

With foreboding

We had not gone far when we heard an aw - ful squeal.

(tremolo)

*p* *poco f*

9 (pedal)

More and more excited

I felt cold, cold all o-ver. Then I did have know-ings why the ma - ma had let

*mp* *f*

11

a tempo

me start to the woods with - out a scold - ing. *ff* It was butch - er - ing day.

*p* *fff*

Pedal sempre

*mf* And I ran a quick run, a quick run to save my dear

*mp*

14