

The Water is Wide

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

There is a ship and it sails on the sea
Loaded deep as deep can be
But not as deep as the love I'm in
I know not if I sink or swim.

I leaned my back up against an oak
Thinkin' it was a trusty tree
But first it bent and then it broke
Just like my own false love to me.

Oh love is gentle, love is kind
Bright as a jewel when first it's new
But love grows old and waxes cold
And fades away like some morning dew.

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