

# The Water Is Wide

[Hayley Westenra](#)

The water's wide, I cannot get over  
And neither have I wings to fly  
Give me a boat that'll carry two  
And both shall row, my love and I  
Where love is planted oh there it grows  
It grows and blossoms like a rose  
It has a sweet and pleasant smell  
No flower on earth can it excel  
The ship there is and 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 if I sink or swim  
Oh, 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

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