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Give me a boat that can carry two, and both shall cross, my true love and I.

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

I put my hand into some soft bush,  
 Thinking the sweetest flower to find,  
 I pricked my fingers to the bone  
 And left the sweetest flower behind.

A 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 be handsome and love be kind,  
 Gay as a jewel when first it is new;  
 But love grows old and waxes cold,  
 And fades away like the morning dew.