

Odetta, False Love

The river is wide, I can't get o'er
Nor do I have like wings to fly
Give me a boat that can carry two,
And both shall cross my love and I

Oh waly, waly, up the bank
And waly, waly down the braes,
And waly, waly by yon burnside
Where me and my love was wont to go

I leaned my back against an oak
Thinking it was a trusty tree,
But first it bent and then it broke,
And so did my love prove false to me

I put my hand in some soft bush
Thinking the sweetest flower to find
I pricked my finger to the bone
And left the sweetest flower behind

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