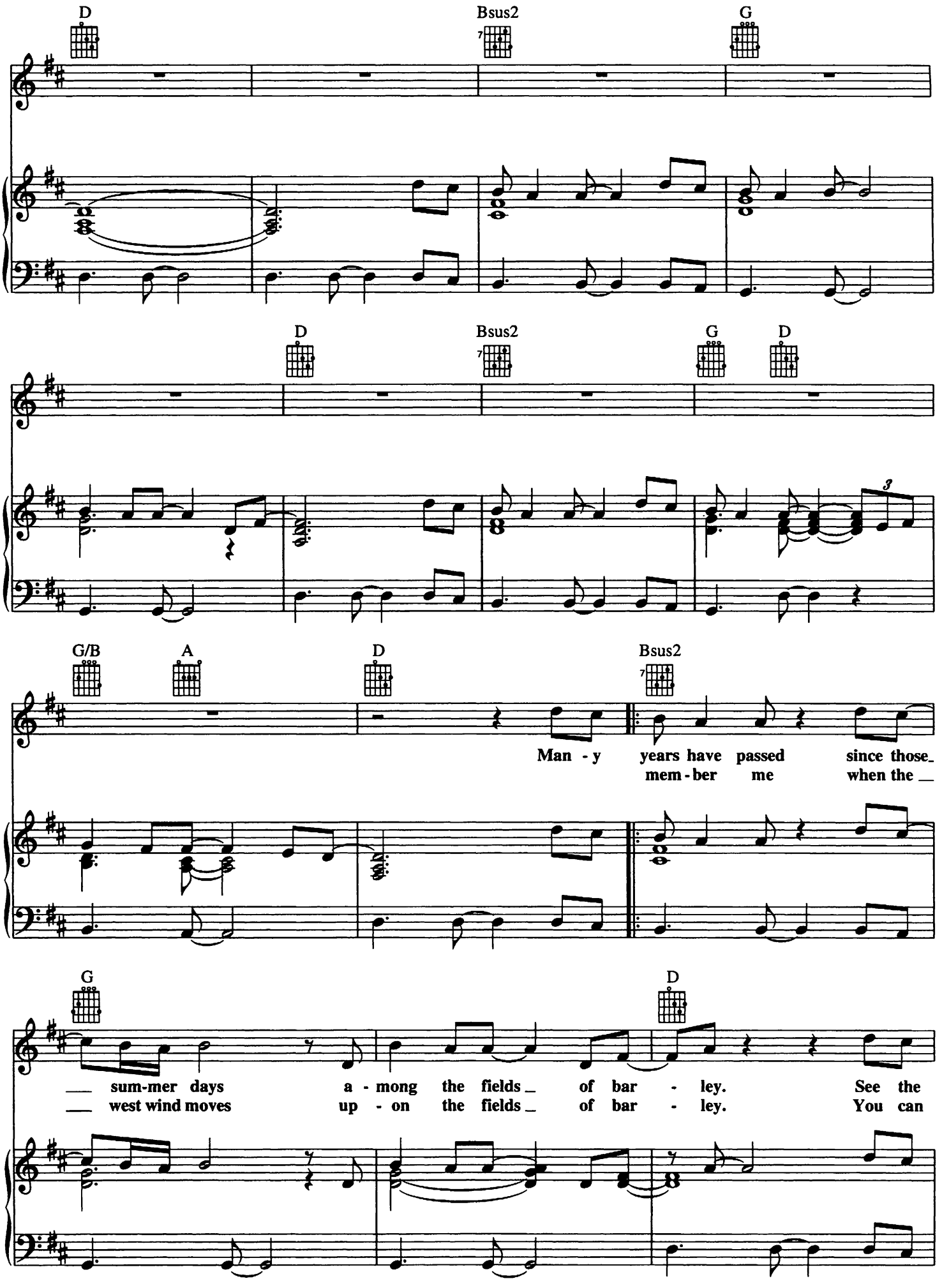
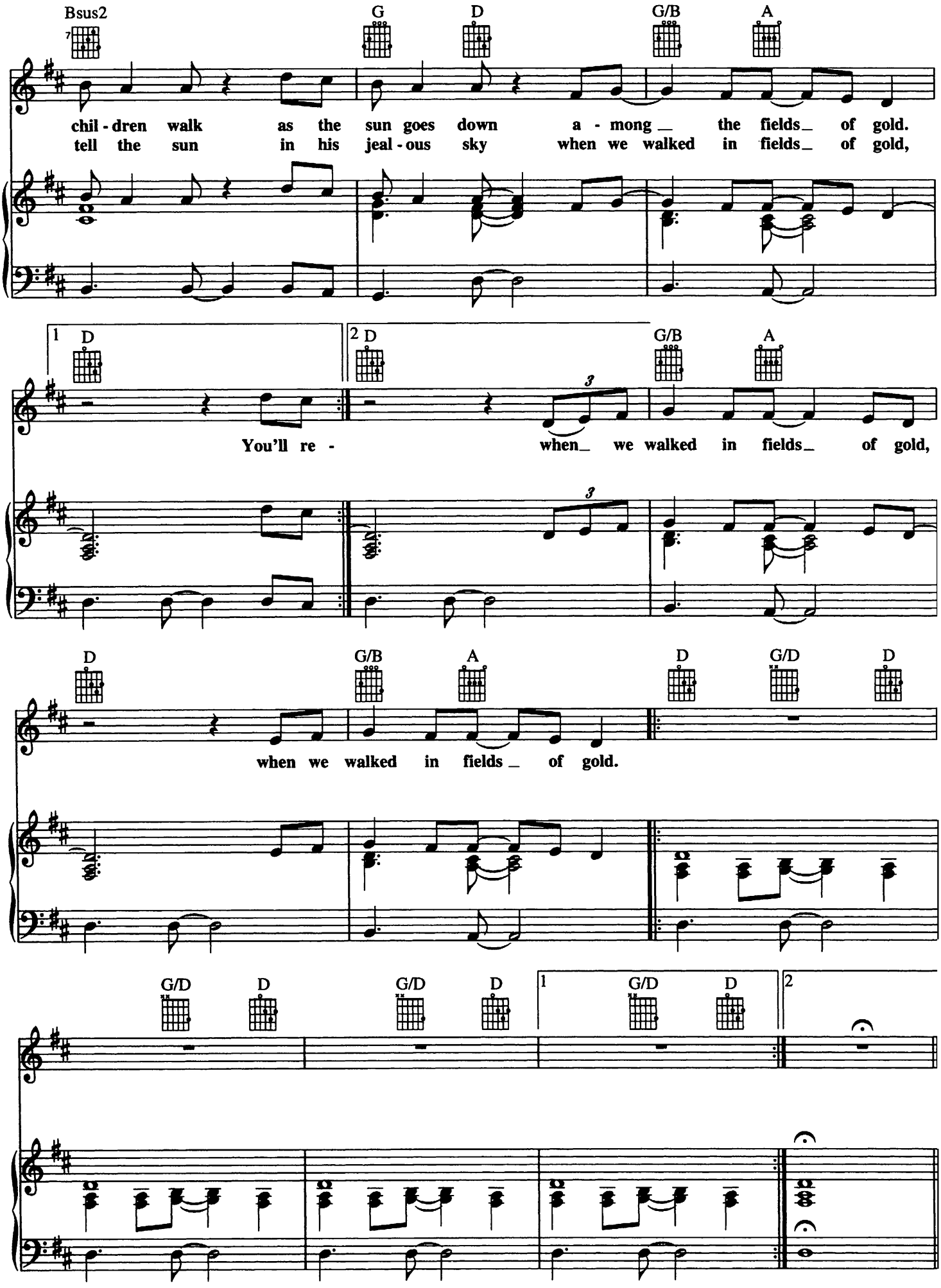

G
D
G/B
A
Bm7
jeal - ous sky as we walk in fields_ of gold.
jeal - ous sky as we lie in fields_ of gold.
G
D
So she
See the
Bsus2
G
took her love for to gaze a - while_ up - on the fields_ of bar -
west wind move like a lov - er so___ up - on the fields_ of bar -
D
Bsus2
G
D
- ley. In his arms she fell as her hair came down a - mong_
- ley. Feel her bod - y rise when you kiss her mouth a - mong_

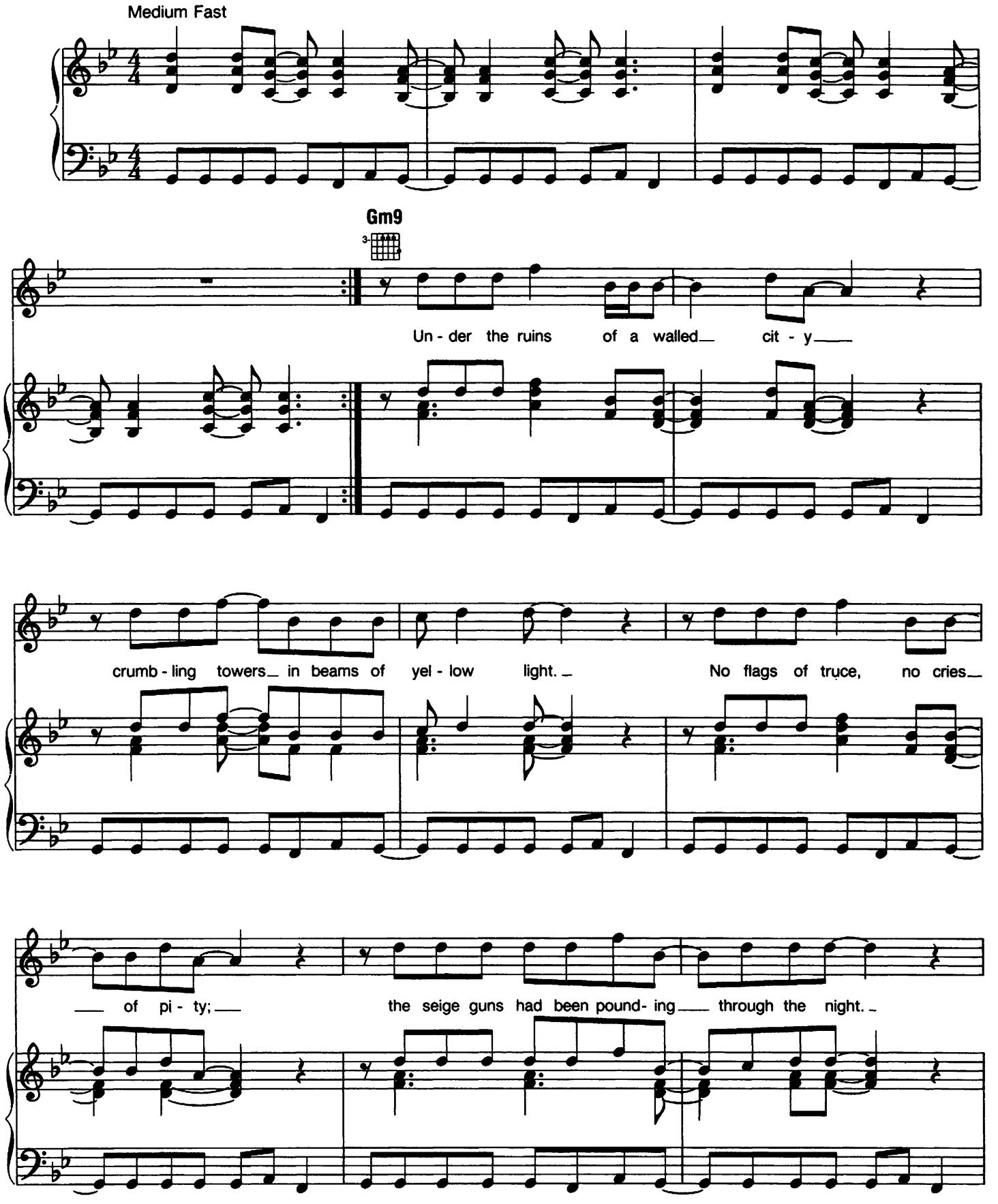

G/B A 1 D 2 D
the fields_ of gold. Will you
the fields_ of gold.
G D G
I nev - er made prom - is - es light - ly and there have been
D G D
some that I've bro - ken, but I swear_ in the days still left we'll walk_
G/B A D G/B A
in fields_ of gold. We'll walk in fields_ of gold.


D
Bsus2
G
D
Bsus2
G
D
G/B
A
D
Bsus2
Man - y years have passed since those_
mem - ber me when the _
G
D
___ sum-mer days a - mong the fields _ of bar - ley. See the
___ west wind moves up - on the fields _ of bar - ley. You can


Bsus2
G
D
G/B
A
chil - dren walk as the sun goes down a - mong _ the fields _ of gold.
tell the sun in his jeal - ous sky when we walked in fields _ of gold,
1 D
2 D
G/B
A
You'll re - when _ we walked in fields _ of gold,
D
G/B
A
D
G/D
D
when we walked in fields _ of gold.
G/D
D
G/D
D
1 G/D
D
2

Fortress Around Your Heart

Words & Music by Sting



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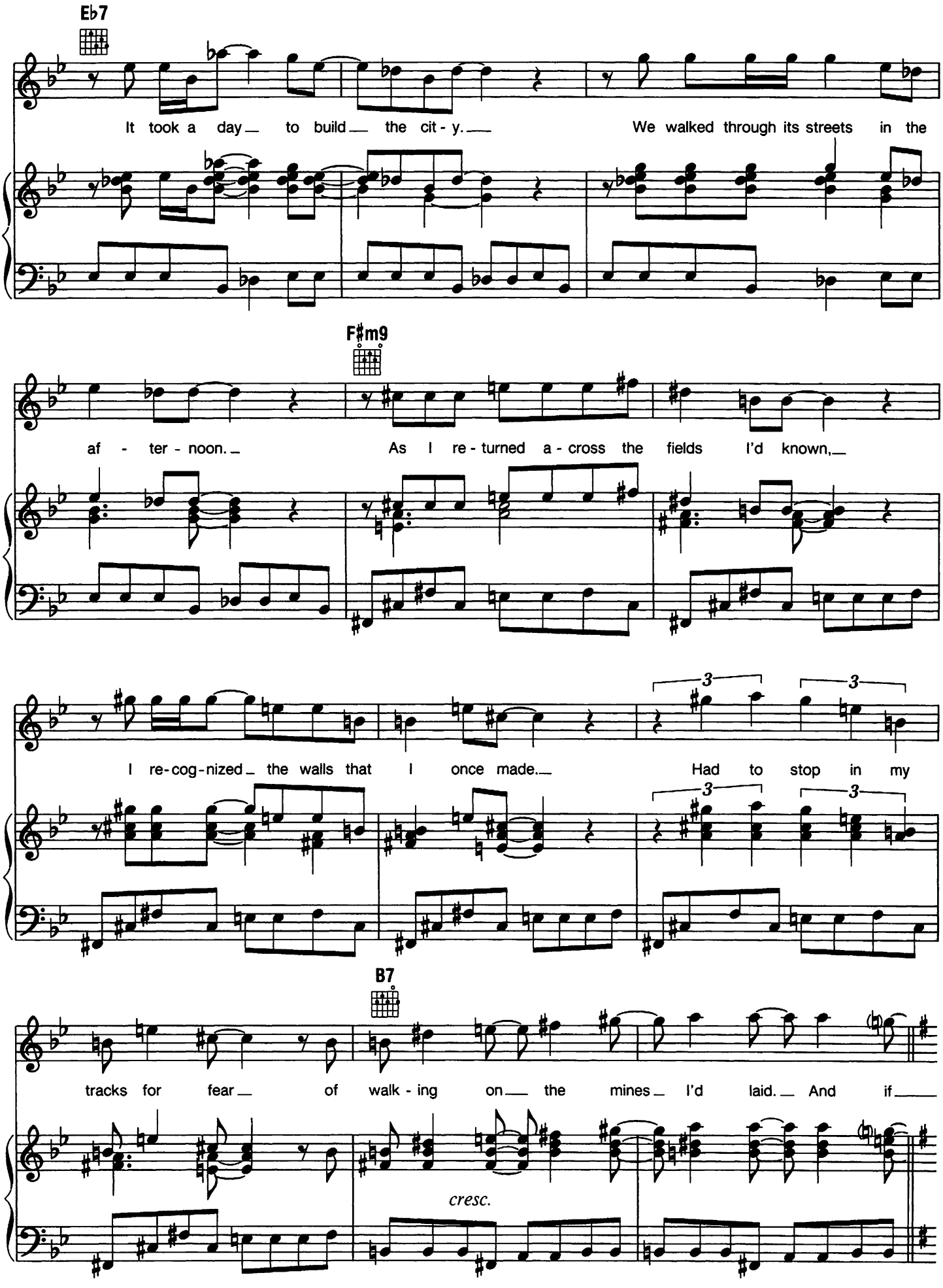
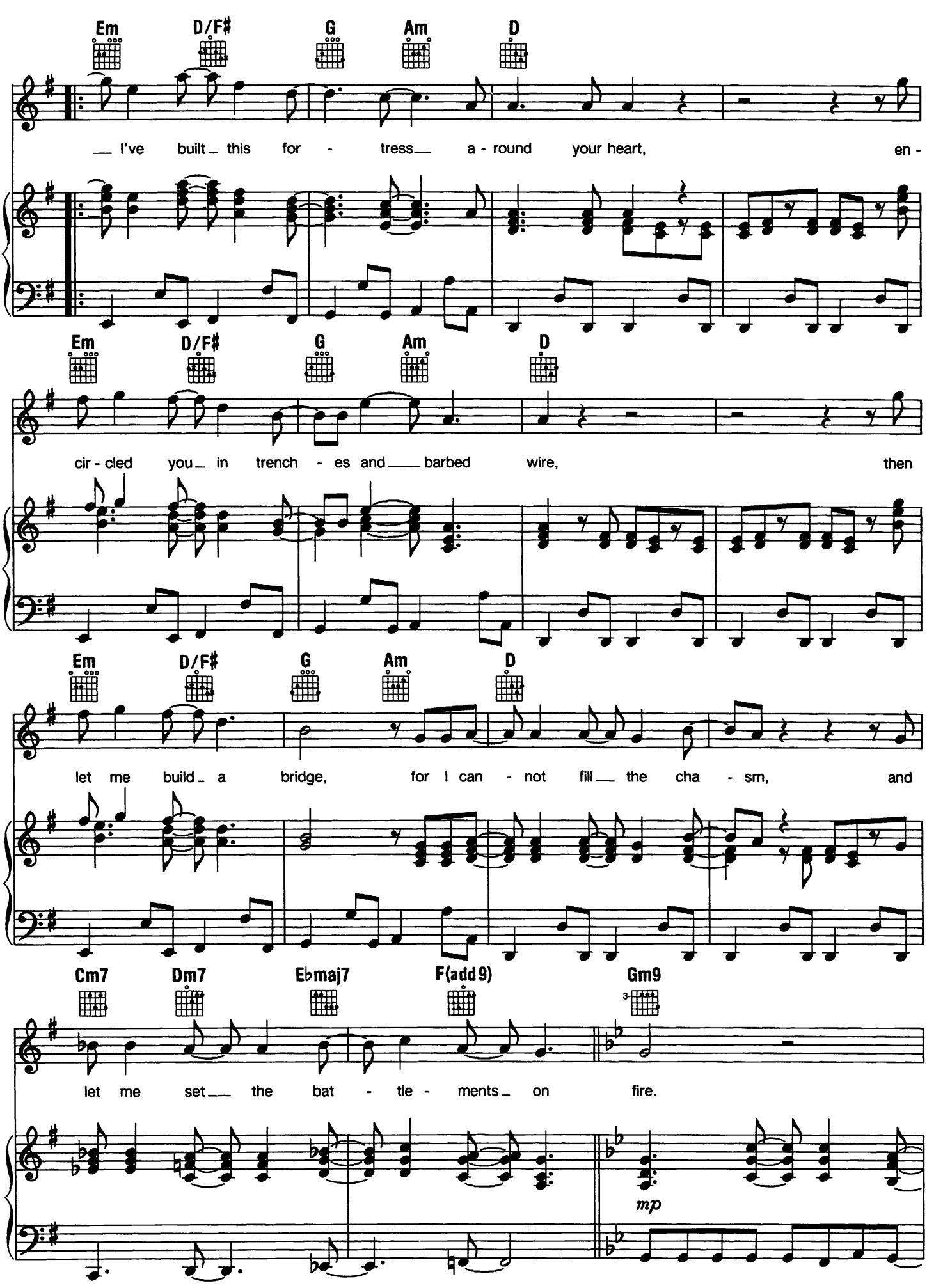

Eb7
It took a day to build the cit - y.
We walked through its streets in the
F♯m9
af - ter - noon.
As I re - turned a - cross the fields I'd known,
I re - cog - nized the walls that I once made.
Had to stop in my
B7
tracks for fear of walk - ing on the mines I'd laid. And if
cresc.


Em D/F♯ G Am D
I've built this for - tress a - round your heart, en -
Em D/F♯ G Am D
cir - cled you in trench - es and barbed wire, then
Em D/F♯ G Am D
let me build a bridge, for I can - not fill the cha - sm, and
Cm7 Dm7 E♭maj7 F(add9) Gm9
let me set the bat - tle - ments on fire.
mp

To Coda

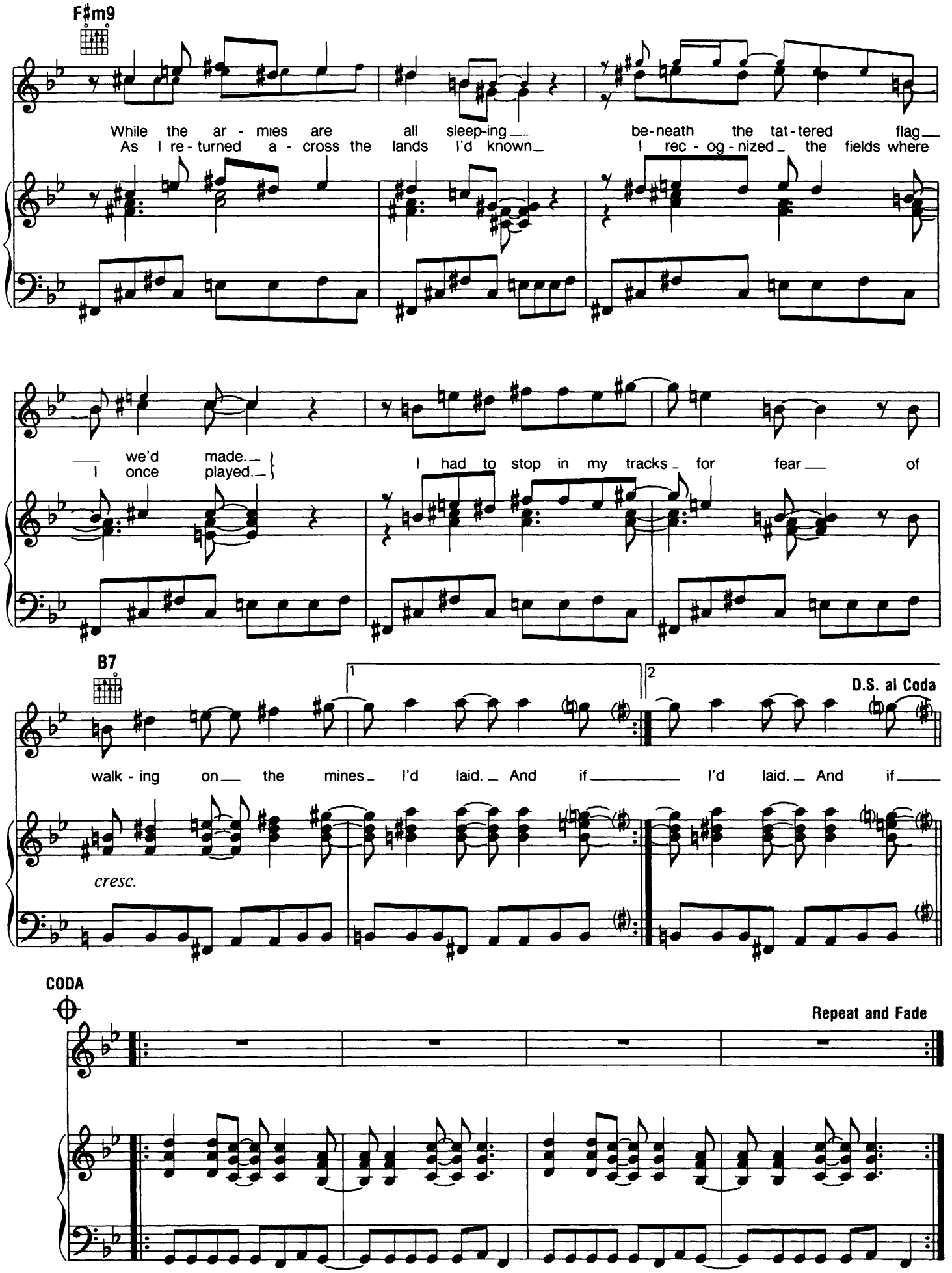
Then I went off to fight some bat - tle that I'd in - vent - ed in - side
This pri - son has now be - come your home, a sen - tence you seem prepared

Eb7

my head. A - way so long for years and years,
to pay. It took a day to build the ci - ty.

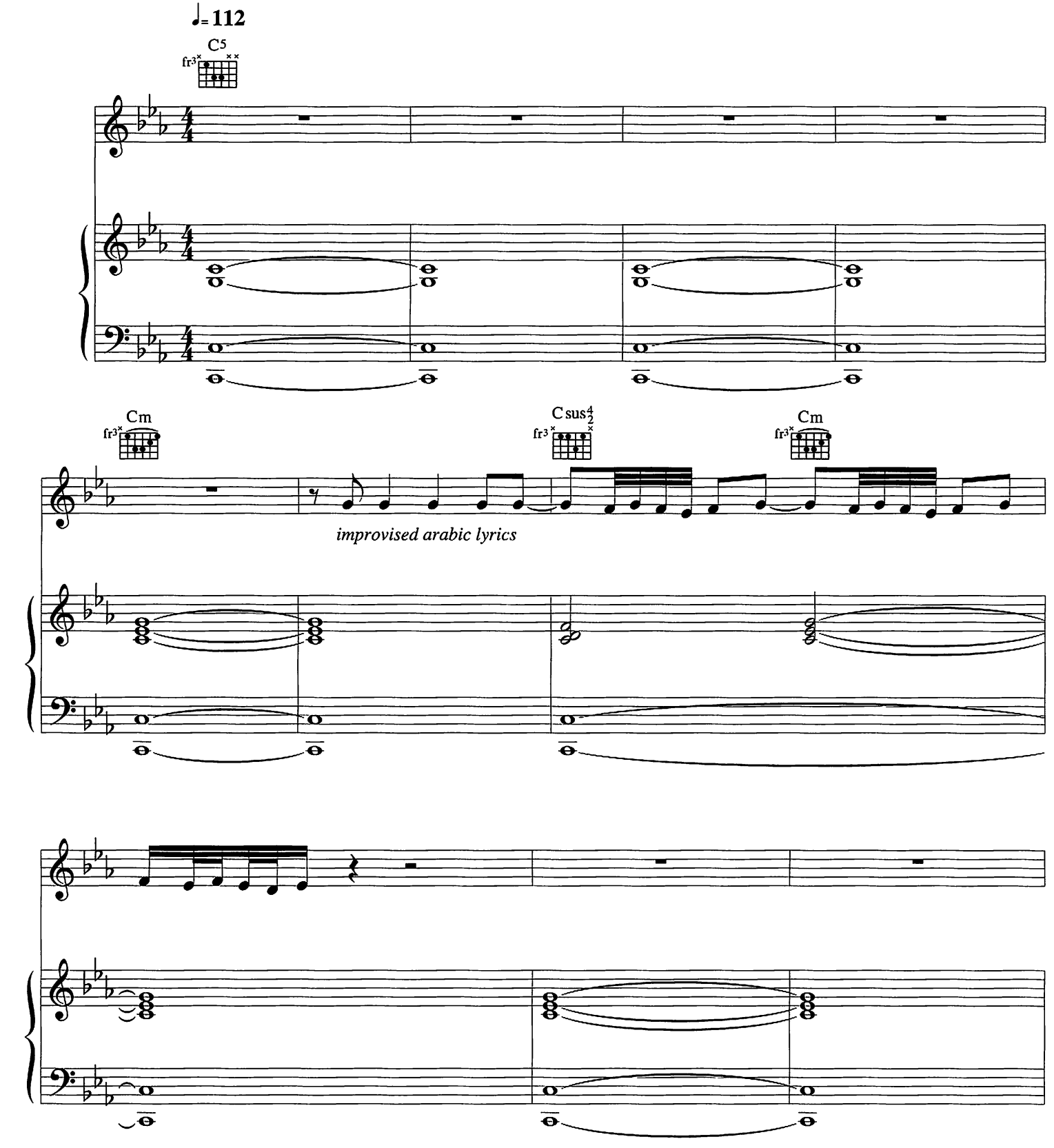
3

you pro - bab - ly thought or e - ven wished that I was dead.
We walked through its streets in the af - ter - noon,


F♯m9
While the ar - mies are all sleep-ing be-neath the tat-tered flag
As I re-turned a - cross the lands I'd known I rec - og-nized the fields where
we'd made.
I once played.
I had to stop in my tracks for fear of
B7
1
2
D.S. al Coda
walk - ing on the mines I'd laid. And if I'd laid. And if
cresc.
CODA
Repeat and Fade

Desert Rose

Words & Music by Sting



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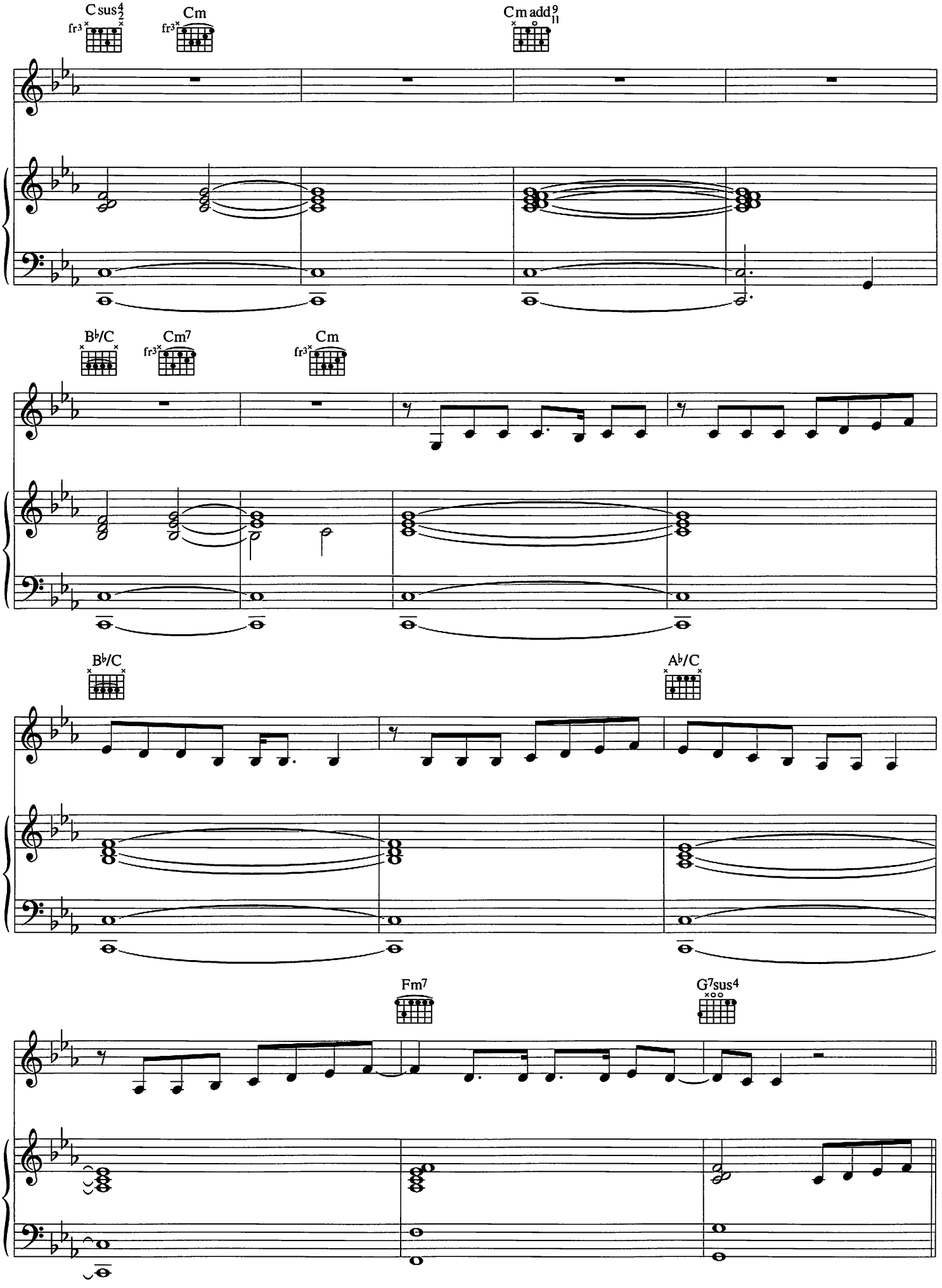
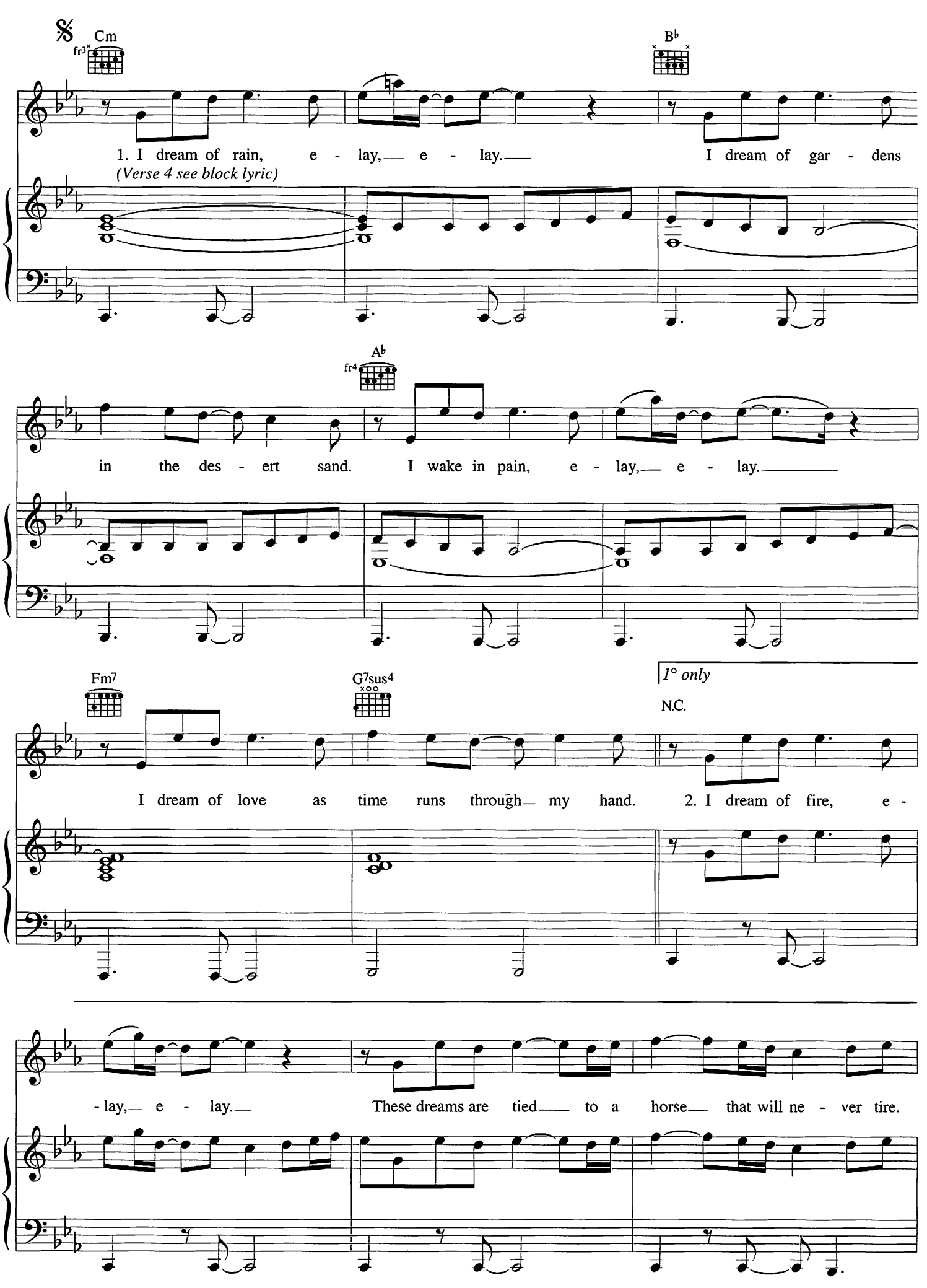
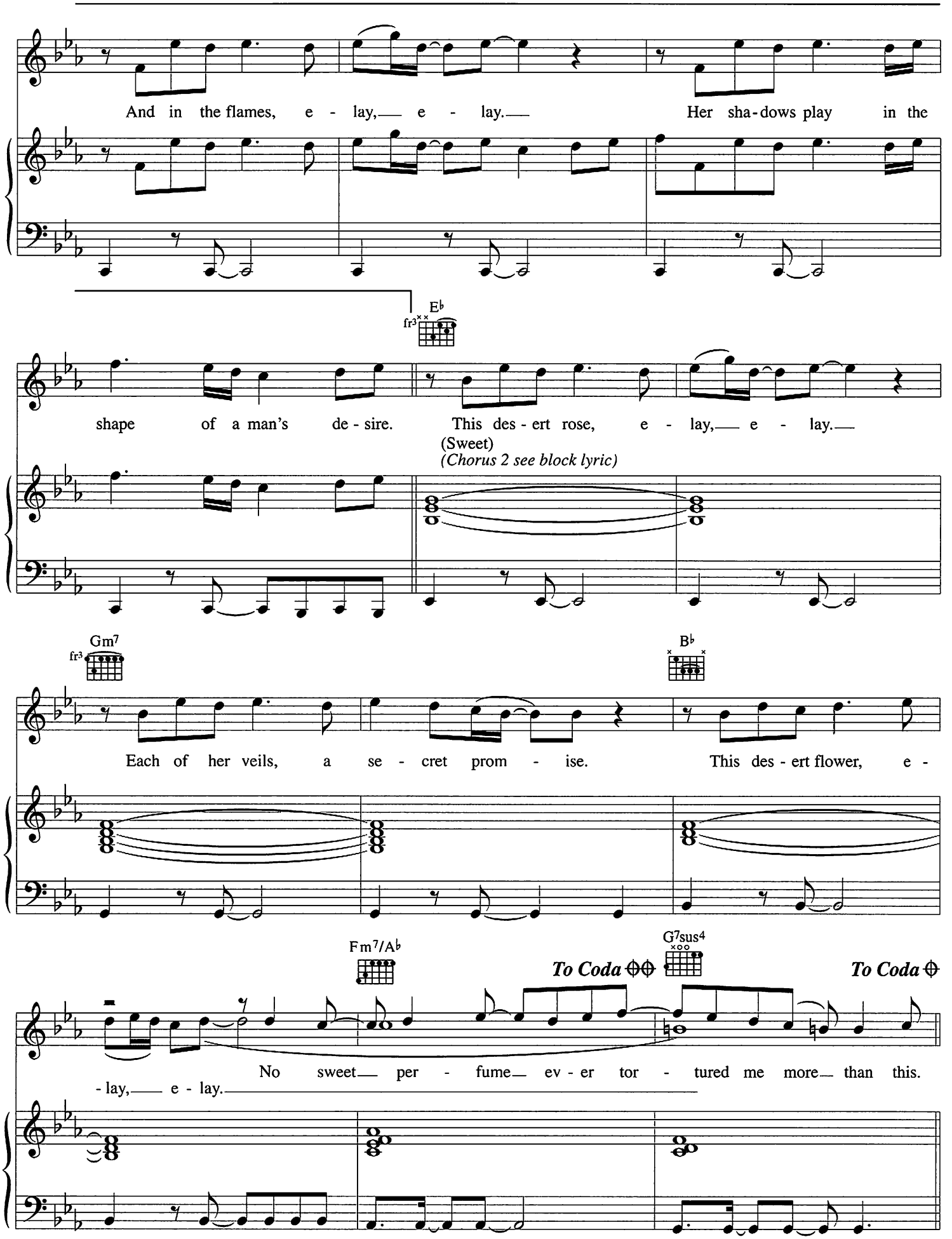

Csus4
Cm
Cmadd9
B♭/C
Cm7
Cm
B♭/C
A♭/C
Fm7
G7sus4


Cm
fr3
B♭
1. I dream of rain, e - lay,— e - lay.— I dream of gar - dens
(Verse 4 see block lyric)
A♭
fr4
in the des - ert sand. I wake in pain, e - lay,— e - lay.—
Fm7
G7sus4
I° only
N.C.
I dream of love as time runs through— my hand. 2. I dream of fire, e -
- lay,— e - lay.— These dreams are tied— to a horse— that will ne - ver tire.


And in the flames, e - lay,— e - lay.— Her sha-dows play in the
E♭
fr3
shape of a man's de - sire. This des - ert rose, e - lay,— e - lay.—
(Sweet)
(Chorus 2 see block lyric)
Gm7
fr3
B♭
Each of her veils, a se - cret prom - ise. This des - ert flower, e -
Fm7/A♭
To Coda
G7sus4
To Coda
No sweet— per - fume— ev - er tor - tured me more— than this.
- lay,— e - lay.

N.C.

