

St
Martin
in
the
Fields

The Hermes Experiment

RESOUND

Monday 28 June, 7.30pm

*Available for online concert ticket holders to watch as many times
as you like and available for 30 days.*

*St Martin-in-the-Fields
Trafalgar Square
London
WC2N 4JJ
020 7766 1100
www.smitf.org*



RESOUND

PROGRAMME

Liebst du um Schönheit —
Clara Schumann (1819-1896), arr. Oliver Pashley (b. 1992)

tanka — Josephine Stephenson (b. 1990)

Fin Like a Flower —
Anna Meredith (b. 1978), arr. Marianne Schofield (b. 1991)

Sardine à l'huile from *Chansons dévotes et poissonneuses* —
Giles Swayne (b. 1946)

Visions Fugitives —
Sergei Prokofiev (1891-1953), arr. Marianne Schofield (b. 1991)

No. 1 Lentamente

No. 7 Pittore

No. 8 Commodo

No. 16 Dolente

Deep Blue Sea — Eleanor Alberga (b. 1949)

London, he felt fairly certain, had always been London —
Ewan Campbell (b. 1984)

Farewell to Stromness —
Peter Maxwell Davies (1936-2016), arr. Oliver Pashley (b. 1992)

The Linden Tree — Misha Mullov-Abbado (b. 1991)

Roman Holiday —
Olivia Chaney (b. 1982), arr. Marianne Schofield (b. 1991)



RESOUND

PROGRAMME NOTES

by Sarah Maxted

In this imaginative and varied programme, The Hermes Experiment share an alluring selection of arrangements and compositions tailored to their unique combination of vocal and instrumental timbres.

Clara Schumann (née Wieck, 1819-1896) was a child prodigy, virtuoso pianist and composer from Leipzig, Germany. By the time of her marriage to Robert Schumann in 1840, she was already a celebrated artist, praised and admired by fellow musicians including Schubert and Liszt. The Schumanns' marriage was a fruitful musical partnership and they quickly composed and published a joint collection of lieder, setting poetry by Friedrich Rückert. Clara Schumann contributed three songs to the collection, including *Liebst du um Schönheit*. This arrangement by Oliver Pashley brings a delicate sense of spaciousness to the song, exposing the hesitancy of shallow love and embracing the profound richness of true love.

tanka was written for The Hermes Experiment in 2015 by French-British composer Josephine Stephenson (b. 1990). It sets a poem by Ben Osborn titled *after reading yosano akiko & thinking about becoming you*. A tanka, meaning 'short song', is a classical form of Japanese poetry, traditionally written with 31 syllables and structured in five lines. Stephenson's contemplative setting draws out the essence of each vowel and consonant contained within the carefully curated syllables of the poem. As the piece unfolds with an atmosphere of haunting dreaminess, the sequence of words is rearranged, both distorting and enhancing their meaning.

Anna Meredith (b. 1978) composed *Fin Like a Flower* in 2009 for the NMC Songbook. The text is by British storyteller, playwright and poet Philip Ridley. Originally scored for countertenor and harp, this arrangement by Marianne Schofield expands the texture with parts for double bass and bass clarinet woven around the contours of the harp's rhythmic flow. The mesmerising syncopation of the soprano vocal line is enigmatic and enticing, but also somewhat sinister, evoking the dangerous and seductive siren call of the sea.

The Hermes Experiment commissioned *Chansons dévotes et poissonneuses* from British composer Giles Swayne (b. 1946) in 2014. The cycle includes three songs with witty poetry from *La Négresse Blonde* by French poet Georges Fourest. *Sardines à l'huile* is the third and final movement of the cycle and tells the tragic tale of life-loving sardines, doomed to an eternity enclosed in tin 'coffins' of stinky oil! Swayne's setting is a solemn and quasi-sacred lament, punctuated by slippery passages of lively storytelling.

