

The Water is Wide

Celtic Woman

The water is wide, I can't cross o'er
And neither have I wings to fly
Give me a boat that can carry two
And we shall sail, my love and I

When love is gentle, and 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, and she sails the sea
Shes loaded deep, as deep can be
But not as deep as the love I'm in
I know not how I sink or swim

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