

The Water is Wide

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.

Their love is plentive... o'er there it grows
It grows and blossoms like a rose
It has a sweet and pleasant smell
No flower on earth can it excel.

The 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.

Oh, love is handsome and love is fine
And loves a jewel when it is new
But rain it above it grows so cold
And fades away like morning dew

Though I May Speak With Bravest Fire

Though I may speak with bravest fire
And have the gift to all inspire
And have not love, my words are vain
As sounding brass, and hopeless gain.

Though I may give all I possess
And striving so, my love profess
But be not giv'n by love within,
The profit soon turns strangely thin.

Come, Spirit, come, our hearts control,
Our spirits long to be made whole
Let inward love guide every deed;
By this we worship and are freed