The Russian Soviet composer Sergei Prokofiev (1891-1953) is remembered for his richly characterful orchestral suites, symphonies, operas and ballets. He began his career as a virtuoso composer-pianist and many of his early works were for piano, including *Visions Fugitives*, a cycle of twenty piano miniatures composed between 1915 and 1917. Their title

came from poetry by Russian Symbolist writer Konstantin Balmont: ‘In every fugitive vision I see worlds, full of the changing play of rainbows’. The Hermes Experiment perform four of the miniatures in trio arrangements by Marianne Schofield: firstly, the impressionistic *1 Lentamente*; then *7 Pittore*, which was also published by Prokofiev in arrangement for solo harp; the brief and melodic *8 Commodo*, gently coloured with jazzy dissonances; and lastly, *16 Dolente* which is characterised by mournful chromatic descents.

Deep Blue Sea is a duet for soprano and harp, composed in 2020 by British Jamaican composer Eleanor Alberga (b. 1949). The text was also written by Alberga, incorporating excerpts from the shipping forecast. It explores the extraordinary variety of moods and colours at sea, interspersed with insomniac reflections on identity and purpose. The piece reaches a climax of existential disquiet with the question ‘Why am I?’ sung on a fortissimo high Bb. The answer comes through an expansive description of the timeless mystery of the sea, finally resolving as the harp cascades downwards to conclude on the Bb four octaves below.

Ewan Campbell is a Cambridge-based composer and conductor whose highly original works include cartographic scores, visual map scores to be navigated by the performers. ***London, he felt fairly certain, had always been London*** was composed for the four musicians of The Hermes Experiment, based on a version of the London tube map where Campbell has replaced the stations with musical fragments. Each of the performers chooses their own route around their individual map score, resulting in a semi-improvised and unique performance. The soprano part includes texts from a range of sources, including the diary of Samuel Pepys and musings on London by writers such as Virginia Woolf, William Wordsworth and Charles Dickens. The title of the piece is a quote from George Orwell’s 1984.

Farewell to Stromness is a deceptively beautiful work of musical protest by British composer Peter Maxwell Davies (1934-2016) – arranged here by Oliver Pashley. To a casual listener, the piece can be enjoyed as a lilting folk melody built on the familiar harmonic reassurance of a ground bass. However, it was composed as part of *The Yellow Cake Revue* in 1980, protesting the construction of a uranium mine near the Orkney town of Stromness. Along with cabaret songs and recitations by actress Eleanor Bron, the piano interlude *Farewell to Stromness* was performed by Maxwell Davies to depict the devastating consequences the mine could bring, if uranium contamination forced the residents of the town to leave their homes. (Happily, the construction plans were cancelled that same year and Stromness remains a picturesque and populated harbour town.)

Misha Mullov-Abbado is a jazz bassist and composer based in London. His 2015 arrangement of ***The Linden Tree*** begins with a flowing iteration of a traditional-sounding folk melody played by the clarinet. The double bass introduces a pizzicato bass line before the soprano takes up the text of the folksong, embellished with shimmering harp and the improvisatory flair of increasingly bluesy clarinet solos.

To finish tonight’s programme: Marianne Schofield’s arrangement of the song ***Roman Holiday*** by folk singer and multi-instrumentalist Olivia Chaney (b. 1982). Chaney was born in Florence, Italy, and grew up in the UK, where she studied at Chetham’s School of Music and the Royal Academy of Music. This song is from her second solo album *Shelter*, released in 2018. The lyrics are warm and romantic, finding resonance between the enduring remnants of Rome’s classical architecture and the supportive haven of a loving relationship.

RESOUND

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Liebst du um Schönheit,

O nicht mich liebe!

Liebe die Sonne,

Sie trägt ein gold'nes Haar!

Liebst du um Jugend,

O nicht mich liebe!

Liebe den Frühling,

Der jung ist jedes Jahr!

Liebst du um Schätze,

O nicht mich liebe!

