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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.