

The Water Is Wide

Rhonda Vincent

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

Oh love is handsome, and love is kind,
Shining bright like a jewel, when first its new;
But love grows old, and waxes cold,
And fades away, like morning dew.

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

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And neither have I the wings to fly.
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And both shall row, my love and I.