



I leaned back against an oak, Thinking it was a mighty tree, But first it bent and then it broke, So did my love prove false to me.

I put my hand on some soft bush, Thinking the sweetest flower to find, I pricked my finger to the bone, And keft the sweetest flower behind. Oh, love is handsome and love is kind, Gay as a jewel when it's new, But love grows old and waxes cold, And fades away like morning dew.

The water is wide...