**THE WATER IS WIDE**

The water is wide, I can’t get over

and 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 she sails the sea

she’s loaded deep as deep can be

but not so deep as in love I’m in

I know not if, I sink or swim

I leaned my back up against an oak

thinking it was a trusty tree

but first he bended and then he broke

and thus did my love unto me

I put my hand into some soft bush

thinking the sweetest flower to find

I pricked my finger right to the bone

and like my love that once was mine

oh love handsome and love is fine

gay as a jewel when first it’s new

but loves grow colder as love grows old

and fades away like the morning dew