

Hayley Westenra, The Water Is Wide

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

Where love is planted O there it grows
It grows and blossoms like a rose
It has a sweet and pleasant smell
No flower on Earth can it excel

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 is gentle and love is kind
The sweetest flower when first it is new
But love grows old and waxes cold
And fades away like the morning dew