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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