

Joan Baez "The Water Is Wide"

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The water is wide, I cannot get over
Neither have I wings to fly
Give me a boat that can carry two
And both shall cross my true love and I

I leaned my back against an oak
Thinking it was a mighty tree
But first it bent and then it broke
So did my love prove false to me

I put my hand in some soft bush
Thinking the sweetest flower to find
I pricked my finger to the bone
And left the sweetest flower behind

Oh, love is handsome and love is kind
Gay as a jewel when it is new
But love grows old and waxes cold
And fades away like the morning dew

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Neither have I wings to fly
Give me a boat that can carry two
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