3. And as she turns, e - lay,— e - lay.— This way she moves in the

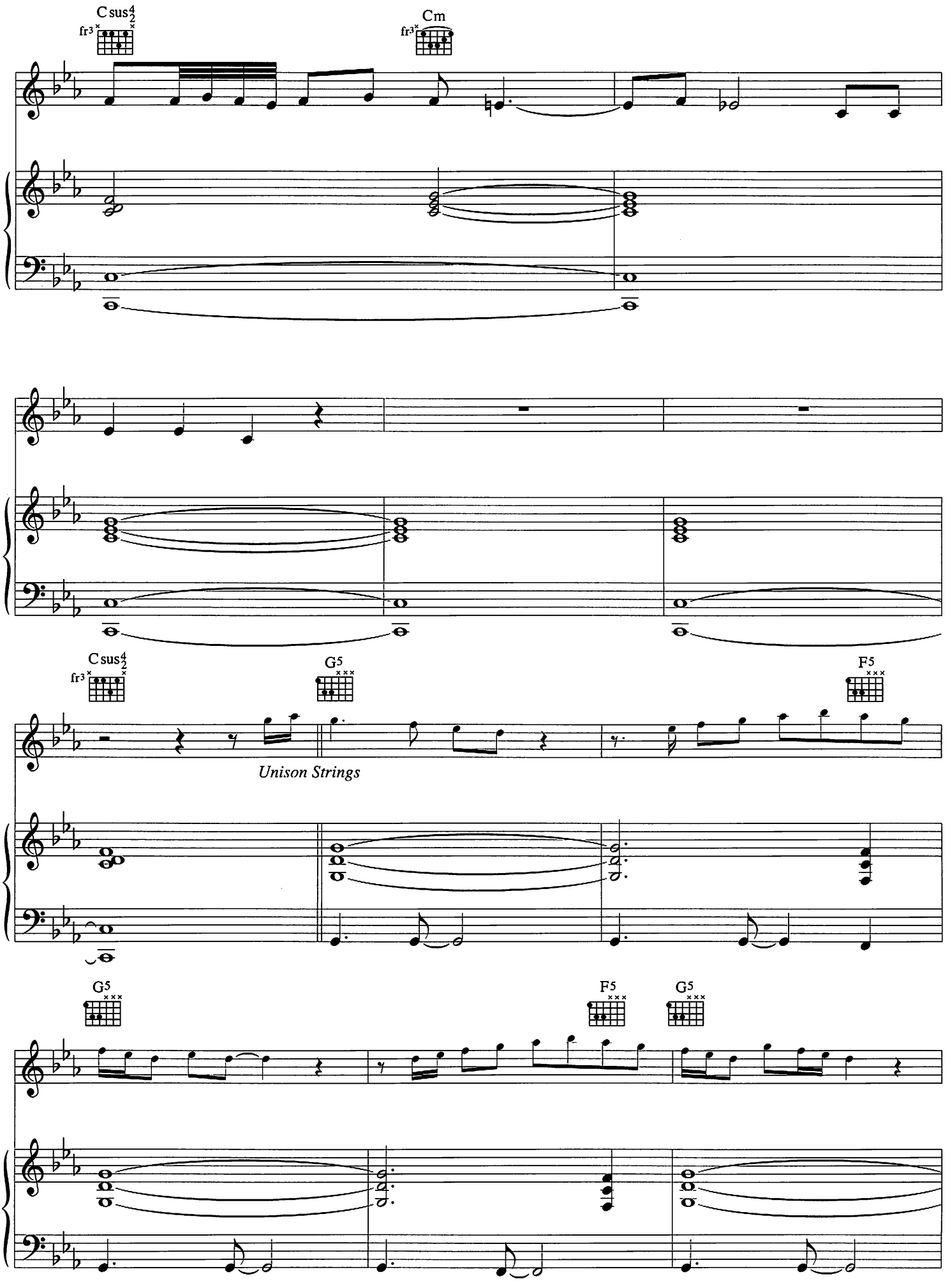
lo - - - - gic of all my dreams. This fire— burns, e -

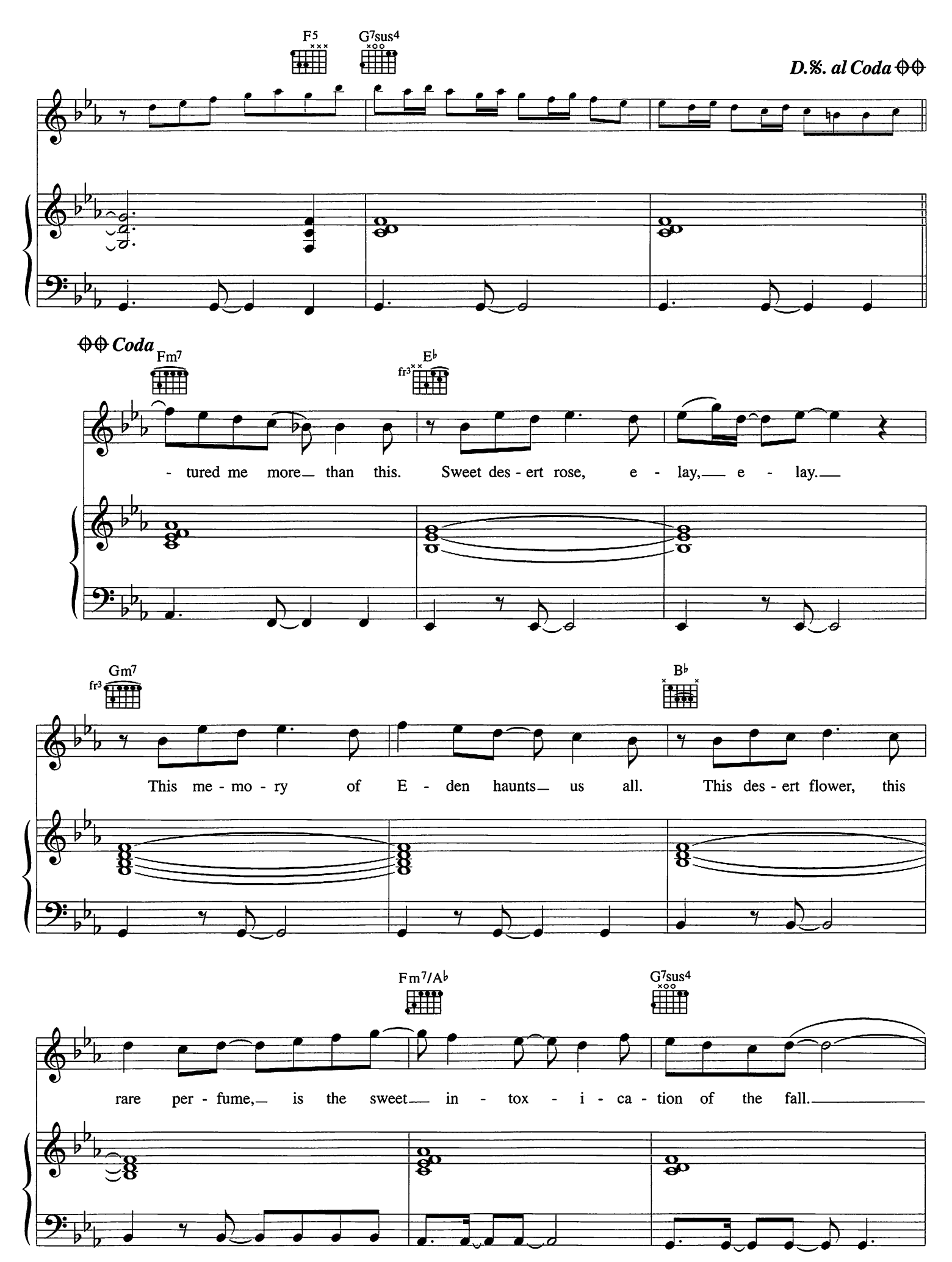
D.%. al Coda

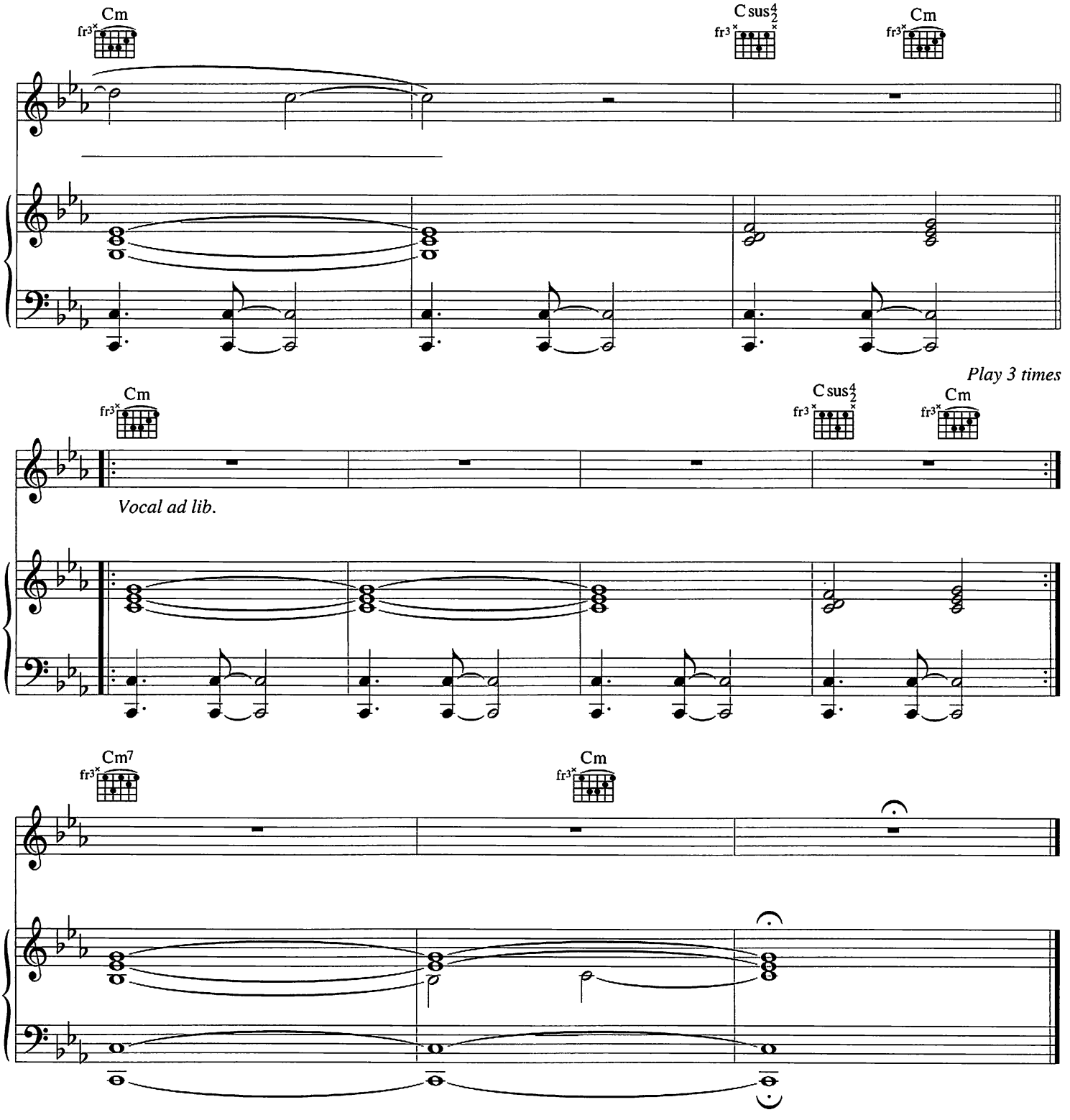
- lay,— e - lay.— I re - al - ise that no - thing's as— it seems.

Coda Cm

fr3


Csus4 2
fr3
Cm
fr3
Csus4 2
fr3
G5
F5
Unison Strings
G5
F5
G5


F5
G7sus4
D.S. al Coda
Coda
Fm7
E♭
- tured me more— than this. Sweet des - ert rose, e - lay,— e - lay.—
Gm7
B♭
This me - mo - ry of E - den haunts— us all. This des - ert flower, this
Fm7/A♭
G7sus4
rare per - fume,— is the sweet— in - tox - i - ca - tion of the fall.

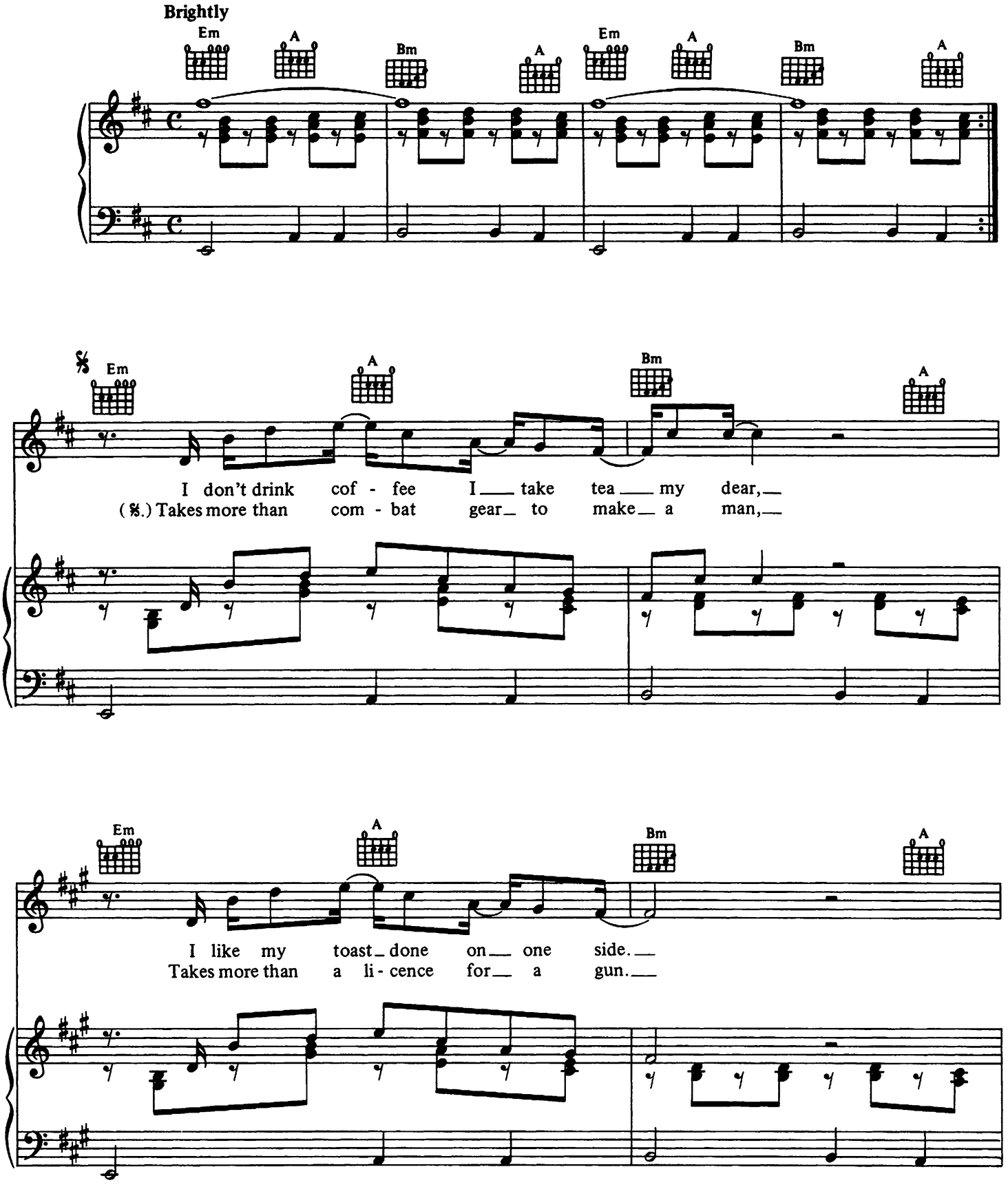


Verse 4:
I dream of rain, elay, elay
I dream of gardens in the desert sand
I wake in pain, elay, elay
I dream of love as time runs through my hand.

Chorus 2:
I dream of rain, elay, elay
I lift my gaze to empty skies above
I close my eyes, her rare perfume
Is the sweet intoxication of her love.

Englishman In New York

Words & Music by Sting



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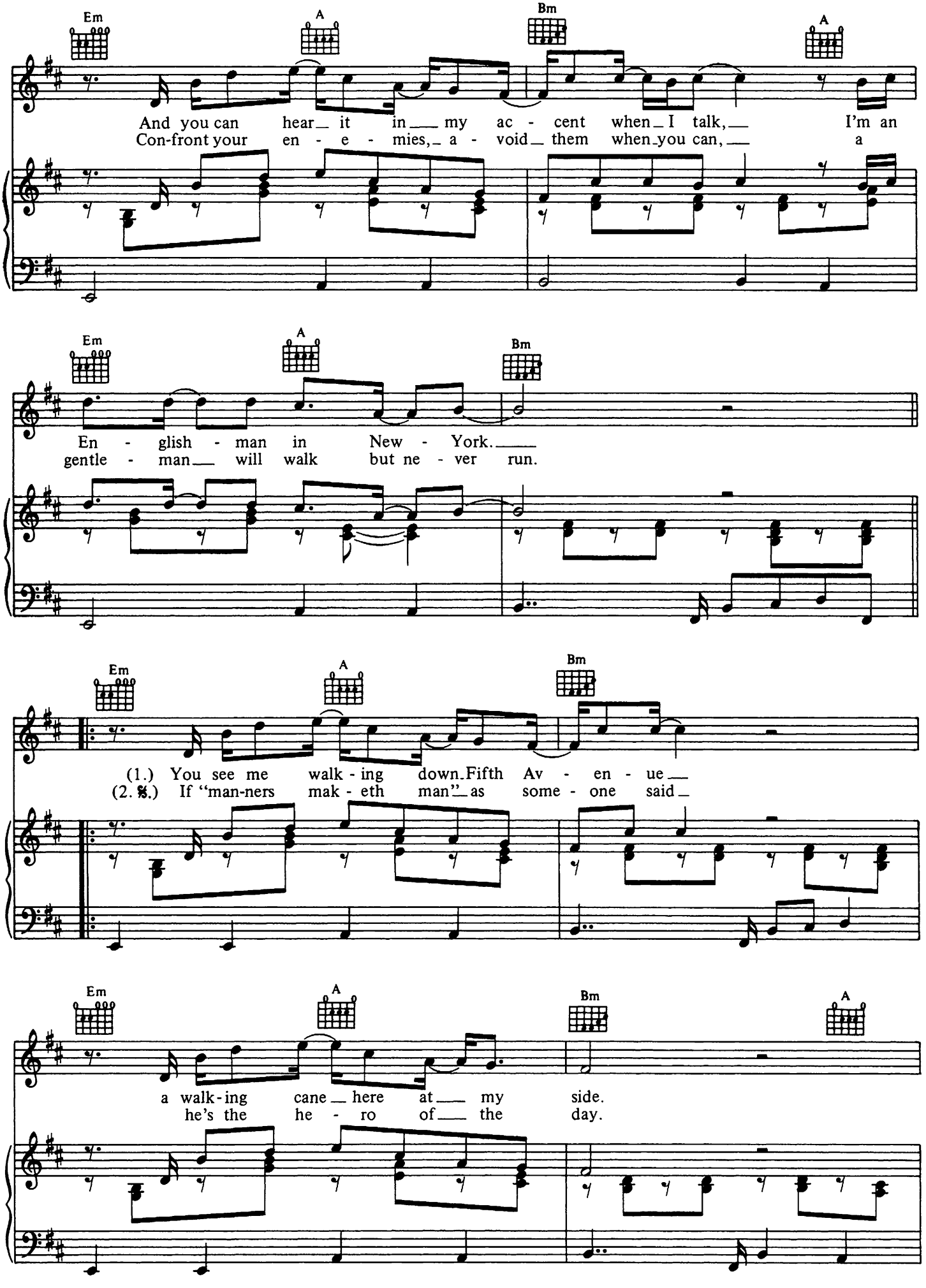
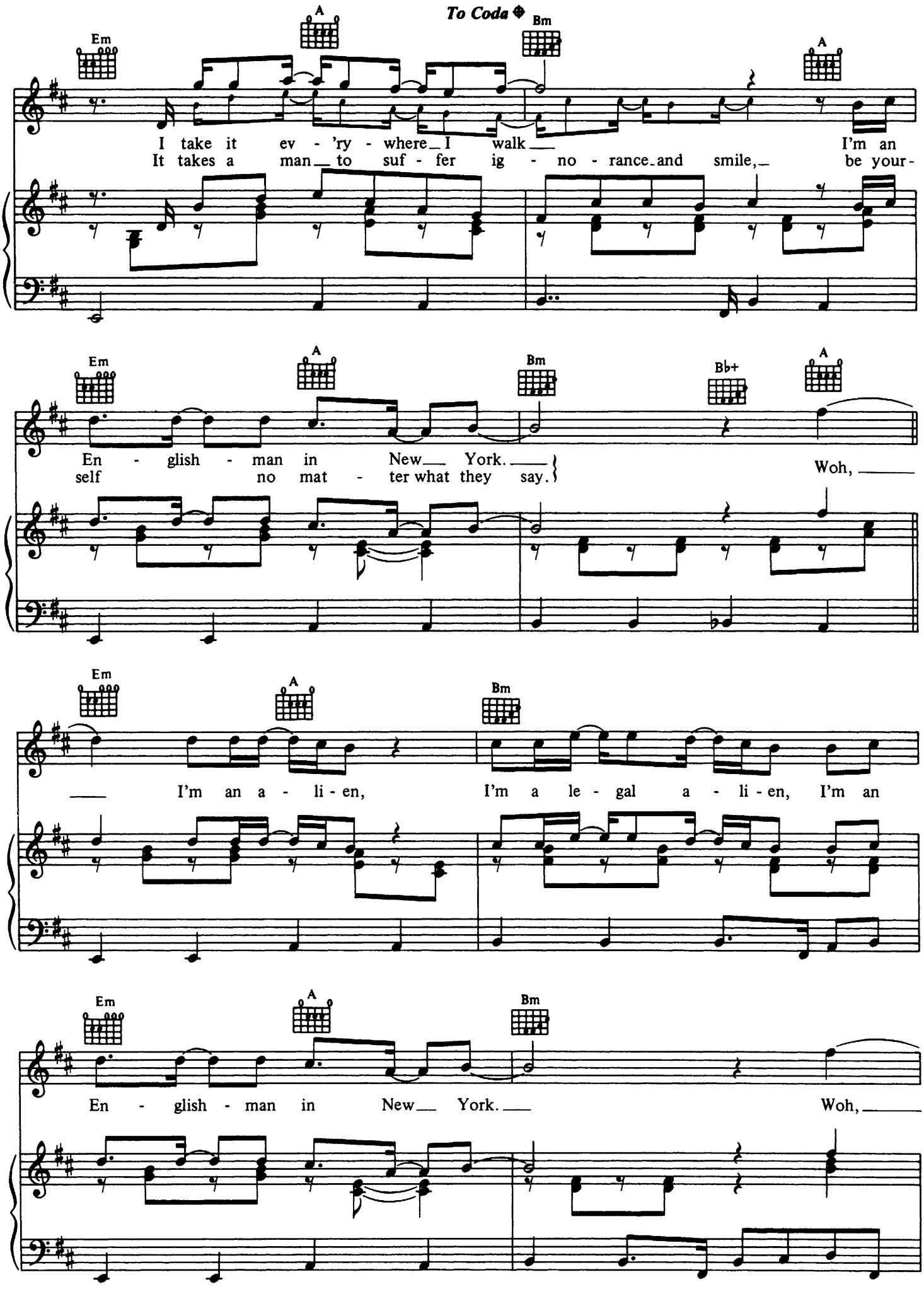
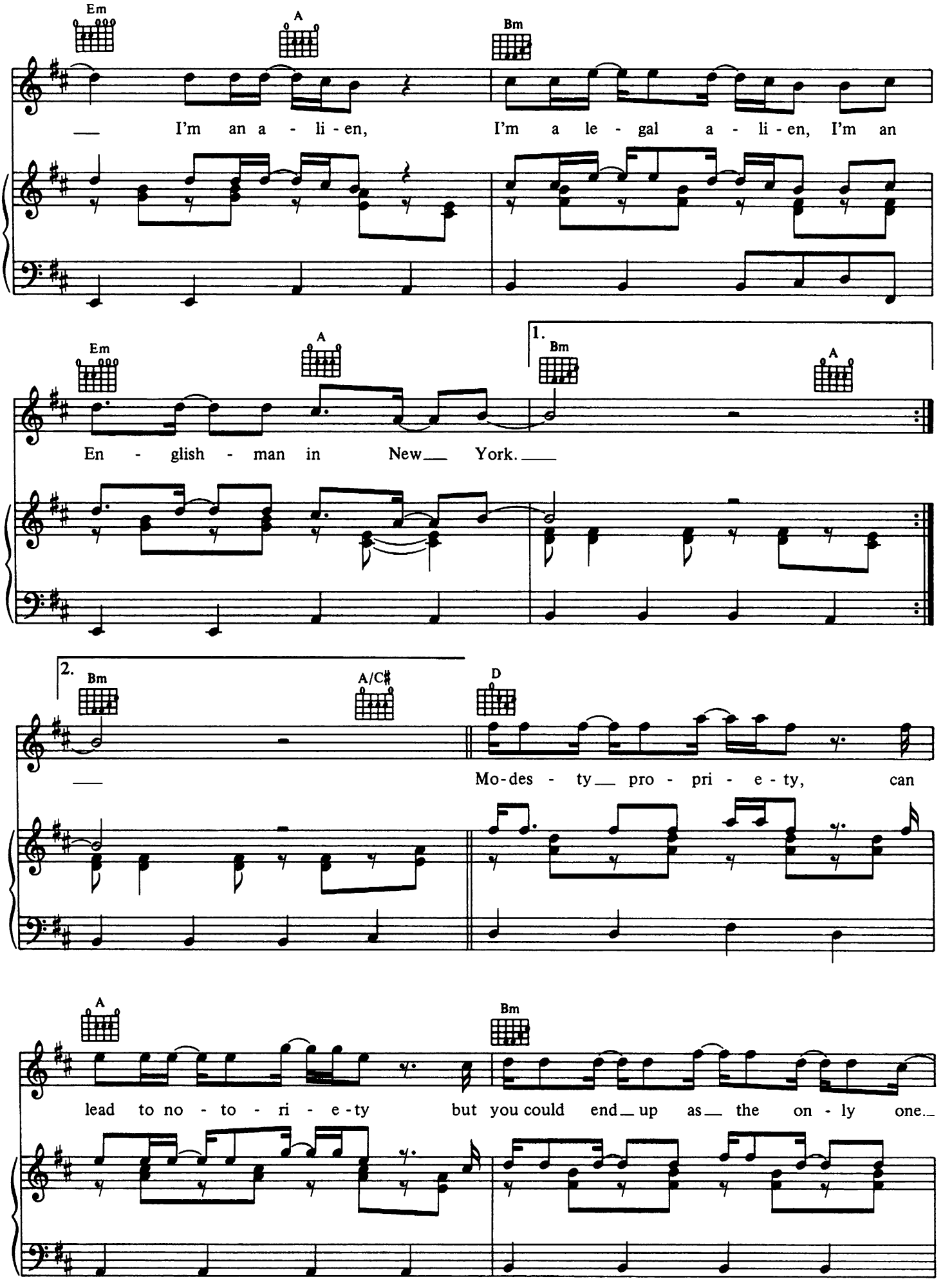
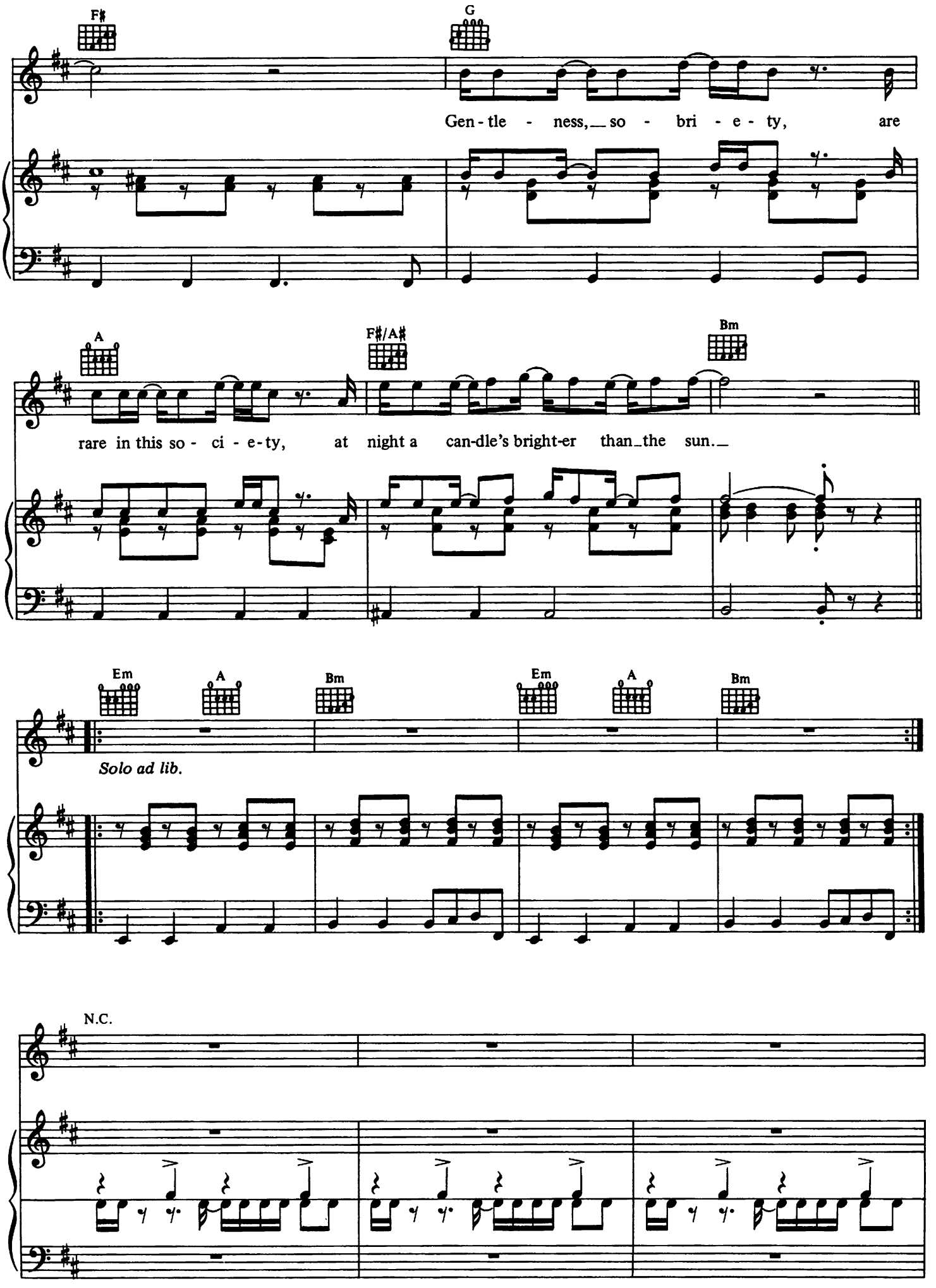
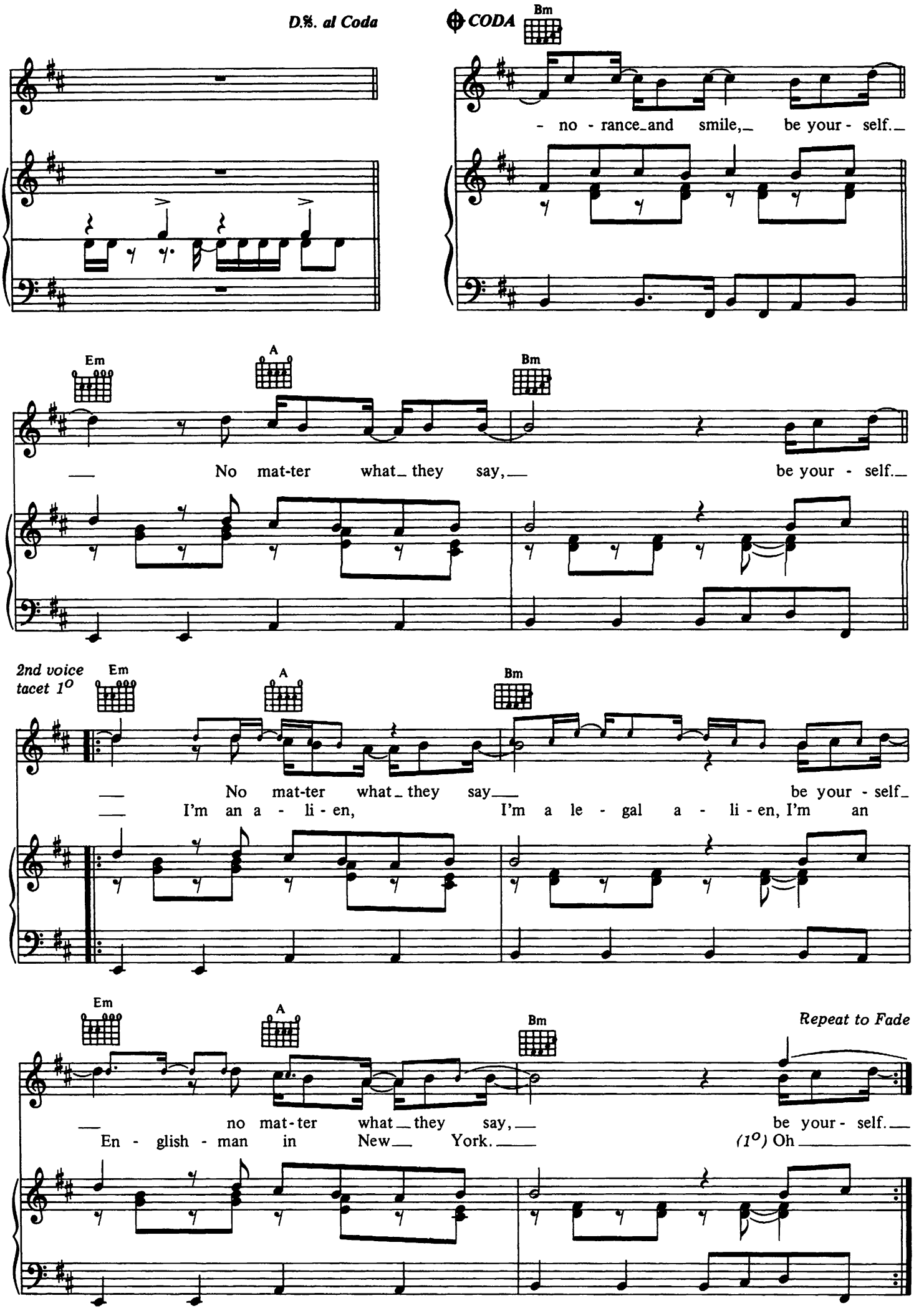

Em
A
Bm
A
And you can hear it in my ac - cent when I talk, I'm an
Con-front your en - e - mies, a - void them when you can, a
Em
A
Bm
En - glish - man in New - York.
gentle - man will walk but ne - ver run.
Em
A
Bm
(1.) You see me walk - ing down Fifth Av - en - ue
(2. 𝄋.) If "man-ners mak - eth man" as some - one said
Em
A
Bm
A
a walk-ing cane here at my side.
he's the he - ro of the day.


To Coda
Em
A
Bm
A
I take it ev - 'ry - where I walk I'm an
It takes a man to suf - fer ig - no - rance and smile, be your-
Em
A
Bm
Bb+
A
En - glish - man in New York.
self no mat - ter what they say.
Woh,
Em
A
Bm
I'm an a - li - en, I'm a le - gal a - li - en, I'm an
Em
A
Bm
En - glish - man in New York.
Woh,

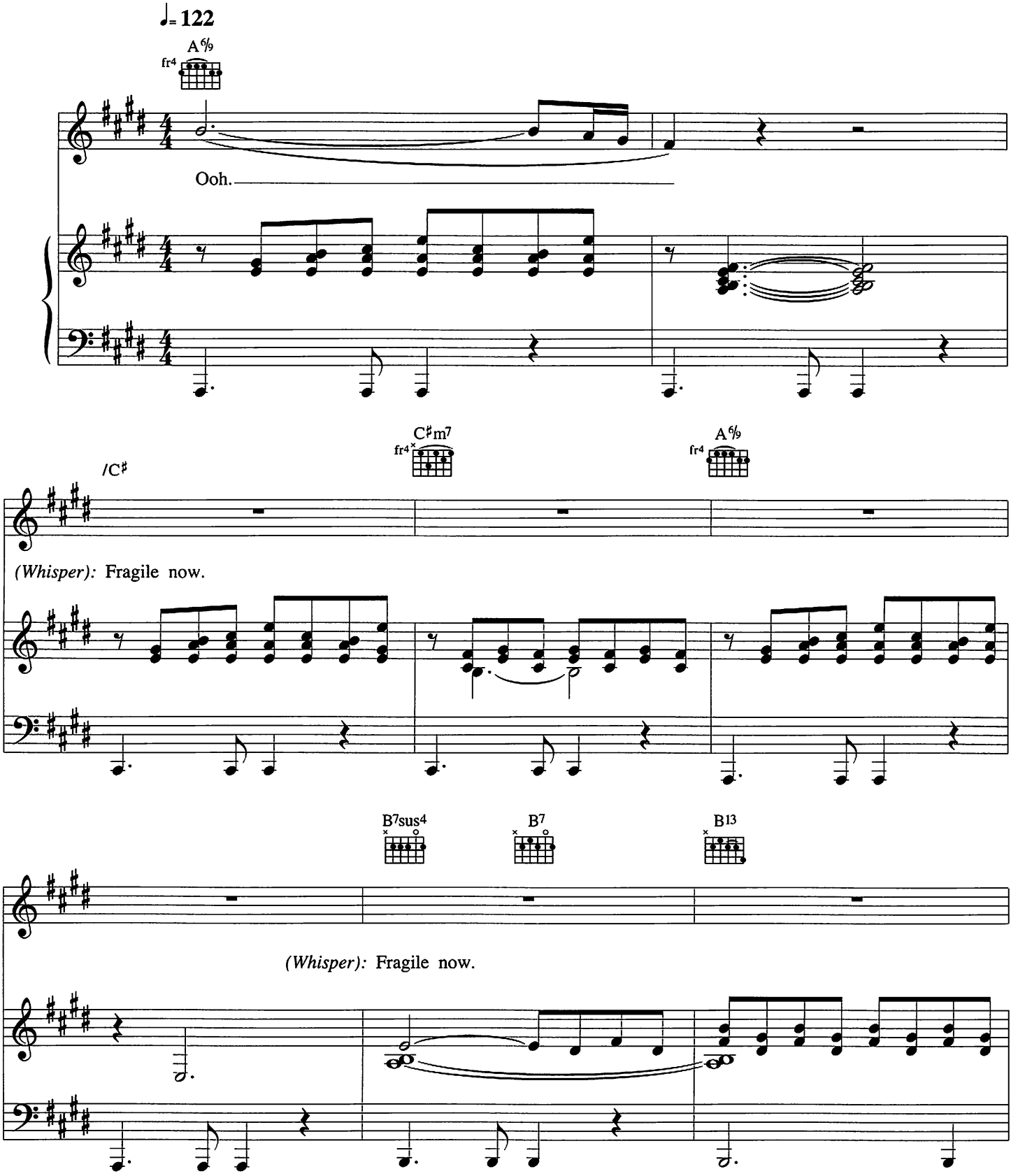

Em
A
Bm
I'm an a - li - en, I'm a le - gal a - li - en, I'm an
Em
A
1.
Bm
A
En - glish - man in New York.
2.
Bm
A/C♯
D
Mo-des - ty pro - pri - e - ty, can
A
Bm
lead to no - to - ri - e - ty but you could end up as the on - ly one.


F♯
G
Gen - tle - ness, so - bri - e - ty, are
A
F♯/A♯
Bm
rare in this so - ci - e-ty, at night a can-dle's bright-er than the sun.
Em
A
Bm
Em
A
Bm
Solo ad lib.
N.C.


D.%. al Coda
CODA
Bm
- no - rance_and smile,_ be your - self._
Em
A
Bm
__ No mat-ter what_ they say,__ be your - self._
2nd voice tacet 1°
Em
A
Bm
__ No mat-ter what_ they say__ be your - self_
__ I'm an a - li - en, I'm a le - gal a - li - en, I'm an
Em
A
Bm
Repeat to Fade
__ no mat-ter what__ they say,__ be your - self.__
En - glish - man in New__ York.__ (1°) Oh

Fragile

Words & Music by Sting



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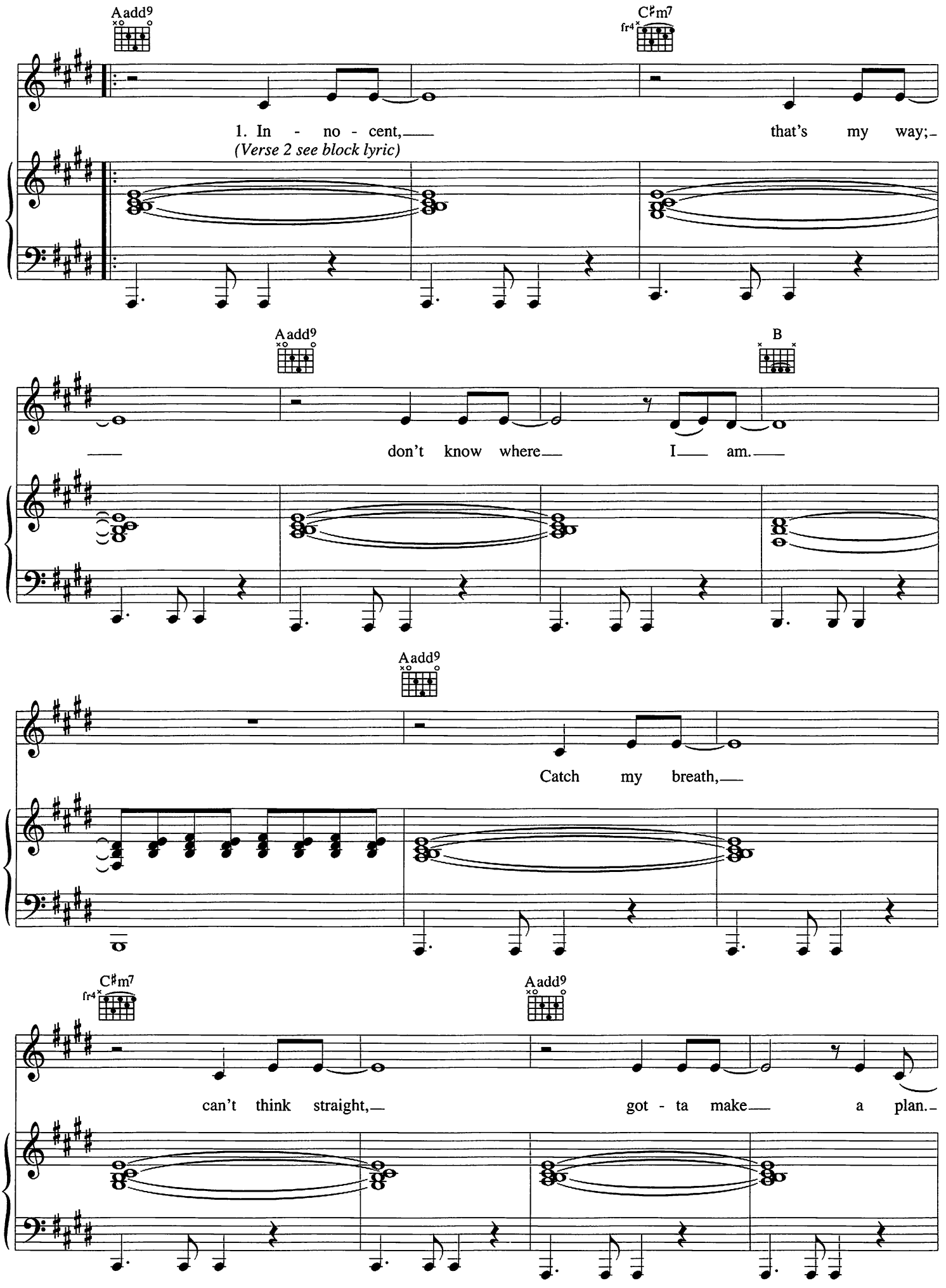
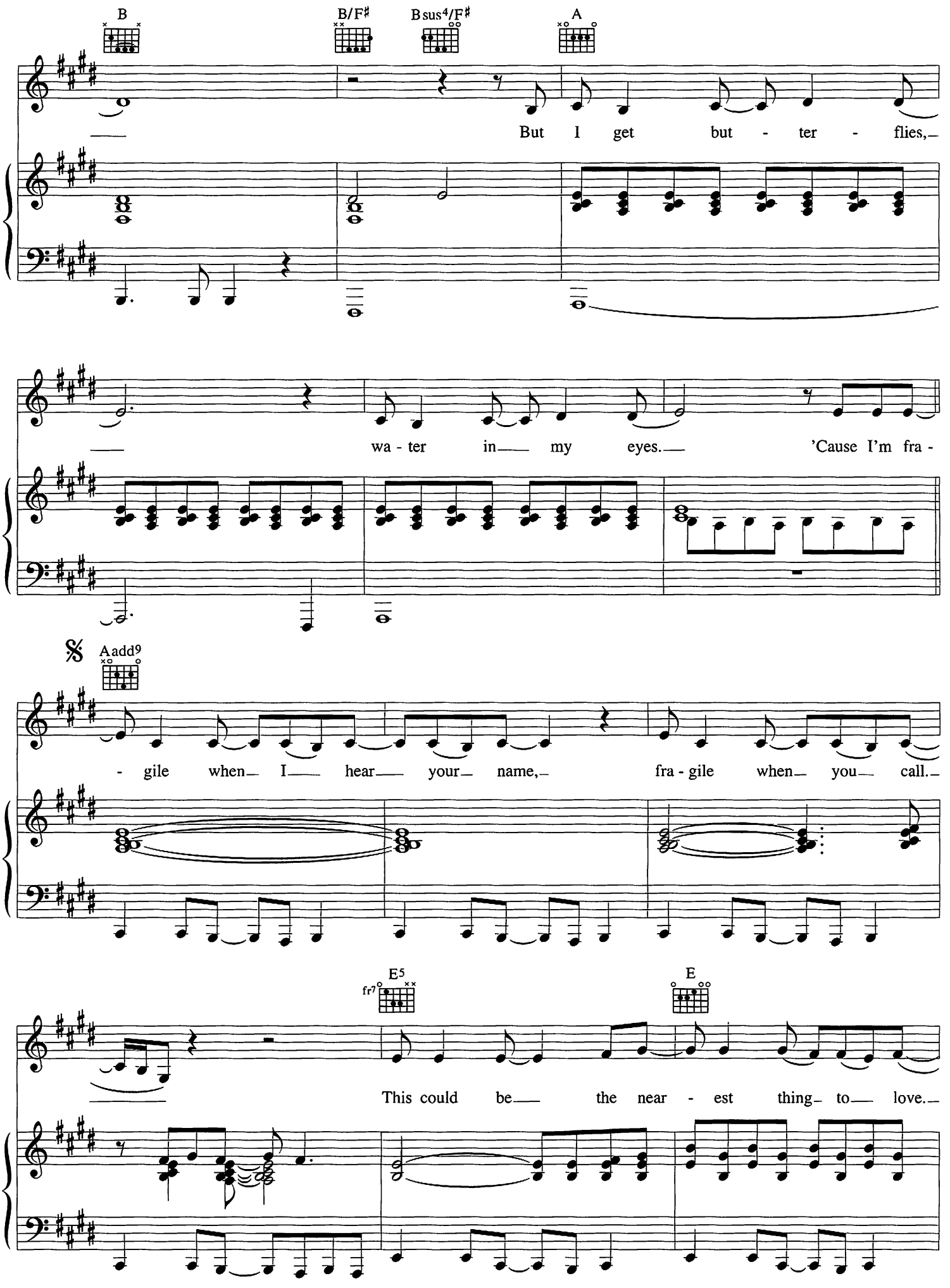
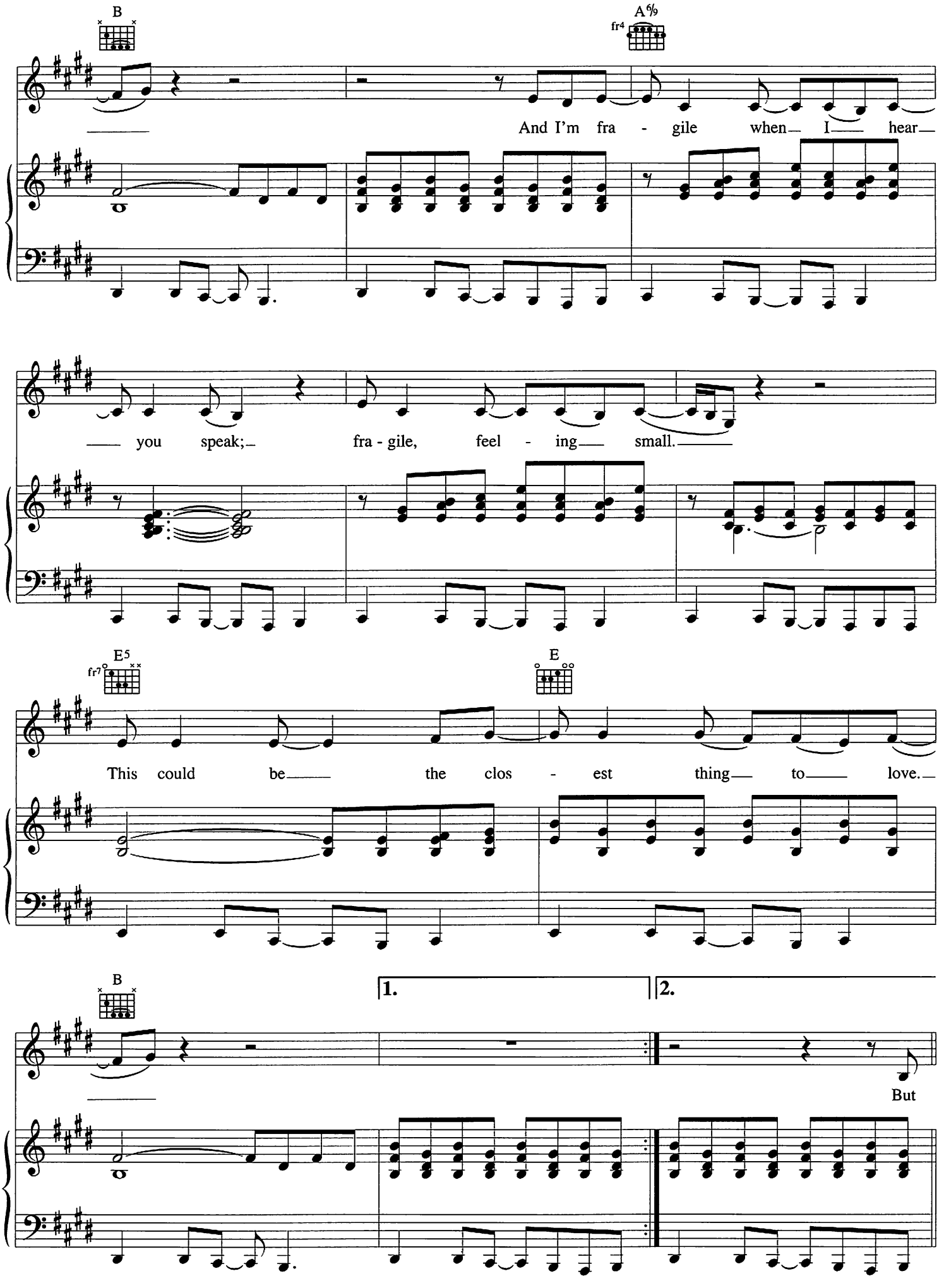
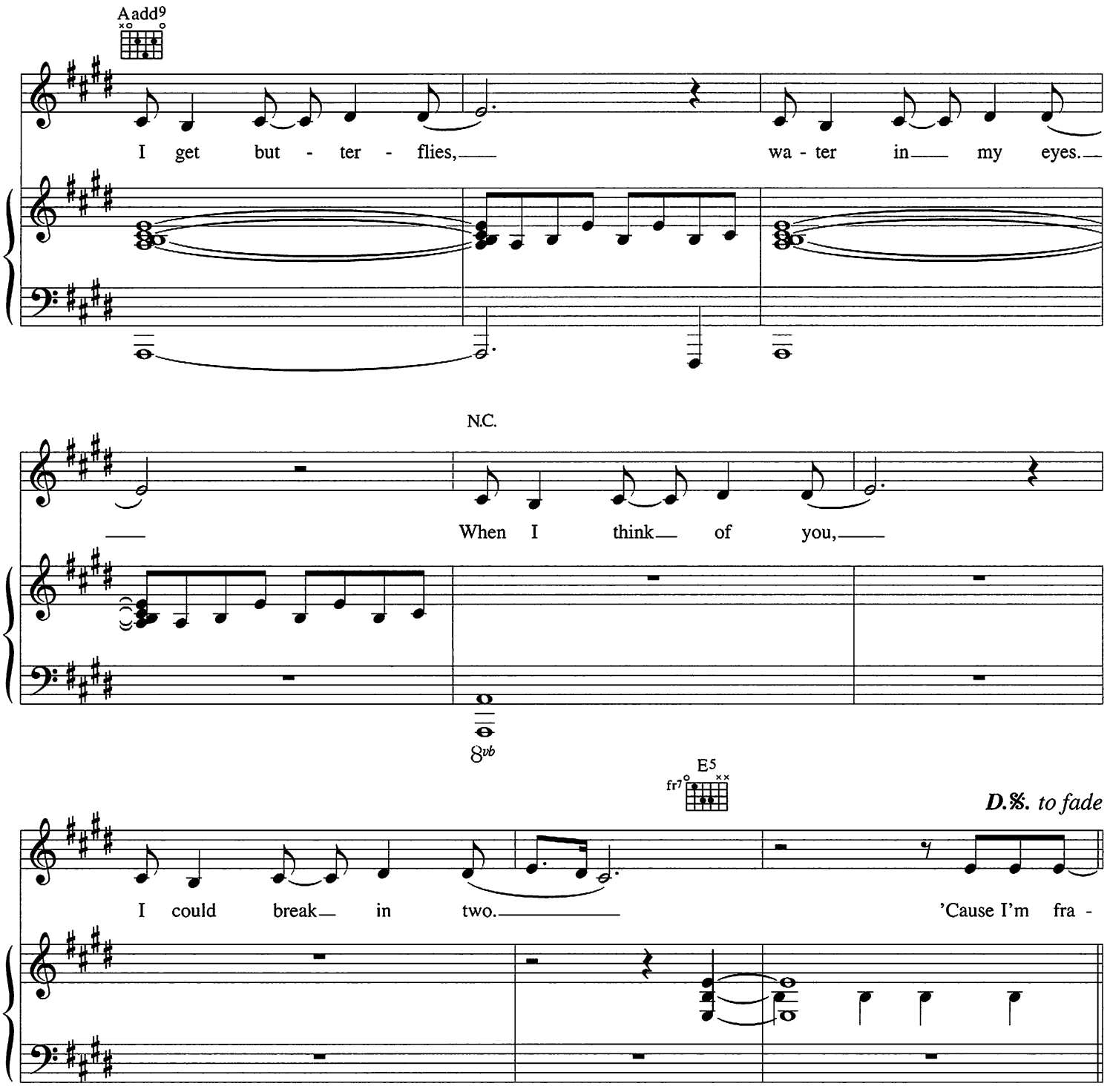

