

## THE WATER IS WIDE

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

Now 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 morning dew

There is a ship, she sails the sea  
she's loaded deep as deep can be  
but not as deep as the love I'm in  
I know not how I sink or swim

I leaned my back against an oak  
Thinking it was a sturdy tree  
But first it bent, and then it broke  
Just like my own false love to me

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