

The Water Is Wide

[Joan Baez](#)

The water is wide, I cannot get over
Neither have I wings to fly
Give me a boat that can carry two
And both shall cross my true love and I leaned my back against an oak
Thinking it was a mighty tree
But first it bent and then it broke
So did my love prove false to me I put my hand in some soft bush
Thinking the sweetest flower to find
I pricked my finger to the bone
And left the sweetest flower behind Oh, love is handsome and love is kind
Gay as a jewel when it is new
But love grows old and waxes cold
And fades away like the morning dew The water is wide, I cannot get over
Neither have I wings to fly
Give me a boat that can carry two
And both shall cross my true love and I

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