

# My Caterpillar

Words and Music by  
M.E. Broughton

*♩* = 60

Voices *mp* A

Piano *mp*

cree - py, craw - ly crea - ture came sli - the - ring on the ground. He

did not seem to mind it when I trapped him all a - round. His

eyes were big like beads, and his coat was ve - ry fur - ry. He

*mf*

had so ma - ny ti - ny legs and yet\_ he did\_ not hur-ry. I

*mp*

put my fin - ger in his way. He crawled up with a wrig-gle. His

*p*

*mp*

fur was tick - lish on\_ my skin and made me near - ly gig-gle. The

*mp*

*mf*

more he crawled up - on my hand, the more tick - lish I\_ be - came. I

*f*

*mf*

*rit.* *P* *meno rit.* *tempo primo*  
*mp*

fi - nal - ly had to let — him go, al - though he was quite tame. I

*mf rit.* *P* *meno rit.* *tempo primo*  
*mp*

watched my craw - ly crea - ture go cree - ping a way from me. "I'll

*f*

play with you a - no - ther day." I called. "Just wait — and

*mp* *f*

*f* *mp* *f*

see. Jus wait — and see. Just wait — and see."

*mp rit.* *pp*

*mp rit.* *pp*

