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; & and open to the general public as well as those working and studying at UCL & associated institutions.

The next concert will take place on Thursday 3<sup>rd</sup> March at 1.1 p ! in the " aldane #oo ! .

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Impetuous and not too serious, this short piece does however display various facets of Vaughan Williams' musical personality, including the neo-Baroque, the folksy, and even, very briefly, the mystical.

Ralph Vaughan Williams, early songs

### Silent Noon

Our hands lie open in the long fresh grass,  
The finger points loo& through like rosy blooms,  
Our eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams and glooms  
The earth billowing &ies that scatter and amass.  
All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,  
The golden &ing>cup fields with silver edge,  
Here the cow>parsley &irts the hawthorn hedge.  
This is visible silence, still as the hour>glass.

Deep in the sun>search!d growths the dragonfly  
+angs like a blue thread loosen!d from the s&y7  
So this wing!d hour is dropt to us from above.  
' hD lasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,  
\*his close>companion!d inarticulate hour,  
Then twofold silence was the song of love.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti !"#%&'()\*+,-,./:;<

### Dream-Land

Here sunless rivers weep  
Their waves into the deep,  
She sleeps a charmEd sleep7  
%wa&e her not.  
: ed by a single star,  
She came from very far  
\*o see&, where shadows are,  
+er pleasant lot.

She left the rosy morn,  
She left the fields of corn,  
. or twilight cold and lorn  
%nd water>springs.  
\*hrough sleep, as through a veil,  
She sees the s&y loo& pale,  
%nd hears the nightingale  
\*hat sadly sings.

Rest, rest, a perfect rest  
Shed over brow and breast;  
+er face is toward the west,

\*he purple land.  
She cannot see the grain  
Ripening on hill and plain;  
She cannot feel the rain  
I pon her hand.