There Is a Ship

Peter, Paul & Mary

There is a ship and she sails the sea
She's loaded deep, as deep can be
But not as deep as the love I'm in
I know not if I sink or swimI leaned my back against an oak
Thinking it was a trusty tree
But first it bent and then it broke
Just as my love proved false to meOh, 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 the mornin' dewThe water is wide, I cannot get o'er
Neither have I, the wings to fly
Give me a boat that can carry two
And both shall row, my love and I

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