

In the Pond

for Cath on her birthday

Oliver Barton

Reflectively $\bullet = 90$ *mf*

In the pond, re-cent-ly, in the

mf *p* *p*

pond, fur-tive-ly, A lit-tle newt, a big-ger newt, a newt-pole and a snail were eat-ing

p

mp

weed. By the pond, on the land, stood a girl, net in hand,

cresc.

And that net she dipped in - to the wa-ter and swished it and swished it a -

detached

bout. You can guess what then. She caught the snail, she

caught the newts, she caught the newts,

Quiet, faster and quite free in rhythm

she caught the... La-ter the smal-ler newt was heard a

Repeat until the voice reaches the next box.
Fast tempo, independent of the voice.

lot, a lot to say it had been the most Aw-ful, Aw-ful,
Ter-ri-ble, Ter-ri-ble, Dread-ful Ex-pe-ri-ence. He had been

That Close, That Close, That Close to Death, and if he had-n't been so resource-ful, cou-

ra - geous, so brave, so brave, so brave, That Would Have Been

That. He dined out for weeks on the tale and might have re-ceived the

Free-dom of the Sur-face of the Pond (brackets, un-der-side), from the

Guild of Wa - ter Boat - men, had it not been for that bus' - ness with the dam - sel fly nymph-

ette— but I di - gress. What did she__ do then? What did she__ do then?

What? What? What did she do? She

mf

p

plopped them back in, in the pond, plopped them back.

p

A lit - tle newt, a big - ger newt, a newt-pole and a snail. Plop, plop, plop, plop,

p

plop. Plop. Plop.

p

pp

mp very smooth

And they padd- led a - way in - to the mur - ky depths.

p

mp

They pad - dled a - way,

pp muddily

to the mur - ky depths. A sin - gle bub - ble rose to the

clear

rall.

sur - face and popped. And all was still.

ppp

Maytee, 7 July 2001