

# The Water Is Wide

[Joan Baez](#)

The water is wide, I cannot get o'er  
Neither have I wings to fly  
Give me a boat that can carry two  
And both shall cross my true love and I  
I lean'd 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 flow'are to find  
I prick'd my finger to the bone  
And left the sweetest flow'are behind  
O 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 o'er  
Neither have I wings to fly  
Give me a boat that can carry two  
And both shall cross my true love and I

Songwriters

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