Liebe die Meerfrau,

Sie hat viel Perlen klar!

Liebst du um Liebe,

O ja, mich liebe!

Liebe mich immer,

Dich lieb' ich immerdar!

If you love for beauty,

O love not me!

Love the sun,

She has golden hair!

If you love for youth,

O love not me!

Love the spring

Who is young each year!

If you love for riches,

O love not me!

Love the mermaid

Who has many shining pearls!

If you love for love,

Oh yes, love me!

Love me always;

I shall love you forever!

Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)

Translation © Richard Stokes

tanka

there are moments when
shadows bridge the distance
between distinct forms;
the light increases before
watching itself disappear

Ben Osborn's after reading yosano akiko & thinking about becoming you © 2015

Fin Like a Flower

You wore your fin

Like a flower

And by petal

And perfume

Enticed me beyond Land's End

to your teeth

oh, consume me

Piece by piece

Oh, no release
I'm in your power
My fin like a flower

Philip Ridley (b.1957)

Sardines à l'huile

Dans leur cercueil de fer-blanc
Plein d'huile au puant relent
Marinent décapités
Ces petits corps argentés
Pareils aux guillotines
Là-bas au champ des navets !
Elles ont vu les mers,
Les côtes grises de Thulé,
Sous les brumes argentées
La Mer du Nord enchantée...
Maintenant dans le fer-blanc
Et l'huile au puant relent
De toxiques restaurants
Les servent à leurs clients !

Mais loin derrière la nue
Leur pauvre âmette ingénue
Dit sa muette chanson
Au Paradis-des-poissons,
Une mer fraîche et lunaire
Pâle comme un poitrinaire,
La Mer de Sérénité
Aux longs reflets argentés
Où durant l'éternité,
Sans plus craindre jamais
Les cormorans et les filets,
Après leur mort nageront
Tous les bons petits poissons !
Sans voix, sans mains, sans genoux
Sardines, priez pour nous !

Georges Fourest (1867-1945)
Translation by Giles Swayne

Deep Blue Sea

Low Northwest Malin one thousand and two
Losing its identity by one eight double-o Tuesday.
Viking North Utsire, timeless, drifting aggregate
Thunderly showers, good, occasionally moderate.

Why am I and not another?
Forties, Cromerty, Forth, Tyne, Dogger.

*Sardines in oil
In their tin coffin,
full of smelly oil,
marinate, decapitated,
these silvery little bodies,
like the guillotined corpses
down in the cemetery.
They have seen the seas,
The grey coasts of Thule,
and, 'neath the silvery mists,
the enchanted North Sea . . .
Now toxic restaurants
serve them to their customers
in tins of smelly oil.*

*But far above the clouds
their simple little soul
sings its silent song
in Fishy Paradise -
a fresh and lunar sea
pale as a TB sufferer,
the Sea of Serenity
with its long silver reflections,
where for all eternity -
without fear of cormorants, fishing-nets -
all good little fishes
will swim after they die . . .
Sans voice, sans hands, sans knees
(everything one needs to pray with)
sardines, pray for us!*

Who sees? Who closes eyes at rest?
Fisher, German Bight, South West.

Deep blue sea beyond azure
Humber, Dover, distract, allure
Northwest Trafalgar, Southeast Iceland
Becoming fair later, Thames, Portland.

Sole, speck of mind among myriads
Veering southerly, abstruse, obscure
Southeast Fitzroy, gale 8 later
Plymouth, Wight, am I God's door?

Who knows?
Lundy, Fasnet, Irish Sea,
Shannon, westerly 2 or 3
Wide cerulean. Recent rain
Cromerty, Dogger, Tyne, again.

Rockall, South Hebrides, cyclonic
Indigo Fairisle variable, plutonic.
Thundery showers, fog patches, cloudburst
Bailey, fair, very poor at first.