Aadd9
C♯m7
fr4
1. In - no - cent, that's my way;
(Verse 2 see block lyric)
Aadd9
B
don't know where I am.
Aadd9
Catch my breath,
C♯m7
fr4
Aadd9
can't think straight, got - ta make a plan.


B
B/F♯
Bsus4/F♯
A
But I get but - ter - flies,
wa - ter in my eyes.
'Cause I'm fra -
Aadd9
- gile when I hear your name,
fra - gile when you call.
E5
fr7
E
This could be the near - est thing to love.


B
A6/9
fr4
And I'm fra - gile when I hear
you speak; fra - gile, feel - ing small.
E5
fr7
E
This could be the clos - est thing to love.
B
1.
2.
But

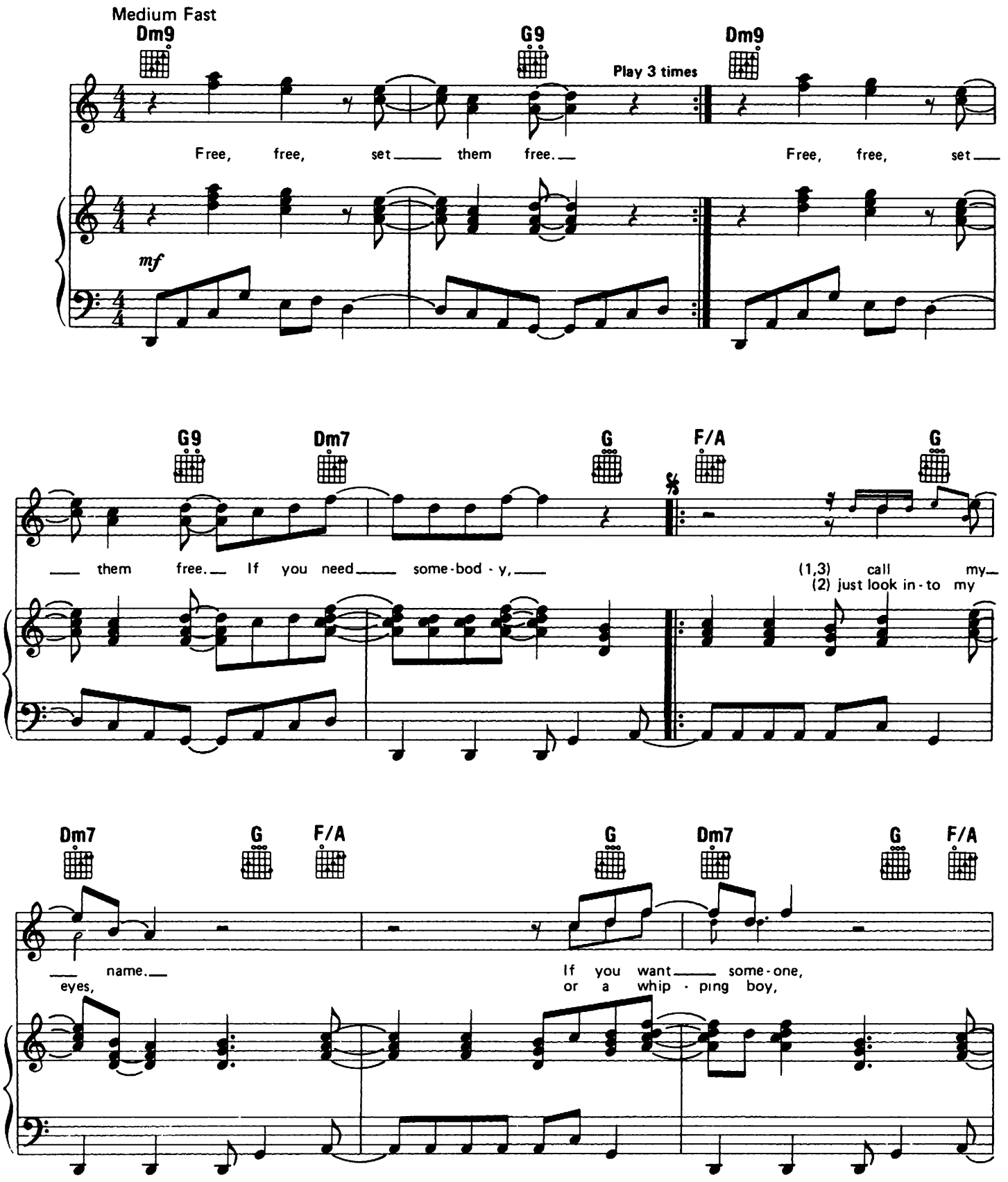


Verse 2:
Shake and sweat, wipe my brow
Scared of what's to come.
Lie awake, toss and turn
Am I the only one?

But I get butterflies *etc.*

If You Love Somebody Set Them Free

Words & Music by Sting



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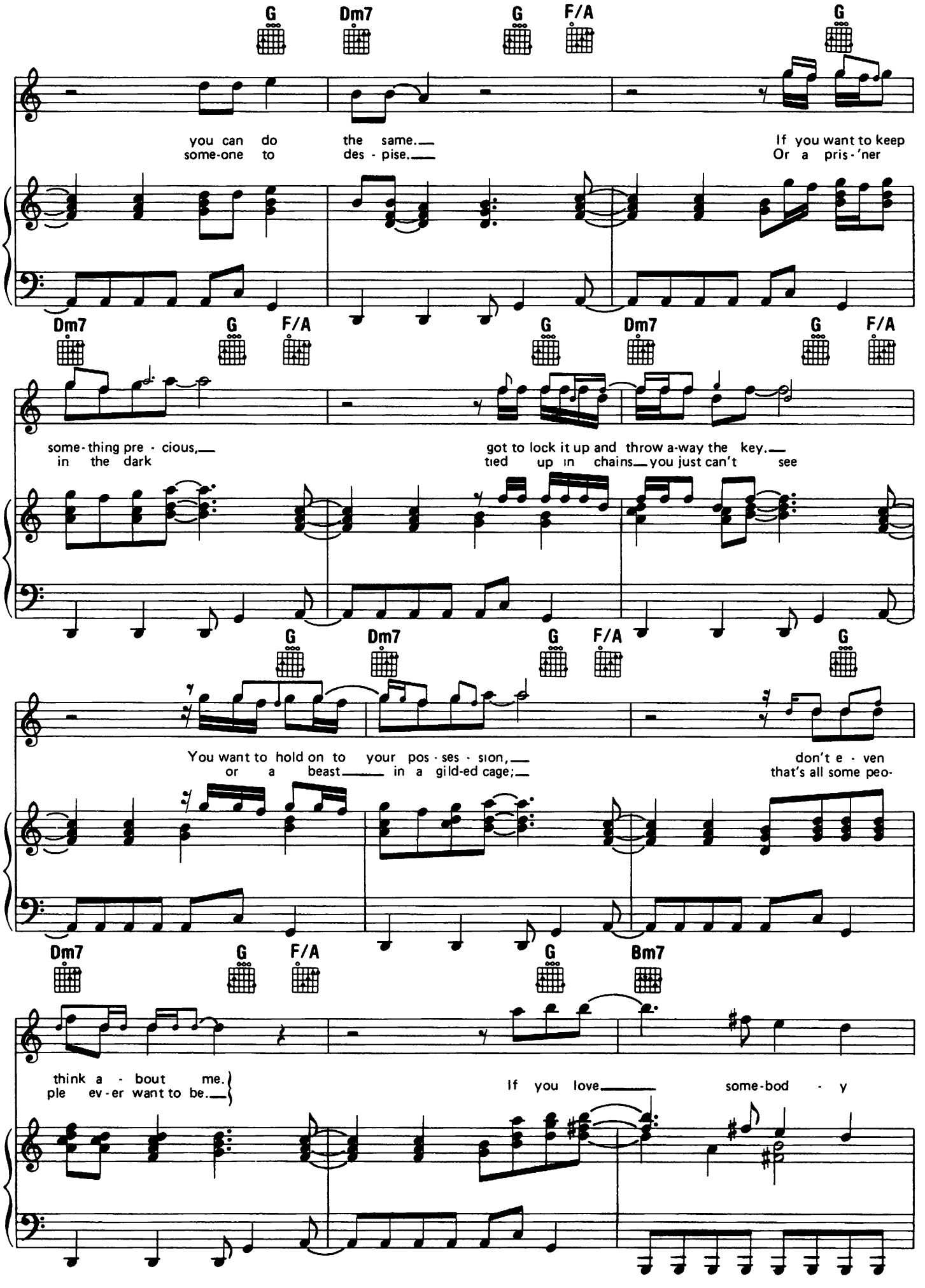
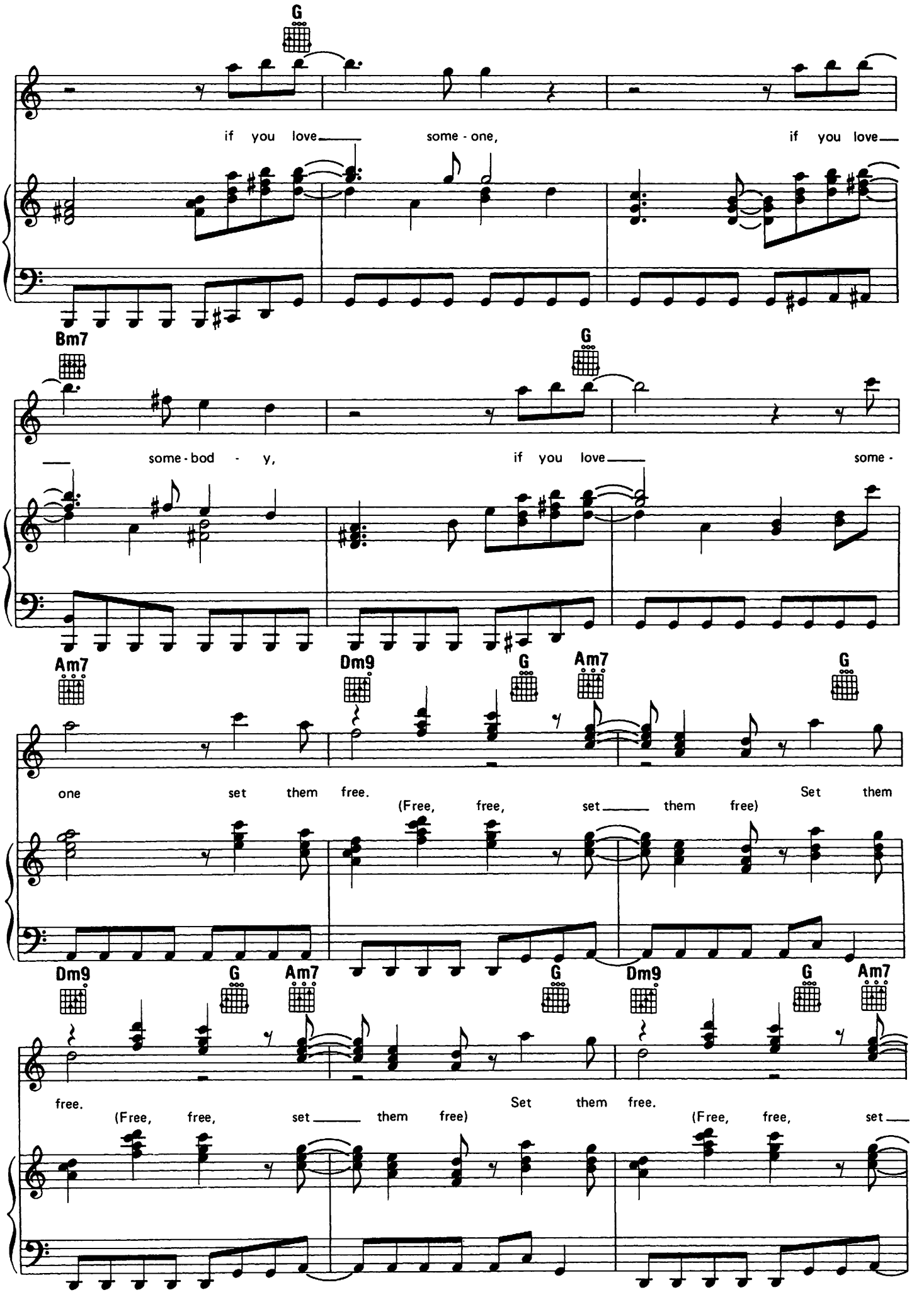
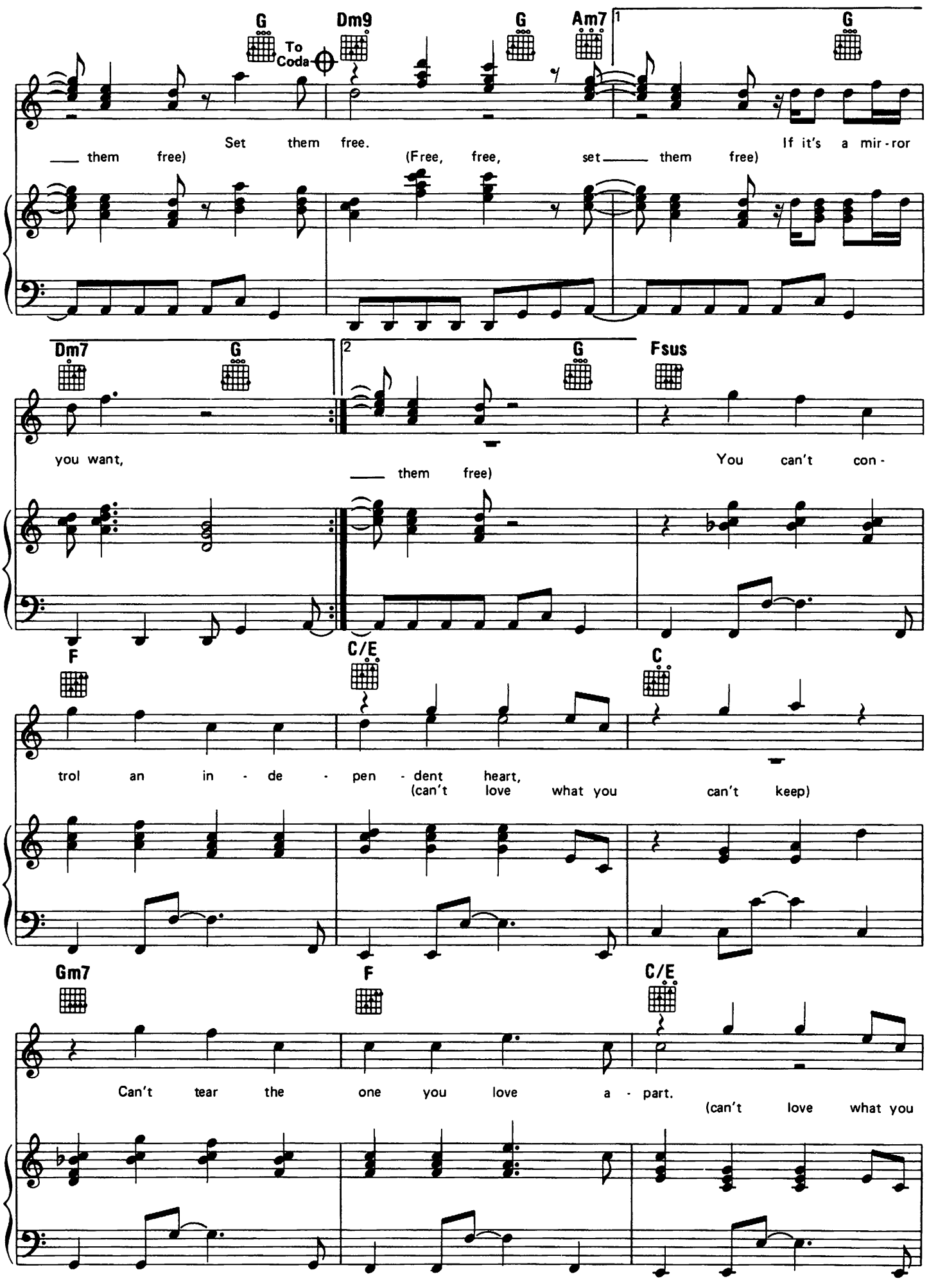
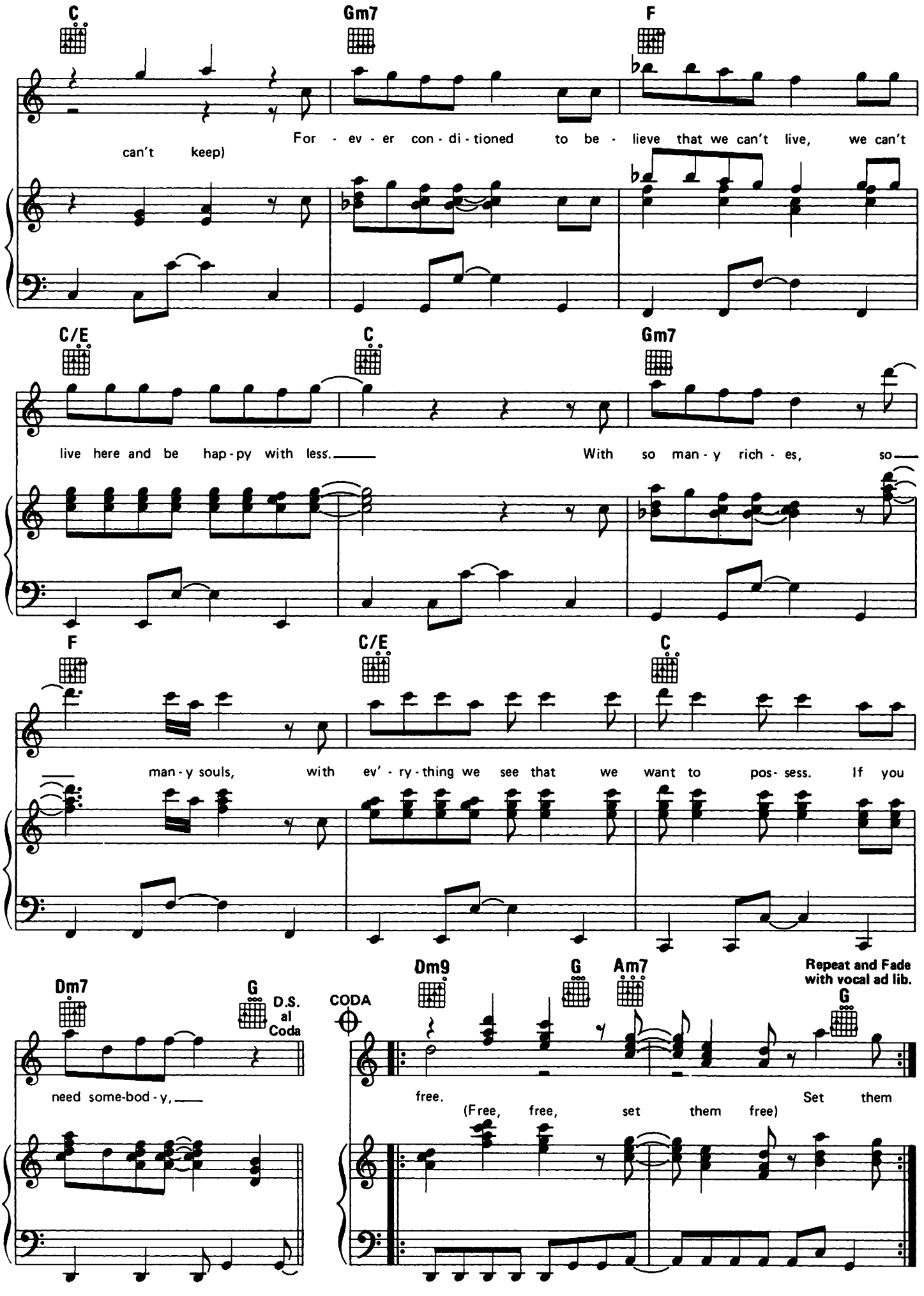

G Dm7 G F/A G
you can do the same.
some-one to des - pise.
If you want to keep
Or a pris - 'ner
Dm7 G F/A G Dm7 G F/A
some - thing pre - cious,
in the dark
got to lock it up and throw a-way the key.
tied up in chains you just can't see
G Dm7 G F/A G
You want to hold on to your pos - ses - sion,
or a beast in a gild-ed cage;
don't e - ven
that's all some peo-
Dm7 G F/A G Bm7
think a - bout me.
ple ev - er want to be.
If you love some-bod - y

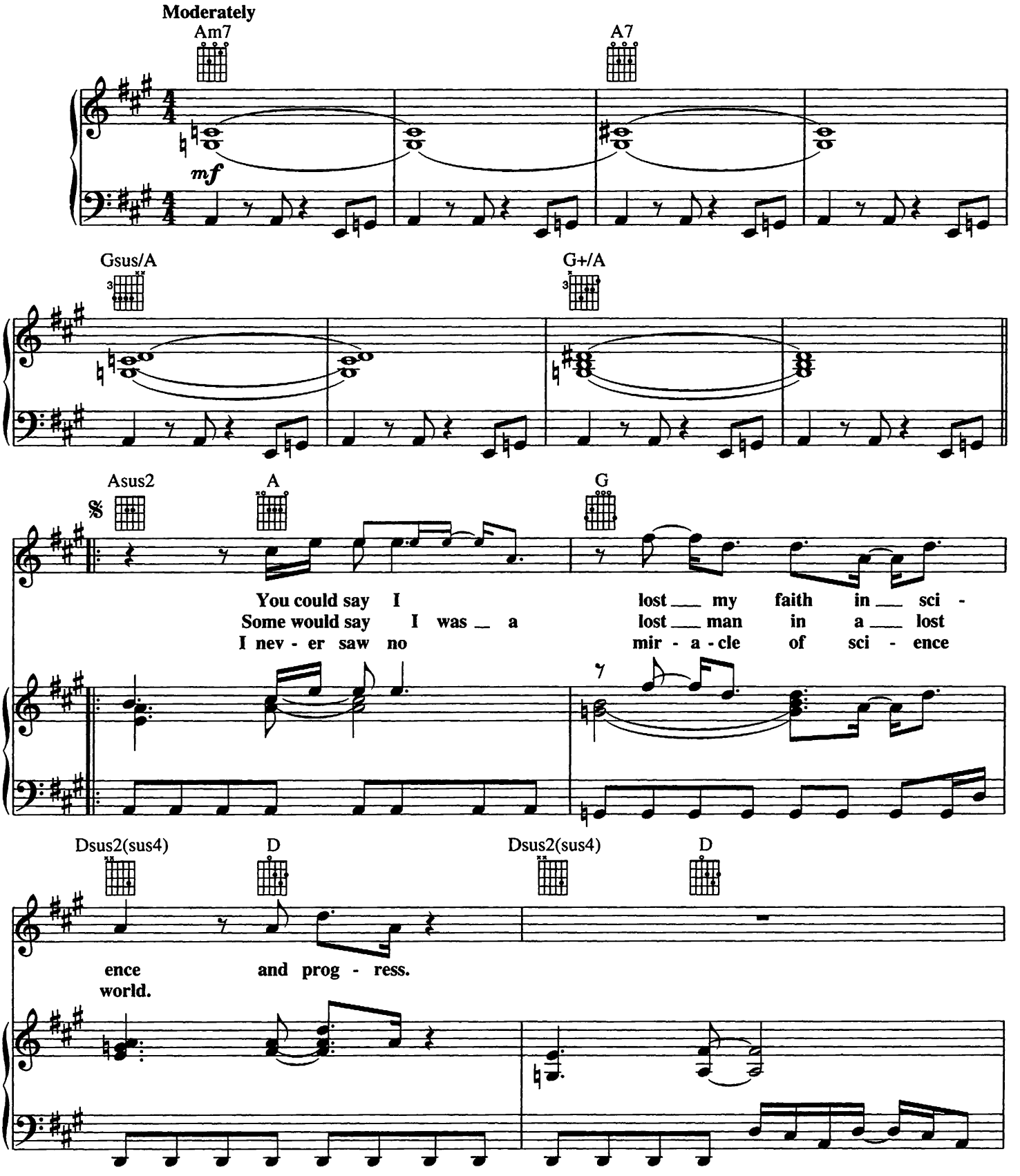

G
if you love some - one, if you love
Bm7
G
some - bod - y, if you love some -
Am7
Dm9
G
Am7
G
one set them free. Set them
(Free, free, set them free)
Dm9
G
Am7
G
Dm9
G
Am7
free. Set them free.
(Free, free, set them free)
(Free, free, set


G
To Coda
Dm9
G
Am7
1
G
Set them free.
If it's a mir-ror
— them free)
(Free, free, set — them free)
Dm7
G
2
G
Fsus
you want,
You can't con-
— them free)
F
C/E
C
trol an in - de - pen - dent heart,
(can't love what you can't keep)
Gm7
F
C/E
Can't tear the one you love a - part.
(can't love what you


C
Gm7
F
For - ev - er con - di - tioned to be - lieve that we can't live, we can't
can't keep)
C/E
C
Gm7
live here and be hap - py with less.
With so man - y rich - es, so
F
C/E
C
man - y souls, with ev' - ry - thing we see that we want to pos - sess. If you
Dm7
G
D.S. al Coda
need some-bod - y,
CODA
Dm9
G
Am7
Repeat and Fade with vocal ad lib.
G
free.
Set them
(Free, free, set them free)

If I Ever Lose My Faith In You

Words & Music by Sting



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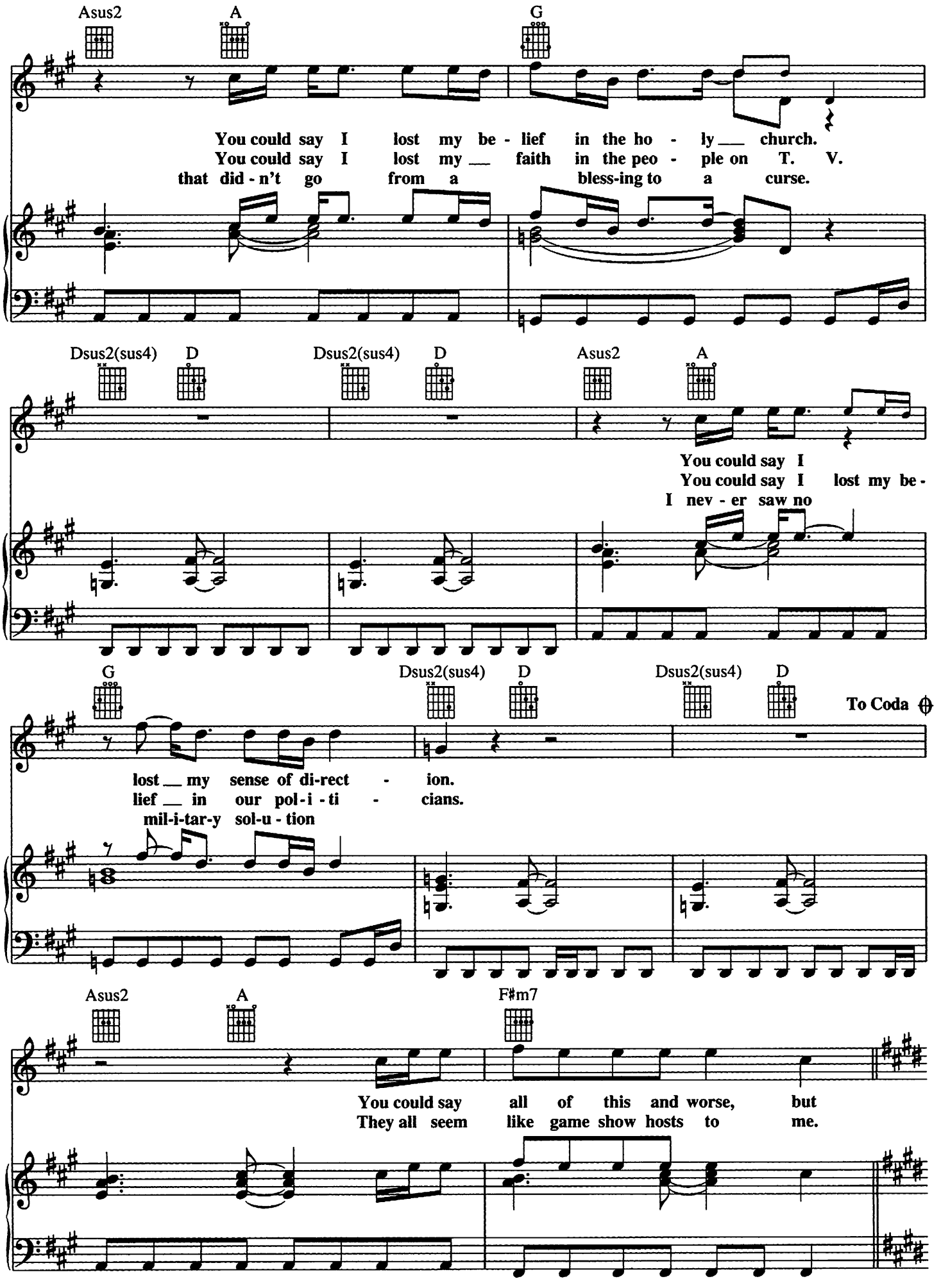
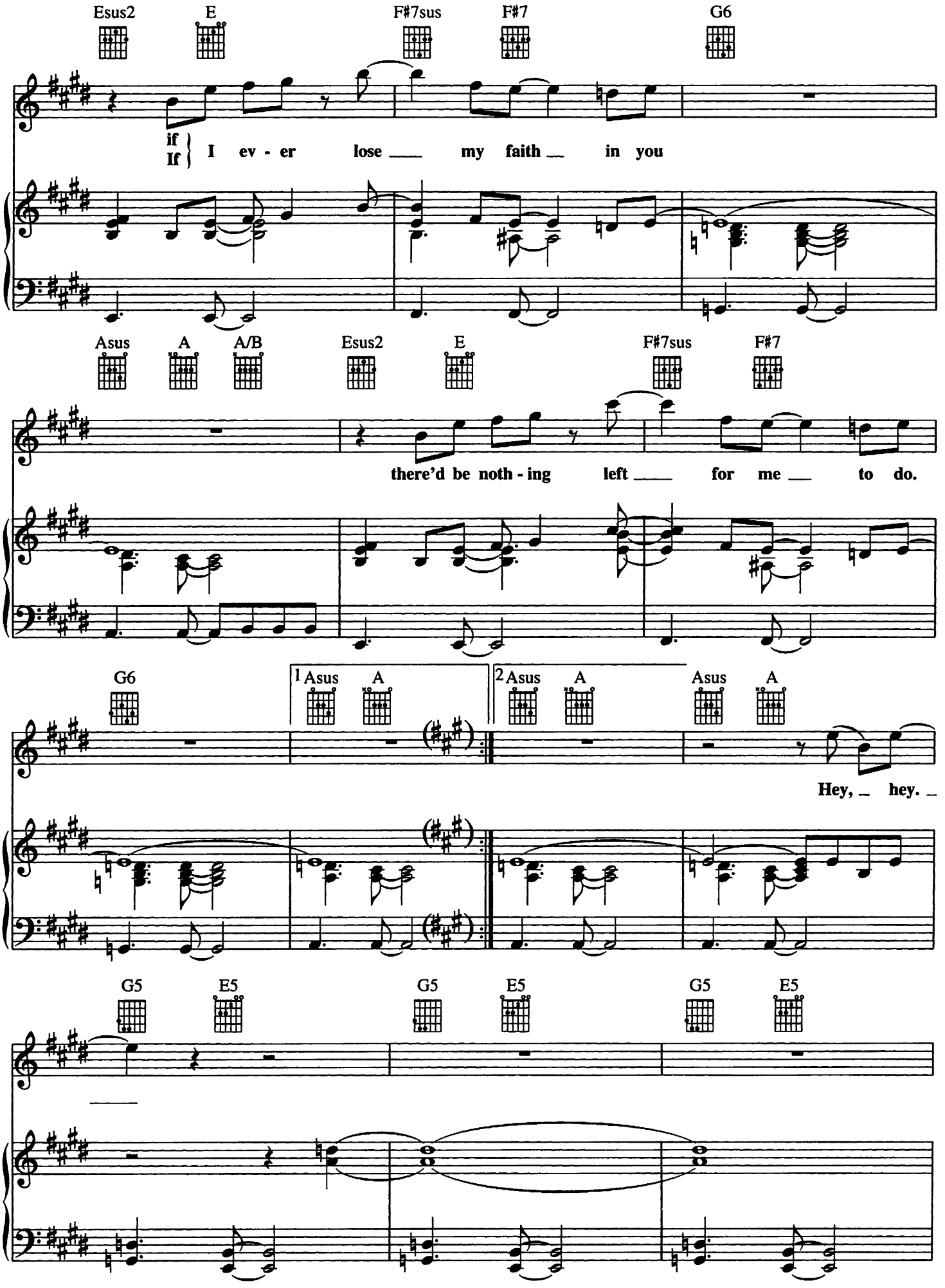
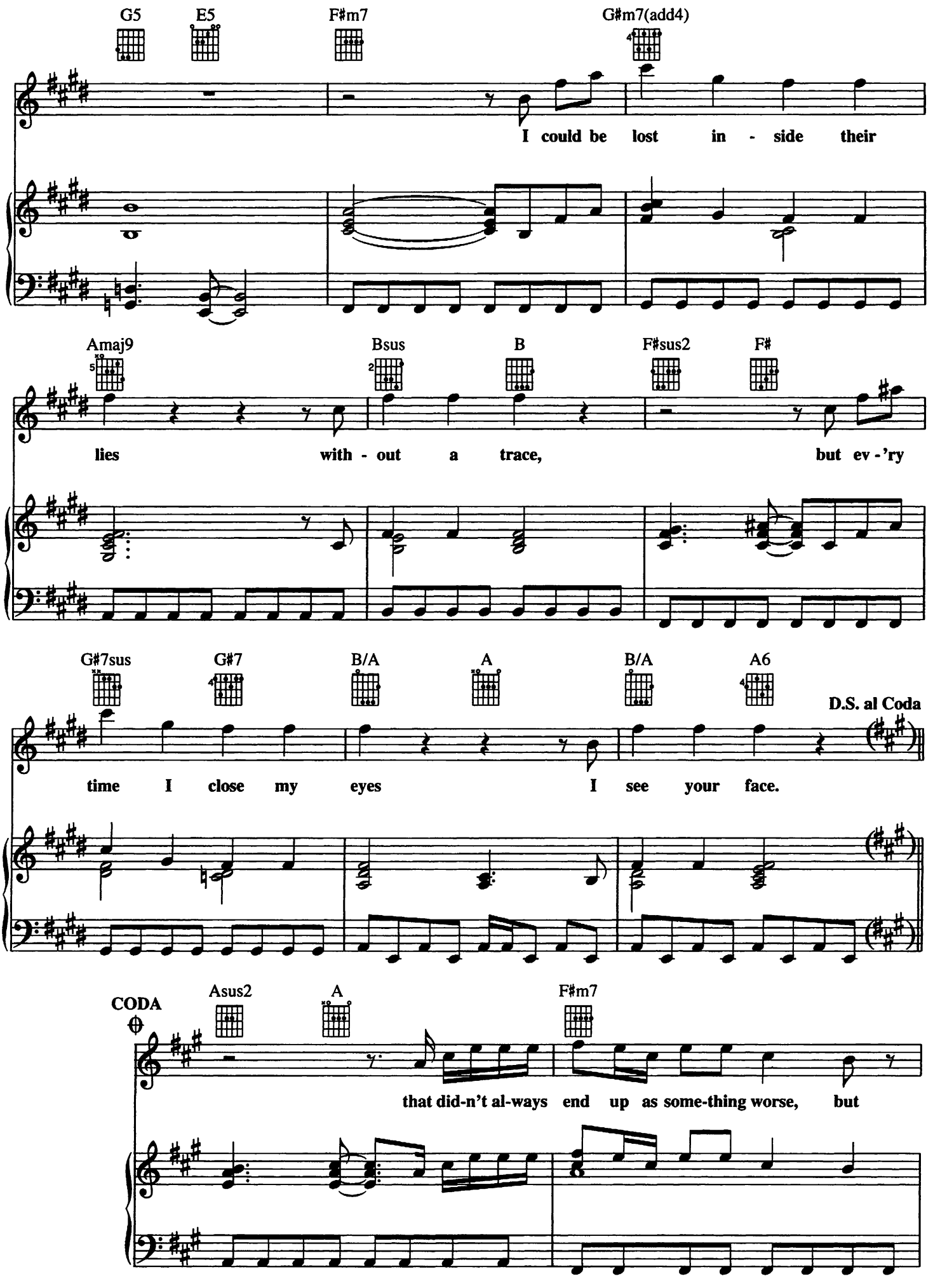
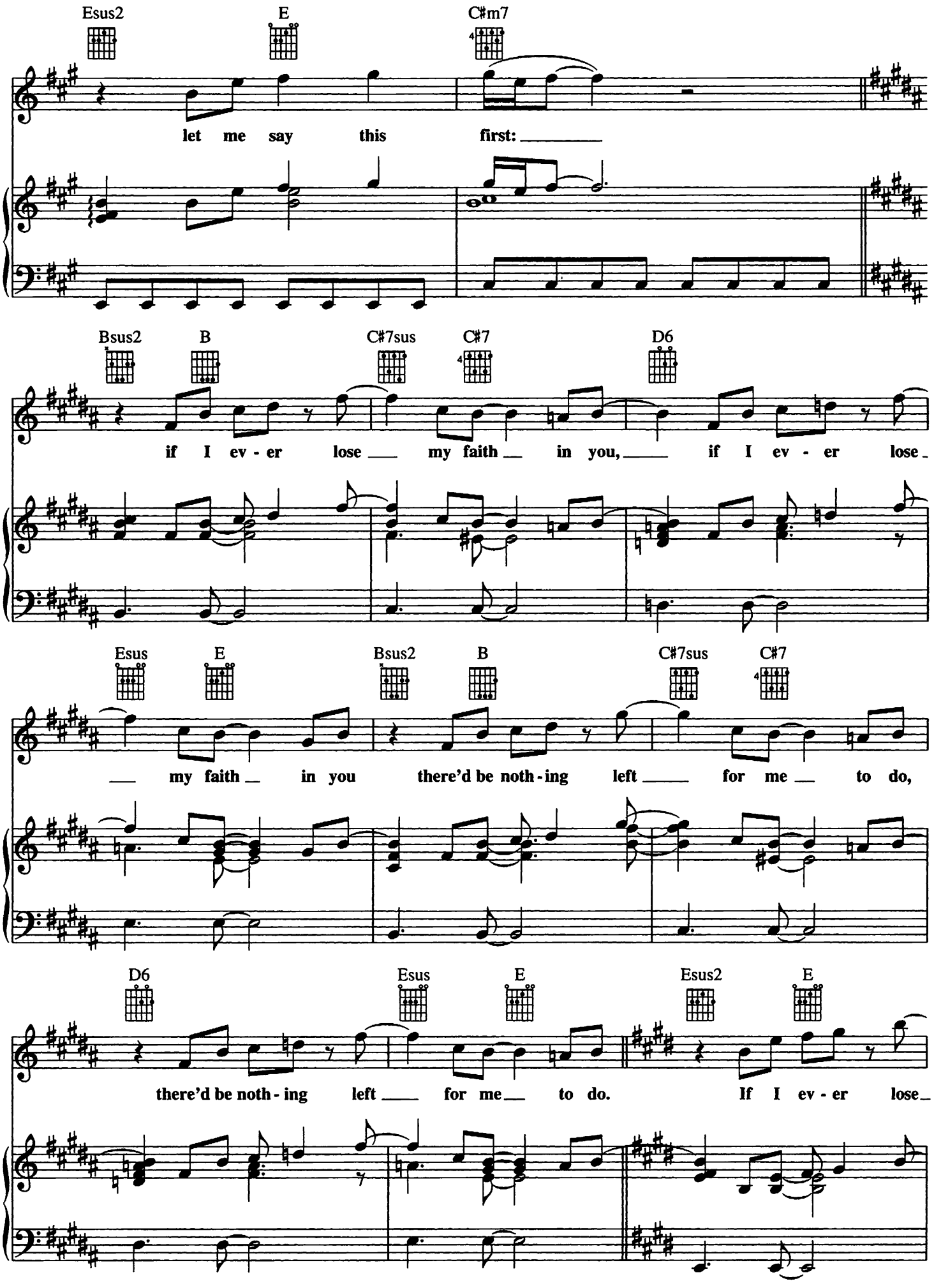
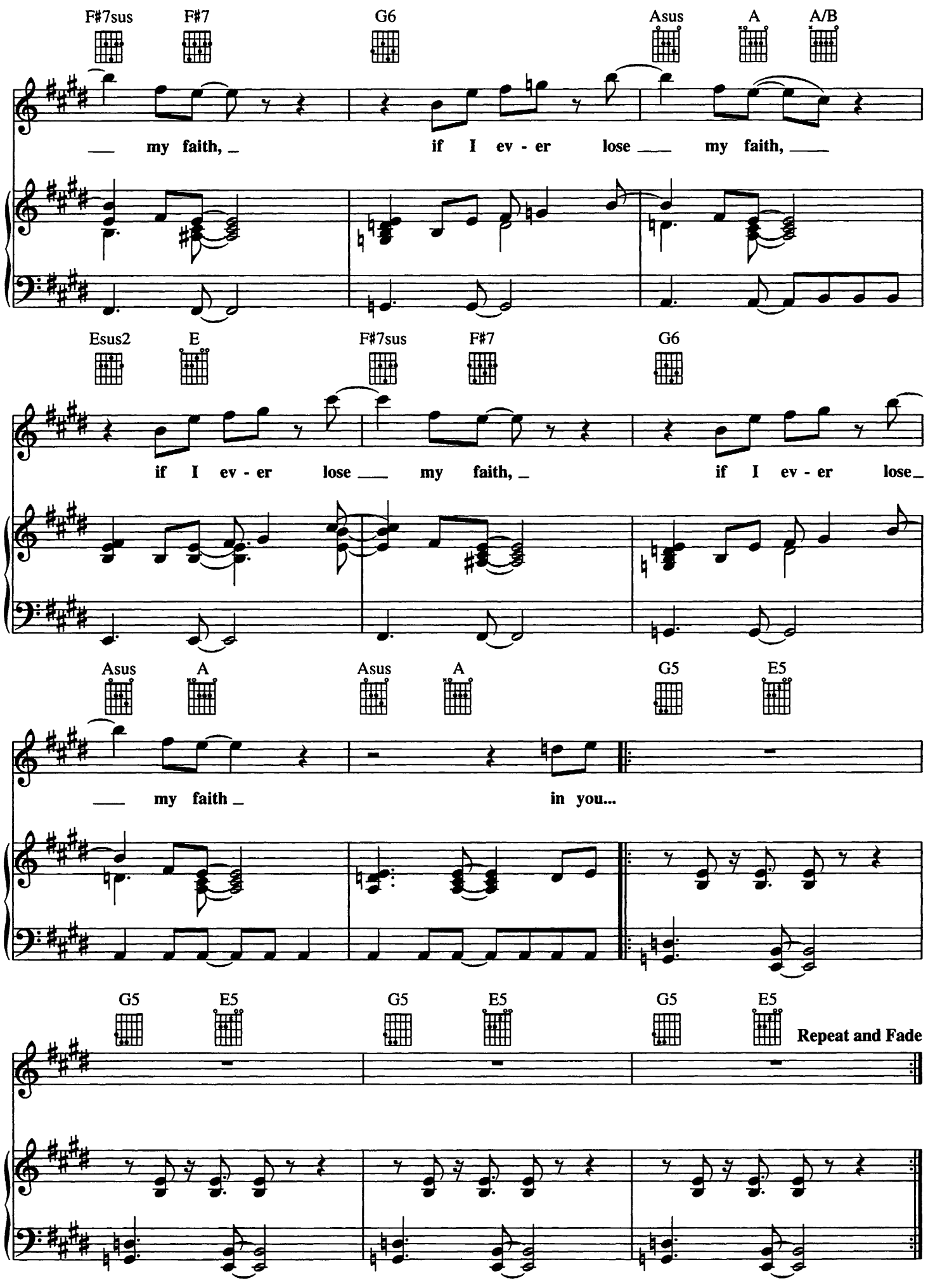

Asus2
A
G
You could say I lost my be - lief in the ho - ly church.
You could say I lost my faith in the peo - ple on T. V.
that did - n't go from a bless-ing to a curse.
Dsus2(sus4)
D
Dsus2(sus4)
D
Asus2
A
You could say I
You could say I lost my be -
I nev - er saw no
G
Dsus2(sus4)
D
Dsus2(sus4)
D
To Coda
lost my sense of di-rect - ion.
lief in our pol-i - ti - cians.
mil-i-tar-y sol-u - tion
Asus2
A
F♯m7
You could say all of this and worse, but
They all seem like game show hosts to me.


