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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 both shall row,
My love and I.

A ship there is,
She sails the sea,
She's loaded deep,
As deep can be.
But not so deep
As the love I'm in;
I know not how
I sink or swim.



I leaned my back
Against an oak,
Knowing it was
A trusty tree.
At first it bent,
But never broke;
Thus did my love
Prove true to me.

Oh, love is handsome,
Love is fine,
Gay as a jewel
When first it's new;
And love grows old,
And ever bold,
And shines as bright
As morning dew.

