The Water Is Wide

Niamh Parsons

The water is wide, I can not cross over
Neither have I wings to fly
Give me a boat that can carry two
And both shall row, my love and I
Love is gentle and love is kind
The sweetest flower when first it's new
But love grows old and waxes cold

And fades away like morning dew
The water is wide, I can not cross over
Neither have I wings to fly
Give me a boat that can carry two
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