Esus2 E F#7sus F#7 G6
if
If I ev - er lose ___ my faith _ in you
Asus A A/B Esus2 E F#7sus F#7
there'd be noth - ing left ___ for me ___ to do.
G6 1 Asus A 2 Asus A Asus A
Hey, _ hey. _
G5 E5 G5 E5 G5 E5

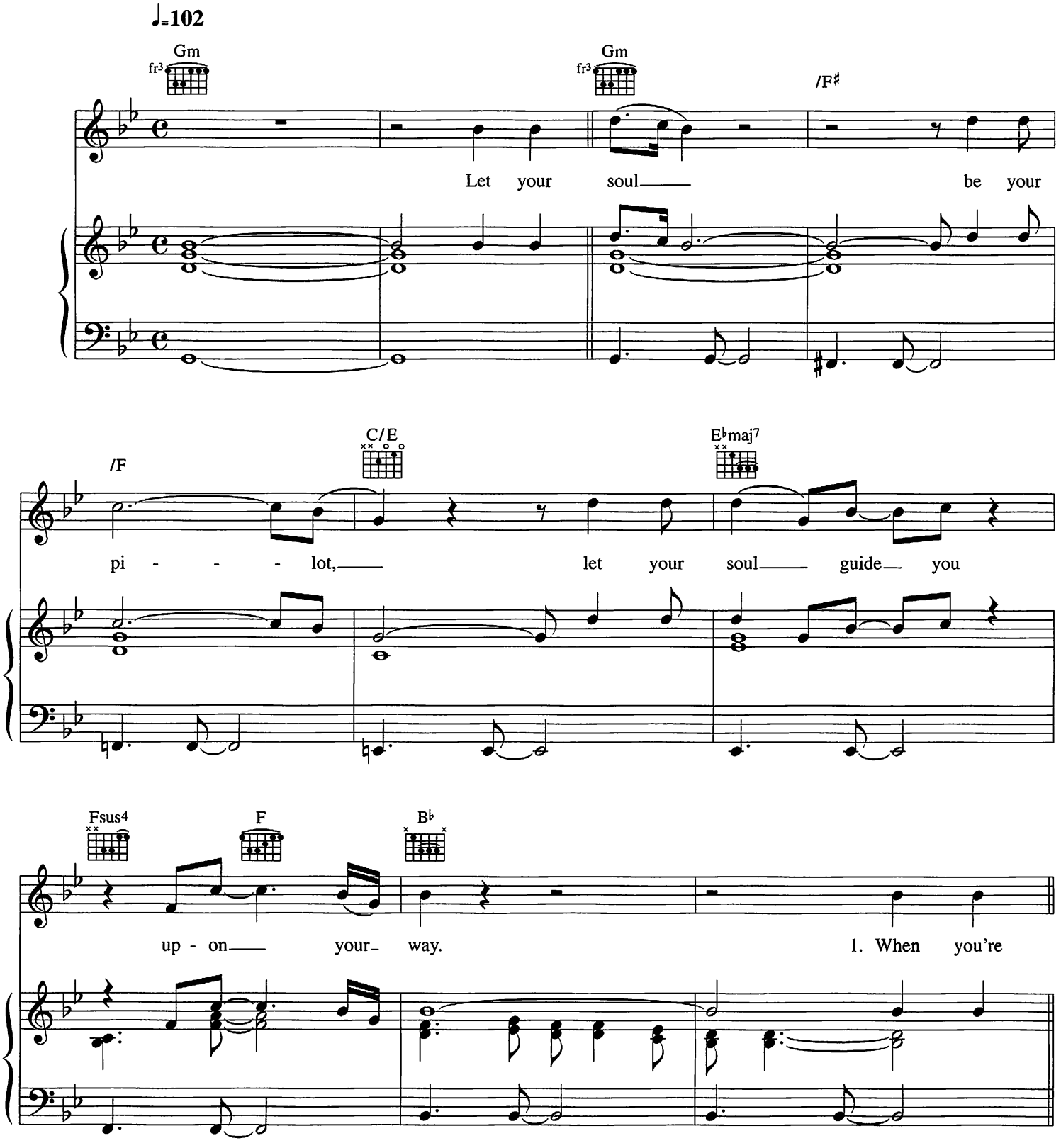

G5
E5
F#m7
G#m7(add4)
I could be lost in - side their
Amaj9
Bsus
B
F#sus2
F#
lies with - out a trace, but ev -'ry
G#7sus
G#7
B/A
A
B/A
A6
D.S. al Coda
time I close my eyes I see your face.
CODA
Asus2
A
F#m7
that did-n't al-ways end up as some-thing worse, but


Esus2
E
C♯m7
let me say this first: ___
Bsus2
B
C♯7sus
C♯7
D6
if I ev - er lose ___ my faith ___ in you, ___ if I ev - er lose
Esus
E
Bsus2
B
C♯7sus
C♯7
___ my faith ___ in you there'd be noth - ing left ___ for me ___ to do,
D6
Esus
E
Esus2
E
there'd be noth - ing left ___ for me ___ to do. If I ev - er lose


F#7sus F#7 G6 Asus A A/B
my faith, if I ev - er lose my faith,
Esus2 E F#7sus F#7 G6
if I ev - er lose my faith, if I ev - er lose
Asus A Asus A G5 E5
my faith in you...
G5 E5 G5 E5 G5 E5
Repeat and Fade

Let Your Soul Be Your Pilot

Words & Music by Sting



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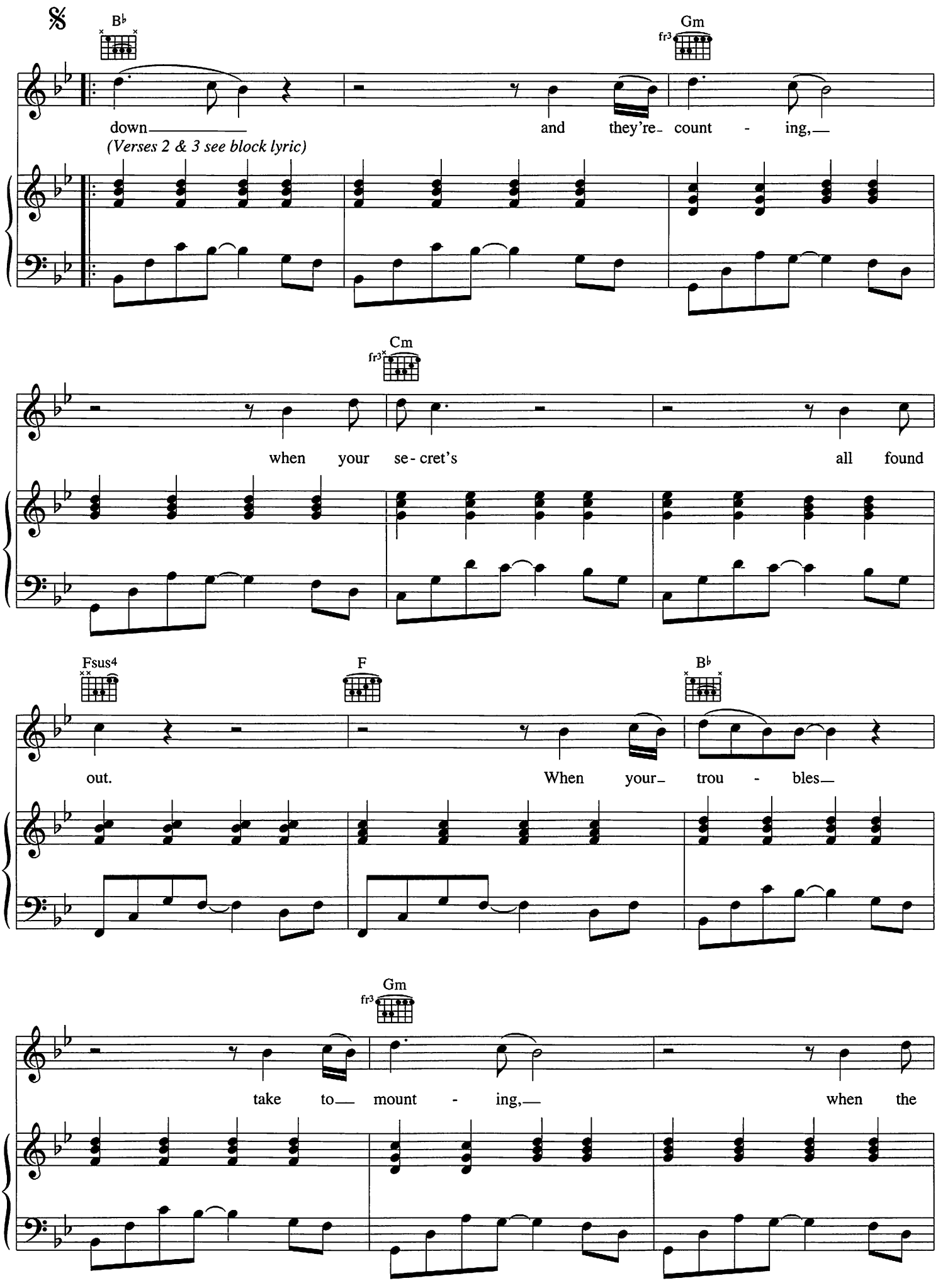
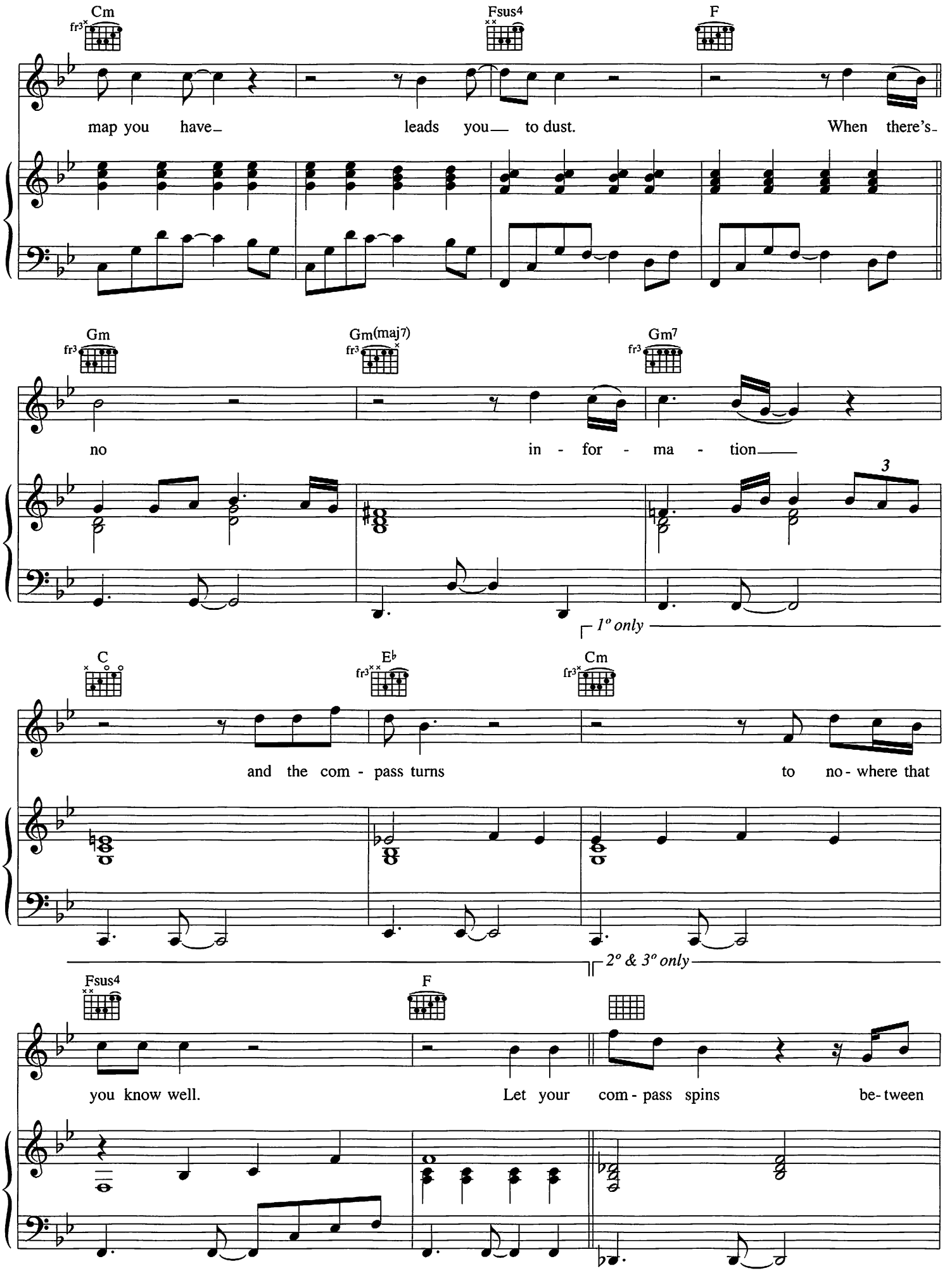
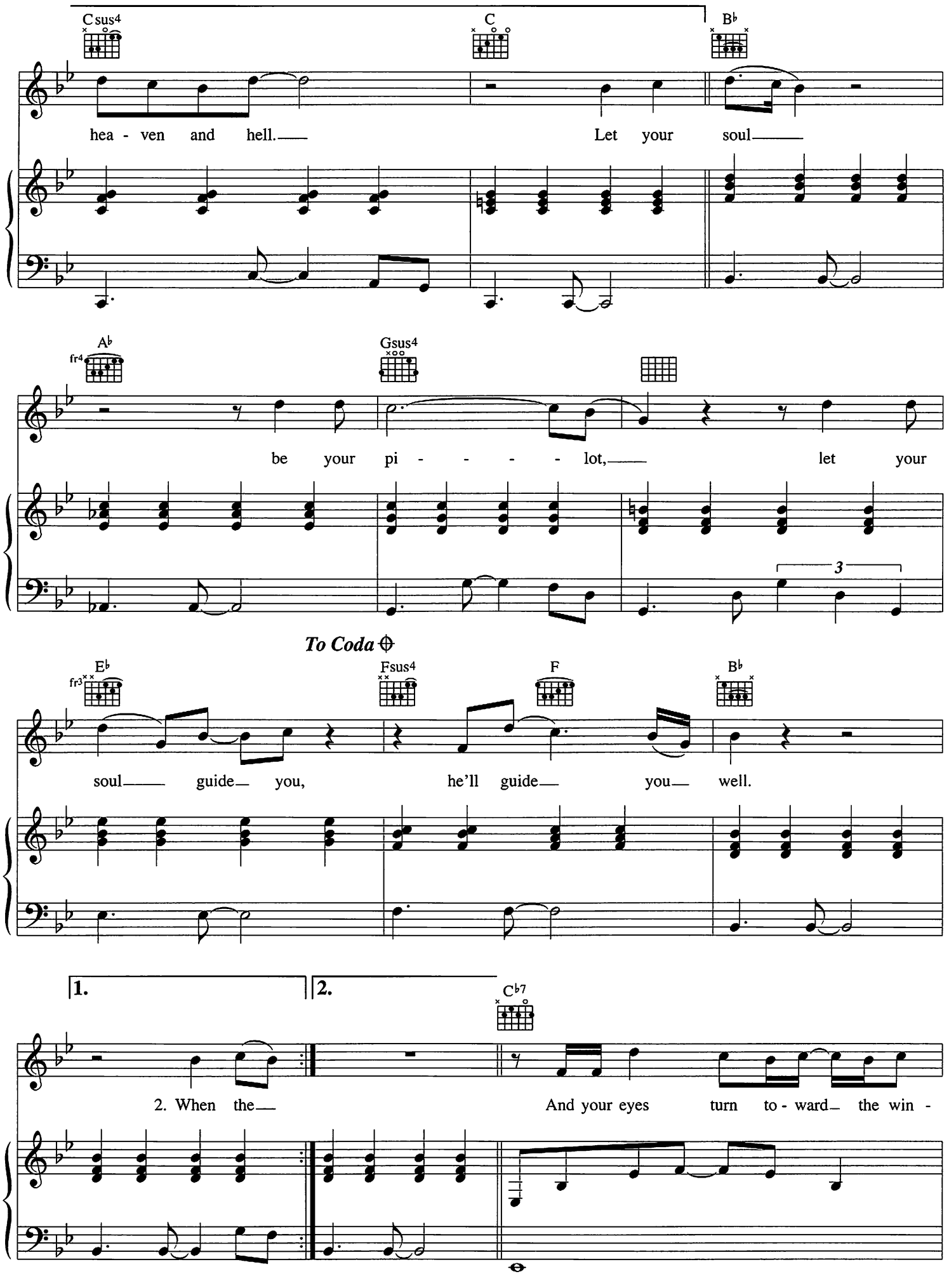
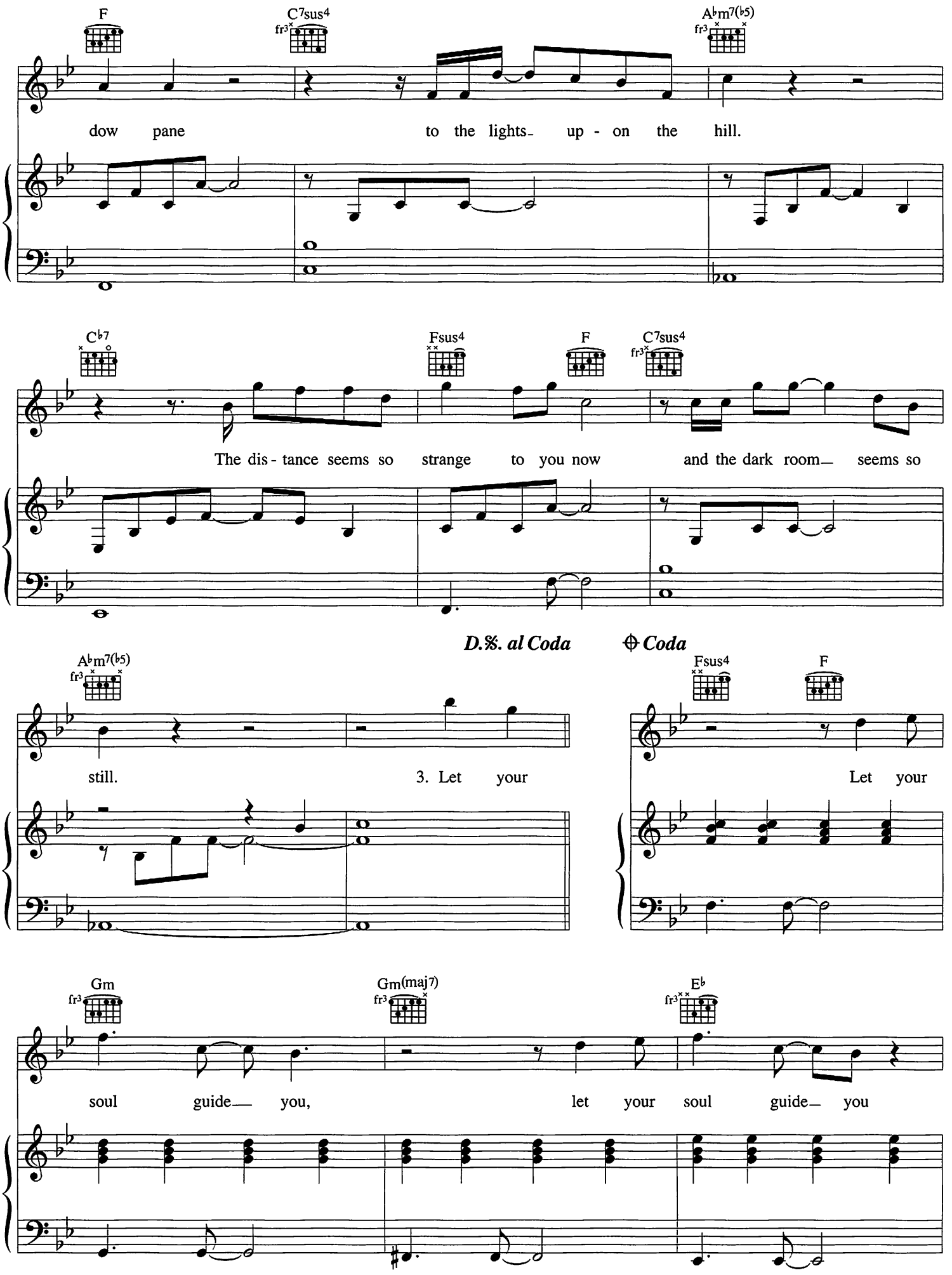
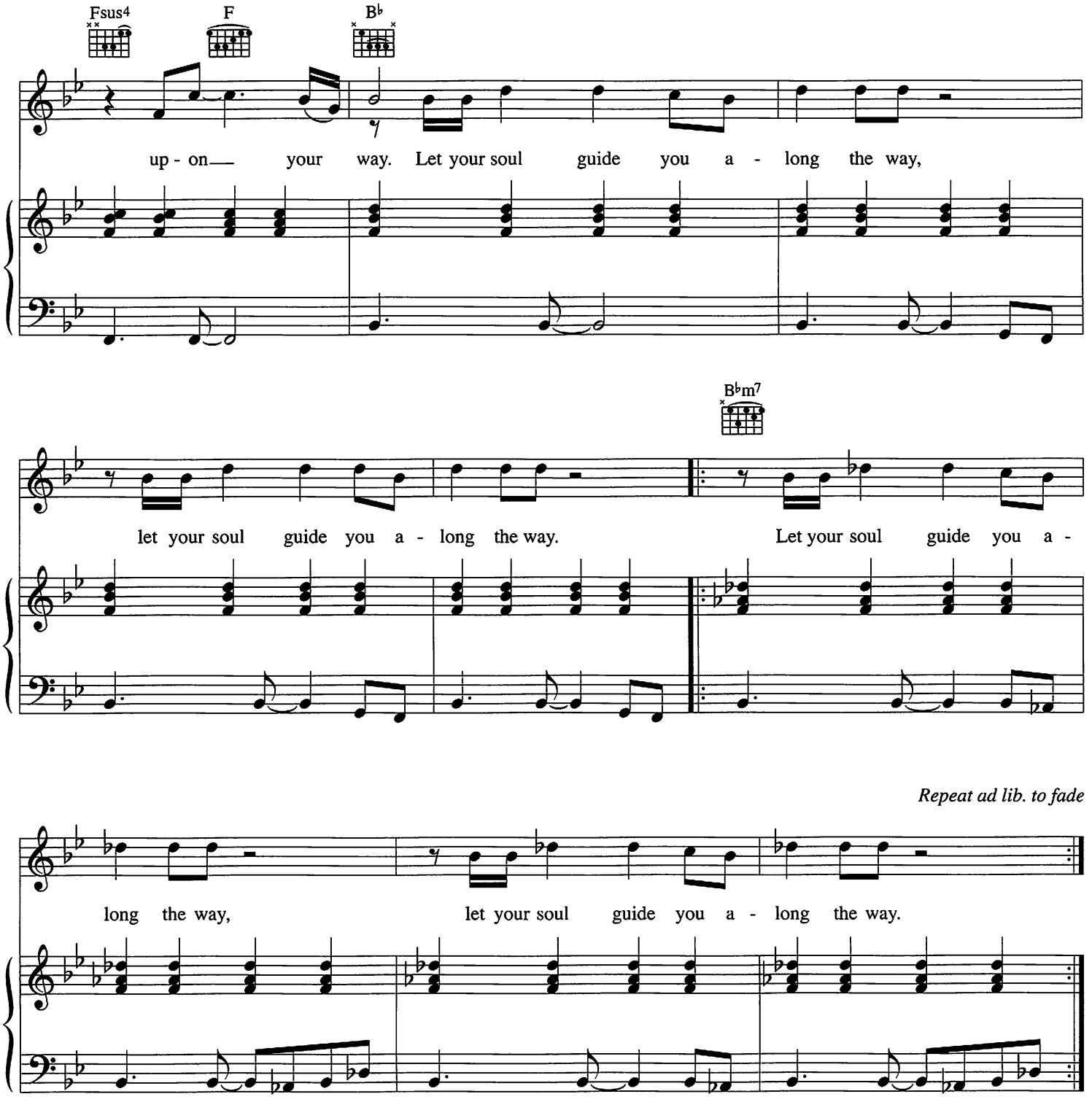

B♭
Gm
fr3
down
(Verses 2 & 3 see block lyric)
and they're count - ing,
Cm
fr3
when your se - cret's all found
Fsus4
F
B♭
out.
When your trou - bles
Gm
fr3
take to mount - ing,
when the


Cm
Fsus4
F
map you have_ leads you__ to dust. When there's_
Gm
Gm(maj7)
Gm7
no in - for - ma - tion___
3
1º only
C
E♭
Cm
and the com - pass turns to no - where that
2º & 3º only
Fsus4
F
you know well. Let your com - pass spins be - tween


Csus4
C
B♭
hea - ven and hell.
Let your soul
A♭
fr4
Gsus4
be your pi - - - - lot,
let your
3
To Coda
E♭
fr3
Fsus4
F
B♭
soul
guide
you,
he'll guide
you
well.
1.
2.
C♭7
2. When the
And your eyes turn to - ward the win -


F
C7sus4
fr3
A♭m7(♭5)
fr3
dow pane to the lights- up - on the hill.
C♭7
Fsus4
F
C7sus4
fr3
The dis - tance seems so strange to you now and the dark room— seems so
D.S. al Coda
Coda
A♭m7(♭5)
fr3
still.
3. Let your
Fsus4
F
Let your
Gm
fr3
Gm(maj7)
fr3
E♭
fr3
soul guide— you,
let your soul guide— you

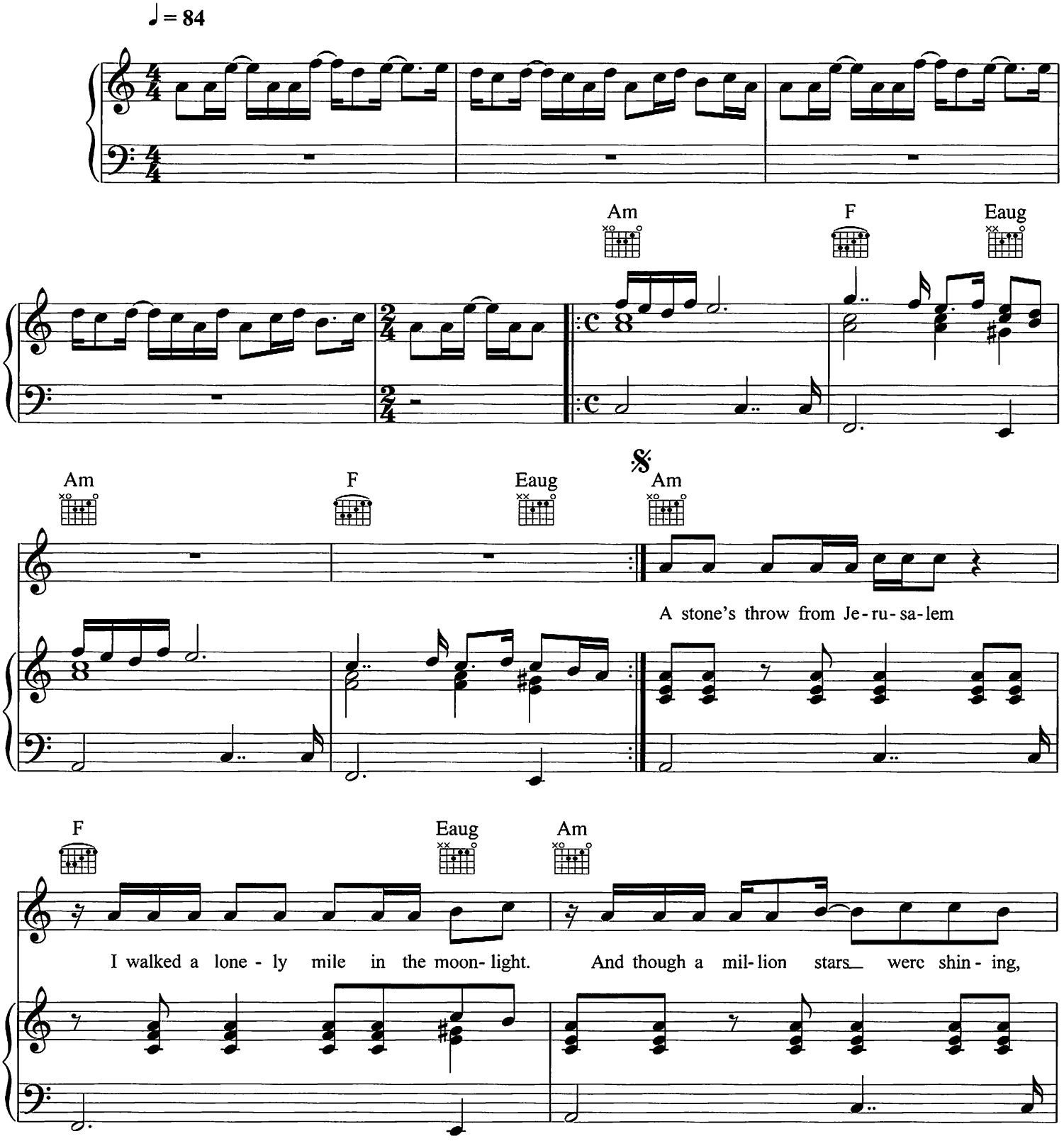


Verse 2:
When the doctors failed to heal you
When no medicine chest can make you well.
When no counsel leads to comfort
When there are no more lies they can tell.
No more useless information
And the compass spins,
The compass spins between heaven and hell
Let your soul be your pilot
Let your soul guide you
He'll guide you well.

Verse 3:
Let your pain be my sorrow
Let your tears be my tears too.
Let your courage be my model
That the north you find will be true.
When there's no more information
And the compass turns to nowhere that you know well
Let your soul be your pilot
Let your soul guide you…
To Coda

Mad About You

Words & Music by Sting



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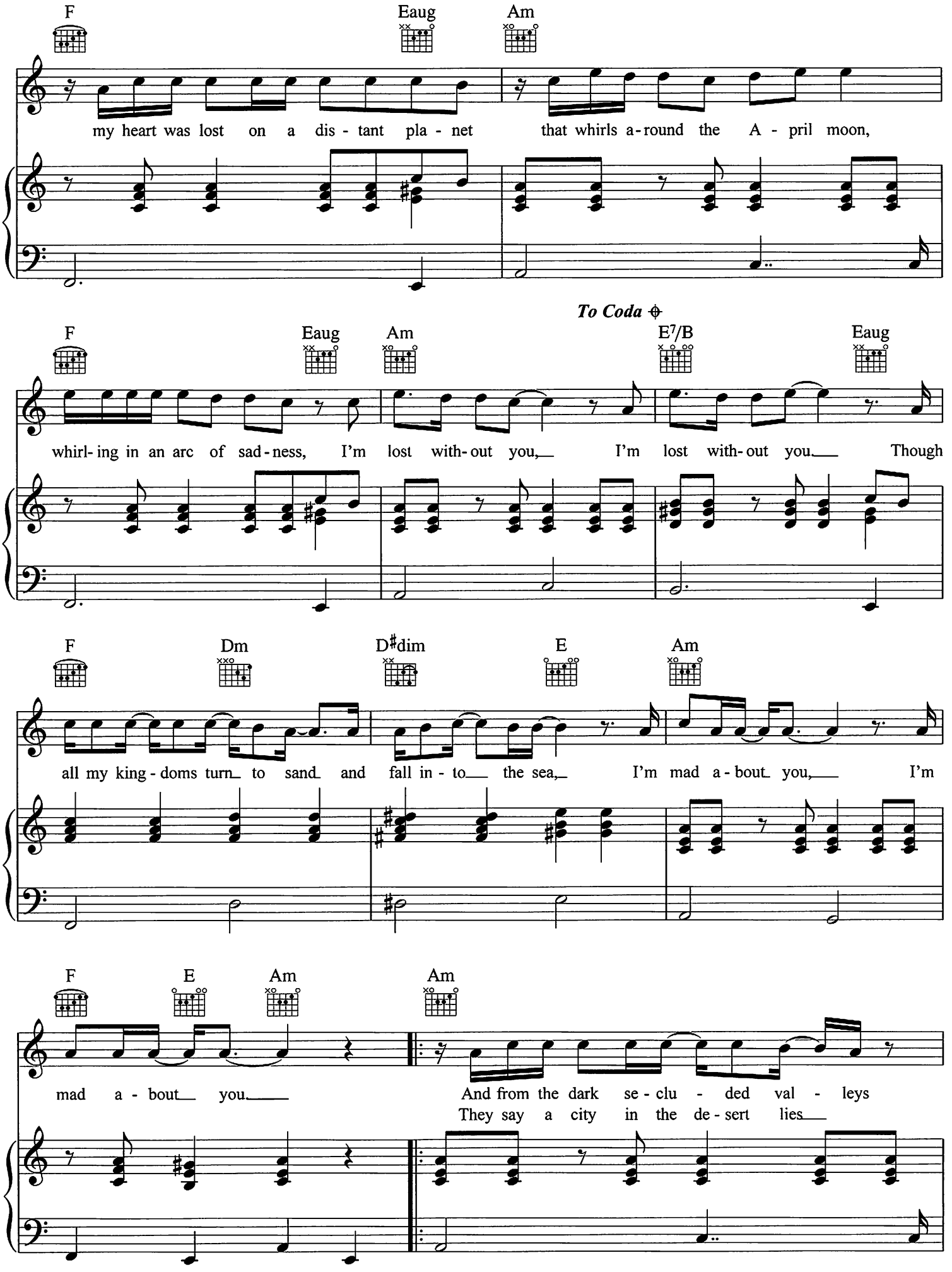

F
Eaug
Am
my heart was lost on a dis - tant pla - net
that whirls a - round the A - pril moon,
To Coda
F
Eaug
Am
E7/B
Eaug
whirl- ing in an arc of sad - ness, I'm lost with- out you, I'm lost with- out you. Though
F
Dm
D♯dim
E
Am
all my king - doms turn to sand and fall in - to the sea, I'm mad a - bout you, I'm
F
E
Am
Am
mad a - bout you.
And from the dark se - clu - ded val - leys
They say a city in the de - sert lies.

F Eaug Am

I heard the an - cient songs of sad - ness. But ev-'ry step I thought of you,
the va - ni - ty of an an - cient king, but the ci - ty lies in bro - ken pieces, where the

F Eaug Am

ev-'ry foot - step on - ly you. Ev-'ry star a grain of sand
wind howls and the vul - tures sing. These are the works of man,

F Eaug Am

the leav- ings of a dried up o - cean, tell me how much long - er
this is the sum of our am - bi - tion, it would make a pri - son of my life,

1' F Eaug

how much long - er?

