for the BBC Singers

By Christopher Cook

Lyrics by Katherine Collins

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~5'00"

Just a rising coil and twist of air, which lashed

the sea and smashed the island's fishing boats. Some shooting in the armoury. And a candle flame

climbing up a wreath inside the wooden church the congregation unaware, their faces turned

away in prayer. And a soldier, walled inside a vault, eyes framed in brick, cheeks dank with breath.

And a man, swept off his feet at Floating Bank. And his friend who, hampered by his waders, lumbered

to the edge, splashed in, fought the stubborn current. Lost.

Katherine Collins.







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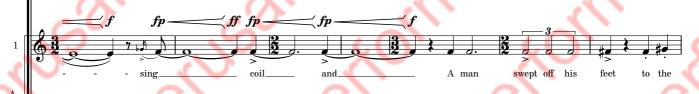








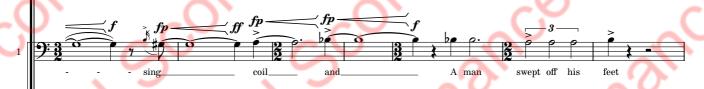


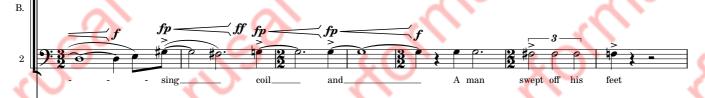














16 A Candle Flame Much Slower (Tempo II) I . = • ff mf fpp m **‡**₽ 10 1 edge Splashed in, fought the stub - born cur - rent the stub - born cur - rent Just S. fpp mf m .ff Solo 2 **(**) 2 Splashed in, fought edge the stub - born cur - rent the stub - born cur - rent Lost ff mf ff fpp mf 1 ļe • (b) • edge the stub - born cur - rent Splashed in, fought the stub - born cur - rent Lost ſſ ff mf Ħ $\mathbf{2}$ (@ # • > 1e > Splashed in, fought the stub - born cur - rent edge the stub - born cur - rent ff ſſ тf 1 10 Splashed in, fought the stub - born cur - rent to the the stub - born cur - rent edge T. ff mf $\mathbf{2}$. edge Splashed in, fought the stub - born cur - rent to the the stub - born cur - rent mf Ħ 9 1 10 Splashed in, fought the stub - born cur - rent to the edge the stub - born cur - rent В. ff mf $\mathbf{2}$ • Splashed in, fought the stub - born cur - rent to the edge the stub - born cur - rent Щ. Pno ppp