Tiree Automatic, Stornoway, rain twelve miles, one thousand and seven
Lerwick, Leuchers, Boulmer, Bridlington, rising slowly one thousand eleven.
St. Catherine's Point Automatic, Jersey.
Channel Light Vessel, rising more slowly
Earth-orb floating, quivering, squalling
Ronaldsway, Machrihanish Automatic falling.

Timeless gravity trawl, Cape Wrath to Rattray Head
Lough Foyle to Carlingford Lough, warning of gales ahead.
Speck of mind among myriads
Distract, obscure the question
Why am I?

Deep blue sea
Timeless falling indigo mystery
Halo shimmering air
Rising moon-sun
Floating gravity sphere.

Deep blue sea
Wide cerulean paradox;
Been, being, be.

**London,
he felt fairly certain,
had always been London.**

Double Bass

London,
he felt fairly certain,
had always been London.

For soprano, clarinet, double bass and harp
By Ewan Campbell

Start anywhere
End anywhere
Listen to the rest of the ensemble

Tempi should be approximately
relative, but can vary greatly.

Dynamics can vary to suit the ensemble.

Time taken between fragments can and
should vary according to the performers
discretion.

All fragments are to be played ordinary
arco, unless otherwise specified.

London, he felt fairly certain, had always been London. - double bass part

We Britons had at that time particularly settled that it was treasonable to doubt our having the best of everything: otherwise, while I was scared by the immensity of London, I think I might have had some faint doubts whether it was not rather ugly, crooked, narrow and dirty.

Extract from Great Expectations — Charles Dickens (1812-1870)

She put her fingers in his, as loving and silly
At long past Kensington dances she used to do
“It’s cheaper to take the tube to Piccadilly
And then we can catch a nineteen or twenty-two”.

Extract from Devonshire Street — John Betjeman (1906-1984)

This circled cosmos whereof man is god
Has suns and stars of green and gold and red,
And cloudlands of great smoke, that range o’er range
Far floating, hide its iron heavens o’erhead.

Extract from King’s Cross Station — G. K. Chesterton (1874-1936)

His crust earned, Arthur moved South down Romford Street – a tight chasm between refurbished tenements, shuffling towards Commercial Road. He kept to his own warren, did not stray far from the force-field of the gentle aliens and the unrequired artists. He had his routes, his benches. The map by which he navigated had been refined to a network of razor strokes on the palm of his hand.

Extract from Downriver – Iain Sinclair (b.1943)

"Oranges and lemons", say the bells of St. Clement's "You owe me five farthings", say the bells of St. Martin's "When will you pay me?" say the bells of Old Bailey "When I grow rich", say the bells of Shoreditch "When will that be?" say the bells of Stepney "I do not know", says the great bell of Bow Here comes a candle to light you to bed And here comes a chopper to chop off your head!

Bells of London – Anonymous (Published c. 1744)

In people's eyes; in the swing, tramp and trudge; in the bellow and the uproar; the carriages, motor cars, omnibuses, vans, sandwich men shuffling and swinging; brass bands; barrel organs; in the triumph and the jingle and the strange high singing of some aeroplane overhead was what she loved; life; London; this moment in June.

Extract from Mrs Dalloway – Virginia Woolf (1882-1941)

I observe your city, your blood, your bone
King Ludd, crumbling man of stone.

Extract from King Ludd of Fleet Street – Will Hatchet (b. unknown)

Over the pest-stricken regions of East London, sweltering in sunshine which served only to reveal the intimacies of abomination; across miles of a city of the damned, such as thought never conceived before this age of ours; above streets swarming with a nameless populace, cruelly exposed by the unwonted light of heaven; stopping at stations which it crushes the heart to think should be the destination of any mortal; the train made its way at length beyond the outmost limits of dread, and entered upon a land of level meadows, of hedges and trees, of crops and cattle.

Extract from The Netherworld – George Gissing (1857-1903)

There are mornings when the iron clouds do not press, when it all lifts, and your stride across cobblestones is light and turfsprung.

