

# The Second Cataract

Brian Mountford

Swallow  $\bullet = 80$  *poco rit.*

*mp* "I am wait-ed for in E-gypt.

Rehearsal

Swal. *a tempo*  
*transported*  
*f* To-mor-row my friends will fly up to the Sec-ond Cat-a-ract.

Swal. *dreamily*  
*mp* The riv - er - horse couch - es

Swal. *majestic*  
there a-mong the bul-rush - es, and on a great gran - ite throne sits the God

Swal. *poco rit.* *a tempo* *mysterious*

Mem - mon. *mf* All night long he watch - es the stars,

Swal. *5:4* *5:4*

and when the morn - ing star shines he ut - ters one cry of joy, and then he is si - lent.

Swal. *mf* *menacing*

At noon the yel - low li - ons come down to the wa - ter's edge to drink. They have eyes like

Swal. *3* *3* *let loose* *f* *drowned out*

green ber - yls, and their roar is loud - er than the roar of the cat - a - ract." *drowned out*

