

*The Water Is Wide is a memoir by Pat Conroy and is based on his work as a teacher on Daufuskie Island, South Carolina, which is called Yamacraw Island in the book. The book is sometimes identified as nonfiction [2] and other times identified as a novel.*

Buffalo Skinners sang it as a duet in In fact it was somehow courageous to designate the song as an "American Favorite Ballad" because it was barely known there at that time. But it was included two years later in a songbook called American Favorite Ballads. And on page 4 we can read that it was "printed by permission". But that was not correct. In the Notes on the Songs p. Cox, of High Ham" is mentioned as the source for both the words and the tune. These notes are somewhat misleading. They seem to suggest that Sharp had collected the song in exactly this form. But in fact he had created it anew by collating bits and pieces from different field-recordings. What he regarded as "Folk"-versions of that old Scottish ballad were in fact mutilated fragments of two different broadside-songs. Already in J. He even identified one of the two broadside ballads in question. The following text is an attempt at outlining the history and prehistory of "The Water Is Wide". Allen has laid the groundwork for any further examination of this problem with his article but I try to discuss it in a broader context. A couple of questions come to mind: What was their notion of authenticity? How did the anonymous writers of broadside ballads produce their texts? What did broadside writers and folklorists have in common? Why were so-called "floating verses" so important for the production of both broadside ballads and "Folk songs"? I leant my back unto an Oak, I thought it was a trusty tree. Thomson was a Scottish singer who had moved to London. There he obviously had great success and was "favoured at court on account of his Scots songs" Farmer , p. His Orpheus Caledonius - the very first collection of Scottish songs - was dedicated to the Princess of Wales. Another version - this time only a text without a tune - was included by Allan Ramsay in the second volume of his immensely influential Tea-Table Miscellany. The exact publication date is not clear. In the catalogue of the National Library of Scotland the second is dated as from see Copac ; see also Martin , p. The verse with the "cockle shells" is missing. Instead we get seven additional quatrains here pp. O, waly waly upon the bank And waly, waly down the brae, And waly waly yon Burn-side Where I and my love went to gae. Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw, And shake the green leaves aff the tree? O gentle Death, when wilt thou come? For of my life I am weary. In William Thomson published a second expanded edition of his Orpheus Caledonius. Nor do we know if and how much Ramsay and Thomson have edited their texts. But at least one verse was already known a hundred years earlier. It is far more likely that the anonymous creator of this song simply borrowed an older verse. Martinmass wind when wilt thou blow, and blow the green leafs of the Tree, O! The exact relationship between the two songs is not clear. Was it the other way round? Of course it is also possible that the writers of both pieces have borrowed these verses from another undocumented older song. Not at least it cannot be excluded that they were only later - sometime between and - added to the Scottish ballad. In this case he would have marked "Oh Waly,Waly" not with a "Z" as an old song but with a "Q, old songs with additions". Lord Douglas and Lady Erskine were divorced in so the ballad of course must have been written after that date. It seems that "Oh Waly, Waly" was immensely popular during the 18th and 19th century. No Face so fair, no Eye so bright, From roving to restrain them; As Boys, as whom gilded Toys delight, possess, and then disdain them. The tune can also be found in the collections of both major Scottish composers of that time see Olson, Incomplete Index. Four excellent new [sic! Towards the end of the century the song was published in all major collections of Scottish songs. At this time "Oh Waly, Waly" was established as an "old Scottish ballad". It remained in print during the next century and was still regularly performed and published. We again can find the song in different surroundings. O waly waly up the bank: O waly, waly, up the bank: Macpherson And of course it found a place in scholarly publications like The Garland of Scotia. Graham noted that the "air is beautiful and pathetic" but complained about the quality of earlier arrangements: The song was also well known in North America. The tune is completely different and for some reason the verse with the "cockle shells" has returned: When cockle shells turn silver bells, Then will my love return to me. When roses blow, in

