

THE WATER IS WIDE

Skotsk, fra 1600-tallet. Optegnet af Cecil Sharp, 1906

The water is wide I can not get o'er

And neither have I wings to fly

Give me a boat that will carry two

And both shall row my love and I

O love is handsome and love is fine

And love's a jewel when it's first new

But love grows old then waxes gold

And fades away like morning dew

There is a ship it's sailing the sea

It's loaded deep as deep can be

But not so deep as the love I'm in

I know not if I sink or swim

The water is wide I can not get o'er

And neither have I wings to fly

Give me a boat that will carry two

And both shall row my love and I

And both shall row my love and I