

6. THE WATER IS WIDE

American Folk Song
Arranged by JAY ALTHOUSE

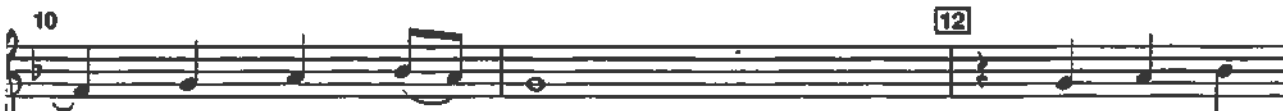
In a flowing manner (♩ = ca. 108)



The wa-ter is wide, I can-not cross
back on a fine young



o'er. But nei-ther have I
oak, I thought it was



the wings to fly. Build me a
a trust-y tree. But first it



13

boat bend that can carry it two, and both shall Thus did my

17 *rit.*

row, love my love and I. prove false to

1. *a tempo*

rit.

a tempo

20

I leaned my

23 *2. a tempo*

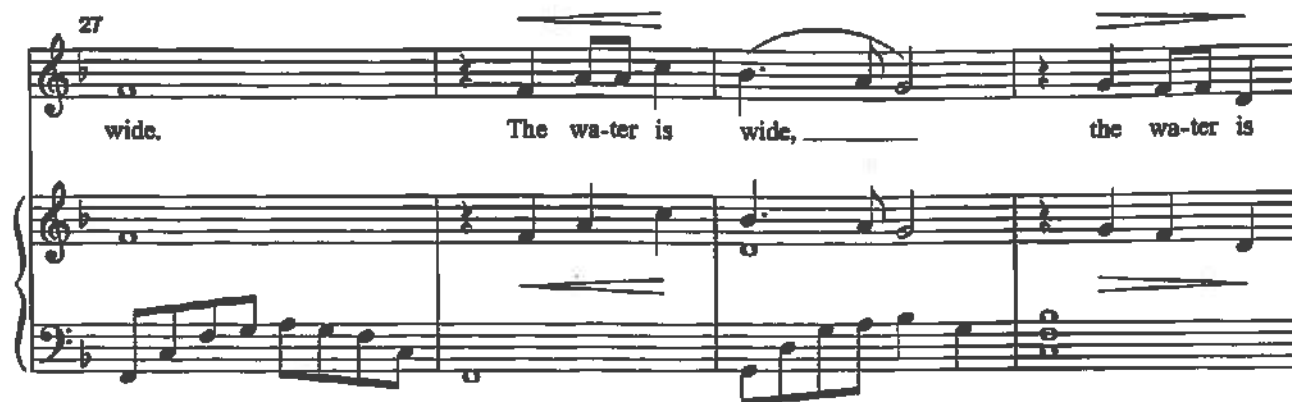
me. The wa-ter is wide, the wa-ter is

a tempo

25

27

wide. The wa-ter is wide, the wa-ter is



31 *mp*

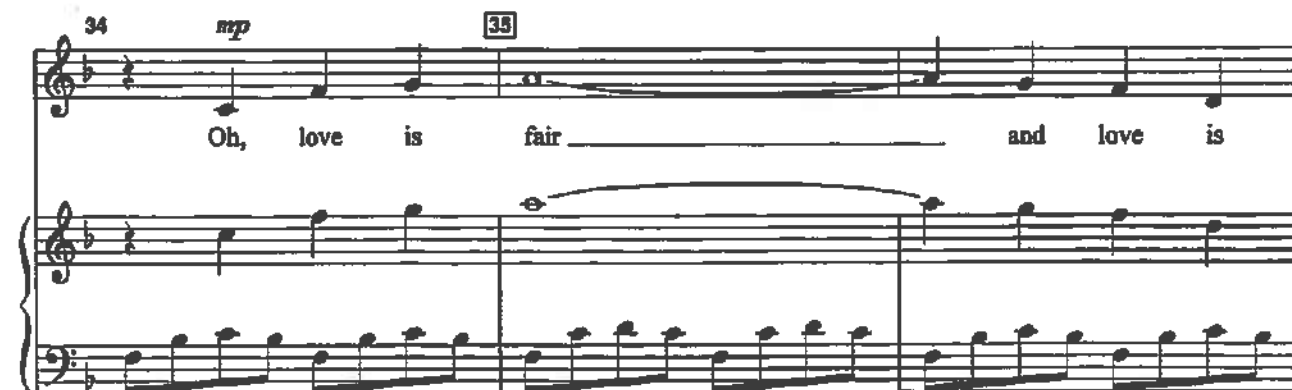
wide.

mp



34 *mp* 35

Oh, love is fair and love is



37

fine, bright as a rose



40

— when first it's — new. But love grows

43

old, — and — some - times cold, and fades a -

47 *rit.* *a tempo*

way like the morn-ing dew. —

rit. *a tempo*

51 *rit.*

The wa-ter is wide. —

rit.

8va