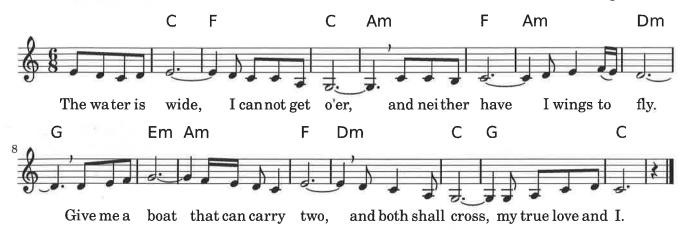
Water Is Wide



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

I leaned my back against an oak, Thinking it was a trusty tree, But first it bent and then it broke, So did my love prove false to me. I put my hand into some soft bush, Thinking the sweetest flower to find, I pricked my fingers to the bone And left the sweetest flower behind.

A ship there is 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.

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