2. E7/B Eaug

if you be-came an - oth - er's wife. With

F Dm D♯dim E Am

ev-'ry pri - son blown to dust my e - ne - mies walk free, I'm mad a - bout you, I'm

F E Am C

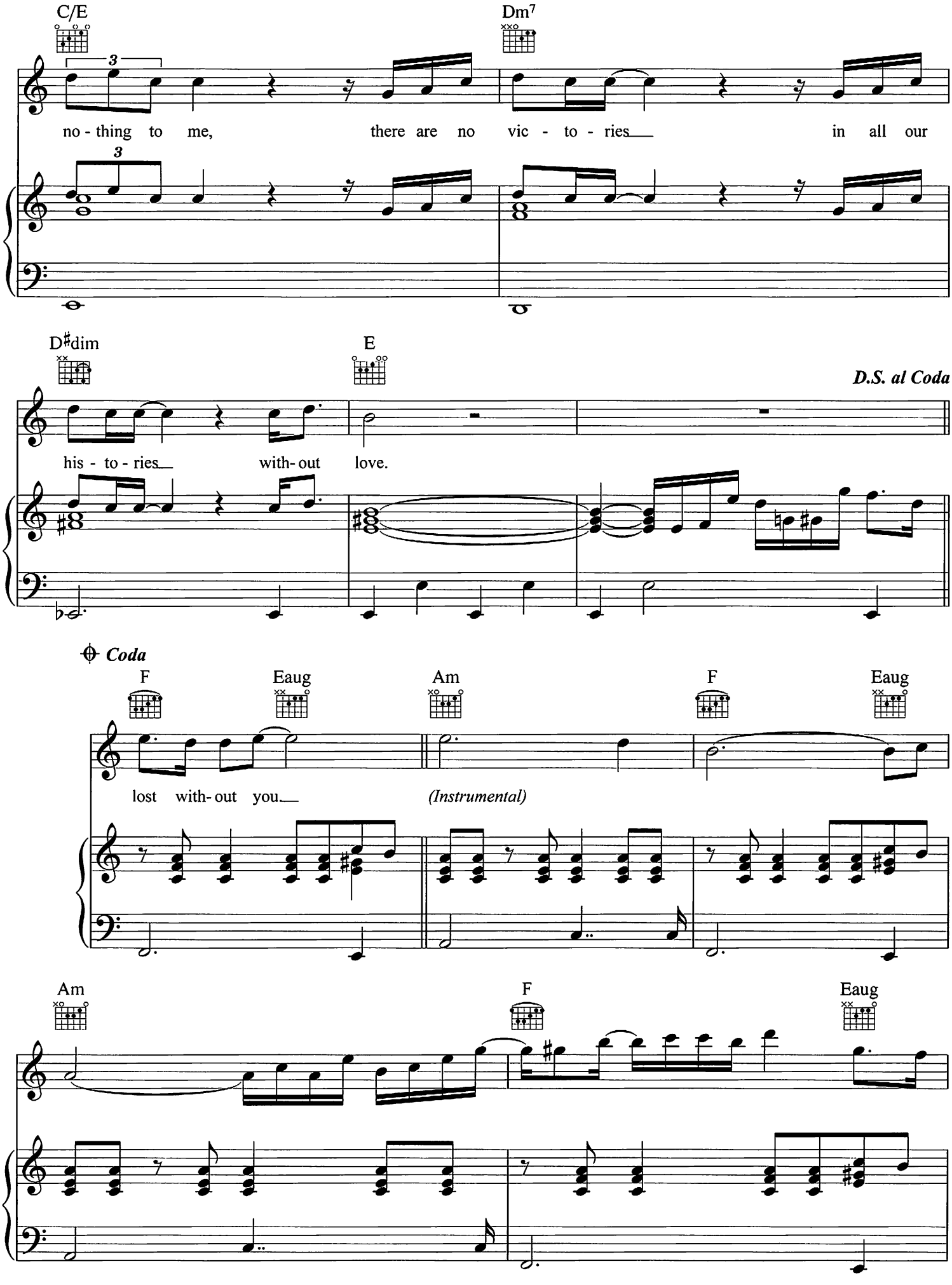
mad a - bout you. I've ne - ver in my life

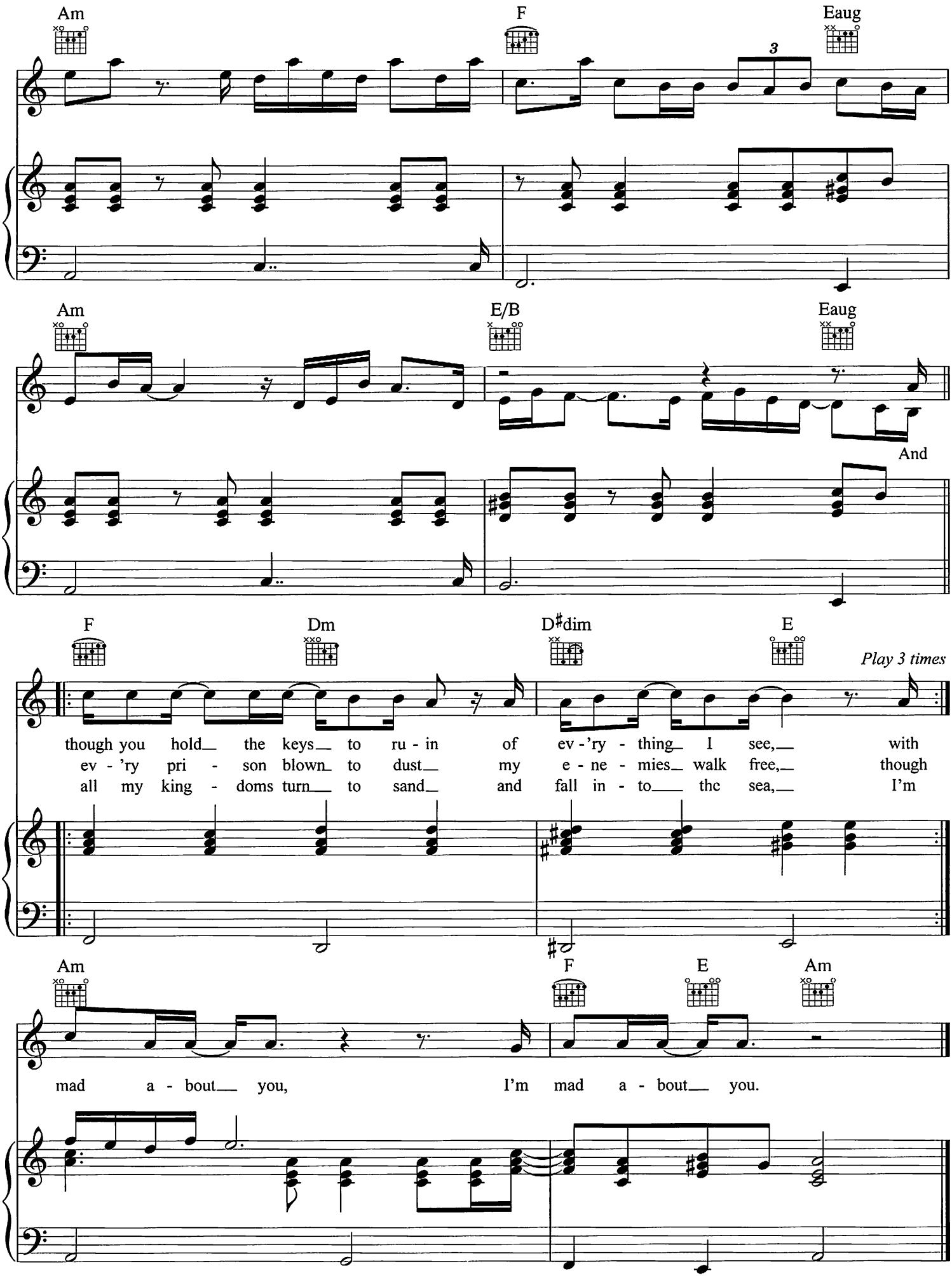
Caug Am

felt more a - lone than I do now. Al -

C/B♭ F

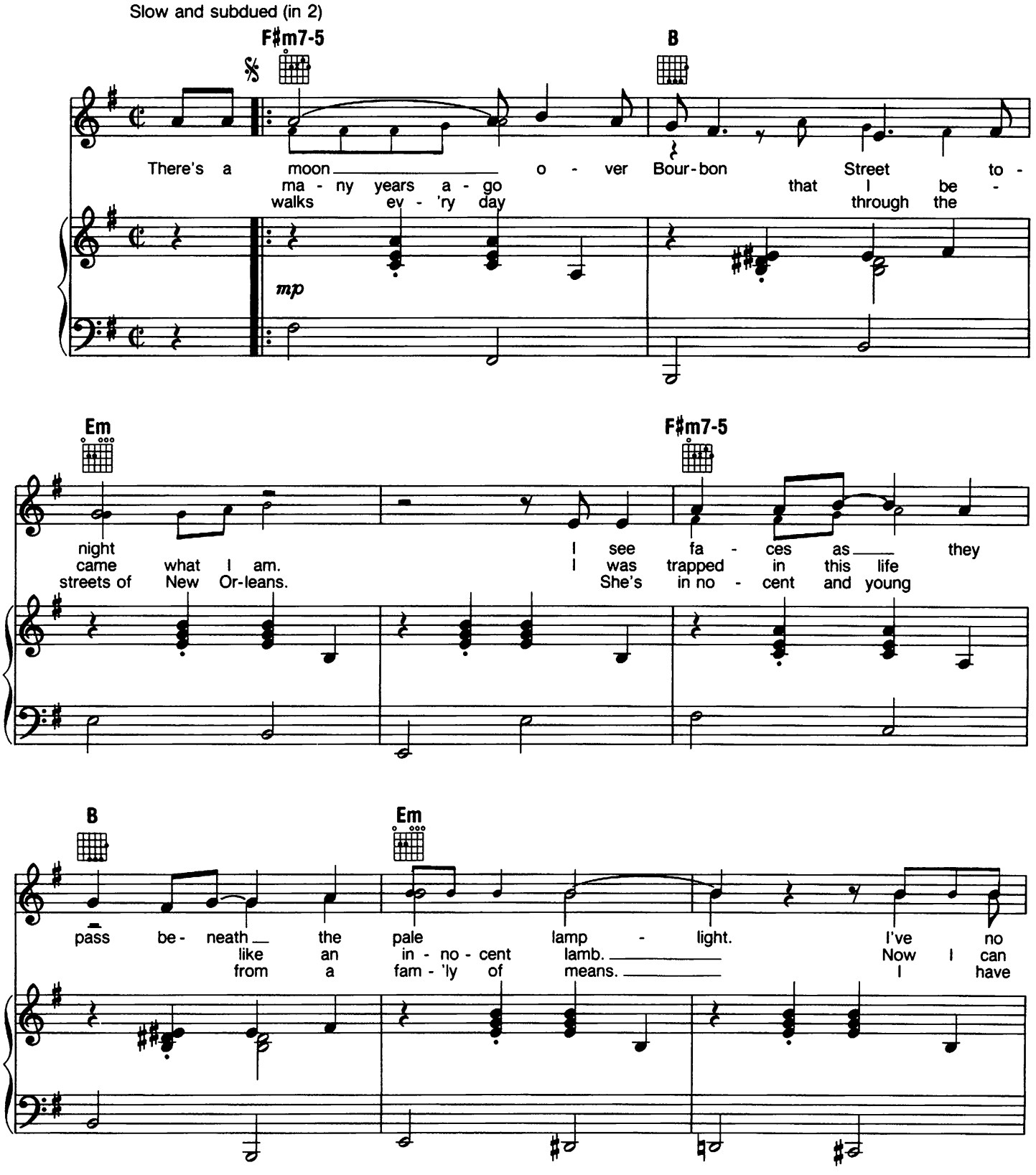
- though I claim do - mi - nions ov - er all I see, it means


C/E
Dm7
no - thing to me, there are no vic - to - ries in all our
D♯dim
E
D.S. al Coda
his - to - ries with- out love.
Coda
F
Eaug
Am
F
Eaug
lost with- out you
(Instrumental)
Am
F
Eaug


Am
F
Eaug
3
Am
E/B
Eaug
And
F
Dm
D♯dim
E
Play 3 times
though you hold the keys to ru - in of ev - 'ry - thing I see, with
ev - 'ry pri - son blown to dust my e - ne - mies walk free, though
all my king - doms turn to sand and fall in - to the sea, I'm
Am
F
E
Am
mad a - bout you, I'm mad a - bout you.

Moon Over Bourbon Street

Words & Music by Sting



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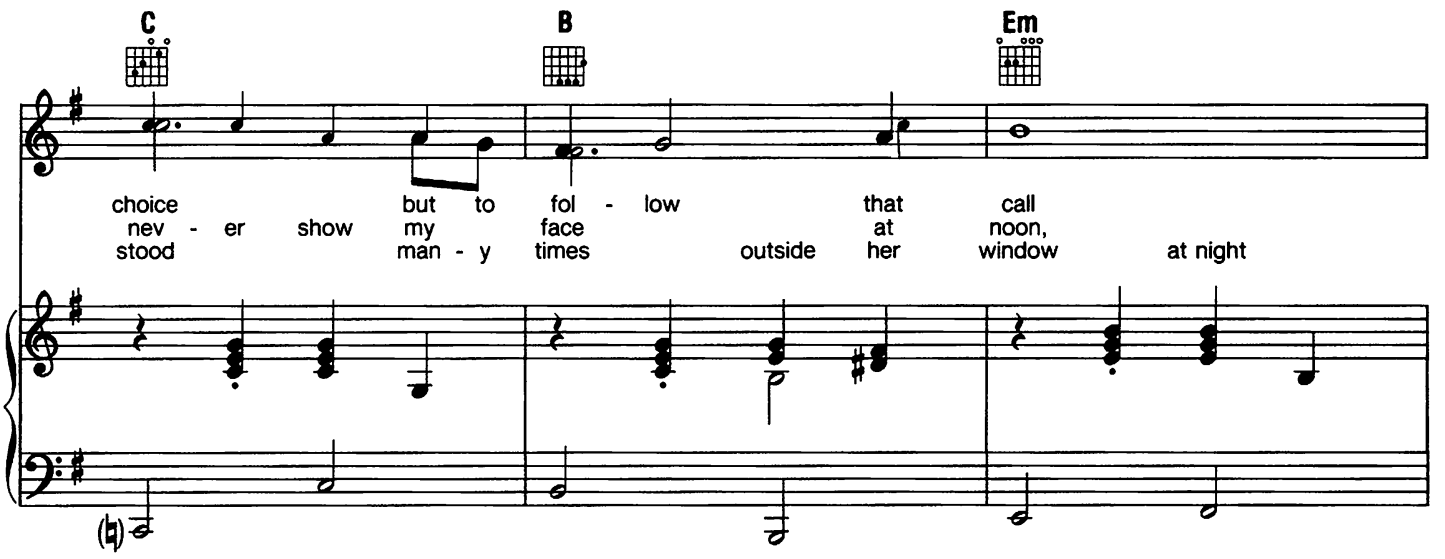
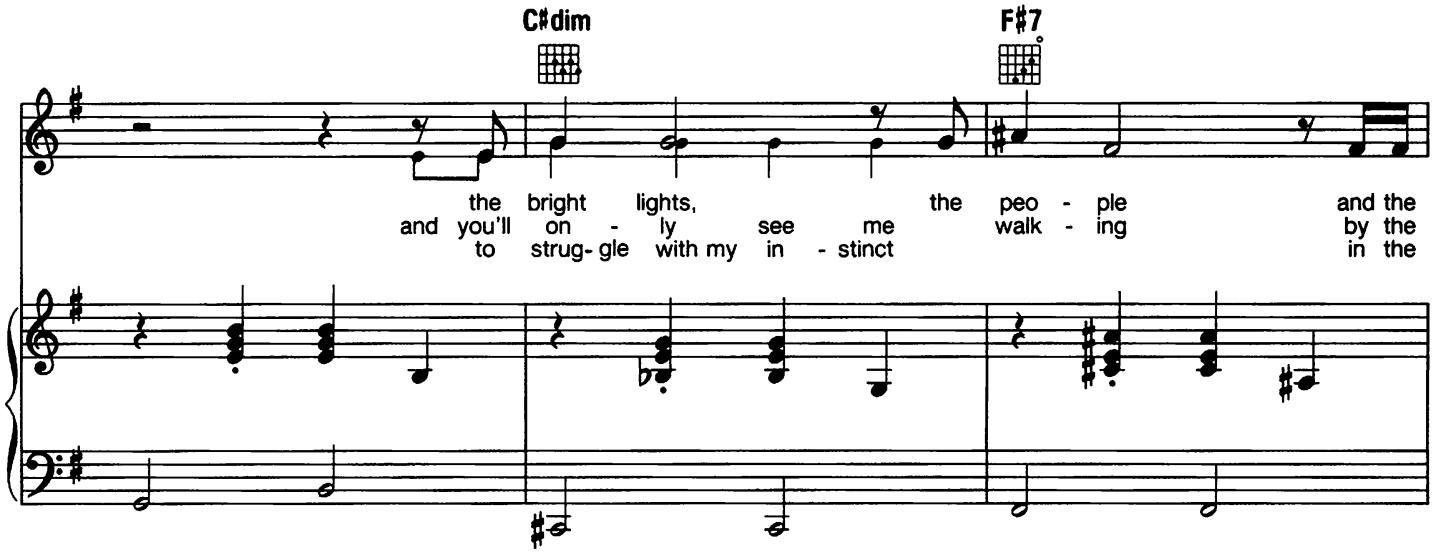
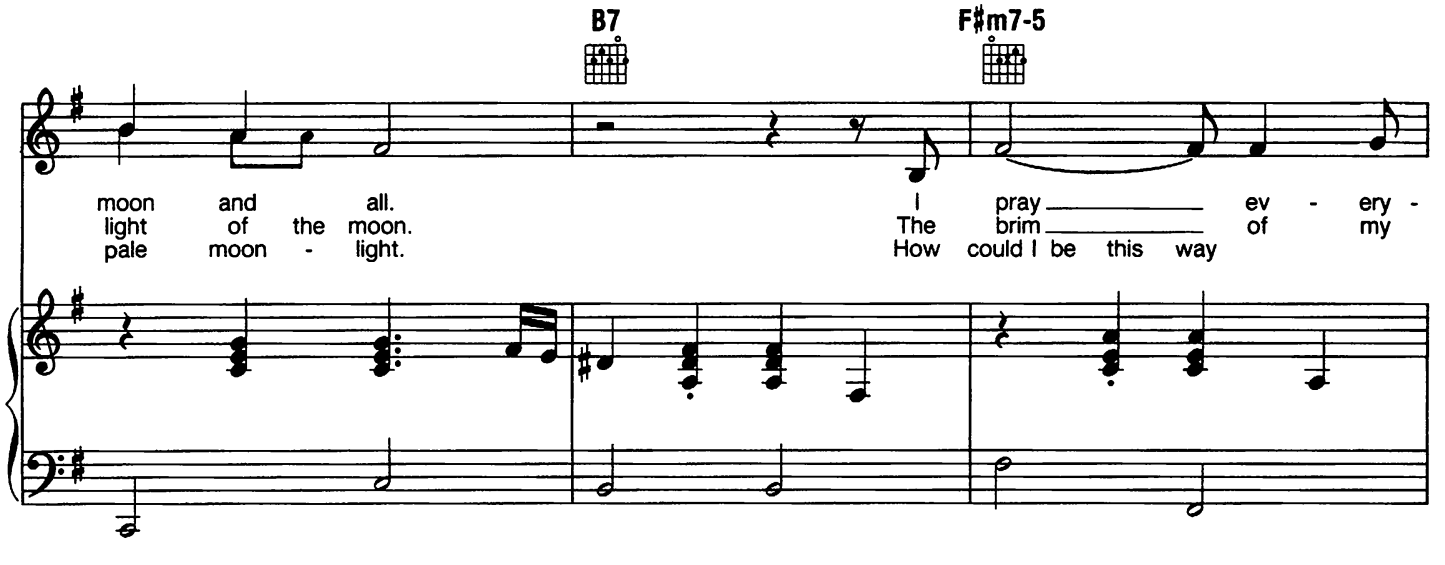
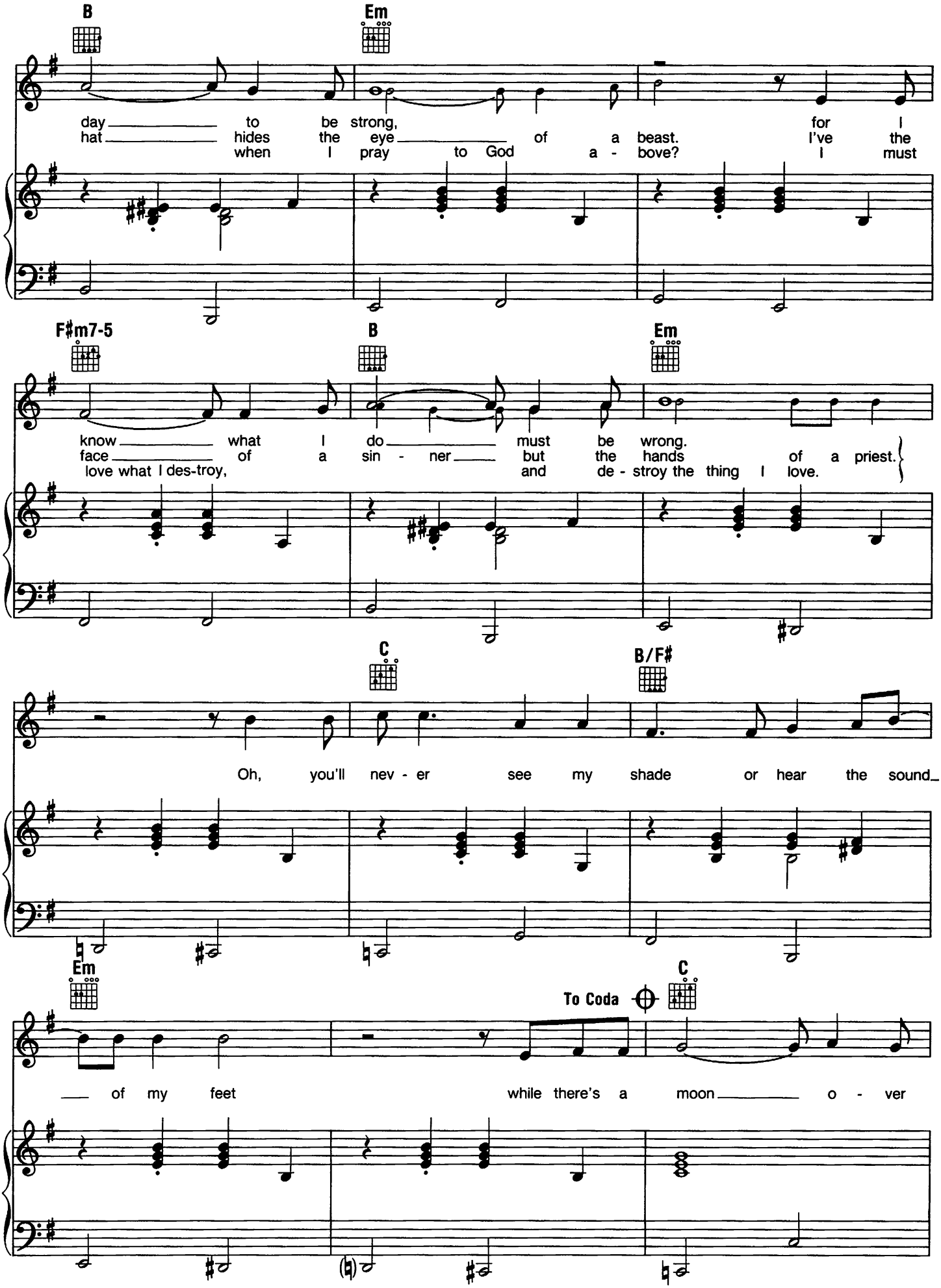
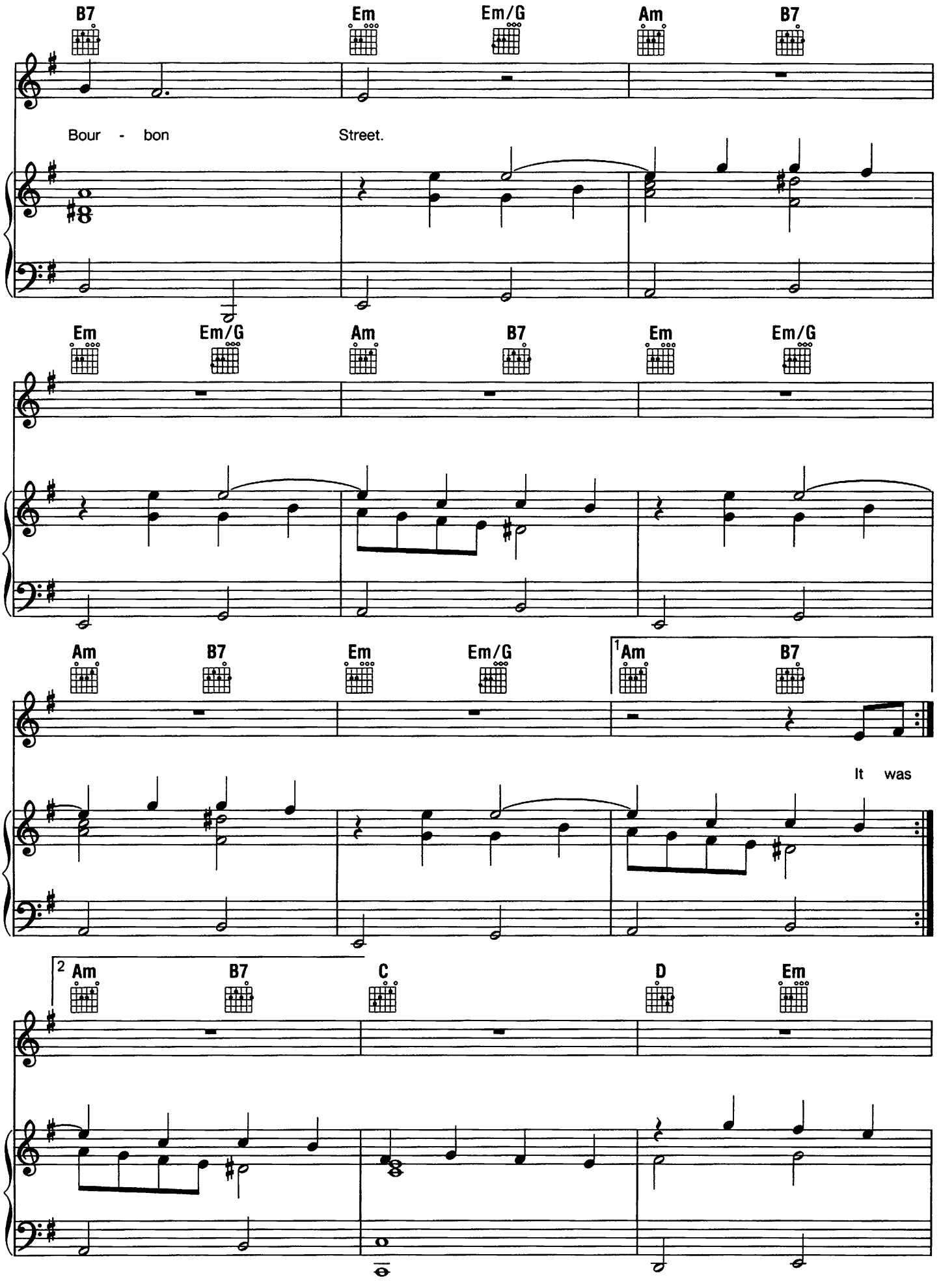
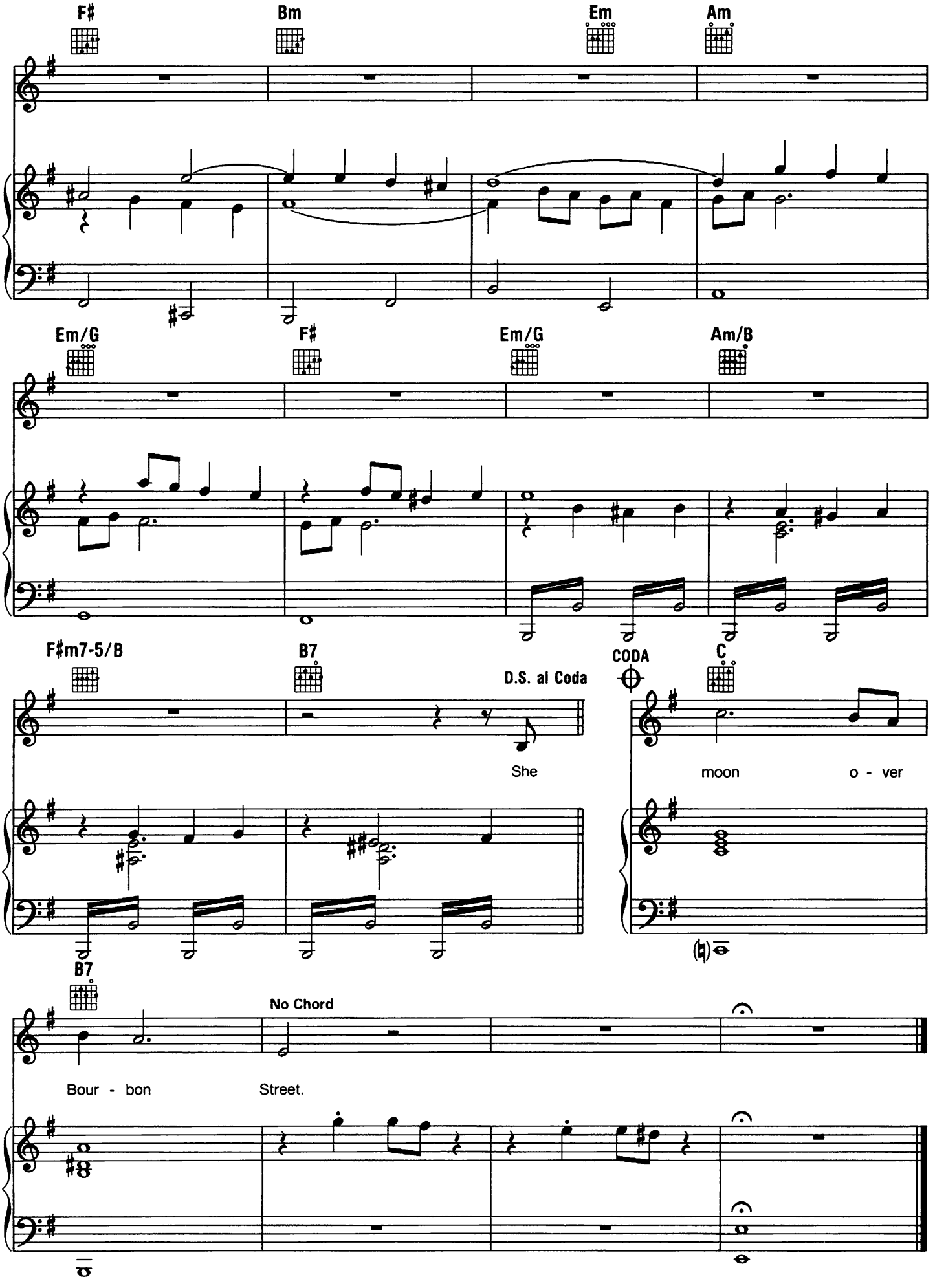

C
B
Em
choice but to fol - low that call
nev - er show my face at noon,
stood man - y times outside her window at night


C♯dim
F♯7
the bright lights, the peo - ple and the
and you'll on - ly see me walk - ing by the
to strug- gle with my in - stinct in the


B7
F♯m7-5
moon and all. I pray ev - ery -
light of the moon. The brim of my
pale moon - light. How could I be this way

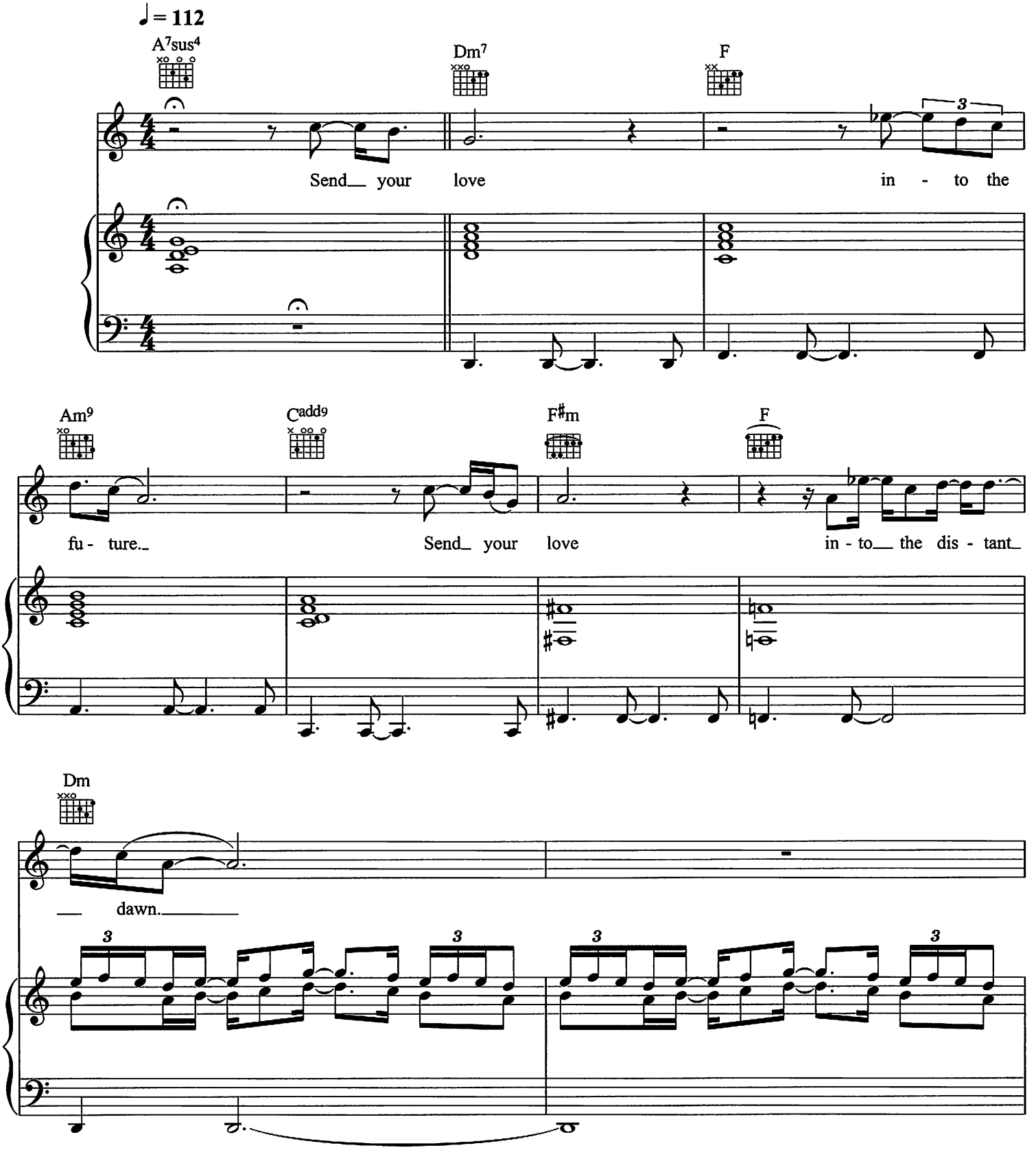

B
Em
day to be strong, for I
hat hides the eye of a beast. I've the
when I pray to God a - bove? I must
F♯m7-5
B
Em
know what I do must be wrong.
face of a sin - ner but the hands of a priest.
love what I des-troy, and de - stroy the thing I love.
C
B/F♯
Oh, you'll nev - er see my shade or hear the sound
Em
To Coda
C
of my feet while there's a moon o - ver


B7 Em Em/G Am B7
Bour - bon Street.
Em Em/G Am B7 Em Em/G
Am B7 Em Em/G 1 Am B7
It was
2 Am B7 C D Em


F♯
Bm
Em
Am
Em/G
F♯
Em/G
Am/B
F♯m7-5/B
B7
D.S. al Coda
CODA
C
She
moon
o - ver
B7
No Chord
Bour - bon
Street.

Send Your Love

Words & Music by Sting



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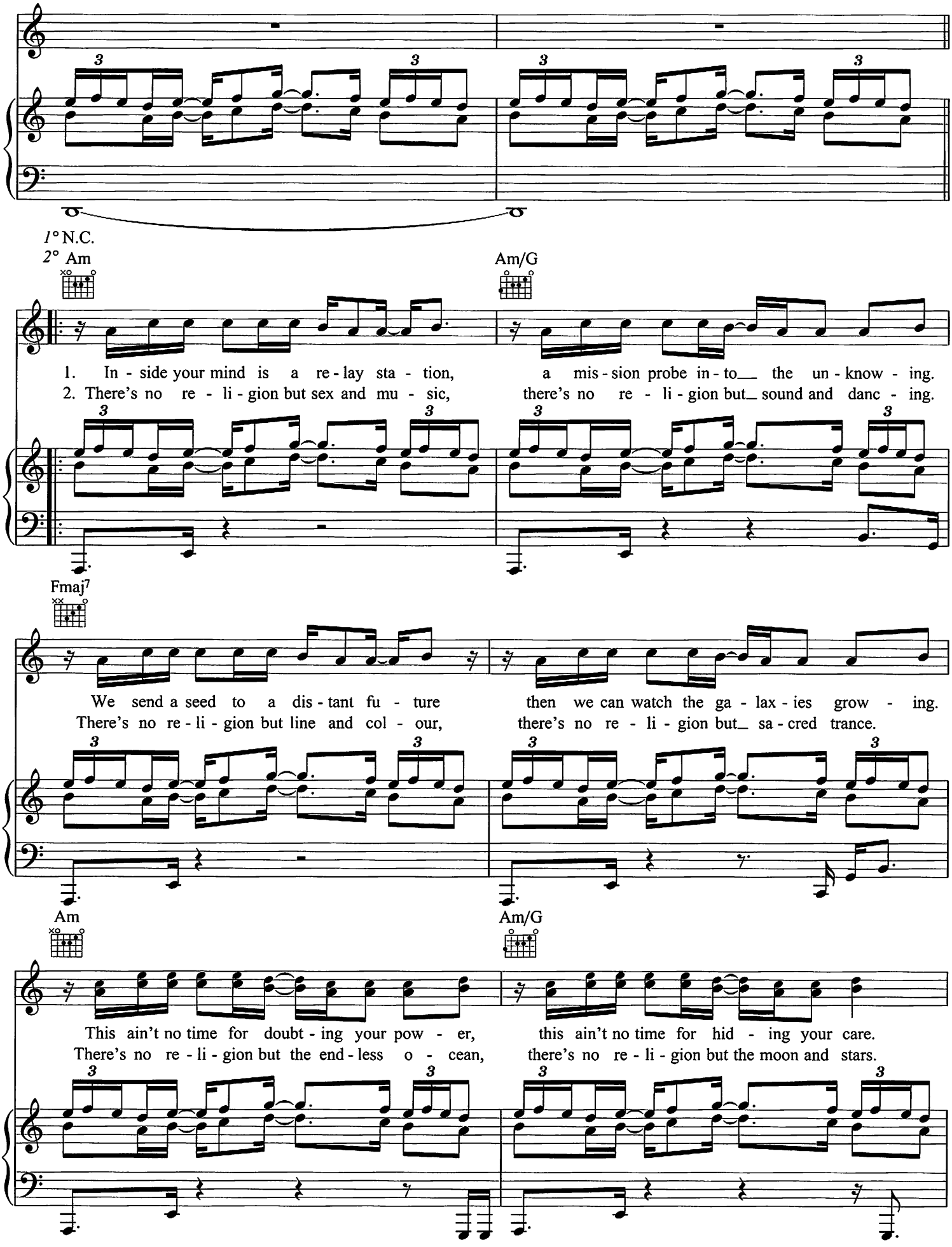
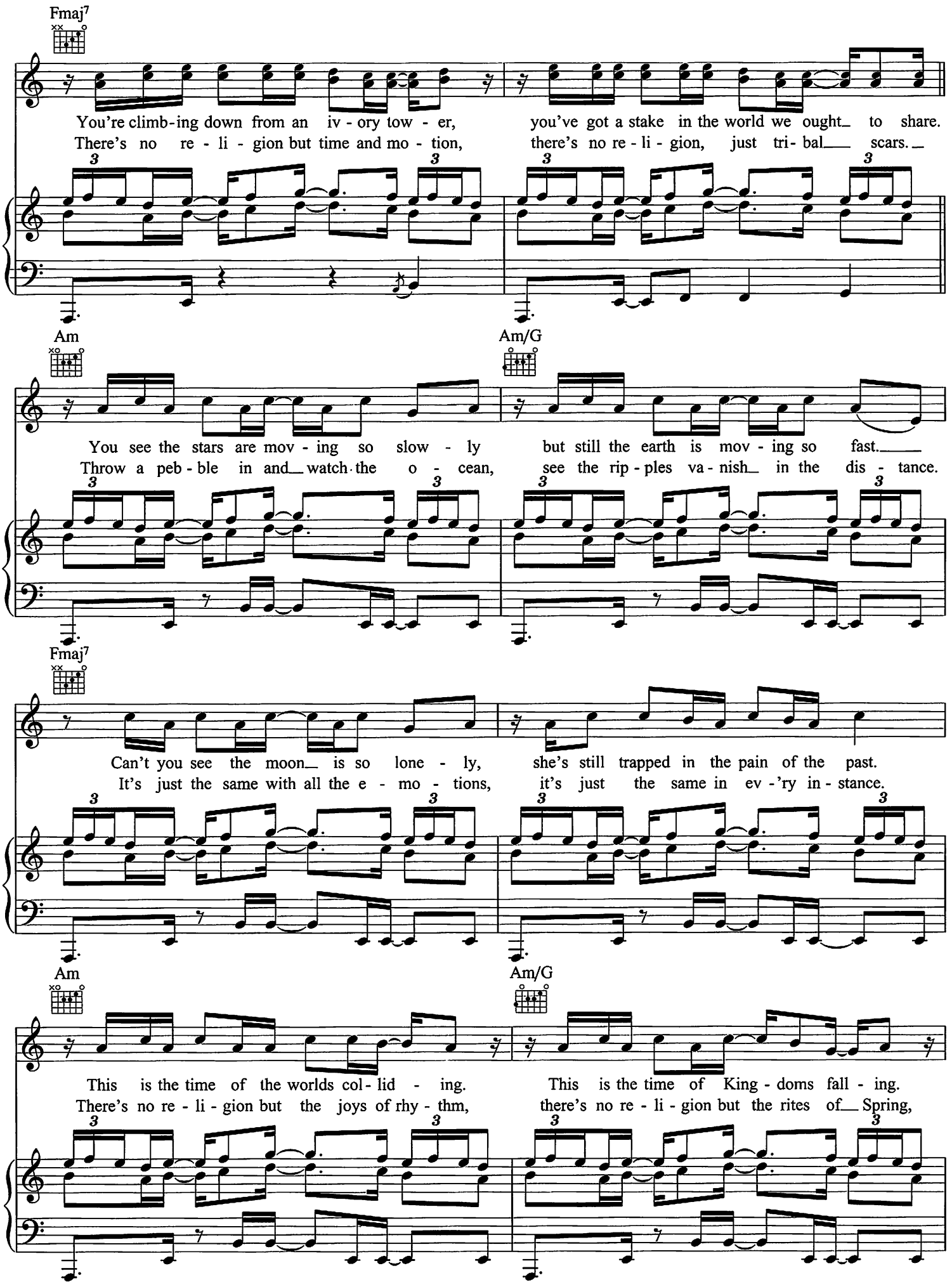
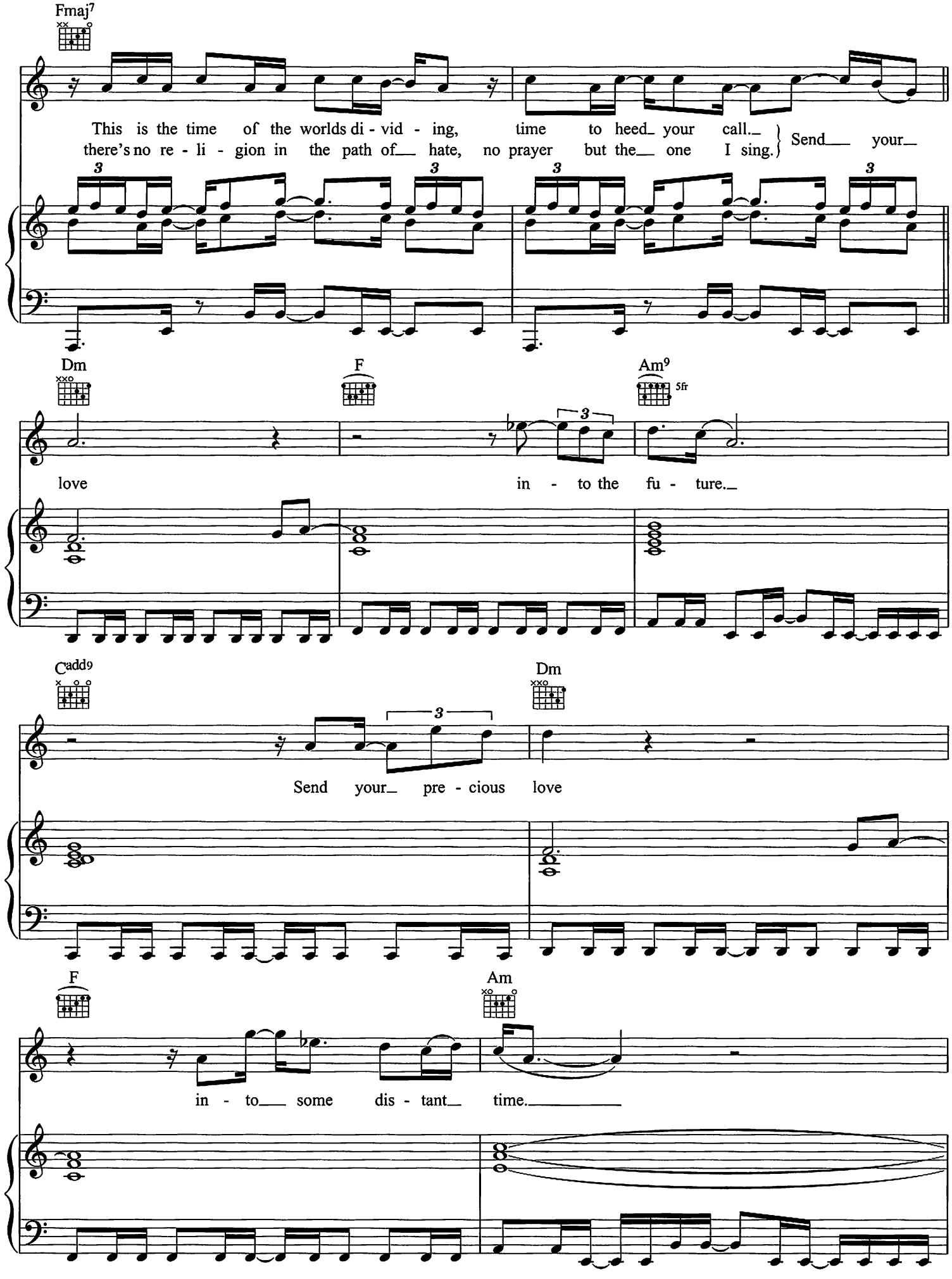
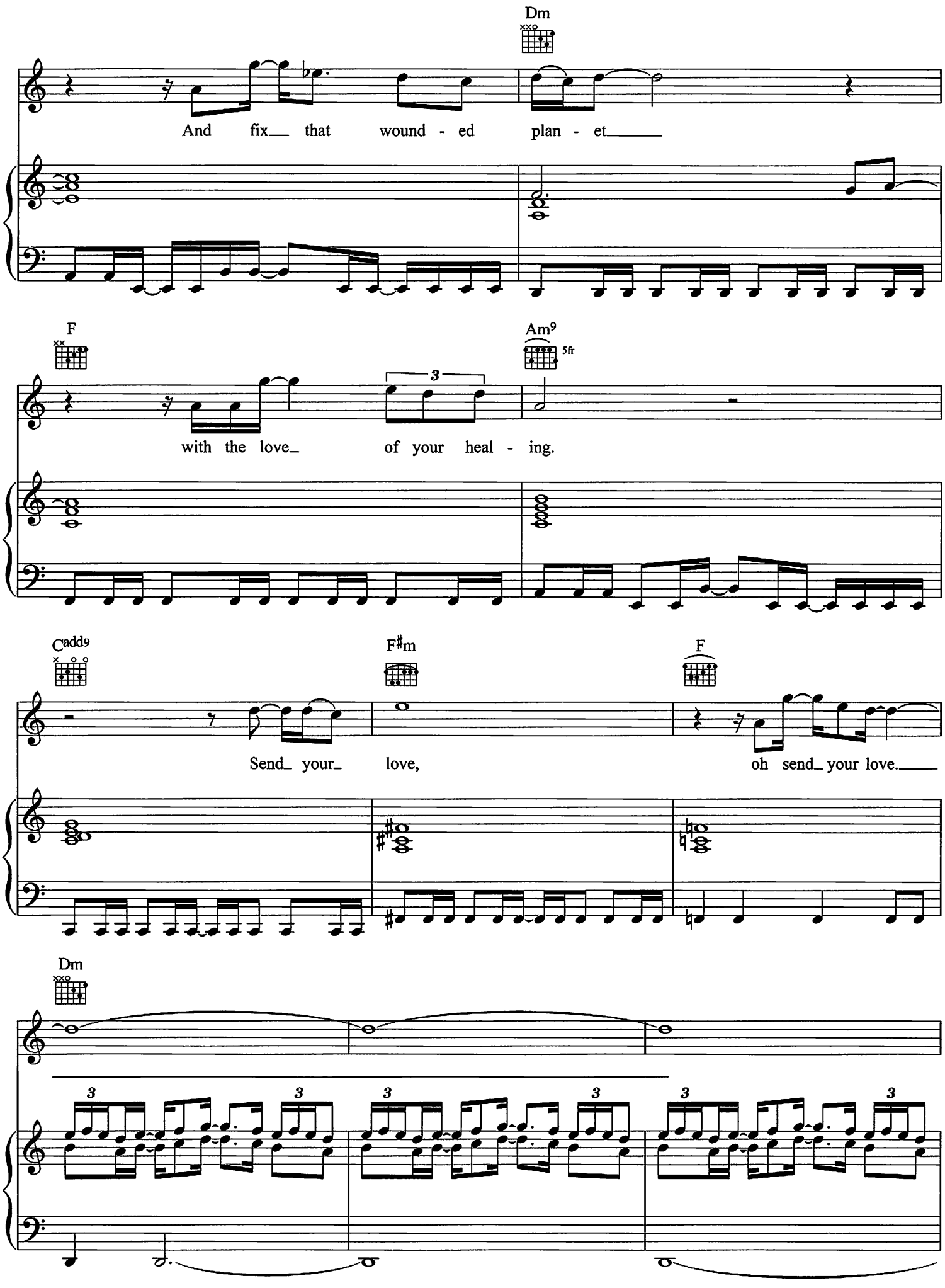
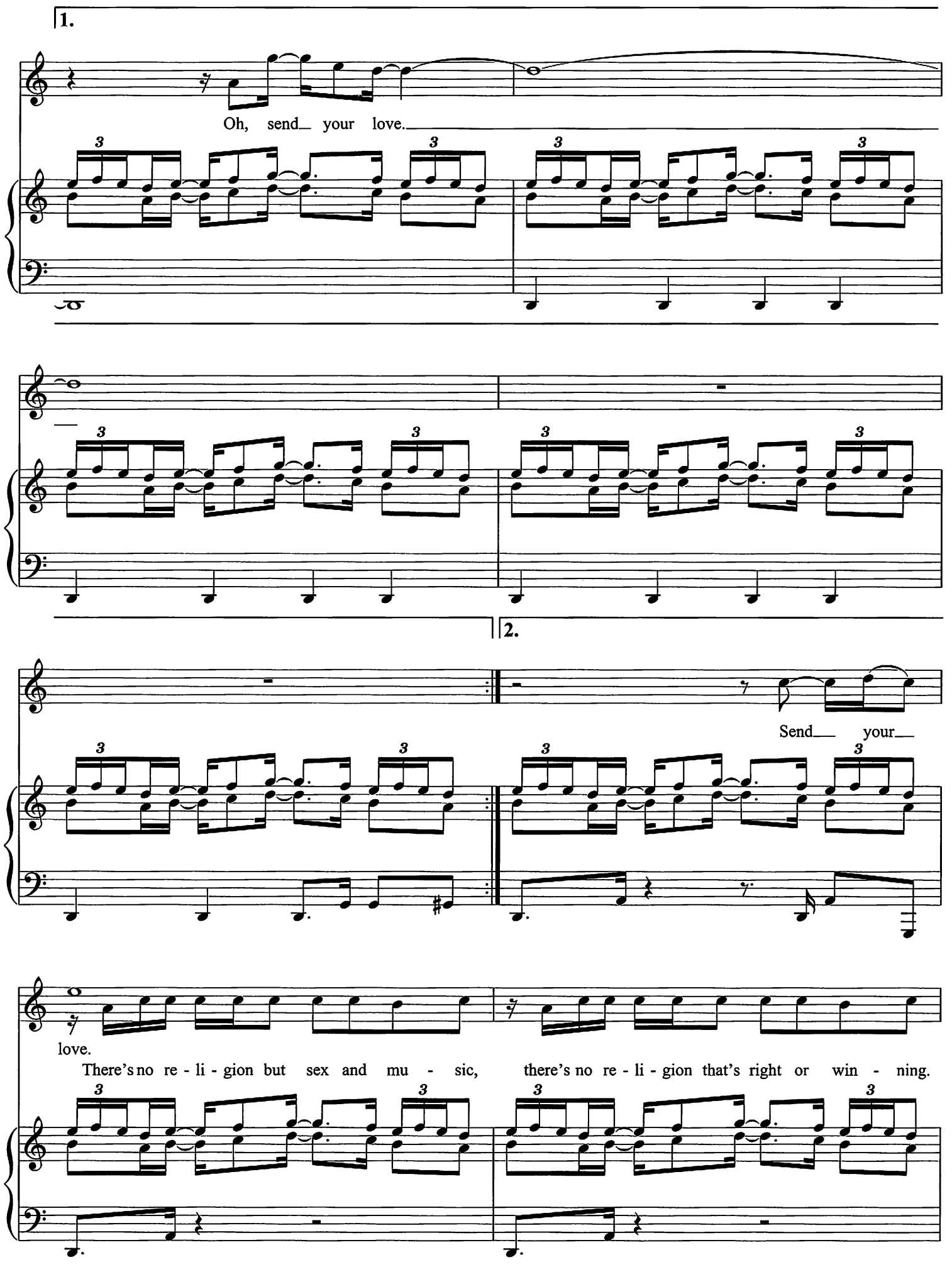

