

The Water Is Wide

Traditional;

1993 by Sanga Music, Inc.

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

A ship there was, and she sails the sea,
She's loaded deep as deep can be,
But not so deep as the love I'm in,
And I know not how, I sink or swim.

I leaned my back up against some young oak,
Thinking he was a trusty tree,
But first he bended and then he broke,
And thus did my false love to me.

I put my hand into some soft bush,
Thinking the sweetest flower to find.
I pricked my finger to the bone,
And left the sweetest flower alone.

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

New Last Verse by Pete Seeger (1982)

The seagulls wheel, they turn and dive,
The mountain stands beside the sea.
This world we know turns round and round,
And all for them - and you and me.