

# THE WATER IS WIDE

American Folk Song  
Arranged by MARK HAYES

1 **Flowing** (♩ = ca. 66) 2 3 4 **mp**

The wa-ter is

5 6 7 8

wide, I can-not cross o'er. And nei-ther have

9 10 11 12

I the wings to fly. Build me a

13 *mf* 14 15 16

boat that can car - ry two, And both shall

17 *mp* 18 19 20

row, my true love and I.

21 22 *mf* 23 24

A ship there is and she sails the

25 26 27 28

scas. She's la - den deep, as deep can -

29 30 31 32

be; But not so deep as the love I'm

33 34 35 36

in, And I know not if I sink or

37 38 39 40

swim. I leaned my back a - gainst a young

41 42 43 44

oak, Think-ing he were a trust - y -

45 *46* *f* *47* *48*

tree; But first he bend ed and then he

49 *50* *mf* *51* *52* *53*

broke; Thus did my love prove false to me.

54 *55* *56* *57* *58*

O love is hand some and love is

59 *60* *61* *62* *63*

*fine,* Bright as a jewel when first it's new;

64 *mf* *65* *66* *67*  
 But love grows old \_\_\_\_\_ and wax-es cold

68 *mp* *69* *70* *rall.* *71*  
 And fades a - way \_\_\_\_\_ like the morn-ing dew,

72 *73 a tempo* *74 molto rit.* *75 p a tempo*  
 And fades a - way \_\_\_\_\_ like the morn-ing dew.

76 *77* *78 rit.* *79* *80*  
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