The water is wide

Transposé en Do majeur

Traditionnel écossais Relevé début XXe S. en Angleterre



The water is wide, I can't cross o'er And neither have I wings to fly Give me a boat that can carry two And we shall sail, my love and I

When 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

There is a ship, and she sails the sea Shes loaded deep, as deep can be But not as deep as the love I'm in I know not how I sink or swim