1° N.C.
2° Am
Am/G
1. In - side your mind is a re - lay sta - tion, a mis - sion probe in - to the un - know - ing.
2. There's no re - li - gion but sex and mu - sic, there's no re - li - gion but sound and danc - ing.
Fmaj7
We send a seed to a dis - tant fu - ture then we can watch the ga - lax - ies grow - ing.
There's no re - li - gion but line and col - our, there's no re - li - gion but sa - cred trance.
Am
Am/G
This ain't no time for doubt - ing your pow - er, this ain't no time for hid - ing your care.
There's no re - li - gion but the end - less o - cean, there's no re - li - gion but the moon and stars.


Fmaj7
You're climb-ing down from an iv - ory tow - er, you've got a stake in the world we ought_ to share.
There's no re - li - gion but time and mo - tion, there's no re - li - gion, just tri- bal___ scars._
Am
Am/G
You see the stars are mov - ing so slow - ly but still the earth is mov - ing so fast.___
Throw a peb - ble in and_ watch the o - cean, see the rip - ples va - nish_ in the dis - tance.
Fmaj7
Can't you see the moon_ is so lone - ly, she's still trapped in the pain of the past.
It's just the same with all the e - mo - tions, it's just the same in ev -'ry in - stance.
Am
Am/G
This is the time of the worlds col - lid - ing. This is the time of King - doms fall - ing.
There's no re - li - gion but the joys of rhy - thm, there's no re - li - gion but the rites of_ Spring,


Fmaj7
This is the time of the worlds di - vid - ing, time to heed your call.
there's no re - li - gion in the path of hate, no prayer but the one I sing.
Send your
Dm
F
Am9
5fr
love in - to the fu - ture.
Cadd9
Dm
Send your pre - cious love
F
Am
in - to some dis - tant time.


Dm
And fix that wound - ed plan - et
F
Am9
5fr
with the love of your heal - ing.
Cadd9
F♯m
F
Send your love,
oh send your love.
Dm


1.
Oh, send your love.
2.
Send your
love.
There's no re - li - gion but sex and mu - sic, there's no re - li - gion that's right or win - ning.

There's no re - li - gion in the path of ha - tred, ain't no prayer but the one I'm sing - ing.

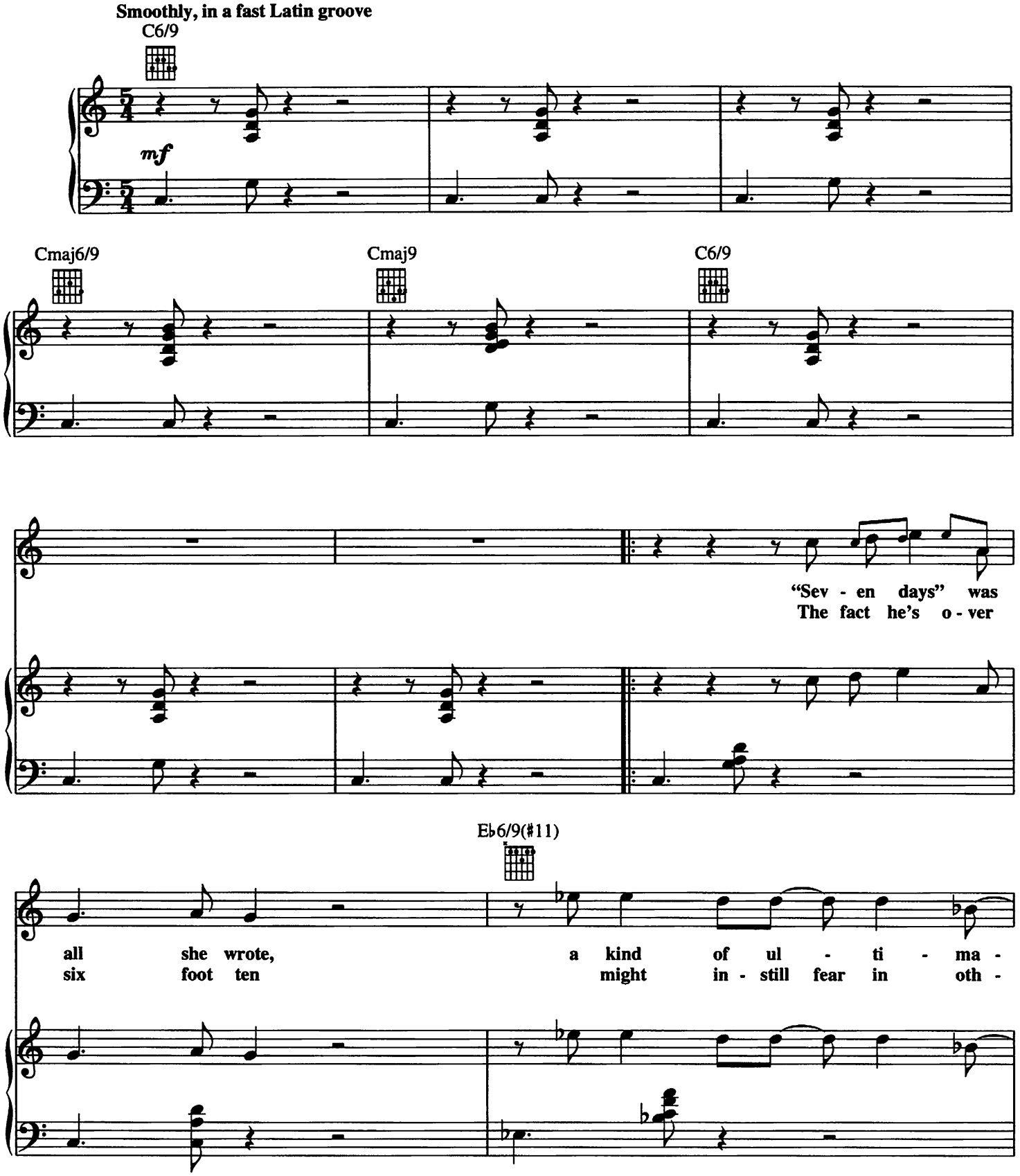
Am7

Send your love.

Send your love.

Seven Days

Words & Music by Sting



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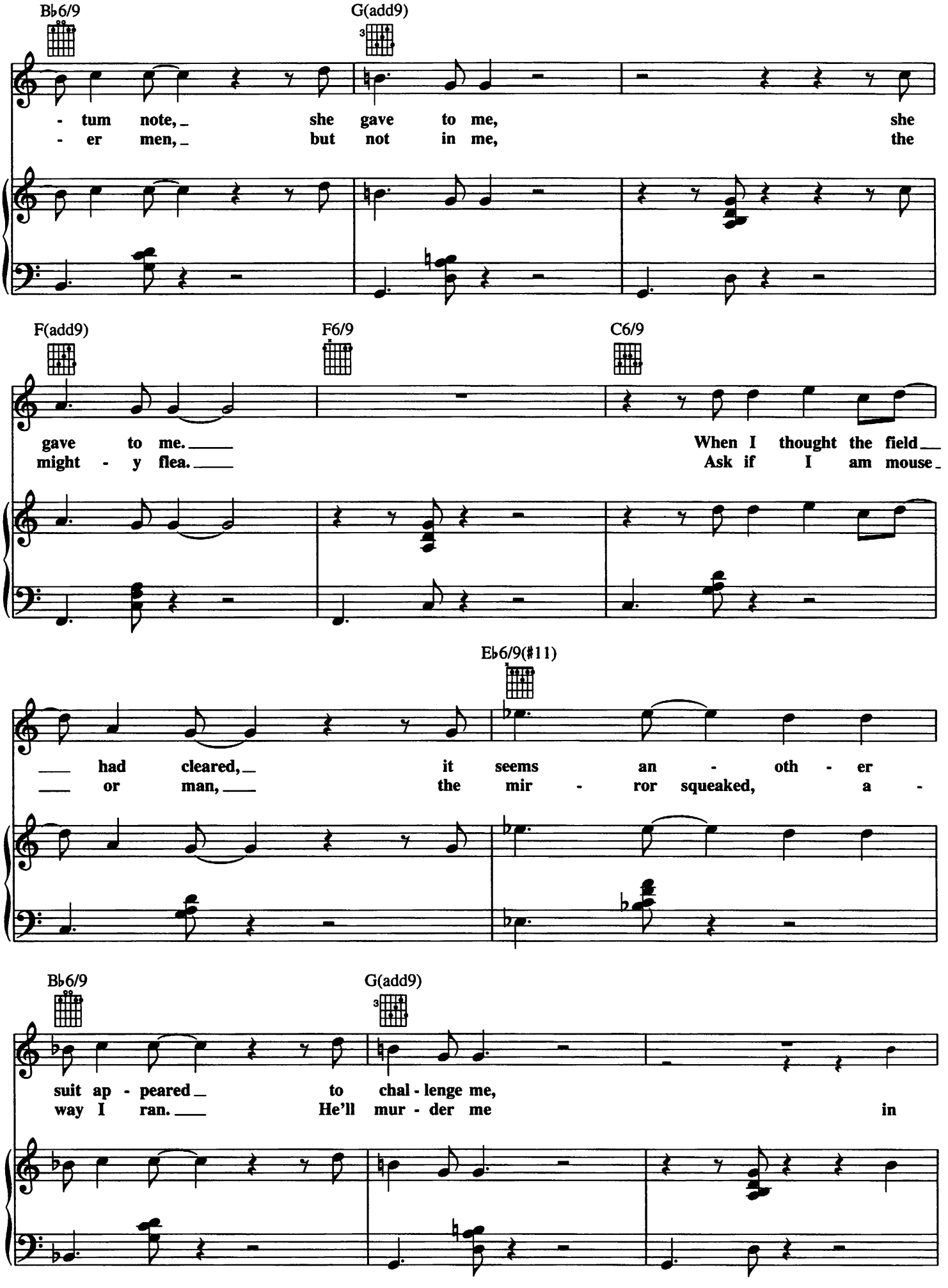
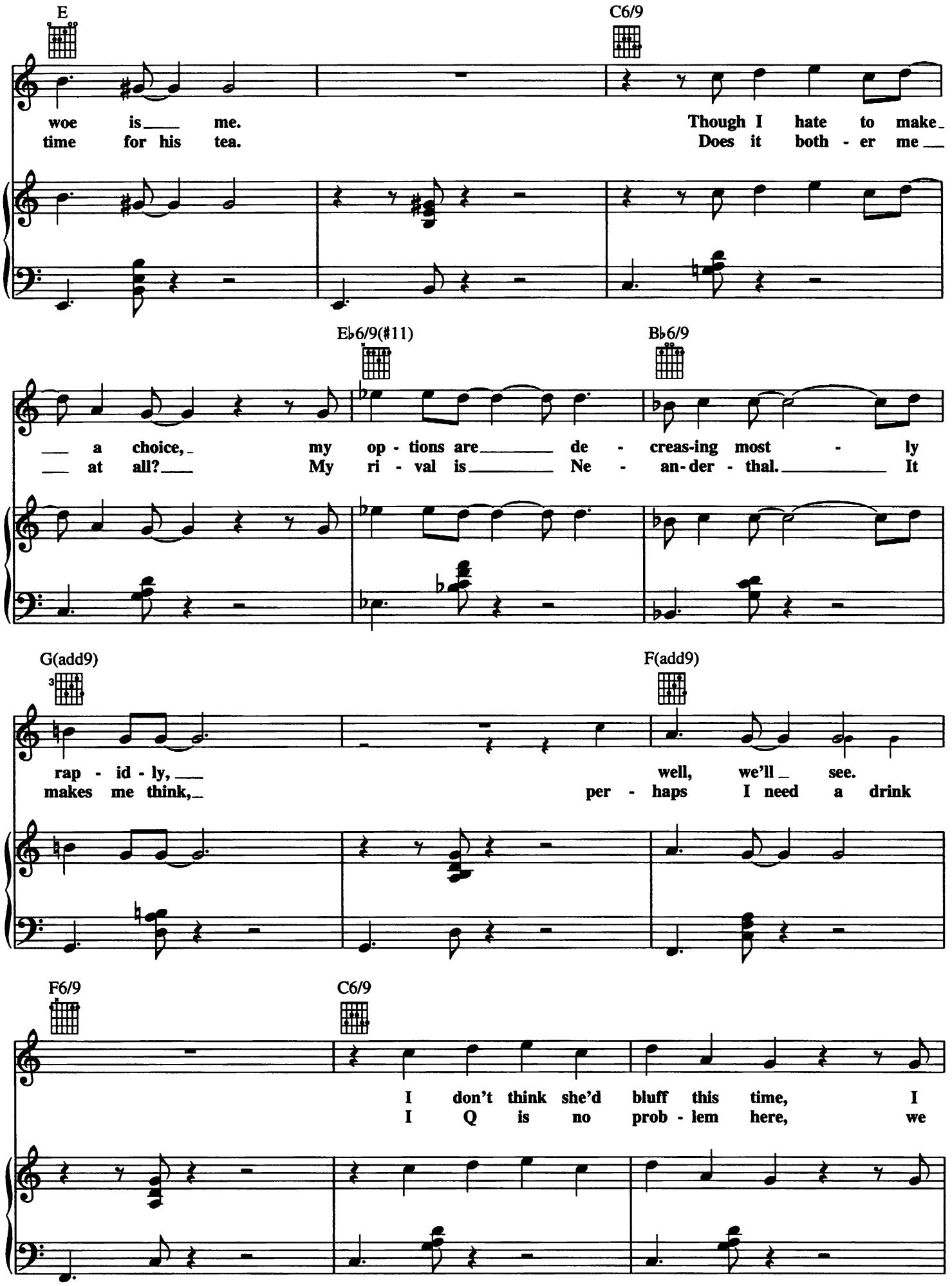
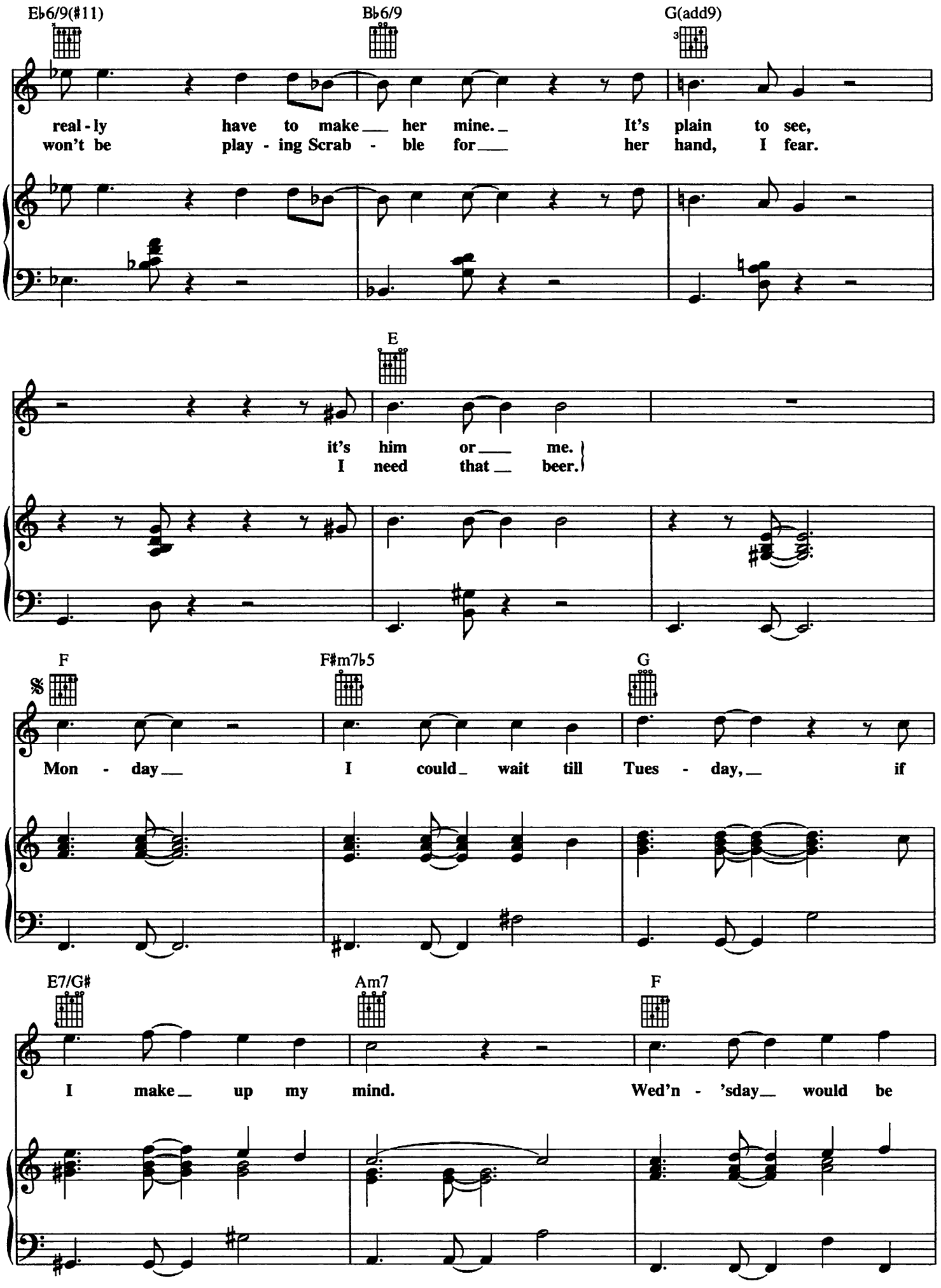
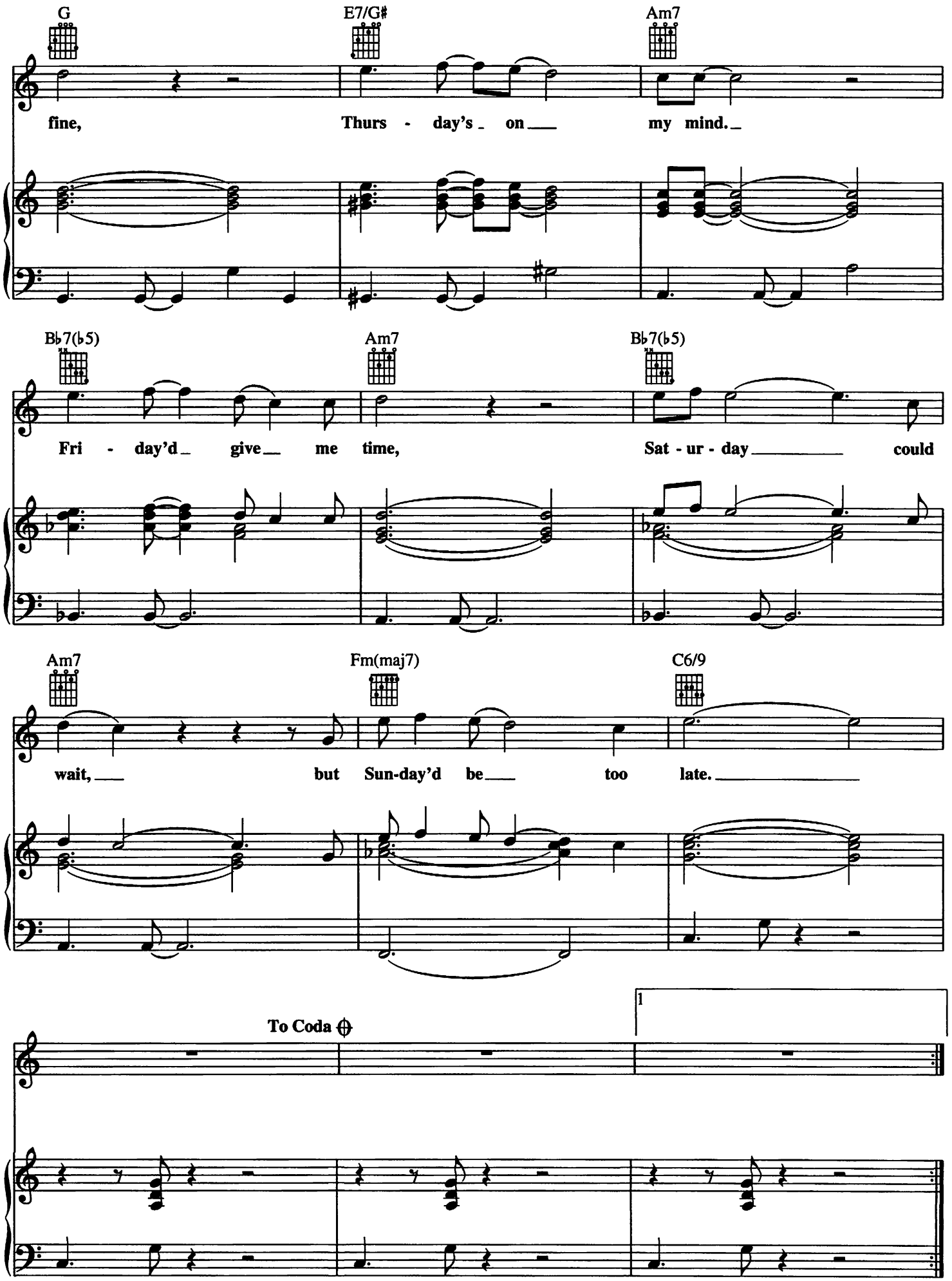
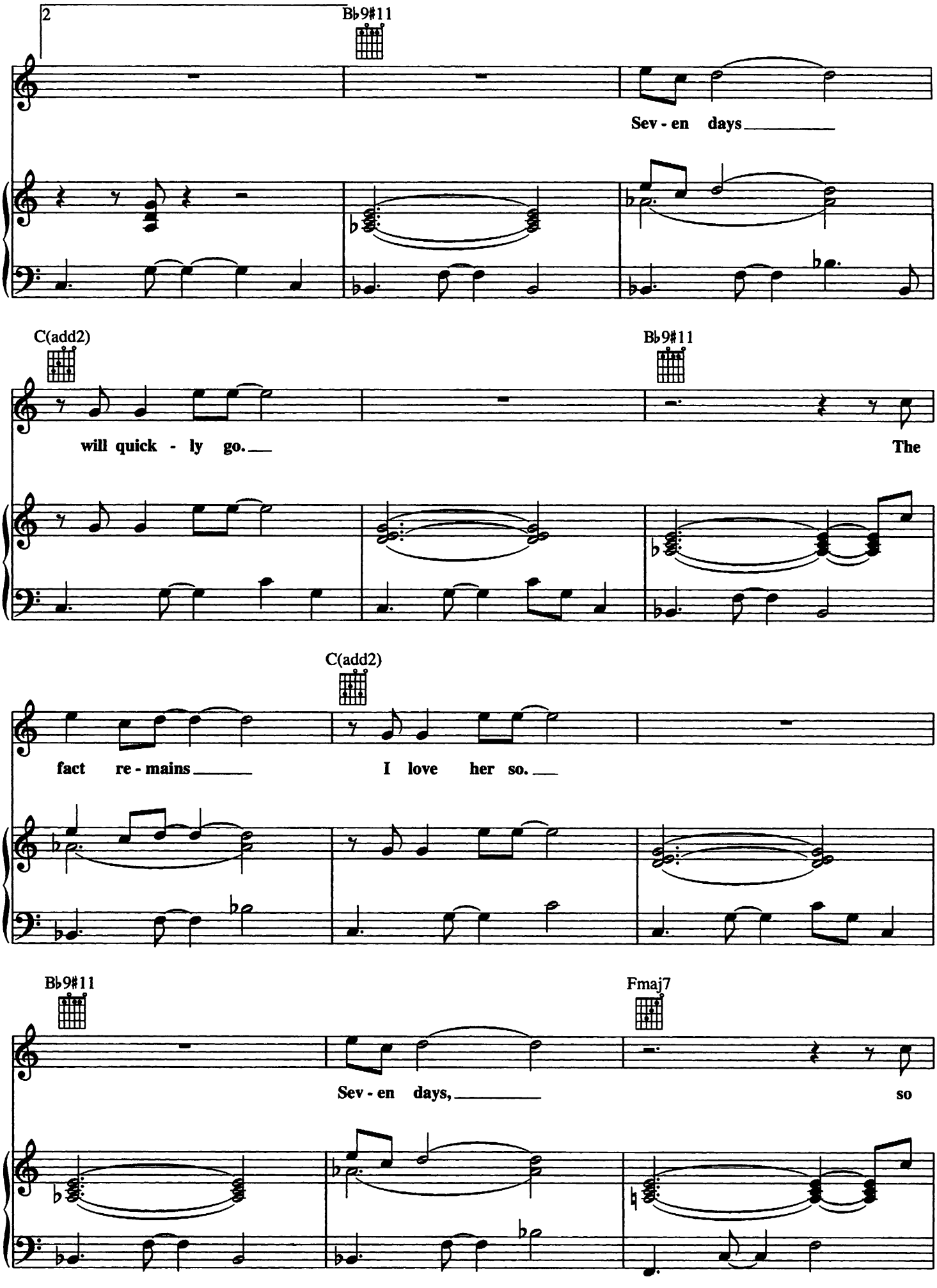
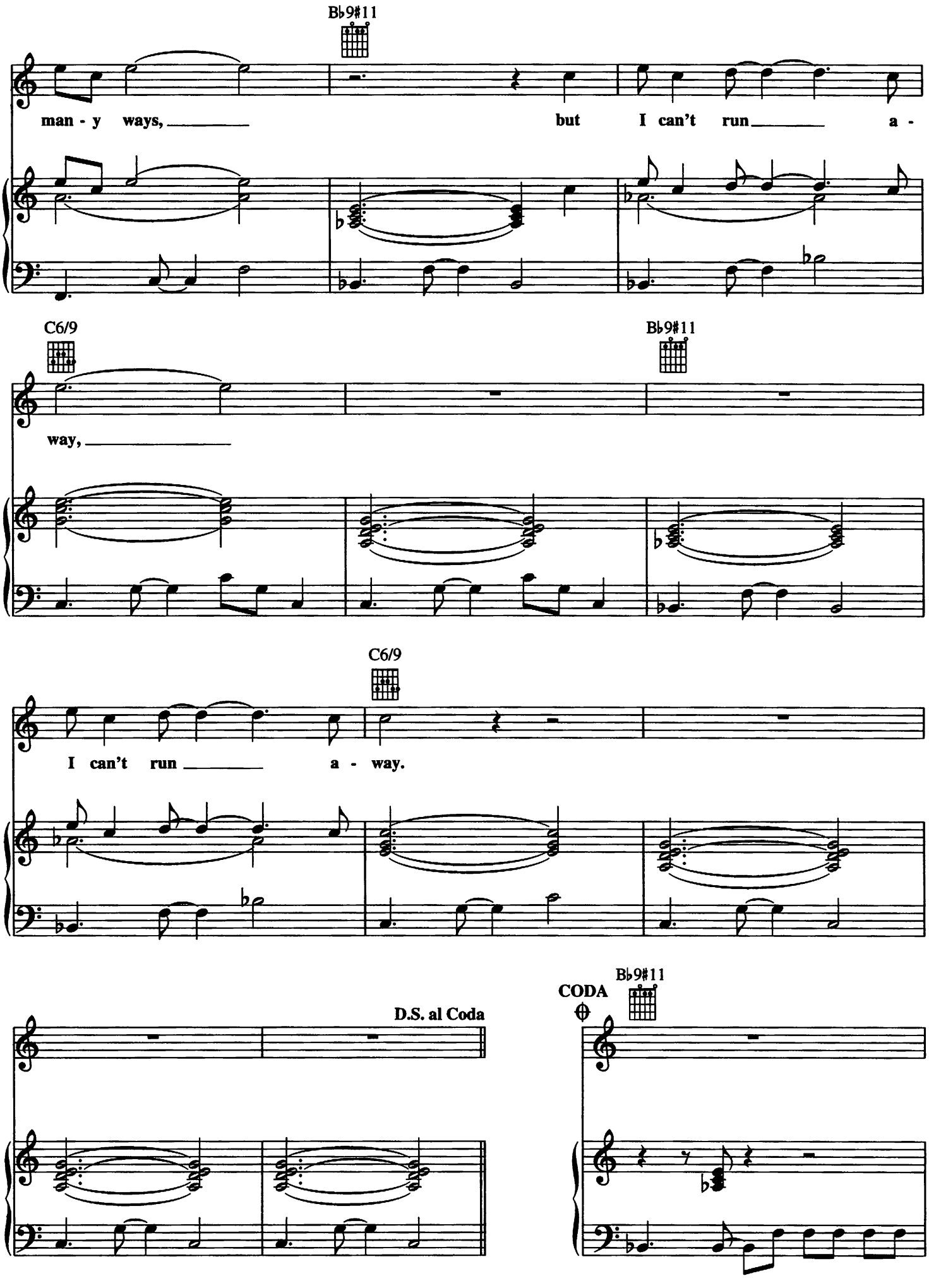

B♭6/9
G(add9)
- tum note, she gave to me, she
- er men, but not in me, the
F(add9)
F6/9
C6/9
gave to me. When I thought the field
might - y flea. Ask if I am mouse
E♭6/9(♯11)
had cleared, it seems an - oth - er
or man, the mir - ror squeaked, a -
B♭6/9
G(add9)
suit ap - peared to chal - lenge me,
way I ran. He'll mur - der me in

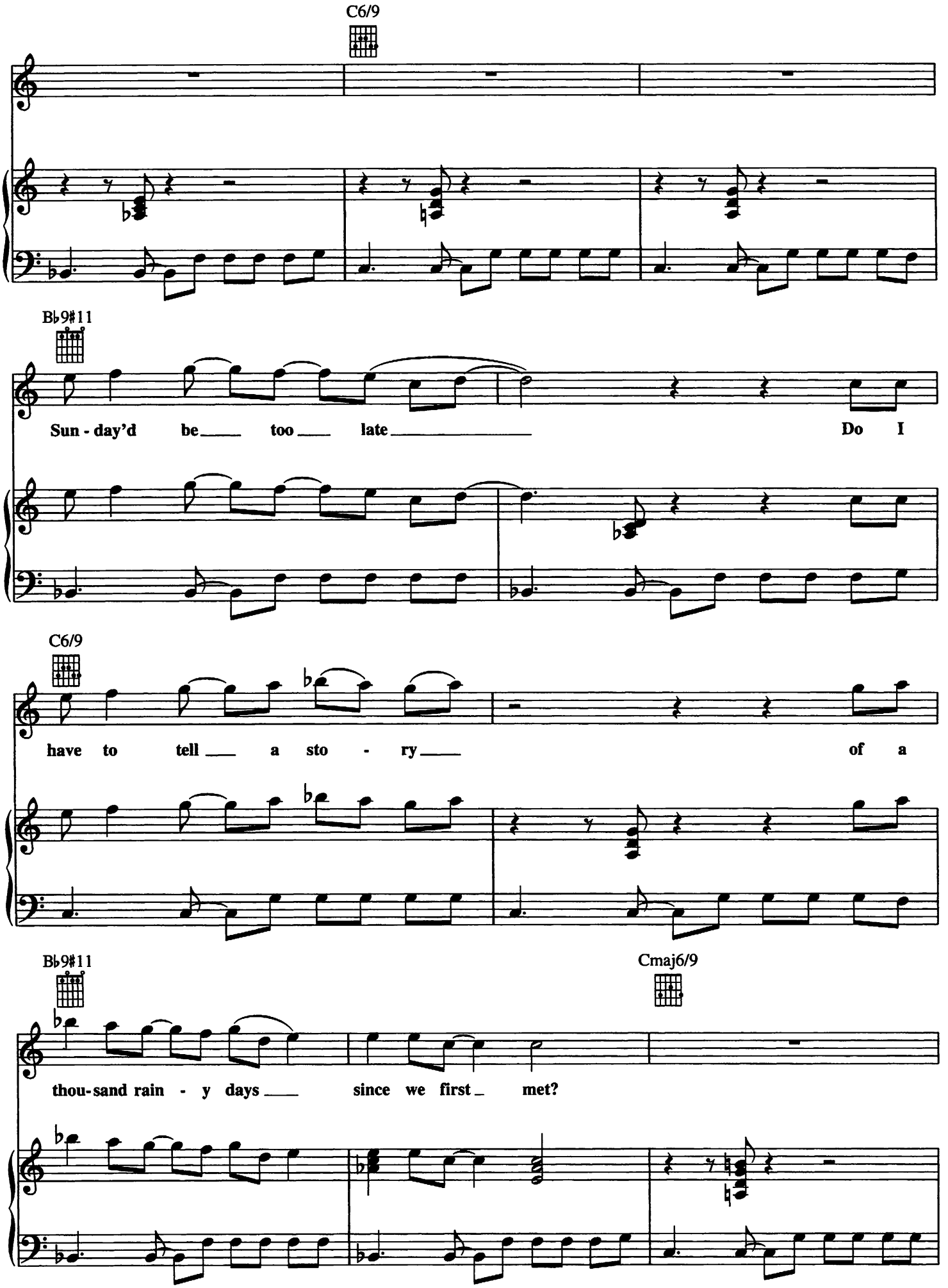

E
C6/9
woe is me.
Though I hate to make
time for his tea.
Does it both - er me
E♭6/9(♯11)
B♭6/9
a choice, my op - tions are de - creas-ing most - ly
at all? My ri - val is Ne - an-der - thal. It
G(add9)
3
F(add9)
rap - id - ly,
well, we'll see.
makes me think,
per - haps I need a drink
F6/9
C6/9
I don't think she'd bluff this time, I
I Q is no prob - lem here, we

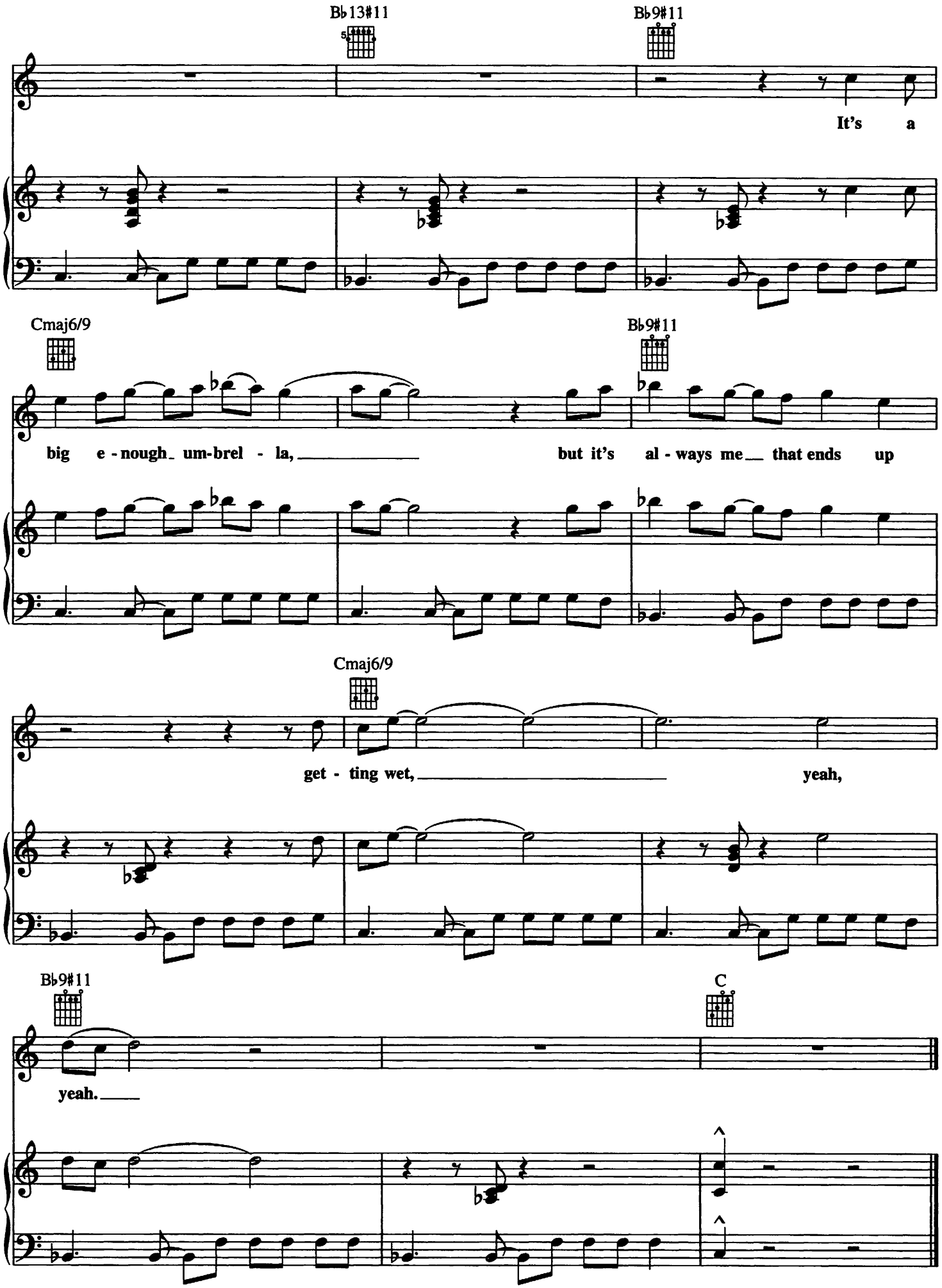

E♭6/9(#11)
B♭6/9
G(add9)
real - ly have to make her mine. It's plain to see,
won't be play - ing Scrab - ble for her hand, I fear.
E
it's him or me.
I need that beer.
F
F♯m7♭5
G
Mon - day I could wait till Tues - day, if
E7/G♯
Am7
F
I make up my mind. Wed'n - 'sday would be


G
E7/G♯
Am7
fine,
Thurs - day's on my mind.
B♭7(♭5)
Am7
B♭7(♭5)
Fri - day'd give me time,
Sat - ur - day could
Am7
Fm(maj7)
C6/9
wait, but Sun-day'd be too late.
To Coda
1


2
B♭9♯11
Sev - en days
C(add2)
B♭9♯11
will quick - ly go.
The
C(add2)
fact re - mains
I love her so.
B♭9♯11
Fmaj7
Sev - en days,
so

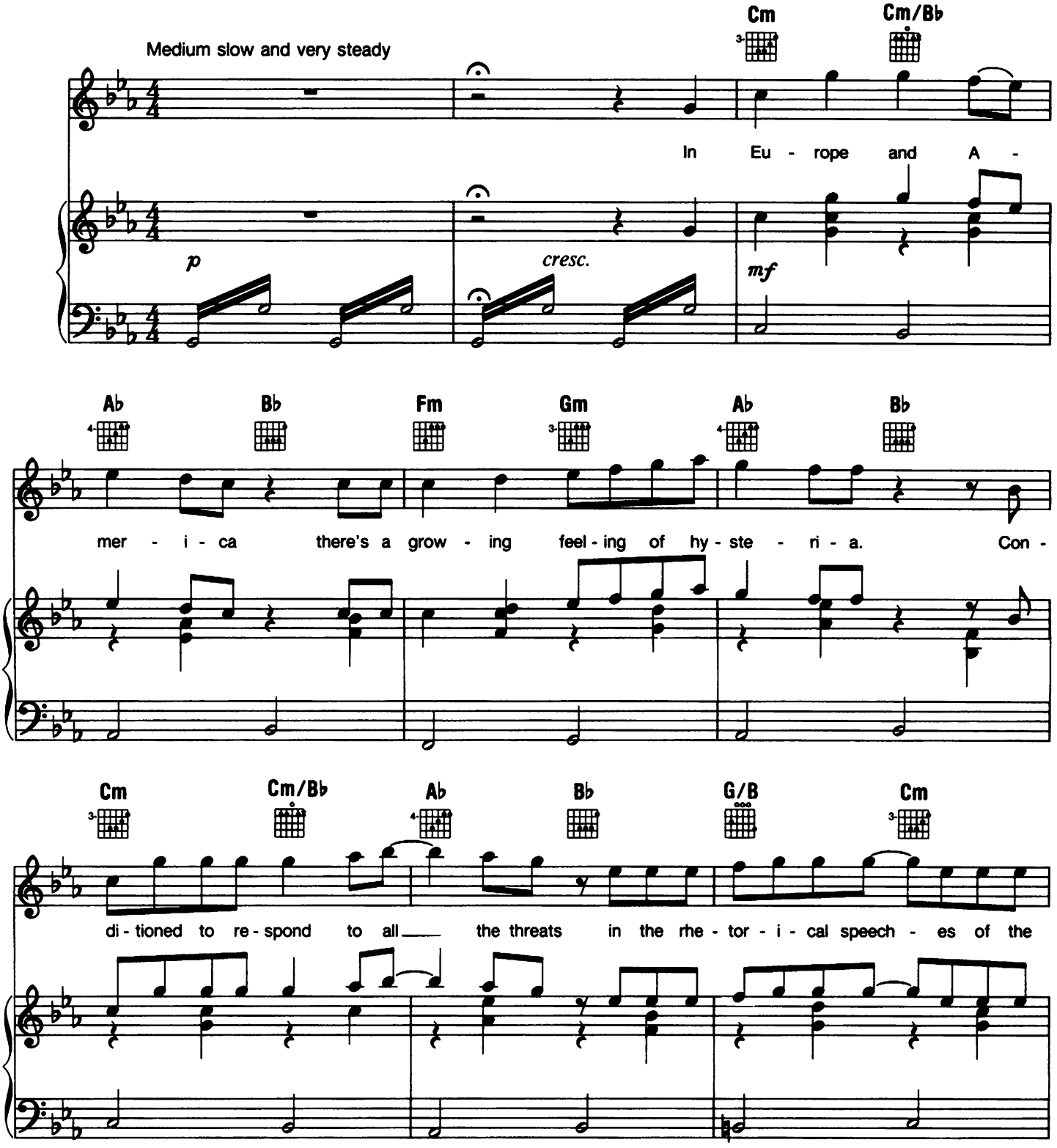

B♭9♯11
man - y ways, ___ but I can't run ___ a -
C6/9
B♭9♯11
way, ___
C6/9
I can't run ___ a - way.
D.S. al Coda
CODA
B♭9♯11


C6/9
B♭9♯11
Sun - day'd be too late Do I
C6/9
have to tell a sto - ry of a
B♭9♯11
Cmaj6/9
thou-sand rain - y days since we first met?


