The Water is Wide

Scottish Folk Song

Traditional







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

A ship there is and she sails the sea She'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 I leaned my back against an oak Thinking it was a trusty tree But first it bent and then it broke So did my love prove false to me

I reached my finger into some soft bush Thinking the fairest flower to find I pricked my finger to the bone And left the fairest flower behind

Oh love be handsome and love be kind Gay as a jewel when first it is new But love grows old and waxes cold And fades away like the morning dew

Must I go bound while you go free Must I love a man who doesn't love me Must I be born with so little art As to love a man who'll break my heart

When cockle shells turn silver bells Then will my love come back to me When roses bloom in winter's gloom Then will my love return to me