

The Water Is Wide

Mary Black

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 row, my love and I

For 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
She's loaded deep as deep can be
But not as deep as the love I'm in
I know now how I sink or swim