B♭13#11
B♭9#11
It's a
Cmaj6/9
B♭9#11
big e - nough_ um-brel - la,
but it's al - ways me__ that ends up
Cmaj6/9
get - ting wet,
yeah,
B♭9#11
C
yeah.

Russians

Words & Music by Sting



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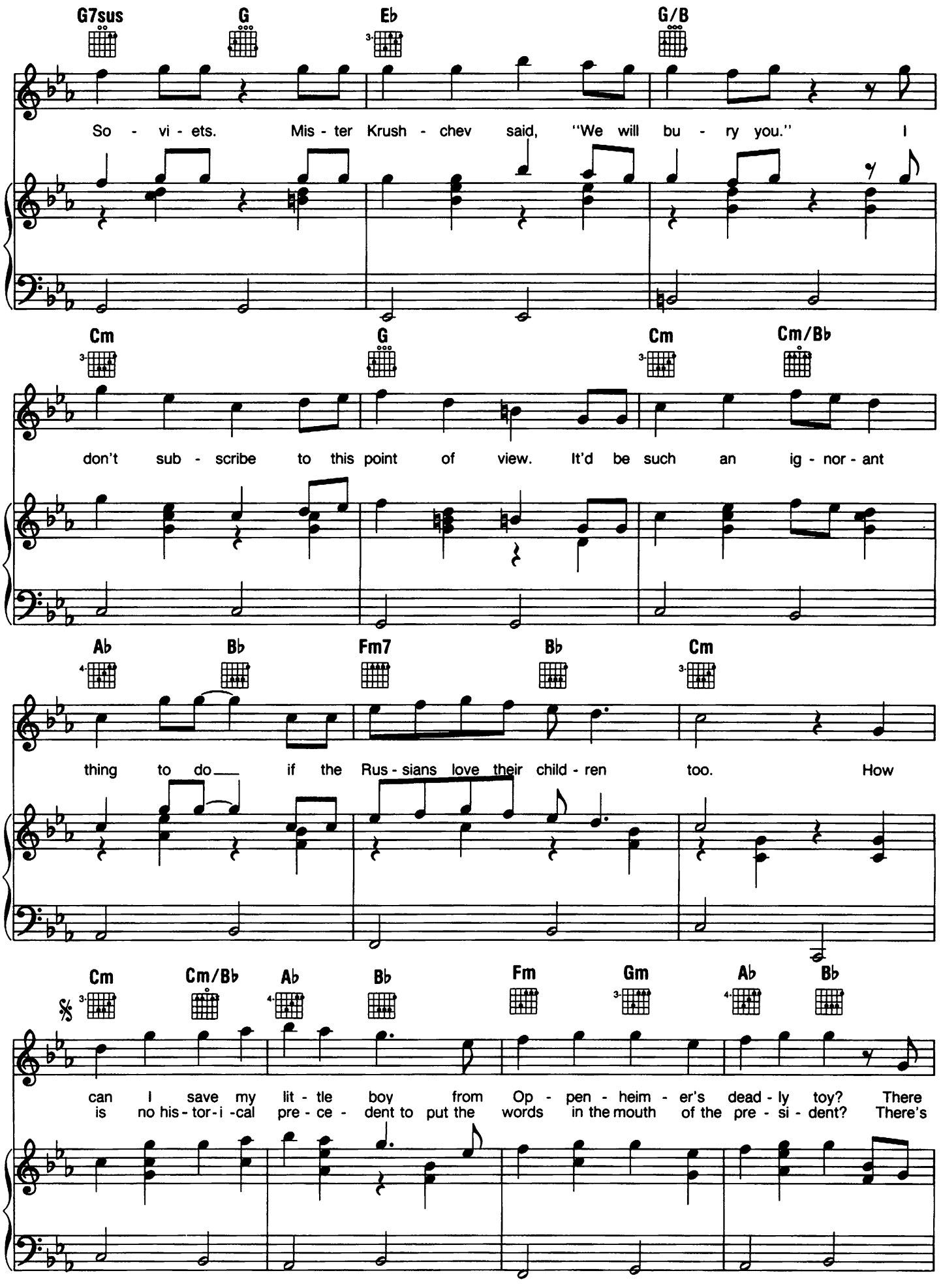
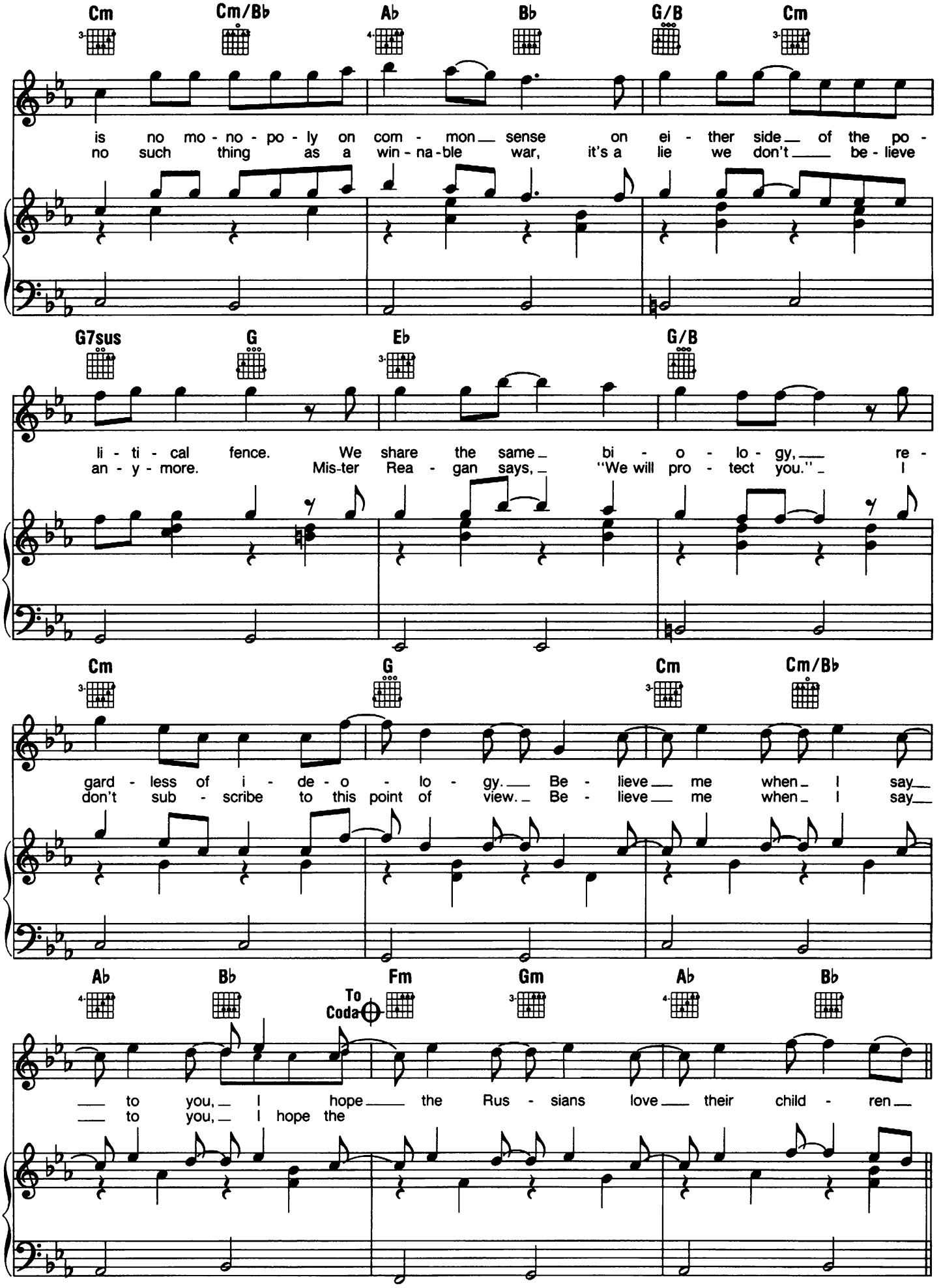
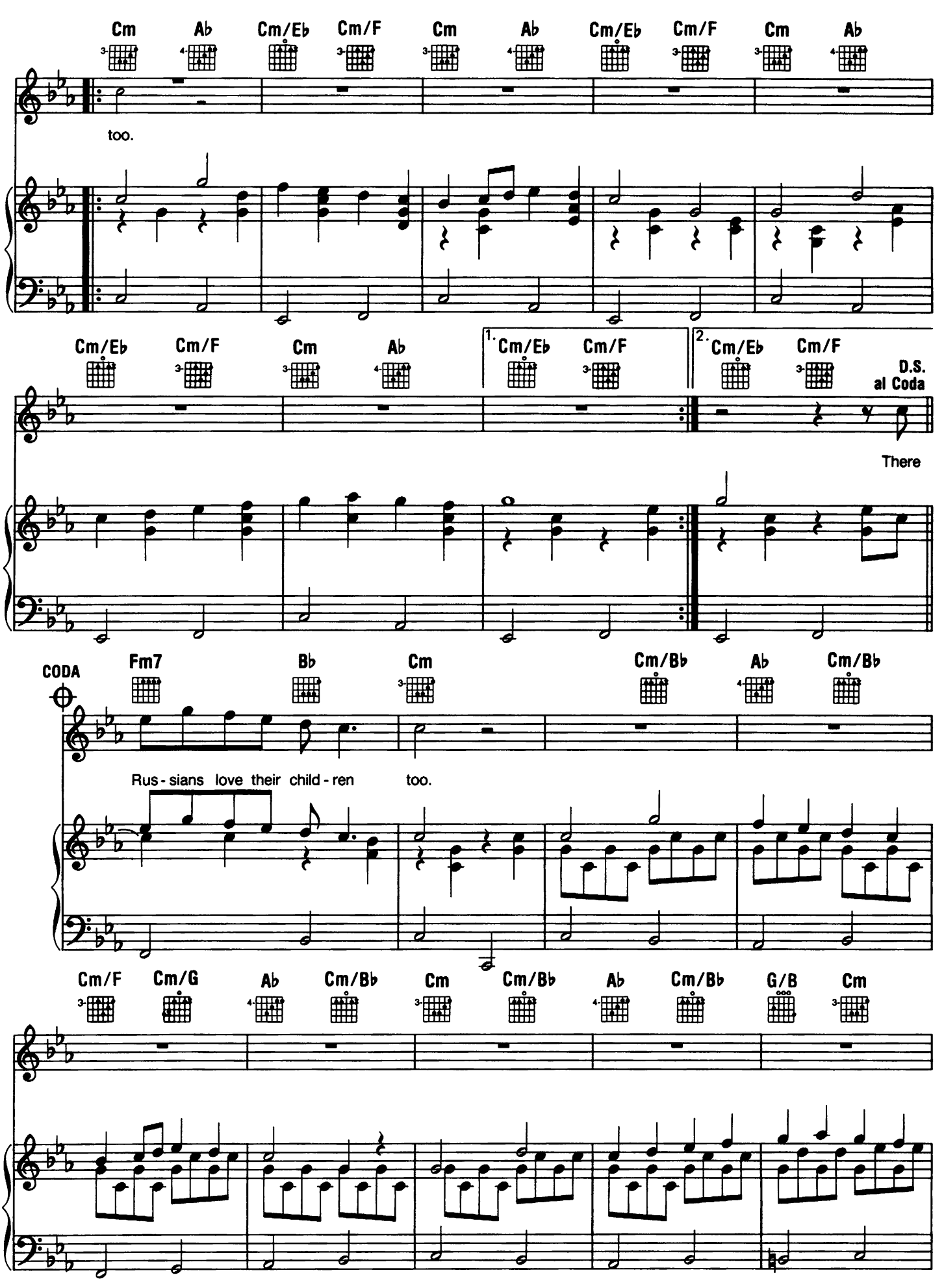
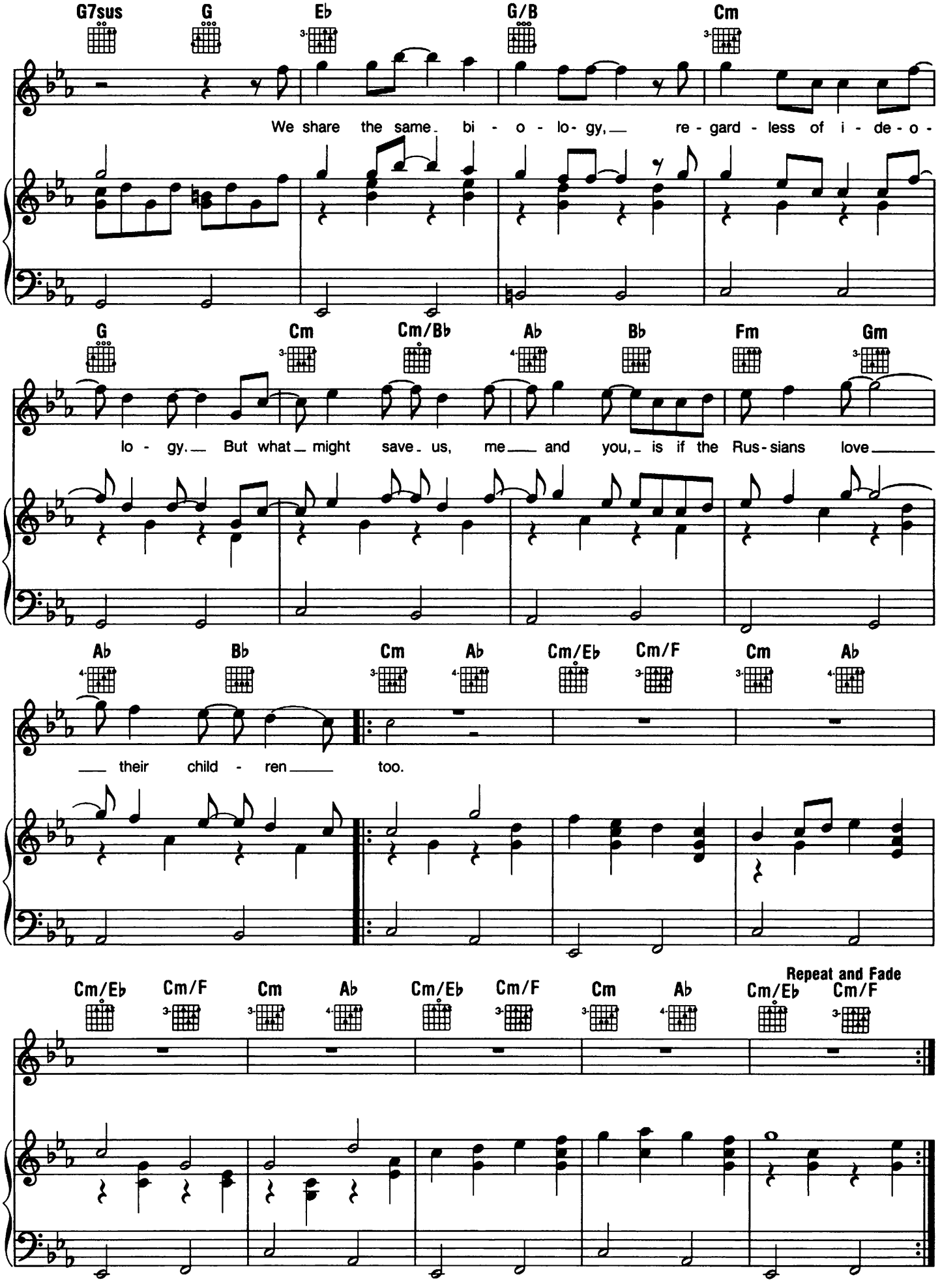

G7sus G Eb G/B
So - vi - ets. Mis - ter Krush - chev said, "We will bu - ry you." I
Cm G Cm Cm/Bb
don't sub - scribe to this point of view. It'd be such an ig - nor - ant
Ab Bb Fm7 Bb Cm
thing to do if the Rus - sians love their child - ren too. How
Cm Cm/Bb Ab Bb Fm Gm Ab Bb
can I save my lit - tle boy from Op - pen - heim - er's dead - ly toy? There
is no his - tor - i - cal pre - ce - dent to put the words in the mouth of the pre - si - dent? There's

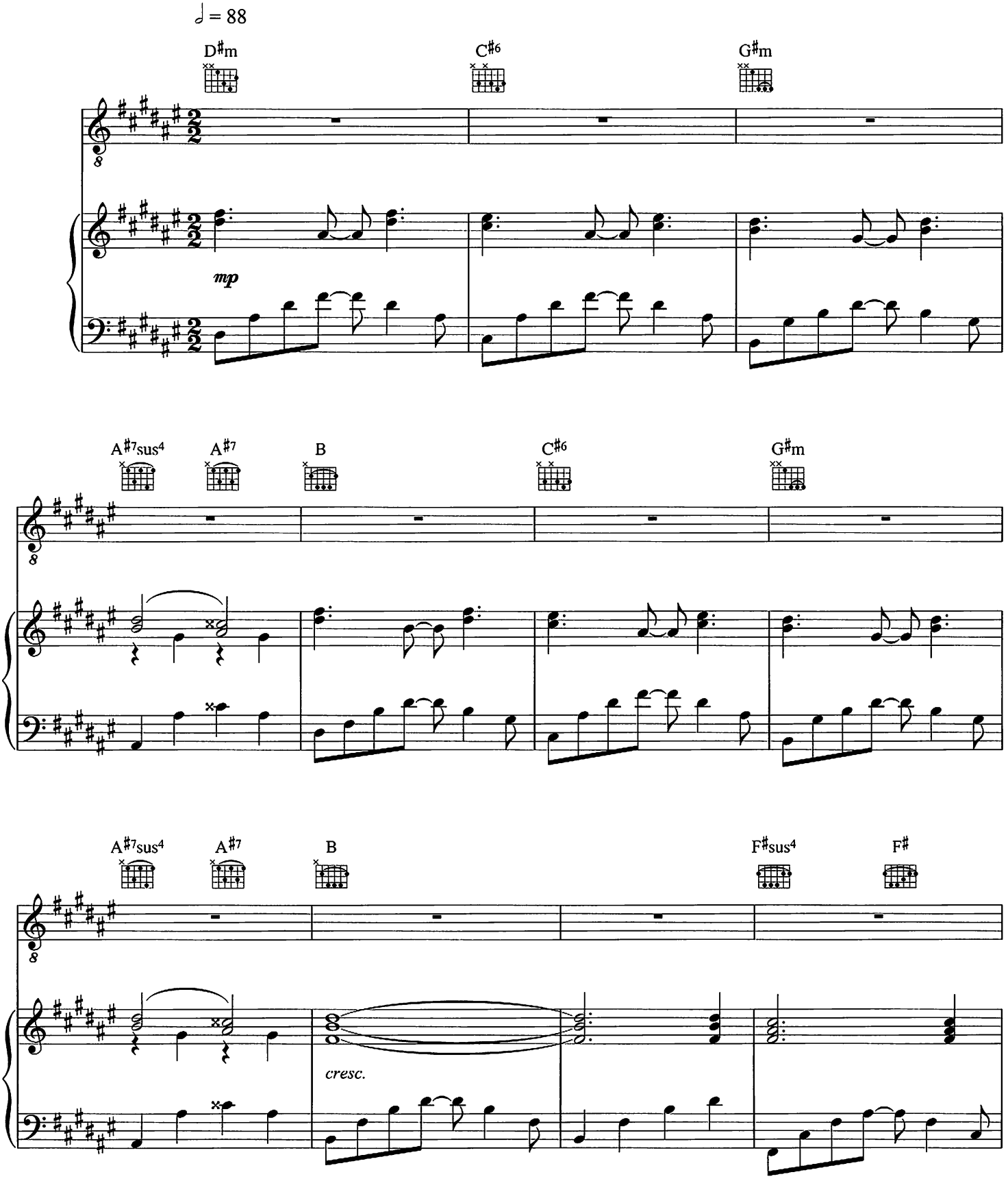

Cm
Cm/Bb
Ab
Bb
G/B
Cm
is no mo - no - po - ly on com - mon sense on ei - ther side of the po -
no such thing as a win - na - ble war, it's a lie we don't be - lieve
G7sus
G
Eb
G/B
li - ti - cal fence. We share the same bi - o - lo - gy, re -
an - y - more. Mis-ter Rea - gan says, "We will pro - tect you." I
Cm
G
Cm
Cm/Bb
gard - less of i - de - o - lo - gy. Be - lieve me when I say
don't sub - scribe to this point of view. Be - lieve me when I say
Ab
Bb
To Coda
Fm
Gm
Ab
Bb
to you, I hope the Rus - sians love their child - ren
to you, I hope the


Cm Ab Cm/Eb Cm/F Cm Ab Cm/Eb Cm/F Cm Ab
too.
Cm/Eb Cm/F Cm Ab 1. Cm/Eb Cm/F 2. Cm/Eb Cm/F D.S. al Coda
There
CODA
Fm7 Bb Cm Cm/Bb Ab Cm/Bb
Rus - sians love their child - ren too.
Cm/F Cm/G Ab Cm/Bb Cm Cm/Bb Ab Cm/Bb G/B Cm


G7sus G Eb G/B Cm
We share the same bi - o - lo - gy, re - gard - less of i - de - o -
G Cm Cm/Bb Ab Bb Fm Gm
lo - gy. But what might save us, me and you, is if the Rus - sians love
Ab Bb Cm Ab Cm/Eb Cm/F Cm Ab
their child - ren too.
Cm/Eb Cm/F Cm Ab Cm/Eb Cm/F Cm Ab Cm/Eb Cm/F
Repeat and Fade

Shape Of My Heart

Words & Music by Sting & Dominic Miller



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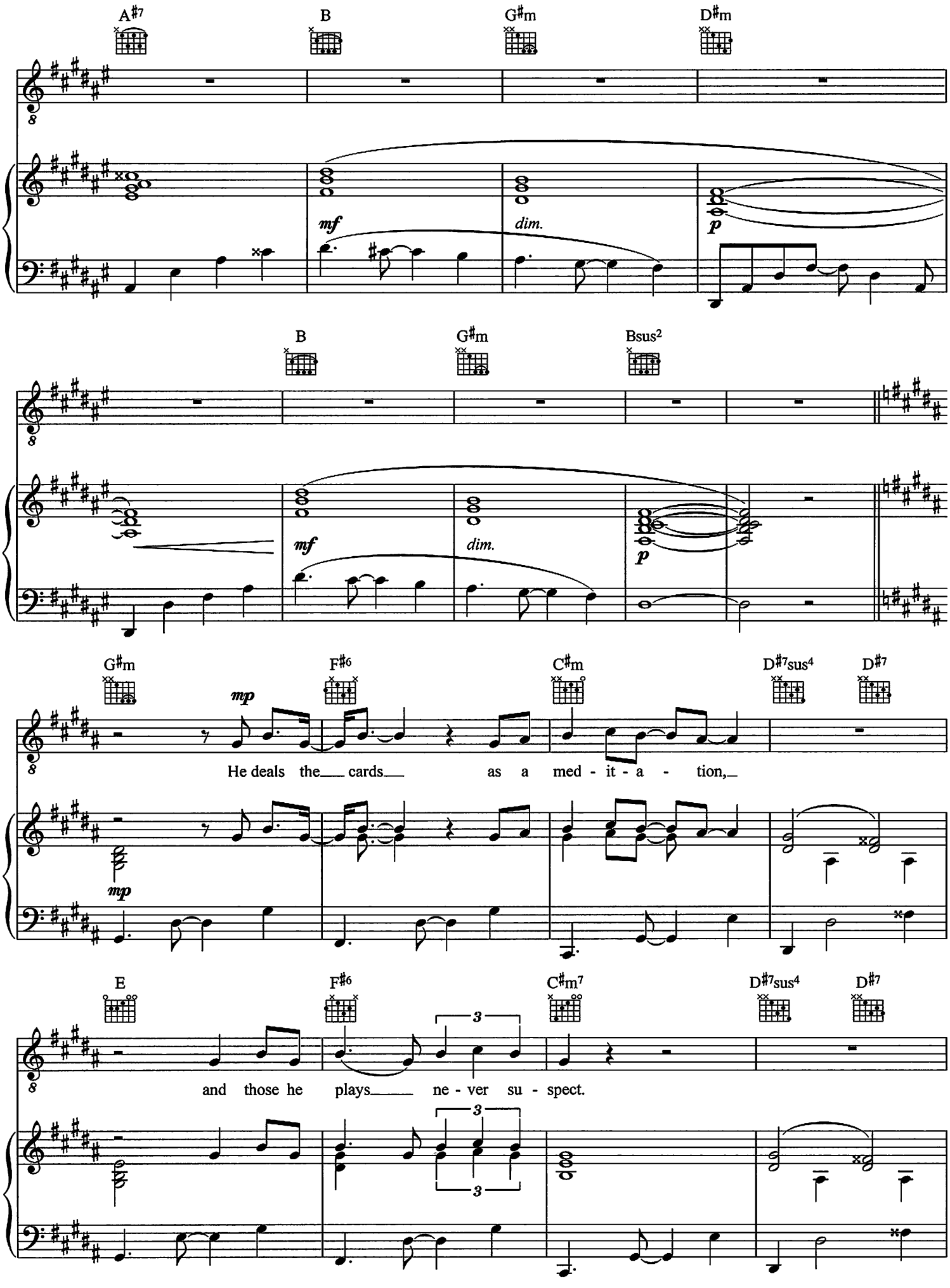
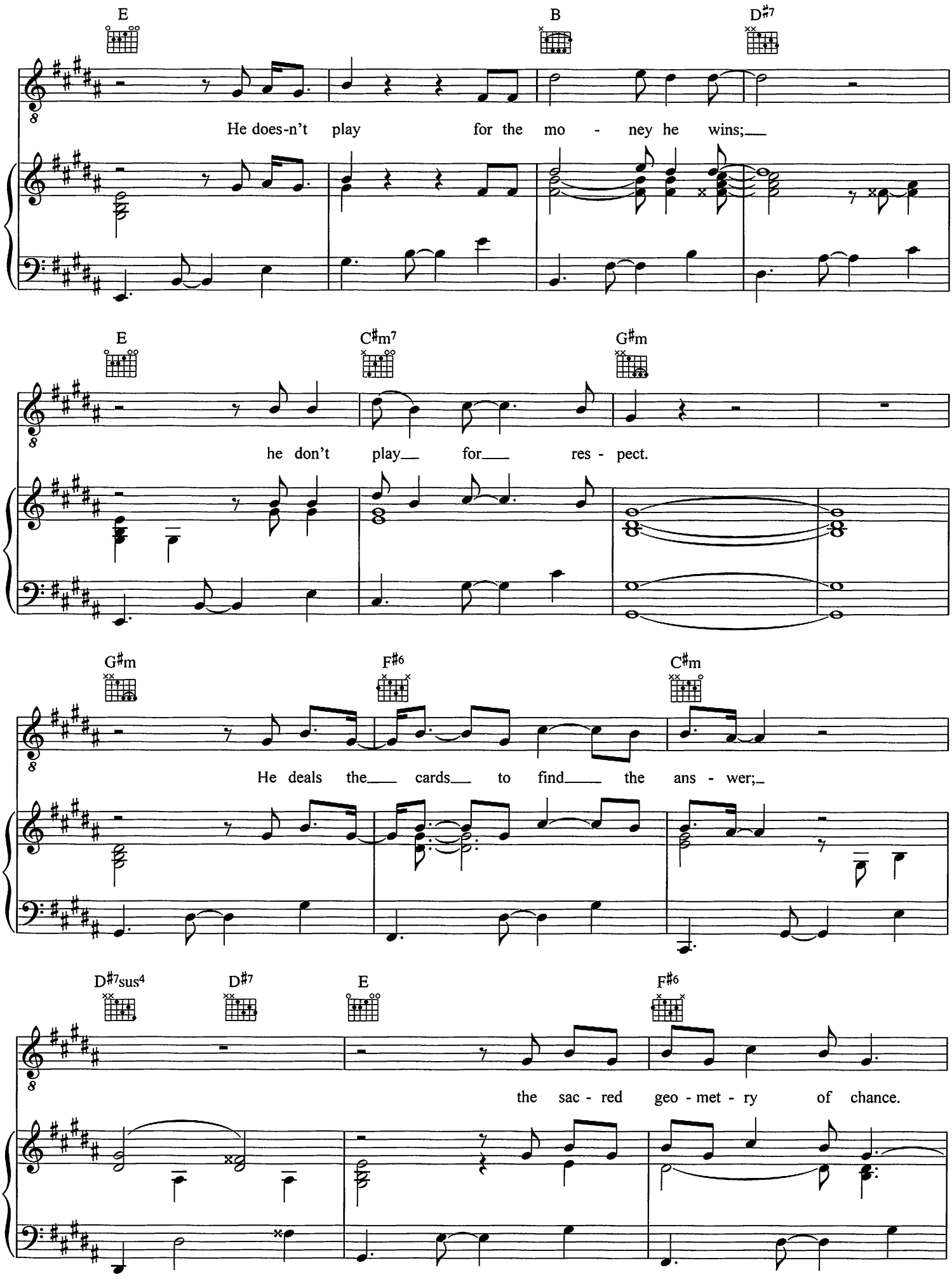
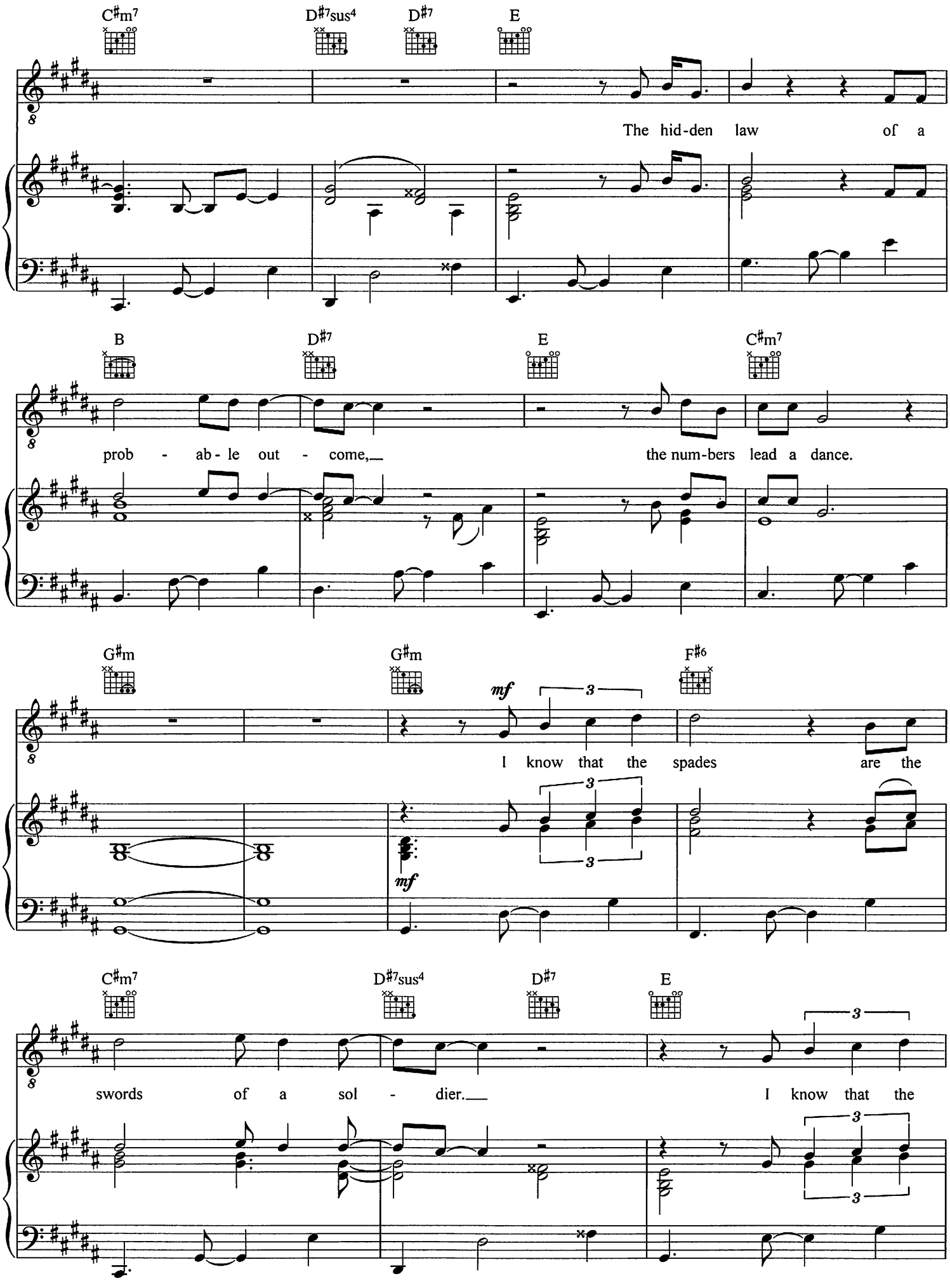
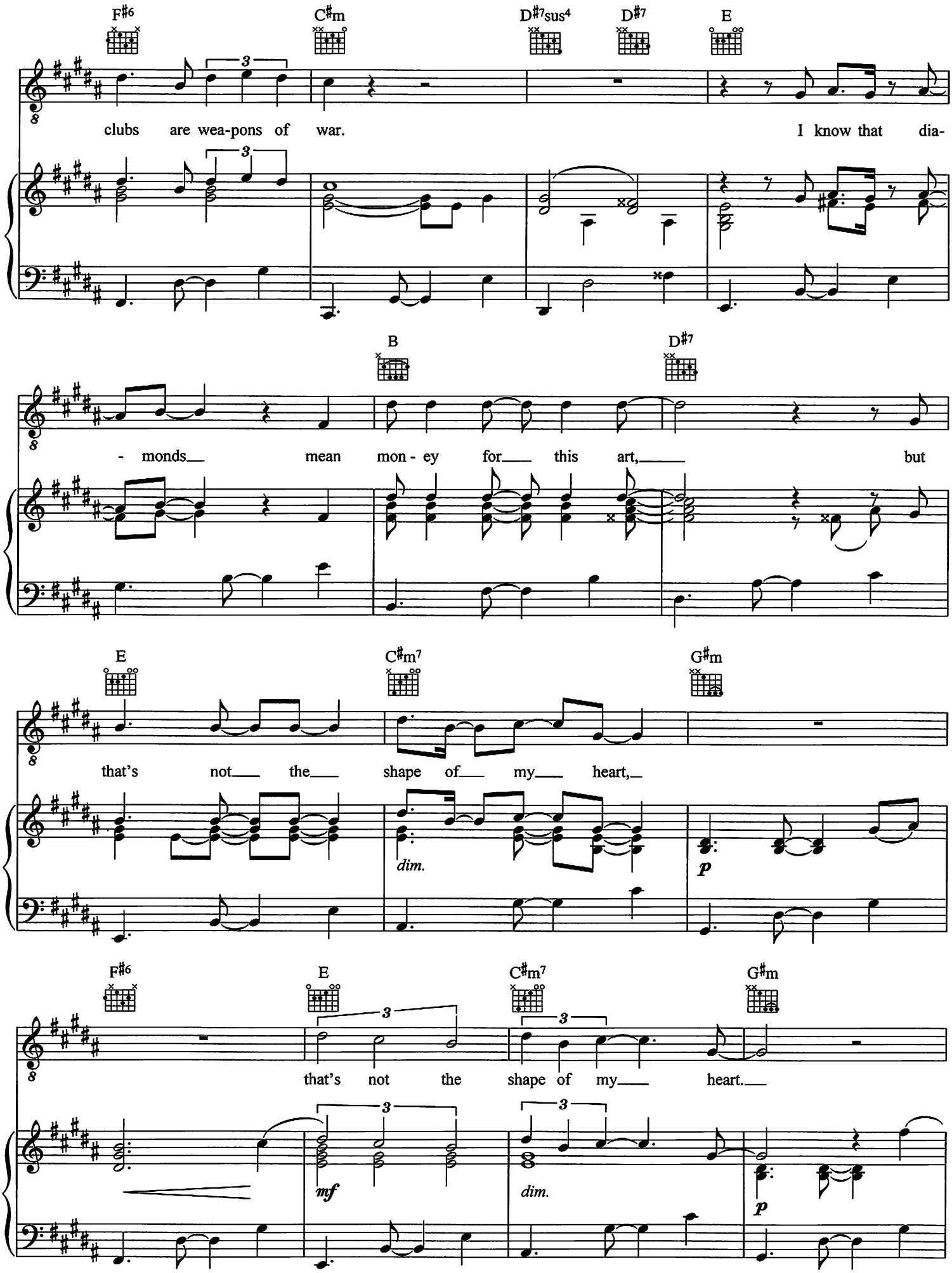
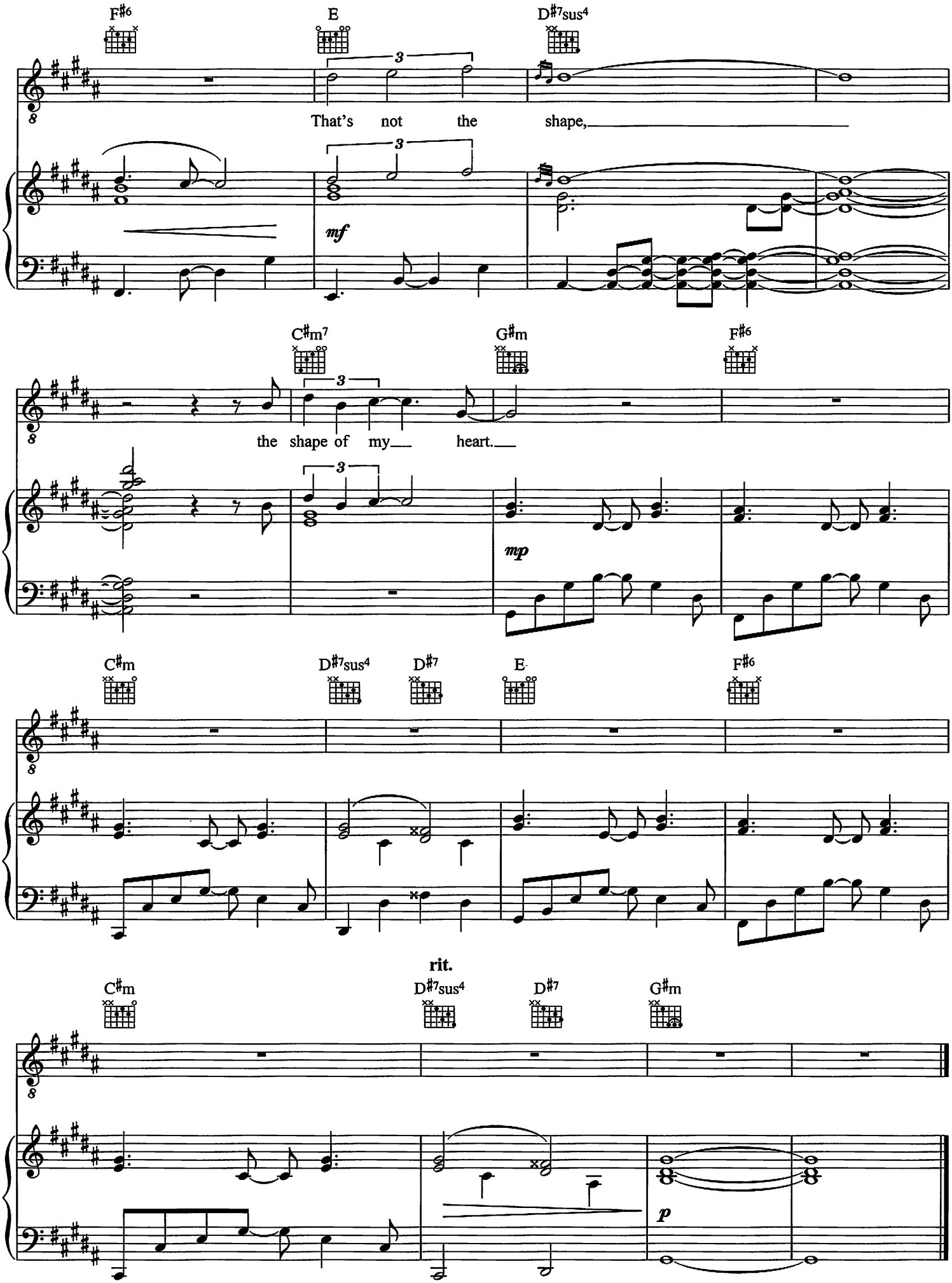

A♯7
B
G♯m
D♯m
mf
dim.
p
B
G♯m
Bsus2
mf
dim.
p
G♯m
F♯6
C♯m
D♯7sus4
D♯7
mp
He deals the cards as a med - it - a - tion,
mp
E
F♯6
C♯m7
D♯7sus4
D♯7
3
and those he plays ne - ver su - spect.
3
3


E
B
D♯7
He does-n't play for the mo - ney he wins;
E
C♯m7
G♯m
he don't play for res - pect.
G♯m
F♯6
C♯m
He deals the cards to find the ans - wer;
D♯7sus4
D♯7
E
F♯6
the sac - red geo - met - ry of chance.

