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

There is a ship and she sails the seas She's laden deep, as deep can be But not so deep as the love I'm in I know not if I sink or swim

Oh, love is handsome, and love is fine Bright as a jewel when first it's new But love grows old and waxes cold And fades away like the morning dew

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