

## The Water is Wide

Celtic Woman

The water is wide, I can't cross o'er  
And neither have I wings to fly  
Give me a boat that can carry two  
And we shall sail, my love and I

When 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, and she sails the sea  
Shes loaded deep, as deep can be  
But not as deep as the love I'm in  
I know not how I sink or swim

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