wintry snow, Then will my love return to me. A little while when it is new! But it grows old and waxeth cold, And fades away like evening dew. Their song included variants of two verses known from the old Scottish ballad but otherwise the rest of the text and the tune were completely different. Give me a boat that will carry two And both shall row, my Love and I. I put my hand into one soft bush Thinking the sweetest flower to find. I pricked my finger right to the bone, And left the sweetest flower alone. I leaned my back up against some oak Thinking that he was a trusty tree: But first he bended and then he broke; And so did my false Love to me. I know not if I sink or swim. The Folk Songs From Somerset were no academic collection. Sharp wanted to revitalize these songs that he saw as "our national heritage, or some salvage of it" Introduction, p. Interestingly there was no copyright notice in the Folk Songs From Somerset. I leaned my back up against some oak, Thinking it was a trusty tree. But first he bended and then he broke, So did my love prove false to me. Must I be bound, O and she go free! Must I love one that does not love me! Why should I act such a childish part, And love a girl that will break my heart. O love is handsome and love is fine, And love is charming when it is true; As it grows older it groweth colder And fades away like the morning dew. One was by Mrs. Caroline Cox , Karpeles 35A, p. Down in the meadows the other day, Gathering flowers both fine and gay, Gathering flowers both red and blue, I little thought what love can do. I put my hand into the bush Thinking the sweetest flower to find, I pricked my finger to the bone And leaved the sweetest flower alone. I leaned my back against some oak Thinking it was a trusty tree. First he bended, then he broke And so did my false love to me. The second one was from James Thomas , Karpeles 35B, p. Sharp used two of his four verses for the extended text published in O down in the meadows the other day A-gathering flowers both rich and gay, A-gathering flowers both red and blue, I little thought what love could do. Where love is planted there do grow, It buds and blossoms just like some rose, For it has a sweet and a pleasant smell, No flower on earth can it excel. I fetched my back once against an oak, I thought it had been some trusty tree, For the first it bent and the next it broke, So did my love prove false to me. Must I go bound and she go free? Why should I act such a childish part To love a girl that will break my heart? A fragment supplied by Mrs. Elizabeth Mogg , Karpeles, No. This is clearly a relic of a different song although Sharp apparently also regarded it as related to the old Scottish "Oh Waly, Waly" because it included a variant form of one of its stanzas: Go and get me O some little, little boat For to carry over my true love and I. Love is handsome, love is pretty, Love is charming when it is true; As it grows older it grows colder And fades away like the morning dew. They do prick their ears when they do hear the horn. Two years later Mrs. Mogg sang another version with two different verses Karpeles, p.

Chapter 2 : The Water Is Wide (song) - Wikipedia

*"The Water Is Wide" (also called "O Waly, Waly" or simply "Waly, Waly") is a folk song of Scottish origin, based on lyrics that partly date to the s.*

