

Karla Bonoff, The Water Is Wide

The water is wide
I cannot swim ore
and neither have I
the wings to fly
give me a boat
that can carry two
and we both shall row
my true love and I

A ship there is
and she sails the seas
she's laden deep
as deep can be
but not so deep
as the love I'm in
and I know not if
i sink or swim

I leaned my back
against a young oak
thinkin he was
a trusty tree
but first he bended
and then he broke
thus did my love
prove false to me

Oh love is handsome
and love is kind
bright as a jewl
when first it's new
but love grows old
and waxes cold
and fades away
like the morning dew

and fades away
like the morning dew