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The Water Is Wide

Reference number PT0173

The water is wide, I cannot cross o'er
And neither have I wings to fly.
Build me a boat that can carry two.
And both shall row, my love and I.

A ship there is and she sails the seas.
She's laden deep, as deep can be;
But not so deep as the love I'm in,
And I know not if I sink or swim.

I leaned my back against a young oak,
Thinking he were a trusty tree;
But first he bended and then he broke;
Thus did my love prove false to me.

Oh love is handsome and love is fine,
Bright as a jewel when first it is new;
But love grows old and waxes cold
And fades away like the morning dew,
And fades away like the morning dew.