

The Water is Wide

www.singing-bell.com

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

Love is gentle, love is kind
The sweetest flower when first it's new
But love grows old and waxes cold
And fades away like morning dew.

There is a ship that sails the sea
She's loaded deep as deep can be
But not as deep as the love I made
I know not how I'll sink or swim.

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

