

The Water Is Wide

Mary Black

The water is wide, I can't cross o'er
Ad neither have I wings to fly
Give me a boat that can carry two
And we shall row, my love and I
For 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 dewcontinued below...advertisement

Songwriters

CABRIERES, JEAN-PAUL / TRADITIONAL, Published by

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