



The Water-Lily

Frederick S. Converse
(1871-1940)

Moderato $\text{♩} = 76$

Piano

Soprano (S) 5 "O star on the breast of the riv - er! O mar - vel of

Alto (A) "O star on the breast of the riv - er! O mar - vel of

Tenor (T) 8

Bass (B)

Piano (Pno.) 5 "p

The Water-Lily

S

A

T

B

Pno.

bloom and grace! Did you fall right down from heaven,

bloom and grace! Did you fall right down from heaven,

bloom and grace! Did you fall right down from heaven,

bloom and grace! Did you fall right down from heaven,

S

A

T

B

Pno.

Out of the sweet-est, the sweet-est place? You are white as the

Out of the sweet-est, the sweet-est place? You are white as the

Out of the sweet-est, the sweet-est place? You are white as the

Out of the sweet-est, the sweet-est place? You are white as the

The Water-Lily

3

14

S thoughts of an an - gel, Your heart is steep'd in the sun;

A thoughts of an an - gel, Your heart is steep'd in the sun;

T thoughts of an an - gel, Your heart is steep'd in the sun;

B Your heart is steep'd in the sun;

Pno.

17

S Did you grow in the Gold - en Cit - y, My pure and

A Did you grow in the Gold - en Cit - y, My pure and

T Did you grow in the Gold - en Cit - y, My pure and

B Did you grow in the Gold - en Cit - y, My pure and

Pno.

The Water-Lily

20

S ra - di - ant one?" *a tempo*

A ra - di - ant one?" *a tempo*

T 8 ra - di - ant one?" *a tempo*

B ra - di - ant one?" *a tempo*

Pno.

23

Soprano (S) vocal line with lyrics: "Nay, nay, I fell not out of heav-en; None gave me my..."
 Alto (A) vocal line with lyrics: "Nay, nay, I fell not out of heav-en; None gave me my..."
 Tenor (T) vocal line with lyrics: "Nay, nay, I fell not out of heav-en; None gave me my..."
 Bass (B) vocal line with lyrics: "Nay, nay, I fell not out of heav-en; None gave me my..."
 Piano (Pno) harmonic support with sustained notes and dynamic markings: *p*, *mf*.

The Water-Lily

5

Saint - ly white; It slow - ly grew from the dark - ness,

A saint - ly white; It slow - ly grew from the dark - ness,

T

B

Pno.

Down in the drear - y, the drear - y night. From the ooze of the

Down in the drear - y, the drear - y night. From the ooze of the

T

B

Pno.

The Water-Lily

32

S si - lent riv - er, I win my glo - ry and grace,

A si - lent riv - er, I win my glo - ry and grace,

T si - lent riv - er, I win my glo - ry and grace,

B I win my glo - ry and grace,

Pno.

33

S White souls fall not, O my po - et, They rise, they rise to the

A White souls fall not, O my po - et, They rise, they rise to the

T White souls fall not, O my po - et, They rise, they rise to the

B White souls fall not, O my po - et, They rise, they rise to the

Pno.

Soprano (S) vocal line:

Alto (A) vocal line:

Tenor (T) vocal line:

Bass (B) vocal line:

Piano (Pno.) accompaniment:

Measure 38: sweet - est place, they rise to the sweet - - - est place."

Measure 39: sweet - est place, they rise to the sweet - - - est place."

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Frederick Shepherd Converse (1871-1940) was born in Newton, Massachusetts. He was educated at Harvard College, and studied under John Knowles Paine and George W. Chadwick. He travelled to Munich, Germany, for studies with Joseph Rheinberger at the *Königliche Akademie der Tonkunst*. He taught at the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston and Harvard University. He left teaching and devoted his career to composition, though he later returned to teaching in positions at the New England Conservatory of Music as head of the theory department and then dean of faculty. He died in Westwood, Massachusetts. His significant volume of compositions include four operas, five symphonies, tone poems, and many other pieces.

“O star on the breast of the river!
O marvel of bloom and grace!
Did you fall right down from heaven,
Out of the sweetest place?
You are white as the thoughts of an angel,
Your heart is steeped in the sun;
Did you grow in the Golden City,
My pure and radiant one?”

“Nay, nay, I fell not out of heaven;
None gave me my saintly white;
It slowly grew from the darkness,
Down in the dreary night.
From the ooze of the silent river,
I win my glory and grace,
White souls fall not, O my poet,
They rise to the sweetest place.”

Mary Frances Butts (1890-1937)

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