

# The Owl

Barbara Drake

Sylvia Gray

*il primo parte quasi come recitativo*



The owl swi - veled its head and looked at me from the

5 *ad lib - quasi parlando*

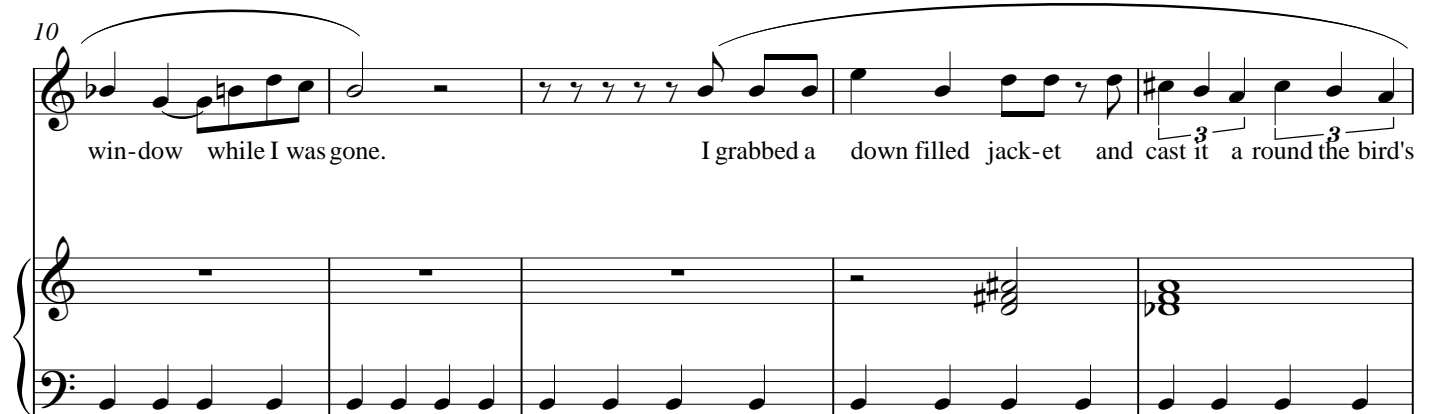
*play with the note*



shelf inside the cabin in the light of my flash - light. A small owl from the woods had come in the

*colla voce - ad lib no. of beats*

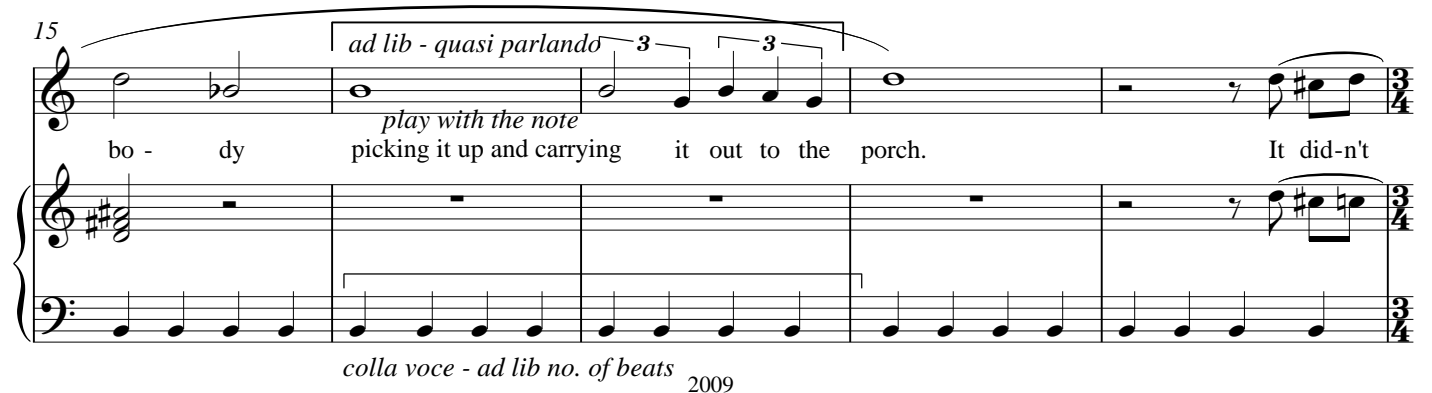
10



win-dow while I was gone. I grabbed a down filled jack-et and cast it a round the bird's

15 *ad lib - quasi parlando*

*play with the note*



bo - dy picking it up and carrying it out to the porch. It did-n't

*colla voce - ad lib no. of beats*

20

strug gle or try to bite me \_\_\_\_\_ . I could feel how light it was, the

*pp*

24

down of its small bo-ny bo - dy \_\_\_\_\_ and its hot fea - thered - ness.

*pp*

29

I could feel the swi-ve-ling-of its head \_\_\_\_\_ and the beat-ing of its owl's heart.

*pp*

33

Then I tossed it up in a

*p* *mf*

37

mo tion that seemed to go right to my toes, I felt I could

41

fly from the porch as the owl took off, its wings spread ing in-to some thing large as an o-ver coat,

46

pull-ing me out of my - self so I could fly

*ad lib.*

*accelerando*

*8va* ----- *15ma* -----

*8vb* -----

*ped.*

50

for a mo-ment in the dark.

*mp*

*ff*

*p*

*ritardando to end. ....*

55

8<sup>va</sup> 15<sup>ma</sup>

*pp*

Ped.

8<sup>vb</sup>