

## Joan Baez

### "Walie Walie"

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The water is wide  
I cannot get o'er  
(And) 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 morning dew

The water is wide  
I cannot get o'er  
Neither have I wings to fly  
Give me a boat that can carry two  
And both shall cross  
My true love and I

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