

THERE IS A SHIP

There is a ship and she sails the sea She's loaded deep, as deep can be

But not as 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 Just as my love proved false to me

Oh 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 the mornin' dew

The water is wide, I cannot get oe'r Neither have I the wings to fly

Give me a boat that can carry two And both shall row my love and I

Peter, Paul and Mary; Pete Seager (Oh Waly, Waly, Scottish c 1600)