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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 3rd 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,
Here the twofold silence was the song of love.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti !"#\$%&'()*+,-./:;<=>?@A

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.