In a flowing manner \( (\ell = \text{ca. 108}) \)

\[
\begin{array}{c}
\text{The water is wide,} \\
\text{I cannot cross o' er,}
\end{array}
\]

\[
\begin{array}{c}
\text{but neither have} \\
\text{I the wings to}
\end{array}
\]
Build me a boat that can carry fly.

And both shall row, my love and two,

I leaned my back on a fine young
oak. I thought it was a trusty tree, but first it bend and then it broke.

Thus, did my love prove false to
me.

The water is wide,

The water is wide,

The water is wide,

Oh, love is

fair and love is fine,

bright as a
rose
when first it’s new.
But love grows

old,
and sometimes cold,
and fades a

way
like the morning dew.

The water is wide.