

# The Water is Wide

**Laura Siersema**

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  
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