My e-mails and my desire to know more about what was happening kept me very busy there for a while. One thing led to another, and I found myself studying Gaelic and getting familiar with Scottish geography like never before. I blogged about my childhood among Gaelic speakers in Nova Scotia and about listening to bagpipes an hour a day for the month I spent in the hospital. Most people no doubt think that bagpipes are to music what sunburn is to vacation. But like many other things that hit you the wrong way when you first encounter them, bagpipes can grow on you. Bagpipes in the distance have something surprisingly romantic about them, and under the right circumstances they can bring out some powerful emotions. Listen to this version of that beautiful melody, The Water is Wide, for example. And she does some strangely coy seductive stuff with her hips and her eyes which strikes me as all out of whack with the words. I was about to turn it off when the bagpipes came in out of nowhere and changed everything. Countered the silly wiggling hips and aggressive jollity and brought in the melancholy of the moors, or something. Double chocolate icing on tasteless cake. Whatever it was, it turned things around totally for me. Will not take offense, whatever you say. I realize bagpipes are a stretch. This song, by the way, is one of my all time favorites. It has never left me, and remains one of those pieces of music I think of when I want an example of how music speaks directly to the emotions. And the list goes on and on. And this begs the question, is it the melody itself, its wonderful hymn-like simplicity, that provides a perfect backdrop for vocal or instrumental invention, or is it the memory of the spirit that was alive in the s, when we first learned the world was full of shit, that sex was not dirty, and nobody had to work in advertising, and if we all put flowers in our hair the world would surely get better. Those sentiments are now gone with the wind, but who among us over the age of fifty or sixty could help but be carried away by this music from a time when we had something to hope for. It was her version that got me started on this little romp. Renaud seems to think it was Irish. Others claim it was Scottish. I even found somebody insisting it was Galician. On a folk song of English origin. And let me add a P. Everywhere you turn people still go to war with their closest neighbors and their cousins. But Scotland just had a referendum where practically half the country spoke out in favor of pulling out of a union with England. The vote divided not merely parts of the nation but brothers and sisters and husbands and wives. Yet the vote went off without a hitch. In a smooth, perfectly civilly conducted referendum people went to the polls and had their say. And when the results were counted, everybody went back to business. Except for some of the inevitable thuggish intimidation here and there, nobody rioted and nobody died. Tell me that is not an amazing fact of life these days. That victory of democracy should be shouted from the rooftops.

### Chapter 3 : Hepzibah: The Water is Wide

*Directed by John Kent Harrison. With Jeff Hephner, Frank Langella, Julianne Nicholson, LaTanya Richardson Jackson. Pat Conroy, an ambitious, slightly rebellious, idealistic teacher, accepts Bennington county SC's school board superintendent's offer to teach the all-black kids of the pauper fishery community on Yamacraw Island.*

Our love shines clearly against the storm, Turns darkest night to brightest day, Turns turbulent waters to perfect calm, A blazing lamp to light our way. Build me a boat that can carry two And both shall row, my true love and I. But first it bent and then it broke, Thus did my love prove false to me. Arrangements[ edit ] "O Waly, Waly" has been a popular choice for arrangements by classical composers, in particular Benjamin Britten , whose arrangement for voice and piano was published in Hopson used the tune for his work "The Gift of Love". Hopson also wrote Christian lyrics to The Water is Wide, which are often performed by church choirs. Oregon band has a Jazz version of this on their 30th studio album, Lantern Oregon album. Recordings[ edit ] This article contains a list of miscellaneous information. Please relocate any relevant information into other sections or articles. The Library of Congress audio archives contain a recording of the American composer Samuel Barber singing this tune and accompanying himself on piano in a recital broadcast from the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia on 26 December Mark Knopfler recorded an instrumental version of "The Water is Wide" following the death of musician Chet Atkins , who had collaborated with Knopfler in several musical projects. The lyrics vary from period to period and from singer to singer. The New Christy Minstrels recorded this same melody in with entirely different lyrics, arranged by Randy Sparks and retitled "Last Farewell". Esther re-released the song on her solo CD "Mein Weg zu mir" in Neil Young wrote new, environmentally themed lyrics to the tune, and recorded it as "Mother Earth Natural Anthem " on his album Ragged Glory. Karla Bonoff recorded a version that is included on the soundtrack for the US television program thirtysomething and was used to conclude airing of episode 94 "Solo" of the fifth season of the TV show " Alias ". French singer Renaud helped make the tune famous among French-speaking countries. He wrote pacifist lyrics to the song "La ballade nord-irlandaise" the Northern-Irish Ballad for his album Marchand de cailloux , evoking the troubles of Northern Ireland. Cam Clarke included it on his album Inside Out. Charlotte Church , the Welsh child soprano, recorded a popularised rendition of this song on her album Enchantment. Runrig , the Scottish Gaelic rock band, recorded this song for the first in their series of Access All Areas fanclub-only live albums in American pianist, John Laing features this song on his debut album Awakened and it features Brittany Benish on guitar. Alexander Armstrong recorded the song on his solo album, A Year of Songs , with an orchestral accompaniment. In film[ edit ] It played in the opening and closing credits of the film, "Nobody Waved Goodbye. The song was played repeatedly as part of the soundtrack to the film The River Wild Universal Pictures, A version recorded by Cowboy Junkies was used during the end credits. It was used as a musical motif throughout the film The Simian Line. It was used in TV drama "Boardwalk Empire", first season. In popular culture[ edit ].