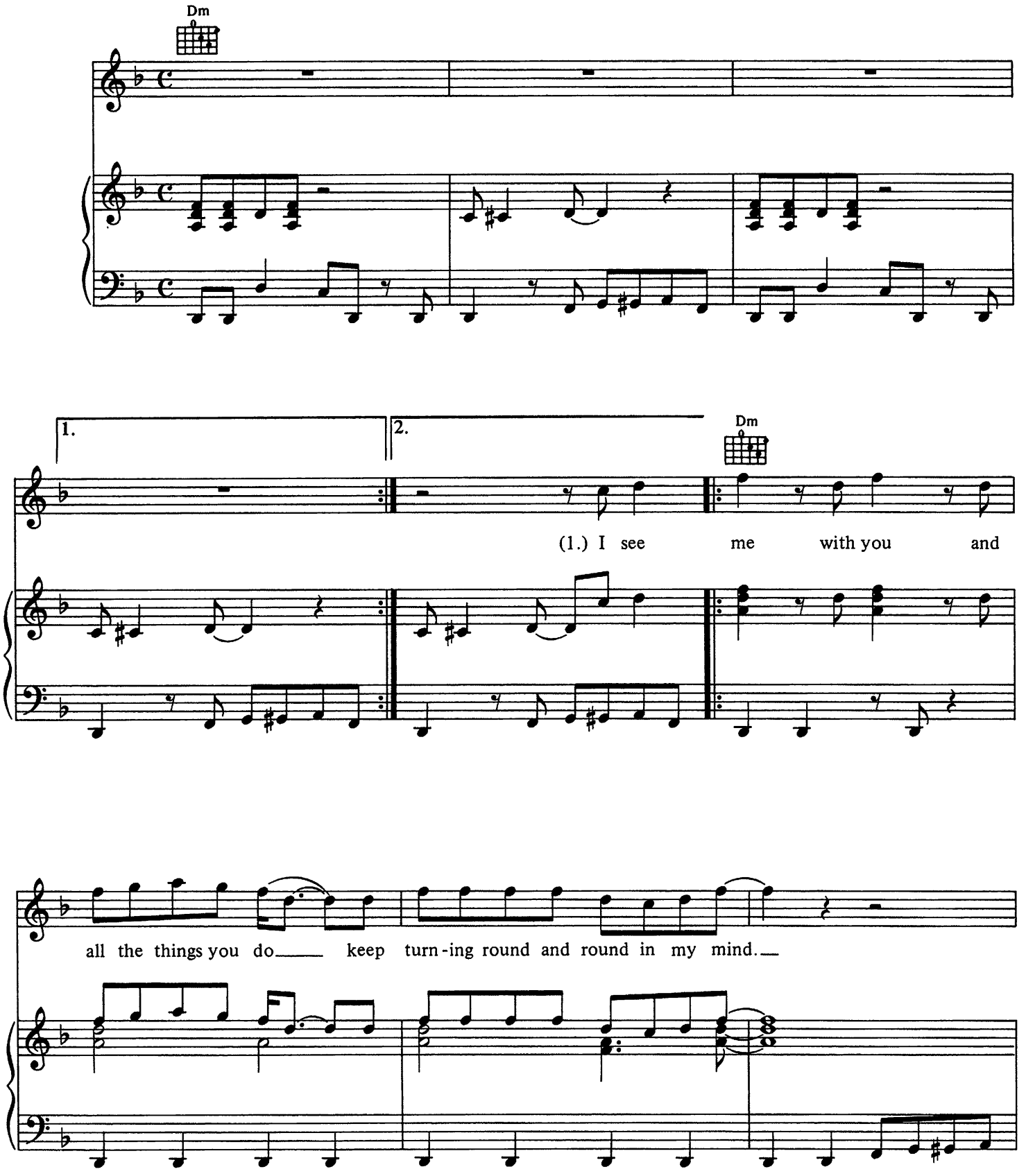

C♯m7
D♯7sus4
D♯7
E
The hid-den law of a
B
D♯7
E
C♯m7
prob - ab - le out - come,
the num-bers lead a dance.
G♯m
G♯m
F♯6
mf
I know that the spades are the
C♯m7
D♯7sus4
D♯7
E
swords of a sol - dier.
I know that the


F♯6
C♯m
D♯7sus4
D♯7
E
clubs are wea-pons of war.
I know that dia-
B
D♯7
- monds mean mon - ey for this art, but
E
C♯m7
G♯m
that's not the shape of my heart,
dim.
p
F♯6
E
C♯m7
G♯m
that's not the shape of my heart.
mf
dim.
p


F♯6
E
D♯7sus4
That's not the shape,
mf
C♯m7
G♯m
F♯6
the shape of my heart.
mp
C♯m
D♯7sus4
D♯7
E
F♯6
rit.
C♯m
D♯7sus4
D♯7
G♯m
p

We'll Be Together

Words & Music by Sting



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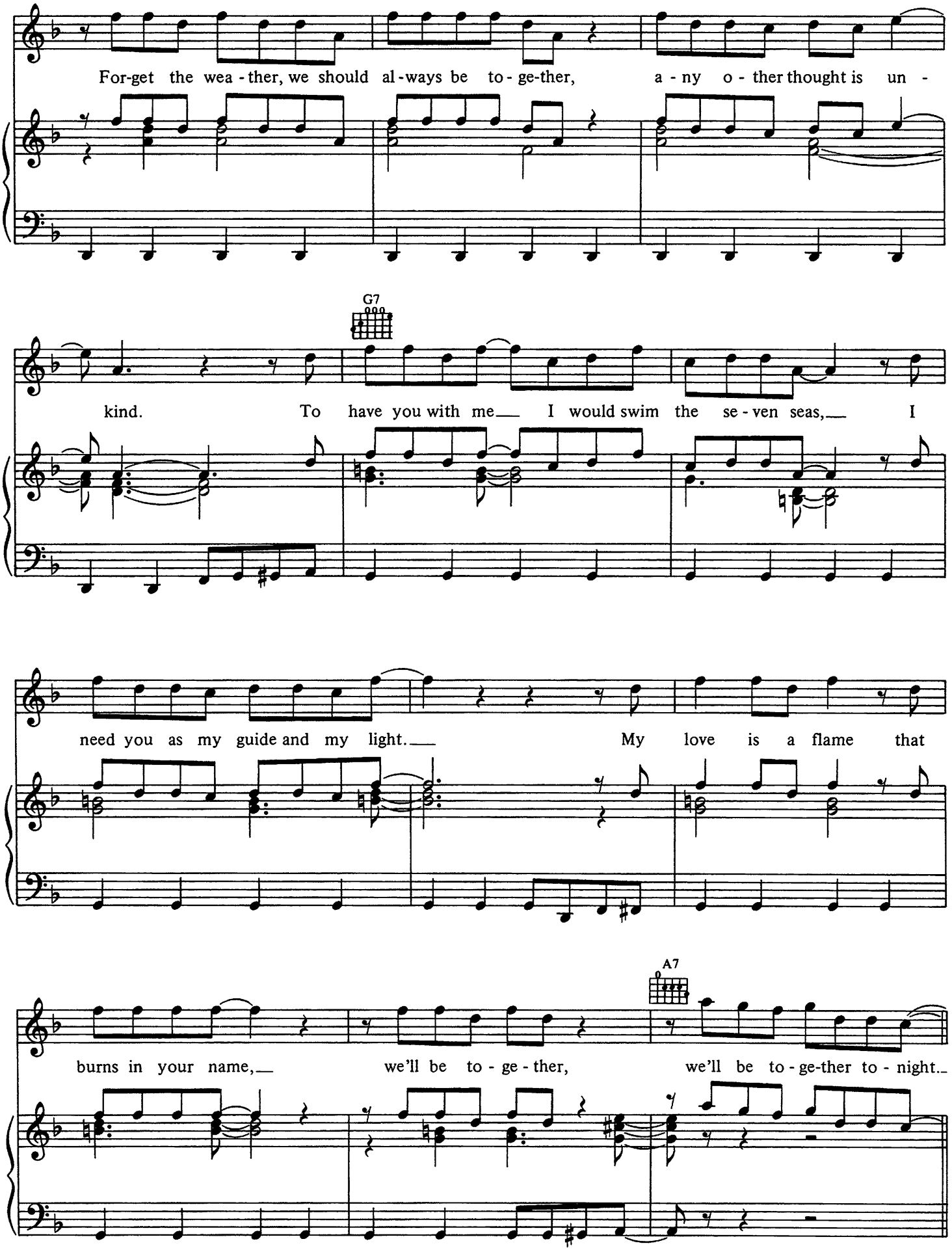
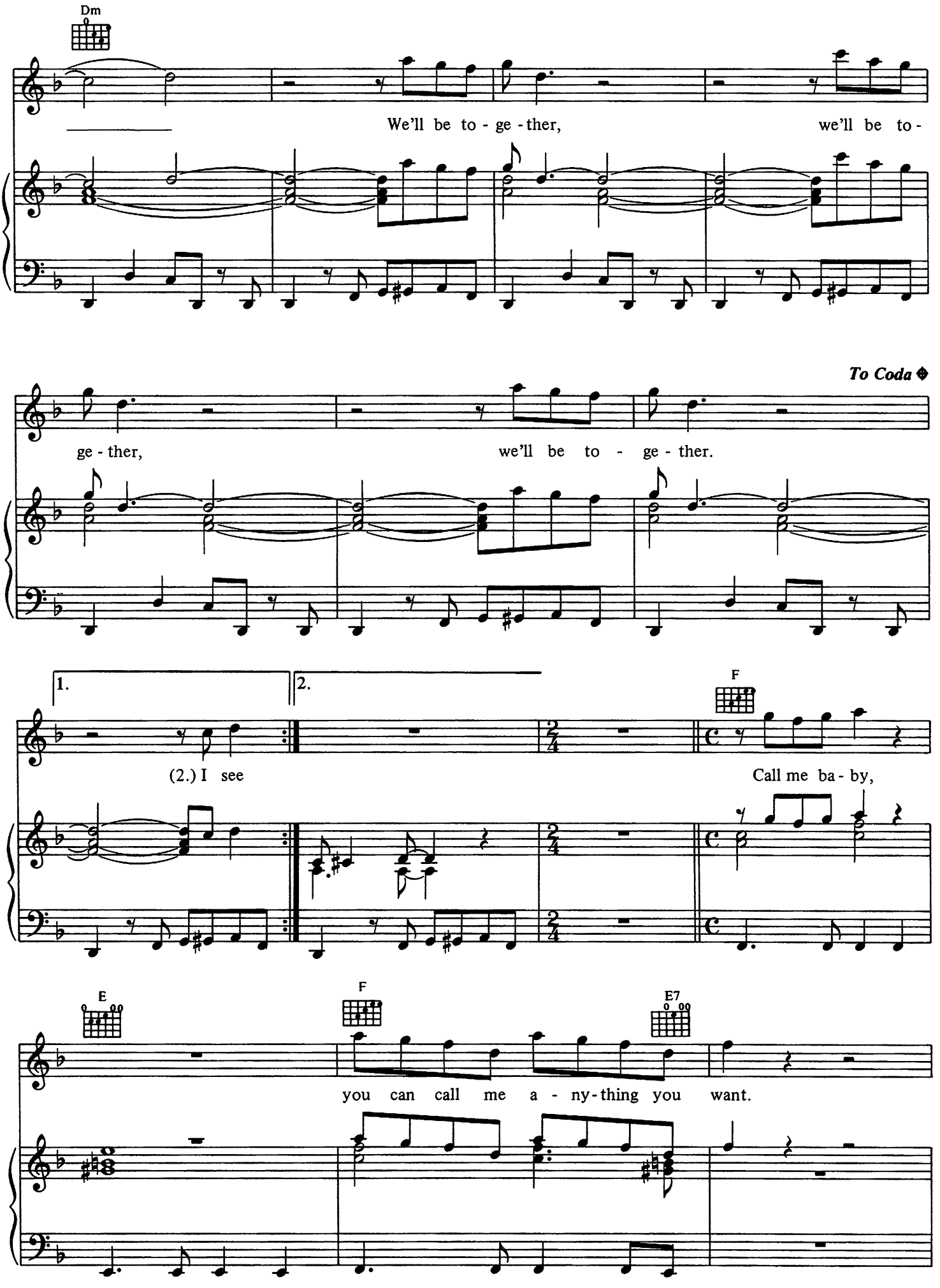
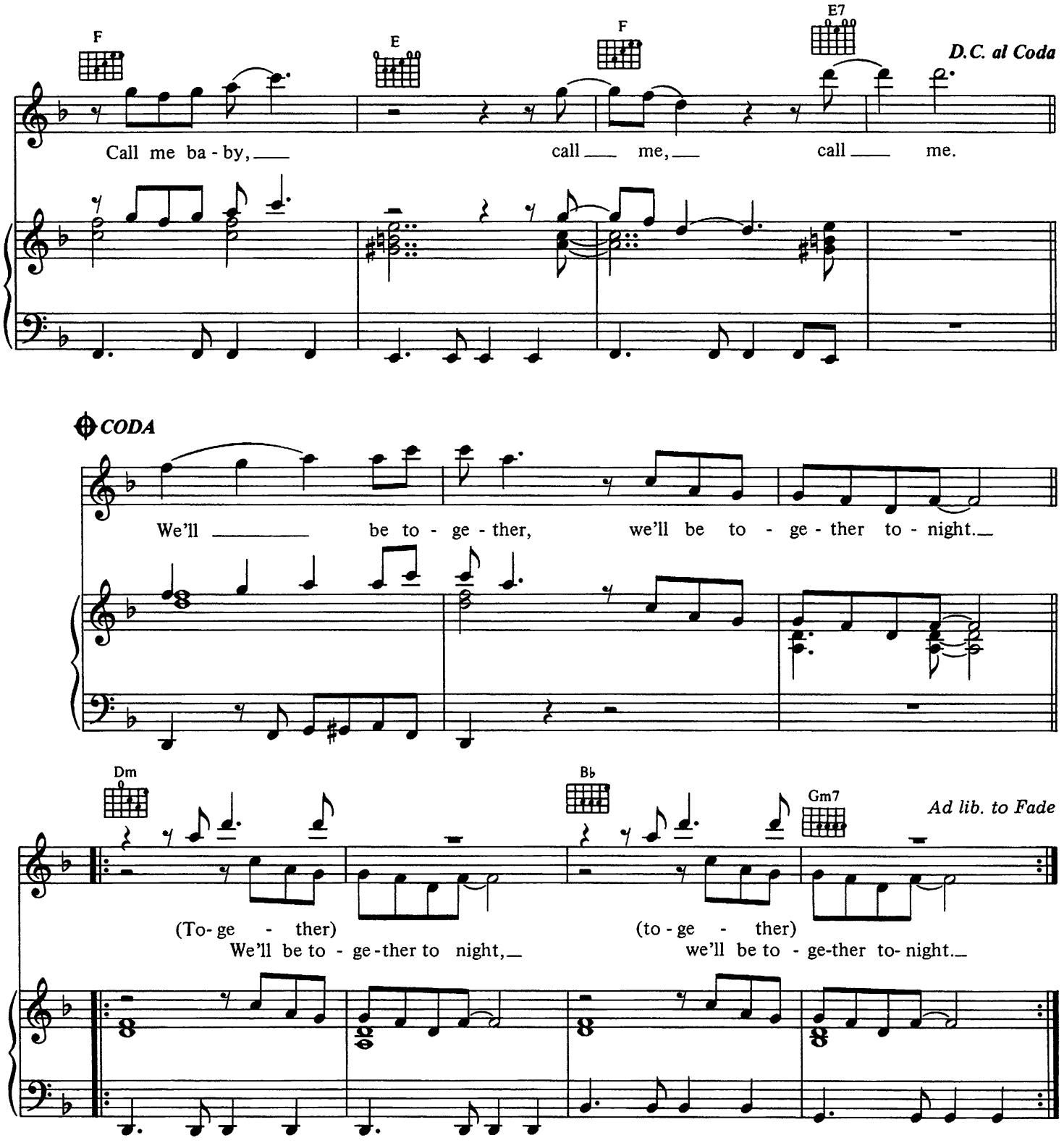
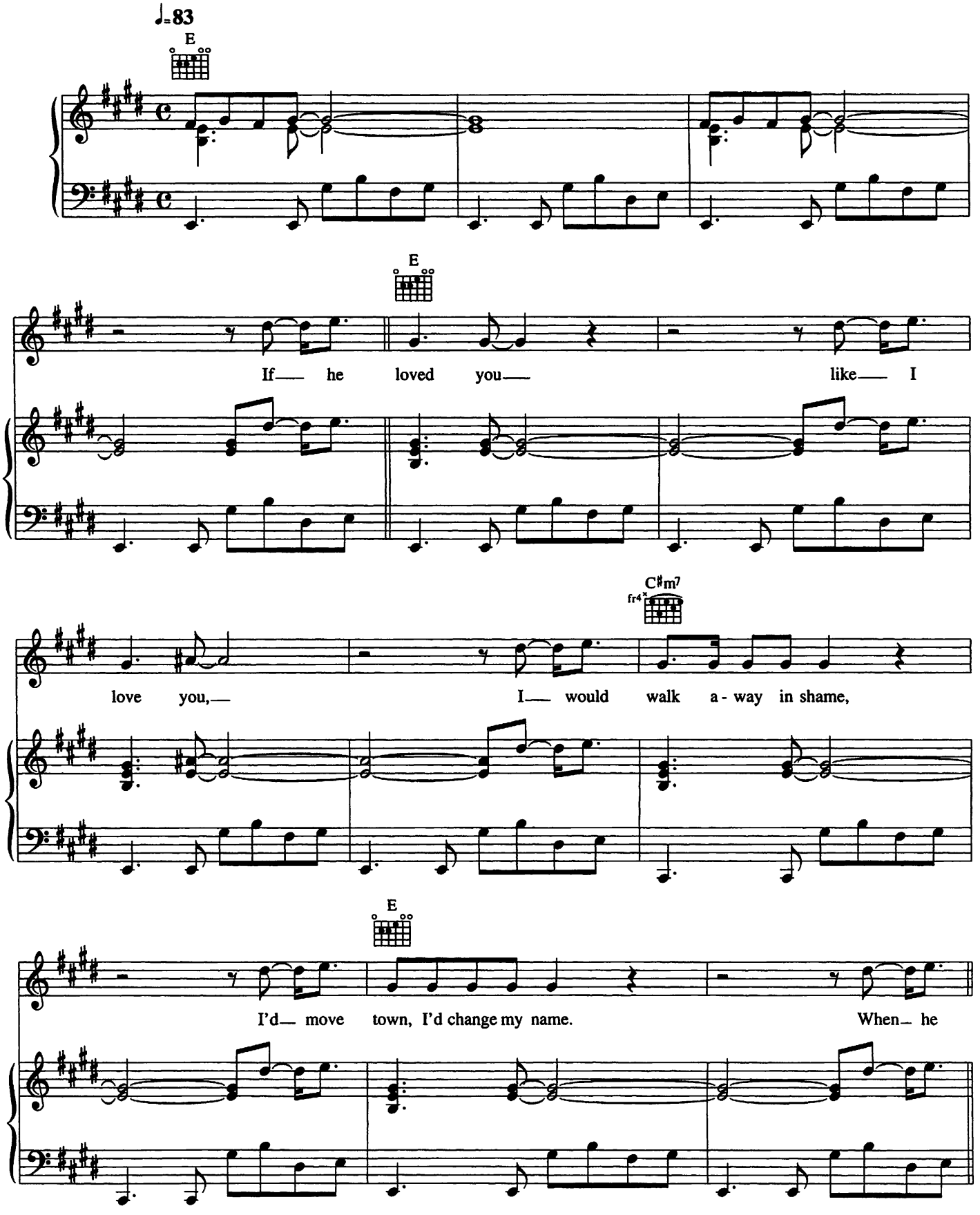

For-get the wea - ther, we should al - ways be to - ge-ther, a - ny o - ther thought is un -
G7
kind. To have you with me I would swim the se - ven seas, I
need you as my guide and my light. My love is a flame that
A7
burns in your name, we'll be to - ge - ther, we'll be to - ge-ther to - night.


Dm
We'll be to - ge - ther,
we'll be to -
To Coda
ge - ther,
we'll be to - ge - ther.
1.
2.
F
(2.) I see
Call me ba - by,
E
F
E7
you can call me a - ny - thing you want.


F
E
F
E7
D.C. al Coda
Call me ba - by, call me, call me.
CODA
We'll be to - ge - ther, we'll be to - ge - ther to - night.
Dm
B♭
Gm7
Ad lib. to Fade
(To- ge - ther)
We'll be to - ge-ther to night,
(to - ge - ther)
we'll be to - ge-ther to- night.

When We Dance

Words & Music by Sting



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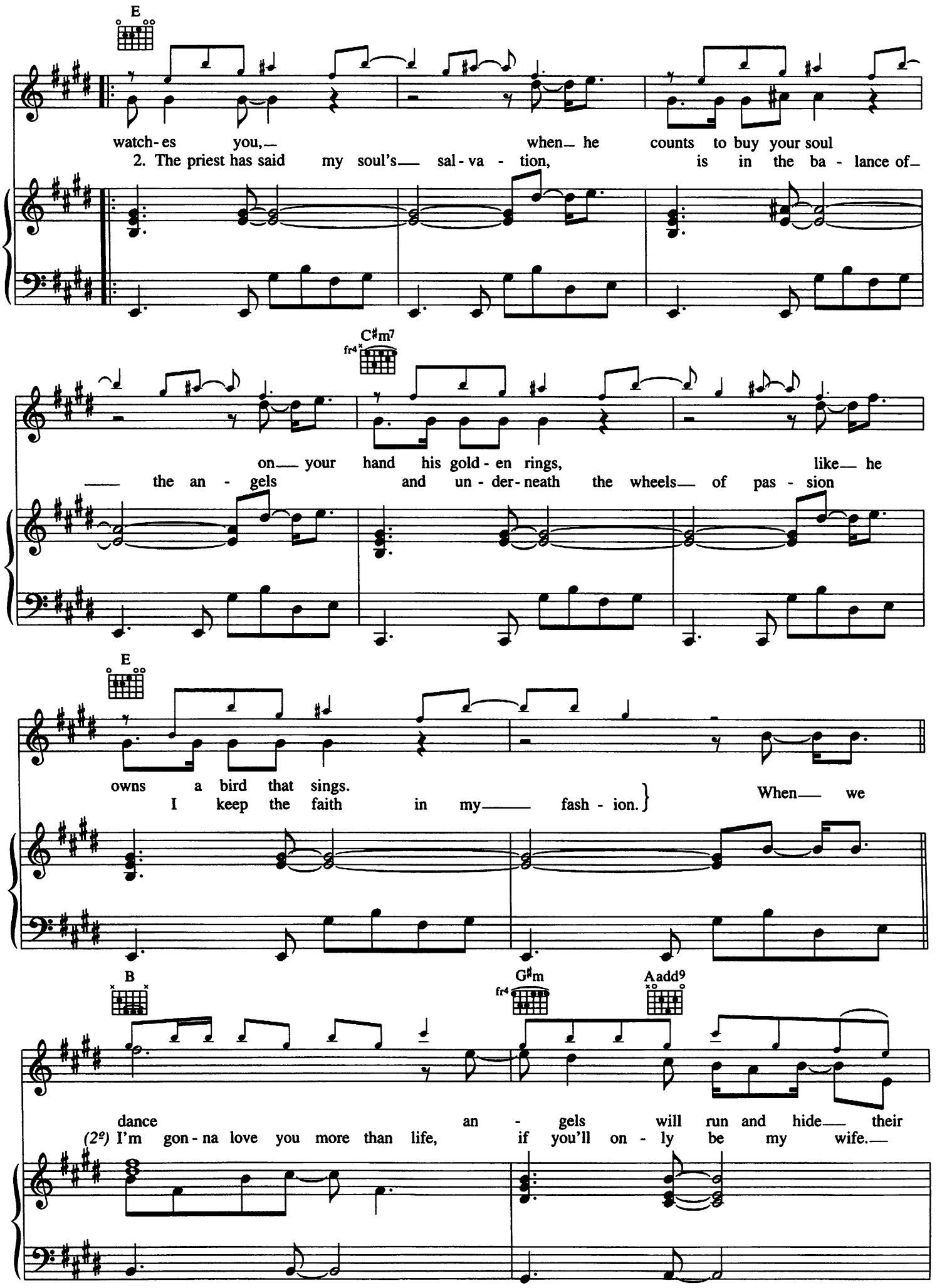
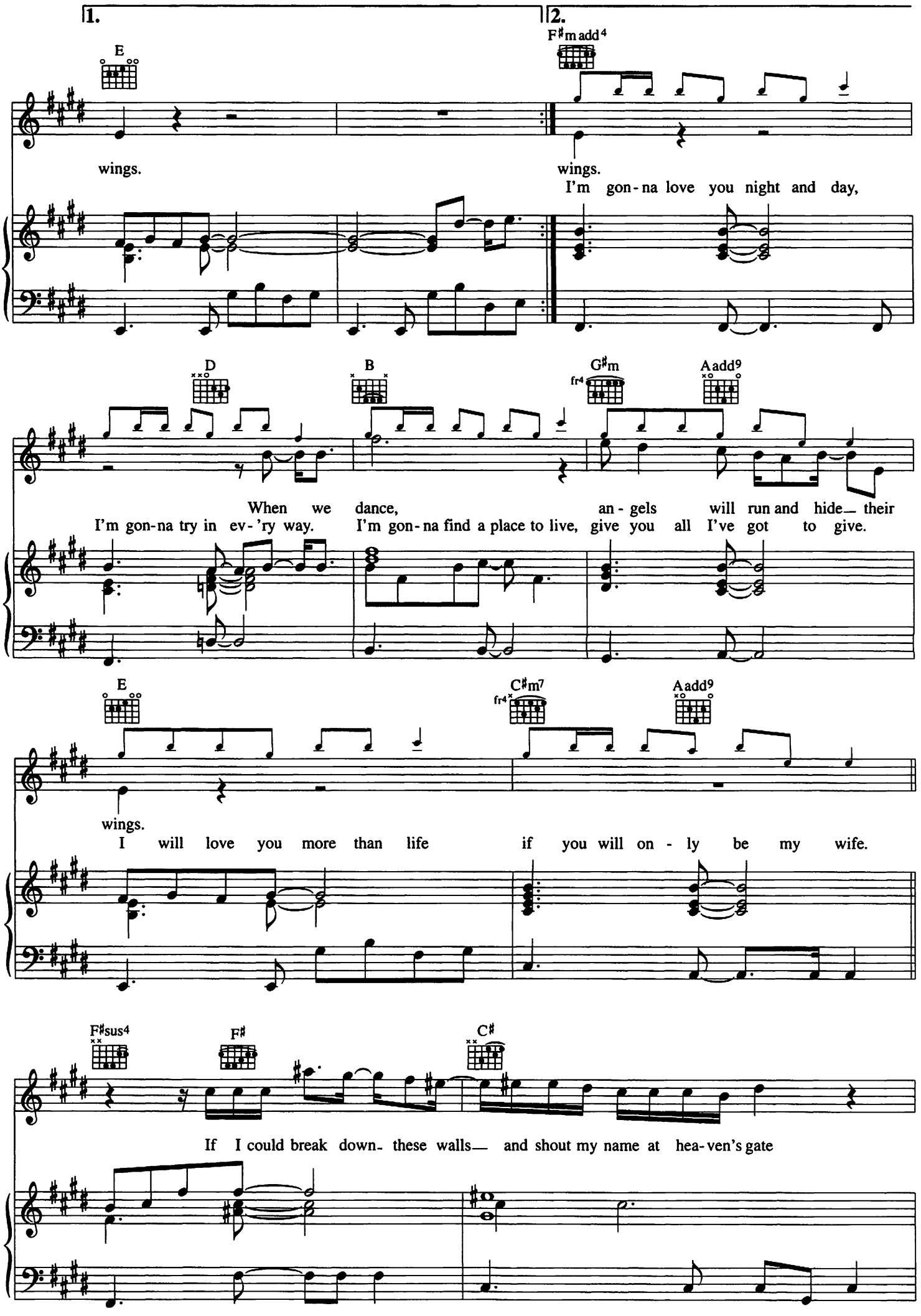
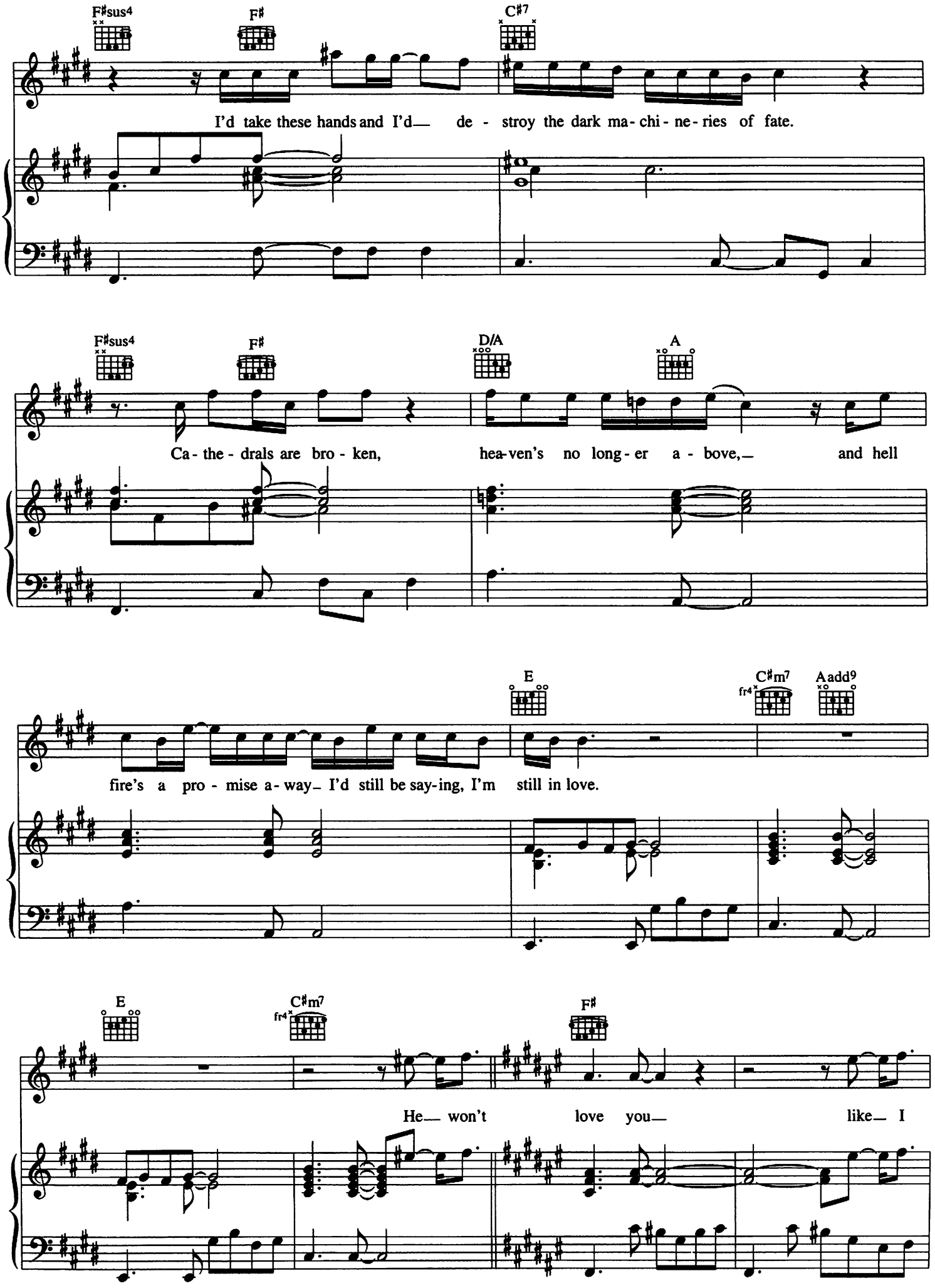
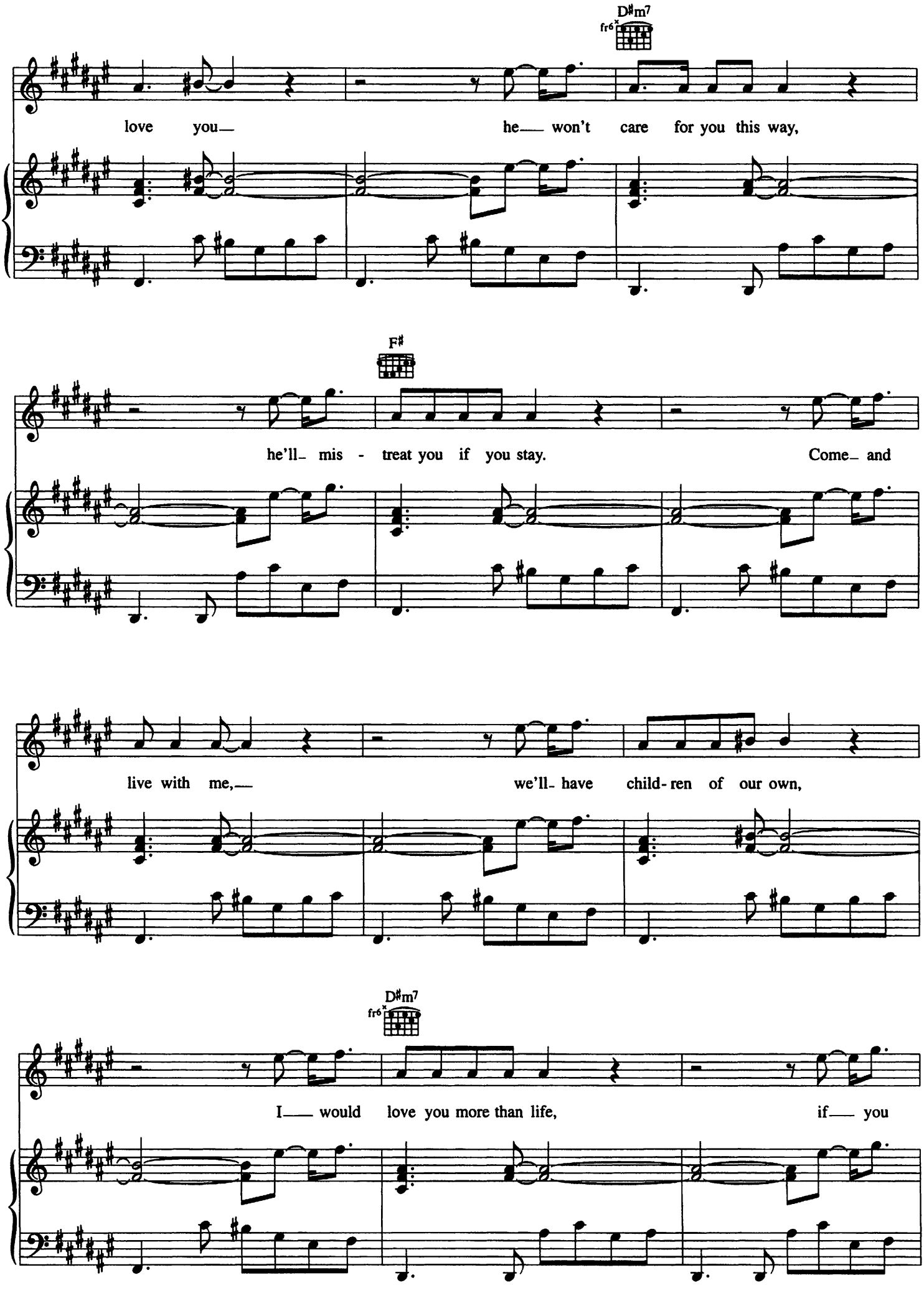
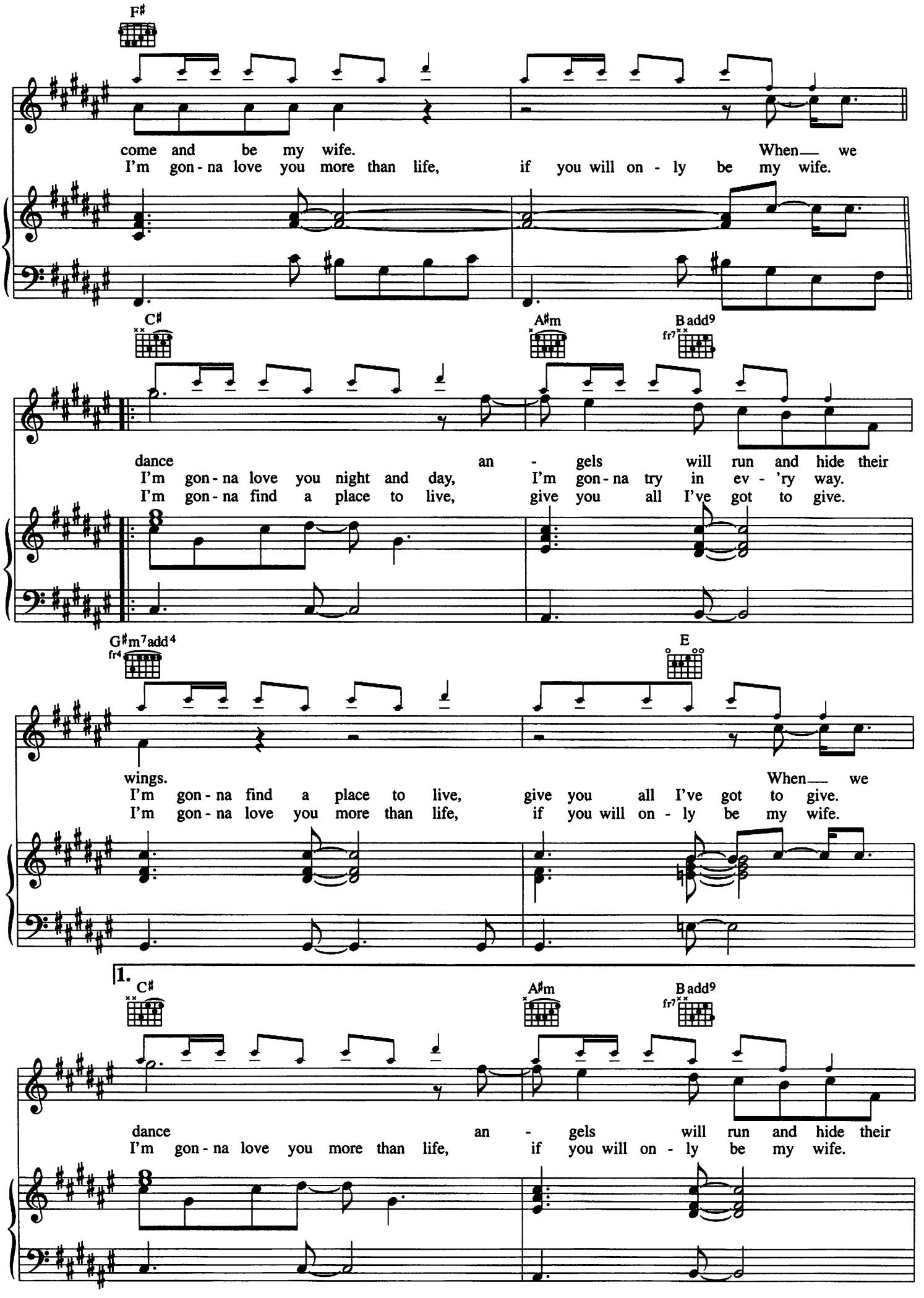
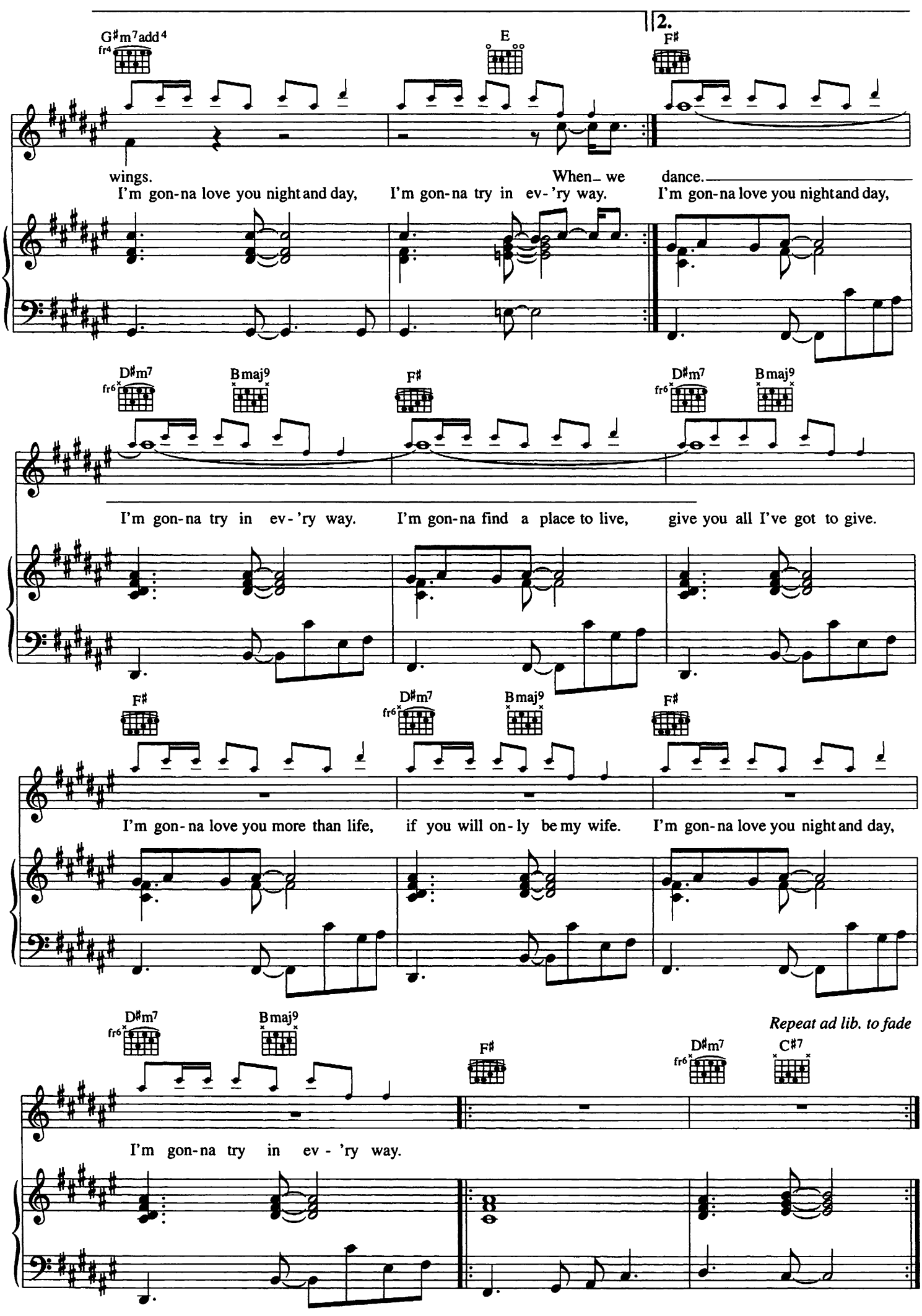

E
watch-es you,— when— he counts to buy your soul
2. The priest has said my soul's— sal-va-tion, is in the ba-lance of—
C♯m7
fr4
on— your hand his gold-en rings, like— he
— the an-gels and un-der-neath the wheels— of pas-sion
E
owns a bird that sings.
I keep the faith in my— fash-ion.
When— we
B
G♯m
fr4
Aadd9
dance an-gels will run and hide— their
(2º) I'm gon-na love you more than life, if you'll on-ly be my wife.—


1.
2.
E
F♯m add4
wings.
wings.
I'm gon-na love you night and day,
D
B
G♯m
Aadd9
When we dance,
an-gels will run and hide their
I'm gon-na try in ev-'ry way.
I'm gon-na find a place to live, give you all I've got to give.
E
C♯m7
Aadd9
wings.
I will love you more than life
if you will on-ly be my wife.
F♯sus4
F♯
C♯
If I could break down these walls
and shout my name at hea-ven's gate


F♯sus4
F♯
C♯7
I'd take these hands and I'd— de - stroy the dark ma - chi - ne - ries of fate.
F♯sus4
F♯
D/A
A
Ca - the - drals are bro - ken, hea-ven's no long - er a - bove,— and hell
E
C♯m7
fr4
Aadd9
fire's a pro - mise a - way— I'd still be say-ing, I'm still in love.
E
C♯m7
fr4
F♯
He— won't love you— like— I


D♯m7
fr6
love you— he— won't care for you this way,
F♯
he'll— mis - treat you if you stay. Come— and
live with me,— we'll— have child-ren of our own,
D♯m7
fr6
I— would love you more than life, if— you


F♯
come and be my wife.
When— we
I'm gon - na love you more than life,
if you will on - ly be my wife.
C♯
A♯m
B add9
fr7
dance an - gels will run and hide their
I'm gon - na love you night and day,
I'm gon - na try in ev - 'ry way.
I'm gon - na find a place to live,
give you all I've got to give.
G♯m7add4
fr4
E
wings.
When— we
I'm gon - na find a place to live,
give you all I've got to give.
I'm gon - na love you more than life,
if you will on - ly be my wife.
1.
C♯
A♯m
B add9
fr7
dance an - gels will run and hide their
I'm gon - na love you more than life,
if you will on - ly be my wife.


G♯m7add4
fr4
E
2.
F♯
wings.
When we dance.
I'm gon-na love you night and day, I'm gon-na try in ev-'ry way. I'm gon-na love you night and day,
D♯m7
fr6
Bmaj9
F♯
D♯m7
fr6
Bmaj9
I'm gon-na try in ev-'ry way. I'm gon-na find a place to live, give you all I've got to give.
F♯
D♯m7
fr6
Bmaj9
F♯
I'm gon-na love you more than life, if you will on-ly be my wife. I'm gon-na love you night and day,
D♯m7
fr6
Bmaj9
F♯
D♯m7
fr6
C♯7
Repeat ad lib. to fade
I'm gon-na try in ev-'ry way.

123456789

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