

The Water Is Wide (Traditional)

The water is wide I can't cross over
And neither have I the wings to fly
Build me a boat that can carry two
And both shall row my love and I

There is a ship and she sails the sea
She's loaded deep as deep can be
But not so deep as the love I'm in
I know not if, I sink or swim

I leaned my back up against an oak,
Thinking it was a trusty tree.
But first it bent, and then it broke,
Just as my love, proved false to me.

I put my hand into some soft bush
Thinking the sweetest flower to find
I pricked my finger to the bone,
Then I left the sweetest flower alone.

Oh, love is gentle and love is kind,
The sweetest flower, when first it's new
But love grows old, and waxes cold
And fades away like a mornin' dew