

I. The Water Is Wide

Adapted and Arranged by
LUIGI ZANINELLI

Moderately

American Folk Song
*smoothly and
mp expressively*

The wa-ter is

wide, I can-not get o'er; And nei-ther have I

wings to fly; Give me a boat that can car-ry

two, And both shall row, my love and I.

I leaned my back up a - gainst an oak; I thought it

was a trust - y tree, But first it swayed,-

and then it broke, And so my false love did un - to-

me. *p* Oh, love is hand - some, and love is

FLUTE (or another appropriate instrument)

p

fine; and love's a jew - el when it is new, *mf*

mf

mf But love grows old, and wax - es cold, And fades a -

mp

way like morn - ing dew, morn - ing dew, like

mp *slowing* *Slowly (whispered)* *pp*

mp *slowing* *Slowly* *pp* *l.h.*

morn - ing dew.

Tempo I *pp* *Mm*

Tempo I *p* *p*

Mm

pp

Ped. cont. * * * *