

## The Water is Wide

The water is wide, I cannot get o'er  
And neither have I wings to fly  
Give me a boat that will 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 against an oak  
Thinking it was a trusty tree  
But first it bent and then it broke  
And so did my false love to me

I put my hand into yonder bush  
Thinking the sweetest flower to find  
I pricked my finger to the bone  
And left the sweetest flower behind

Oh love is handsome and love is fine  
And love's a jewel when first it is new  
But love grows old and waxes cold  
And fades away like the morning dew

*Traditional English folk song arr. Sarah Morgan*