Drop a Pebble in the Water

Text by James W. Foley

Music by Whittney Perez



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About the composer

Whittney Perez (b. 1986), has always had a passion for choral music. Her compositions have been described as having "great sensitivity to the text" and "a lovely sound and texture". She graduated from Northwest Missouri State University, with a Bachelor's degree in Vocal Music Education and a Master's degree (M. Ed) as a graduate assistant. Whittney has always been interested in composition, but decided to pursue it seriously in 2022, after the pandemic left her contemplating the brevity of life. Since then, her compositions have been named finalists in competitions, including the Rocky Mountain Chamber Choir Call for Compositions, and Wright State University's Silver Melted Into Sound Competition. She currently resides in Dayton, Ohio, raising her two daughters, teaching, composing, and singing with various choral ensembles in the Dayton area.

Dropping Pebbles in the Stream

Drop a pebble in the water — jes' a splash an' it is gone, But th's half a hundred ripples circlin' on, an' on, an' on, Spreadin', spreadin' from the center, flowin' on out to the sea, An' th' ain't no way o' tellin' where th' end is goin' to be. Drop a pebble in the water — in a minute ye forget, But th's little waves a-flowin' an' th's ripples circlin' yet; All th' ripples flowin', flowin', to a mighty wave hey grown, An' ye've disturbed a mighty river — jes' by droppin' in a stone. Drop an unkind word or careless — in a minute it is gone, But th's half a hundred ripples circlin' on, an' on, an' on. Th' keep spreadin', spreadin', spreadin' from th' center as th' go, An' th' ain't no way to stop 'em, once ye've started 'em to flow. Drop an unkind word or careless — in a minute ye forget, But th's little waves a-flowin' an' th's ripples circlin' yet; An' perhaps in some sad heart a mighty wave of tears ye've stirred, An' disturbed a life 'et's happy when ye dropped an unkind word. Drop a word o' cheer an' kindness — jes' a flash an' it is gone, But th's half a hundred ripples circlin' on, an' on, an' on, Bearin' hope an' joy an' comfort on each splashin', dashin' wave, Till ye wouldn't b'lieve the volume o' th' one kind word ye gave. Drop a word o' cheer an' kindness — in a minute ye forget, But th's gladness still a-swellin' an' th's joy a-circlin' yet; An' ye've rolled a wave of comfort whose sweet music can be heard Over miles an' miles o' water — jes' by droppin' a kind word.

James W. Foley (1874-1939), from The Verses of James W. Foley, Book of Plains and Prairie, Vol. 2 (1911)

Ranges





Instrument parts, recording and rehearsal tracks available at sbmp.com

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James W. Foley (1874-1939)

Whittney Perez



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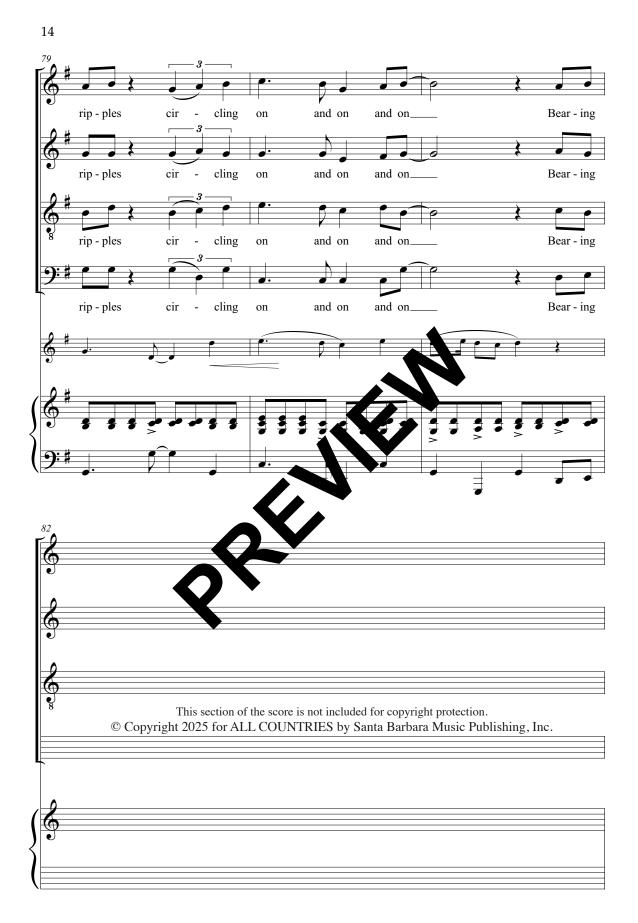














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