Extract from Downriver – Iain Sinclair

St. Paul's loomed like a bubble o'er the town.

Extract from Impression du Matin – Oscar Wilde (1854-1900)

‘Spitalfields’ had the authentic whiff of heritage. But, please, do not call it Whitechapel, or whisper the dreaded Tower Hamlets. Spitalfields meant architecture, the prince, development schemes. It meant property sharks, and new Georgians promoting wallpaper catalogues; finial, staircases, cast iron balconies and lashings of Purcell.

Extract from Downriver — Iain Sinclair

I married a man of the Croydon class
When I was twenty-two.
And I vex him, and he bores me
Till we don’t know what to do!

It isn’t good form in the Croydon class
To say you love your wife,
So I spend my days with tradesmen’s books
And pray for the end of life.

Nervous Prostration — Anna Wickham (1883-1947)

This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open to the fields, and to the sky;

Extract from Composed Upon Westminster Bridge — William Wordsworth (1770-1850)

At Charing Cross, here, beneath the bridge
Sleep in a row the outcasts,
Packed in a line with their heads against the wall.

Extract from Embankment at night, before the war — D. H. Lawrence (1885-1930)

The air was dark above Gravesend, and further back still seemed condensed into a mournful gloom, brooding motionless over the biggest, and the greatest, town on earth.

Extract from Heart of Darkness — Joseph Conrad (1857-1924)

By the gas works and the giant Sainsbury’s
Blocking the winter sky like a shroud
The boxed hatchbacks swarm like larvae.

Extract from The River Pool — Will Hatchet

And lo, Christ walking on the water,
Not of Genesareth, but Thames!

Extract from In No Strange Land — Francis Thompson (1859-1907)

Unreal City,
Under the brown fog of a winter dawn,
A crowd flowed over London Bridge, so many,
I had not thought death had undone so many.

Extract from The Wasteland — T. S. Eliot (1888-1965)

When we could endure no more upon the water; we to a little ale-house on the Bankside,
over against the 'Three Cranes, and there staid till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow;
and, as it grew darker, appeared more and more, and in corners and upon steeples, and
between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid
malicious bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire.

Extract from Pepys Diaries, Sunday 2nd September 1666 — Samuel Pepys (1633-1703)

At London's gate it rose, in SE1
Democratic and utilitarian

Extract from Elephant and Castle — Will Hatchet

The Linden Tree

Upon a distant hillside there stands a linden tree
As children we would play there, my friends, you and me.

We thought that it would never end, for children never see.
We thought that we would always play around the linden tree.

One day your eyes were misty, as eyes can sometimes be
You told me that you loved me, beside the linden tree

I thought you'd always be around, for lovers never see.
I thought our children soon would play around the linden tree.

But then the trumpet sounded and love was not to be.
The call to death or glory took you away from me.

You thought that you would never die for soldiers never see.
But we will never meet again beneath the linden tree.

And now I lay my flowers beside the linden tree.

Traditional Folk Song

Roman Holiday

Love is on this balcony
Naked, where I rest my feet
We roam Roman ruins
Swifts, swallows swoop and
screech

This is our time
Under umbrella pines
Darling can you cope
With my high-hearted ideals and
demands

Maybe joy will win
Maybe this will bring
Fruits we never ate before
A feast on futures lore

That we're building
Through broken triumphal arches
Thank God, you exist

Go, hustle trade
Think it makes the world go round
I won't judge you any the less
Only want for you to have the best
That you can in this age
Of freedom, capital,
Faith too classical

This is our time
Under umbrella pines
Darling can you cope
With my high-hearted ideals and
demands

Gentle archaeologist,
Boldly take risk
Dig, dig trust,
Brush away the dust

Wondering how it is you learnt
All I need is to be met
Why, why your patience is
So strong and endless

RESOUND

PERFORMERS

Soprano Héloïse Werner
Harp Anne Denholm
Clarinet Oliver Pashley
Double bass Marianne Schofield



