

The water is wide, I can't cross o'er

And neither do I have wings to fly
Give me a boat, carry two
And both shall row
My love and I

Love is gentle, love is kind

The sweetest flower when first it's new
But love grows old and waxes cold
And fades away like morning dew

There is a ship that sails the sea

She's loaded deep as deep can be
But not as deep as the love I made
I know not how I'll sink or swim

The water is wide, I can't cross o'er

And neither do I have wings to fly
Give me a boat that can carry two
And both shall row
My love and I
And both shall row
My love and I