THE BEACON

A Song Cycle for Baritone and Piano
by
John Sanders

Organist and Master of the Choristers at
Gloucester Cathedral from 1967—1994

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In memory of C.W. Orr

Dedicated to Jim and Jane Hoyland
With grateful thanks for all their
Kindness and support over so many years

Commissioned by Dr James Hoyland for performance at
The Painswick Festival
on Friday 30th July 1993

Performed by
Brian Rayner-Cook
and Julius Drake
The Beacon

John Sanders (1933 - 2003)

1- On Painswick Beacon - F.W. Harvey

\[ \text{\textit{Peaceful \ \mp \ laissez vibrer}} \]

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like a silver eel
wriggles through pastures green.

mp
There, sending up its quiet coloured bubble

laissez vibrer

earth

May Hill

May Hill
25
Bar.

floats on a flaming sky, And marveling at

Pno.

laissez vibrer

ff

28
Bar.

all, and, marveling at all, forgetting

Pno.

laissez vibrer

* ff

31
Bar.

trouble, Here home again

Pno.

laissez vibrer

* imf

34
Bar.

home again, Here home again

Pno.

f

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2 - When I go down Gloucester Lanes
(from Oak and Ridge)
James Elroy Flecker

Con Brio

When I go down the Glo' ster lanes, My friends are deaf and
盲的。

Fast as they turn their foo-lish eyes, The Mae-nads leap be-

hind, And when I hear the fire-winged feet. They on-ly hear the
Have I not chased the fluting Pan Through Cran-ham's sober trees?

Have I not chased the fluting Pan Through Cran-ham's sober trees?

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Have I not chased the fluting Pan Through Cran-ham's sober trees?
But when I lie in Grecian fields, Smothered in asphodel, Or climb the blue
and barren hills, or sing in woods that smell with such hot spi

a tempo primo

Then my heart turns

poco meno mosso e più legato
where no sun burns, To lands of glit-tering rain, To fields be-

low cloud-ed skies, New wid-owed of their grain. And Autumn leaves

like blood and gold That strew a Glo’ster lane.

Oh, well I know sweet Hel-las
now, and well I knew it then, When I with star - - ry lads walked

out But, ah! For home a - gain! Was I not bred in Glo' ster

One tempo primo

shire One of the Eng - - - lish men!

*
3 - Cotswold Choice
Frank Mansell

Bar.

Pno.

4

Bar.

Pno.

7

Bar.

Pno.

10

Bar.

Pno.
13
Bar.
Clim - per well en - chant - ed Where ma - gic wa - ters
Pno.

16
Bar.
bide. By Wis - hanger and Win - ston, By
Pno.
poco cresc

19
Bar.
Camp and Cau - dle Green By Bat - le-combe and
Pno.
poco cresc

22
Bar.
Bis - ley, In quest of love I've been. By
Pno.
mp
Mis - er - den and Mor - combe, By Stan - combe and by

Slad, By East - combe and by El - combe, Gay

have I gone and sad. By Through - am fields and

Tun - ley, By Det - combe and the Dell, By
Ly - pi - att and Long - ridge hang tales too long to
tell. Oh, Bun - nage Bird - field Bird - lip.

Buck - Holt and Cran - ham Knoll, From Par - a - dise to

Pains wick, At times I've lov'd them all!
I've loved them all, lad, But if by chance I die,
Then set me down in Sheeps combe, in Sheeps combe I would lie, In Sheeps combe
I would lie
rall
4 - Painswick Beacon
E.R.P. Berriman

Adagio \( \frac{j}{=} \ c.60 \)

Bar. 61

Pno. How much un-written

2

Bar. history Lies beneath your turf: Amid the long forgotten bones Of

Pno. p

5

Bar. warrior and of serf: How often round your deep-dug trench The noise of battle rang, the

Pno. \textit{molto poco animato}

8

Bar. well-aimed blow of sword or spear, The shield's resounding clang

Pno. \textit{ff}
And did men light a signal fire
By western breezes fanned
To spread the news of victory
Through all the waiting land?
The fire that leapt from peak to peak
Crossed this anxious Isle.
Till far off Ski-daw's glare aroused
The burghers of Carlisle.

The rebel and the
Have trod your gentle slopes, your grass-grown battlements have been the

grave of shattered hopes; And once a brave, unhappy King, Robb'd of his royal pow'r, un-
daunted rode across your brow To meet his destined hour.

To meet his destined hour.
Here lie counties five in a wagon-wheel, in a
waggon-wheel, in a waggon-wheel.