

The Water Is Wide (Waly, Waly)

Traditional

The water is wide, I cannot get o'er
And neither have I wings to fly
Give me a boat that can carry two
And both shall row, my love and I

I leaned my back against an oak
Thinking it was a trusty tree
But first it bent and then it broke
And so my love proved false to me

Oh, love is gentle, and love is kind
And love's a jewel when first it's new
But love grows old and waxes cold
And fades away like the morning dew

The water is wide, I cannot get o'er
And neither have I wings to fly
Give me a boat that can carry two
And both shall row, my love and I