**Chapter 4 : Books by Pat Conroy | The Water is Wide**

*This was recorded at Western Michigan University around the Spring of Me and my friends would play in the dorm's coffee house. If you listen close, you can hear the stereo blasting from a.*

Most recently, property taxes on Sapelo soared, leaving locals buried under bills. In a place where people outnumber jobs and racial tensions pulse through the coastal history, locals on Sapelo wonder if the increase in property taxes signals a kind of forced evacuation from their homes and, inevitably, from their culture. Today, as Occupy movements and uprisings saturate the news, more and more people believe their voices, combined with those of others, can create change. At 21, Conroy graduated from the Citadel, a military college 70 miles away from his self-proclaimed hometown of Beaufort, S. Growing up in the segregated South, he sometimes questioned the goodness of the world and its people. The assassination of Martin Luther King Jr. Yamacraw lies off the coast of South Carolina, a short distance from Savannah. The isolated island can only be reached by boat. The Geechee people have long inhabited Yamacraw in a culture of camaraderie and simplicity, counting on the sea and its famous oysters for a living. When Conroy ventured onto Yamacraw, he found troubles. A factory in Savannah had contaminated the oysters and in turn, island life. An exodus of local people left the few remaining islanders fighting for limited jobs and searching for an identity. Instead, he offered his students experiences. To encourage confidence, he played classical music for his class and aided students in the memorization of classical musicians and their pieces. Then he invited guests from the mainland to his classroom so students could impress them with their knowledge of such a prestigious subject. Frowned on by his colleagues, the upstart teacher approached the families of islanders, asking for permission to take their children off Yamacraw for a night of Halloween fun. It is here, when Conroy seems most vulnerable, that we learn the true depths of his relationships with the people of Yamacraw Island and those on the mainland. Under pressure from the school board, Conroy asks to speak at a meeting. Eighteen children who did not know the President. My voice grew tremulous and enraged, and it suddenly felt as if I were shouting from within a box with madmen surrounding me, ignoring me, and taunting me with their silence. In this silence and the accusatory arguments that followed, those in support of Conroy boisterously battled the school board, voicing their disgust with conditions on Yamacraw and their belief in Conroy and his teaching. With this convening of the school board, readers realize how Conroy afforded a once silenced island a voice and a chance to tell its story. The feisty and resilient students simultaneously induce laughter and tears. Their parents, burdened by the reality of the island at present compared to the island they once knew, sing a soulful song and offer the comforts of wisdom and inherent kindness with pleasantly rough edges. One deep question haunts readers throughout: How does society imprison people? In *The Water Is Wide* we learn that the people of Yamacraw live without a true education, limiting their hopes of ever leaving the island – nevermind traveling or inventing or starting a business or engaging in behavior most Americans take on as a birthright. From to , I taught eighth-grade reading with Teach For America in a middle school on the border of Texas and Mexico. Like the young Conroy, I observe students and families lost in a maze of poverty, desperately trying to figure out their value in a society that basically keeps them in a geographic and socioeconomic holding cell of deprivation. In both places, the illiteracy of my students shocked me. More horrifying, I questioned the quality of their futures when – or even if – they ever graduate from high school. Here on the barren Plains, once populated with Native people defined by strength and humility, I see the saddest students of all. They sacrifice hope to alcoholism. Their broken culture makes broken families. They live in a culture that seems to command they forget the indigenous roots that birthed them. They keep me awake at night. Without transformational change, without a belief in their worth and voice, my students recycle generation by generation from their formerly rich culture into one now burdened with teen pregnancies, alcohol abuse, low percentages of college-educated individuals, and a dependency on social services. Like the kids of Yamacraw, my students, here and in Texas, embody spirit, perseverance, worth. Even so, a force greater than they are, greater than their families, imprisons them. They fall captive to a belief that a school building equates to an education, an illusion that low achievement resides in their genetics instead of in the cruel codes dictated by those who live

