

Joan Baez, 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 cross my true love and I

I lean'd my back against an oak,
Thinking it was a mighty tree.
But first it bent and then it broke,
So did my love prove false to me.

I put my hand in some soft bush
Thinking the sweetest flow'r to find.
I prick'd my finger to the bone
And left the sweetest flow'r behind.

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

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