The Hermes Experiment is a contemporary quartet made up of harp, clarinet, voice and double bass. They are winners of the Royal Over-Seas League Mixed Ensemble Competition 2019, Tunnell Trust Awards 2017, Nonclassical's Battle of the Bands 2014, Making Music Selected Artists 2019/20 and Park Lane Group Young Artists 2015/16. Capitalising on their deliberately idiosyncratic combination of instruments, the ensemble regularly commissions new works, as well as creating their own innovative arrangements and venturing into live free improvisation. The ensemble has commissioned over 60 composers at various stages of their careers. They were shortlisted in the Royal Philharmonic Society Awards 2019 in the Young Artists Category and their debut album *HERE WE ARE* was released in July 2020 on Delphian Records to critical acclaim. Their second album *SONG* will be released in November 2021 on Delphian Records.

Recent highlights include performances at Wigmore Hall, BBC Radio 3 Open Ear at LSO St Luke's, Tallinn Music Week, St Petersburg's Sound Ways Festival, Southbank Centre, Kings Place and Spitalfields Festival. The Hermes Experiment were one of the showcase artists at the Classical NEXT Conference 2019. In January 2019, they celebrated their fifth birthday with a concert supported by Arts Council England and RVW Trust, and recorded for BBC Radio 3.

The quartet has received funding from Arts Council England, Aldeburgh Music, the RVW Trust, Hinrichsen Foundation, Britten-Pears Foundation, Future of Russia Foundation, Oleg Prokofiev Trust, Nicholas Boas Charitable Trust, PRS for Music Foundation and Help Musicians UK.



The Hermes Experiment (c. Raphael Neal)

Our thanks to The National Lottery Heritage Fund, for supporting the ReSound concert series at St Martin-in-the-Fields.

The performers and technical crew carefully adhere to all current government regulations for COVID-19.

ReSound

ReSound is a brand new concert series from St Martin-in-the-Fields, aiming to put St Martin's at the heart of music-making in the capital. The series is focused around an exciting range of online concerts, some of which can also be attended in-person.

The concerts are streamed through our online platform, StMartins.Digital, and are available to watch as many times as you like for 30-60 days. We also have the opportunity for you to be a part of the audience for some of our concert recordings. Explore our range of in-person and online events by visiting the links below.

Voices in the Crypt, available [online](#) until Wednesday 21 July

St Martin's Voices with Simon Russell Beale



Shall I compare thee to a Summer's day

Love bade me welcome

Long live fair Oriana

Paddington Bear's First Concert
Available [online](#) until Wednesday 21 July



**Will Todd Ensemble and St Martin's Voices:
Songs of Love**

Available [online](#) until Sunday 27 June

The Wind in the Willows
Available [online](#) until Friday 30 July



Benson Wilson and James Baillieu

Available [online](#) until Wednesday 7 July

Academy of St Martin in the Fields: Miniatures

Available [online](#) until Saturday 10 July





**Quartet for the End of Time:
Melvyn Tan and Friends**

Available online until Thursday 22 July

**St Martin's Voices with Anna Lapwood:
Upon your heart**

Available online until Friday 23 July



Organ Recital: Rachel Mahon

Available online from Saturday 26 June

Organ Recital: Ben Giddens

Available online from Saturday 26 June

The Hermes Experiment

Available online from Monday 28 June



Vivaldi and the Ospedale della Pietà

Available online from Tuesday 29 June

Attend in-person, Saturday 26 June, 7.00pm

I Fagiolini: The ache, the bite and the banger

Available online from Wednesday 30 June



RESONANCE

Free, non-ticketed events

The Song and The Story, in-person only, Sundays, 3.30pm



In youth is pleasure, Sunday 27 June
and from Sunday 5 July - Sunday 29 August

Festival Evensong with St Martin's Voices

In-person, Sunday 27 June, 5.00pm,
and live-streamed



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 St Martin's Music

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