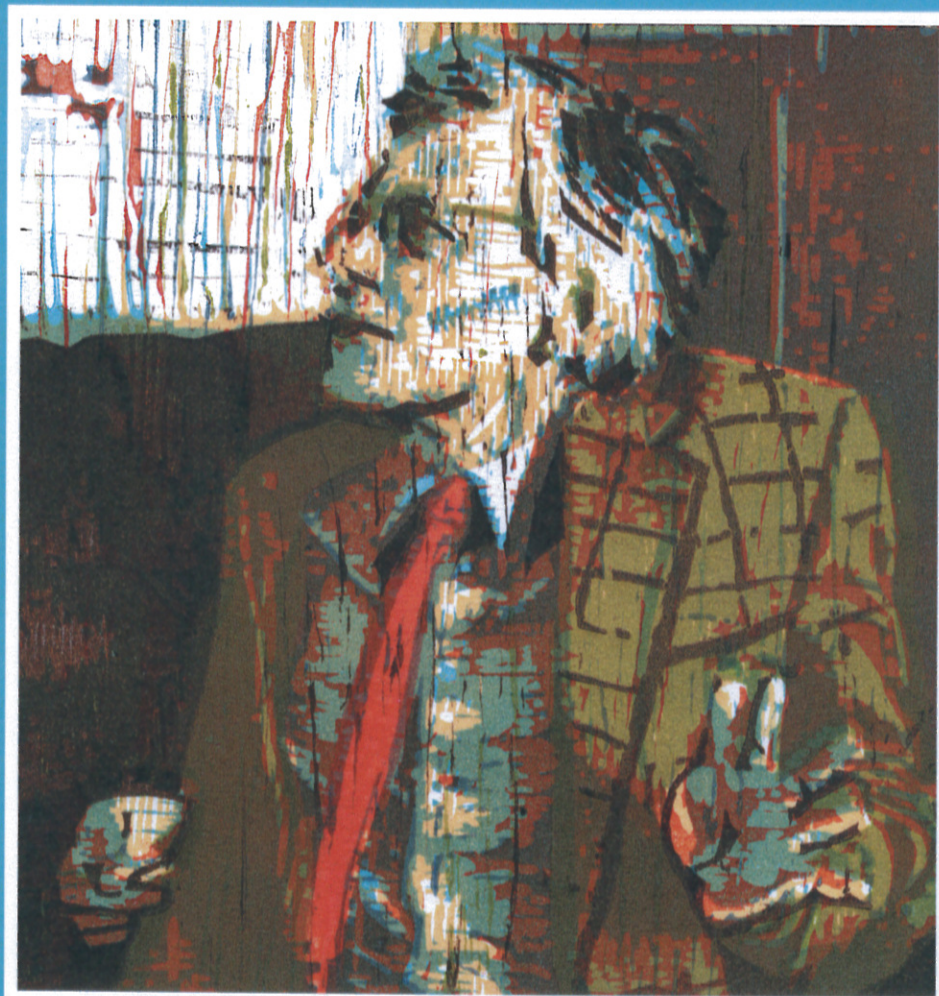


MEMORIAL CELEBRATION OF THE LIFE OF  
PENRY WILLIAMS



NEW COLLEGE • OXFORD • 12 OCTOBER 2013

# PENRY HERBERT WILLIAMS

25 February 1925 - 30 April 2013

Fellow of New College 1963-1992 • Honorary Fellow 1998

~  
INTRODUCTION

The Warden

~

MUSIC FOR A WHILE

*Henry Purcell*

Luke Williams – tenor

Diana Hinds – piano

~

VERTUE

*George Herbert*

read by Sarah Bentley

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
The bridall of the earth and skie:  
The dew shall weep thy fall to night;  
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angrie and brave  
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye:  
Thy root is ever in its grave,  
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet dayes and roses,  
A box where sweets compacted lie;  
My musick shows ye have your closes,  
And all must die.

Onely a sweet and vertuous soul,  
Like season'd timber, never gives;  
But though the whole world turn to coal,  
Then chiefly lives.

~

PENRY – TUTOR AND FRIEND

Dr Allen Warren

THE MINSTREL'S ADIEU TO HIS NATIVE LAND  
THE ASH GROVE

*John Thomas*

Helen Garnons Williams – harp

~

I THINK CONTINUALLY OF THOSE WHO WERE TRULY GREAT

*Stephen Spender*

read by Sylvia Platt

I think continually of those who were truly great.  
Who, from the womb, remembered the soul's history  
Through corridors of light where the hours are suns  
Endless and singing. Whose lovely ambition  
Was that their lips, still touched with fire,  
Should tell of the Spirit clothed from head to foot in song.  
And who hoarded from the Spring branches  
The desires falling across their bodies like blossoms.

What is precious is never to forget  
The essential delight of the blood drawn from ageless springs  
Breaking through rocks in worlds before our earth.  
Never to deny its pleasure in the morning simple light  
Nor its grave evening demand for love.  
Never to allow gradually the traffic to smother  
With noise and fog the flowering of the spirit.

Near the snow, near the sun, in the highest fields  
See how these names are fêted by the waving grass  
And by the streamers of white cloud  
And whispers of wind in the listening sky.  
The names of those who in their lives fought for life  
Who wore at their hearts the fire's centre.  
Born of the sun they travelled a short while towards the sun,  
And left the vivid air signed with their honour.

~

PENRY THE HISTORIAN

Sir Keith Thomas

from LITTLE GIDDING V – THE FOUR QUARTETS

*T.S. Eliot*

read by Deborah Hodder

What we call the beginning is often the end  
And to make an end is to make a beginning.  
The end is where we start from. And every phrase  
And sentence that is right (where every word is at home,  
Taking its place to support the others,  
The word neither diffident nor ostentatious,  
An easy commerce of the old and the new,  
The common word exact without vulgarity,  
The formal word precise but not pedantic,  
The complete consort dancing together)  
Every phrase and every sentence is an end and a beginning,  
Every poem an epitaph. And any action  
Is a step to the block, to the fire, down the sea's throat  
Or to an illegible stone: and that is where we start.  
We die with the dying:  
See, they depart, and we go with them.  
We are born with the dead:  
See, they return and bring us with them.  
The moment of the rose and the moment of the yew-tree  
Are of equal duration. A people without history  
Is not redeemed from time, for history is a pattern  
Of timeless moments. So, while the light fails  
On a winter's afternoon, in a secluded chapel  
History is now and England.

~  
NOTTURNO

Op. posth. 148 D897

*Franz Schubert*

Diana Hinds – piano

Jake Rea – violin

Gabriel Amherst – cello

~  
CONCLUSION

Jonathan Williams

