

24

See the band all dressed in
See the band all dressed in

wa - ter, God's gon-na trou ble the wa - ter. Wa-ter!
wa - ter,

28

white, lea - der looks like Is - rael - ite!
red, that's the band that Mo - ses led!

Wa - ter! God's gon - na trou - ble the wa - ter.

31 Solo ad lib. x-mal wiederholen

Wade in the wa- ter, wade in the wa- ter. Wade in the wa - ter, wade in the

36 rit.

wa-ter, chil - dren, wade in the wa - ter, God'sgonnatrouble the wa - ter.
wa - ter, wade in the wa - ter,

24

See the band all dressed in
See the band all dressed in

wa - ter, God's gon-na trouble the wa - ter. Wa - ter!
wa - ter,

28

white, red, lea - der looks like Is - rael - ite!
that's the band that Mo - ses led!

Wa - ter! God's gon - na trou - ble the wa - - ter.

31 Solo ad lib. x-mal wiederholen

Wade in the wa-ter, wade in the wa-ter. Wade in the wa-ter, wade in the
 Wade in the wa-ter, wade in the wa-ter.

36

rit.

wa-ter, chil - dren, wade in the wa - ter, God's gon na trouble the wa - ter.

wa - ter, wade in the wa - ter,

Do you have the spirit? Do you have it? It's a

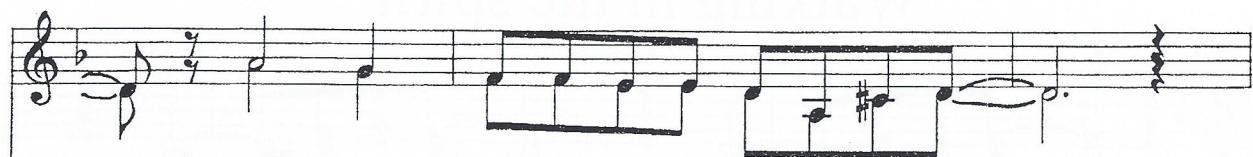
Do you have the spirit? Do you have the spirit of God? It's a

good, good feel-ing way_ down in your soul, when you're wal-king in the spi-rit of God,

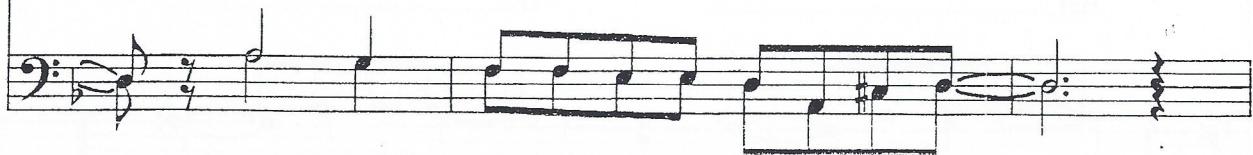
— when you're wal - king in the spi - rit of God. —

Wal - king in the spi - rit,

wal - king in the spi - rit,



— when you're wal - king in the spi - rit of God. —



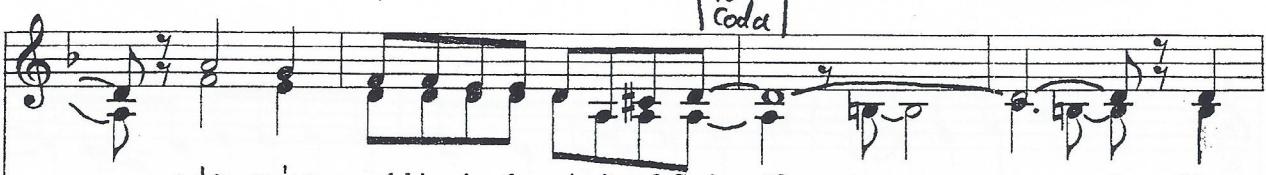
Do you have the spi-rit, chil - dren? Do you have the spi-rit of God? — It's a



good, good fee-ling way — down in your soul — when you're wal-king in the spi-rit of God, —



To Coda



— when you're wal-king in the spi-rit of God, (Ooo —) Now



19

dust in a whis- per-ed le-ga- cy on the road tra- velling a- long the cho-sen few, all that re mains, dir- ty shoes by the es - tua- ry.

25

An old re-cord play er scra tching songs,a girl that whis pers her se - cret name, aah, he
re - cord play - er scra - tching songs,— girl that whis-pers se - cret name,
An old re-cord play er scra tching songs,a girl that whis pers her se - cret name, aah, he
re - - cord scra - tching,— girl whis - pers his name,

30

scra-tches bot tles for the rest of day while the pen runs out of ink. aah. My ste- ries that can-not be solved,her
scra - tches bot - tles rest of day,— whilethe pen runs out of ink,— my - ste - ries that
scra-tches bot tles for the rest of day while the pen runs out of ink. aah. My ste- ries that can-not be solved,her
scra - - thes bot - tles while pen runs out of ink, my - - ste -

35

thighs in a mor ning'breeze. aah. smiles like an old.pho to-graph wea-ther- ing in a damp black box.
can't be sol - ved, her thighs in a mor-ning's breeze, smiles like an old pho - to graph,— wea-the-ring in
thighs in a mor ning'breeze. aah. smiles like an old.pho to-graph wea-ther- ing in a damp black box.
ries not solved, thighs in mor - ning's vreezesmiles old pho - to - graph, wea - the -

38

A tru - cker keeps his ta - ble clean

du - tching at his emp - ty nap - kin. The

Rubato

molto rit.

And the care-tak-ers mu ddy boots gul- ping down their fear of skies.