far from the ruin they cause. Today, as cruel as Dr. The Water Is Wide reminds us of the worth of silent people, the value of humanity, and the fight for fairness faced by those past and present. The Water Is Wide reminds us that this is a time to listen toâ€”no, hearâ€”the stories now being told by once silent voices. Tags the water is wide Recently in Books.

**Chapter 5 : The Water Is Wide by Pat Conroy :: Books :: Reviews :: Paste**

*The Water Is Wide TV-PG 1 hr 41 min A young teacher (Jeff Hephner) is determined to bring education and inspiration to an impoverished African-American community in s South Carolina, based on the memoir by Pat Conroy.*

I had to write this book to explain what happened and how it affected me. When I was severed from the school, I knew I had lost a relationship of infinite and timeless value, and one that I would never know again. During the entire period of my banishment and trial, I wanted to tell Piedmont and Bennington that what was happening between us was not confined to Beaufort, South Carolina. I wanted to tell them about the river that was rising quickly, flooding the marshes and threatening the dry land. I wanted them to know that their day was ending. They were old men and could not accept the new sun rising out of the strange waters. The world was very different now. This looked like the perfect opportunity for me to get rid of my do-gooder tendencies. And so I went to Yamacraw Island. The first thing I learned when I got there was that fourteen of the seventeen kids in grades five through eight read below the first grade level. Five of the kids did not know the alphabet; five of the kids also did not know how to add one and one, two and two, things I thought rather basic in the education of most people. I also discovered that most of the kids have been trained to obey the whip and the belt and the hand. What they feared most was physical punishment. Everyone in my class was interrupted by the sound of leather on flesh from the next room. And these kids evidently had become accustomed to corporal punishment and they would learn only in response to corporal punishment. The thing I thought I had to do first was to not beat the kids but to let them know that education was fun. Separated from the mainland of South Carolina by a wide tidal river, it was accessible only by boat. But for the handful of families that lived on Yamacraw, America was a world away. For years these families lived proudly from the sea until waste from industry destroyed the oyster beds essential to their very existence. Already poor, they knew they would have to face an uncertain future unless, somehow, they learned a new life. But they needed someone to teach them, and their run down schoolhouse had no teacher. It was a year that changed his life, and one that introduced a group of poor black children to a world they did not know existed.

**Chapter 6 : "The Water Is Wide" - The History of a "Folk Song"**

*'The Water is Wide' is about the time period in the south in which many people grew up with racial prejudices as a way of life. As children, it's "just the way it is.*

**Chapter 7 : The Water Is Wide Questions and Answers - [blog.quintoapp.com](http://blog.quintoapp.com)**

*Mix - The Water Is Wide(Traditional)with lyrics-Karla Bonoff YouTube OFFICIAL Somewhere over the Rainbow - Israel "IZ" Kamakawiwo'ole - Duration: Mountain Apple Company Inc ,, views.*

**Chapter 8 : The Water Is Wide on The Session**

*The water is wide I can't cross over And neither have I wings to fly Build me a boat That can carry two And both shall row My love and I There is a ship.*

**Chapter 9 : The Water Is Wide (book) - Wikipedia**

*"The Water Is Wide" is often called an "old Folk song" but in fact it is not that old. It came only to prominence after Pete Seeger introduced the song in on his LP American Favorite Ballads, Vol. 2 (Folkways FW ).*