

Sunday 5 June | 12pm | Jubilee Hall, Aldeburgh

The Hermes Experiment

Héloïse Werner soprano
Oliver Pashley clarinet

Marianne Schofield double bass
Anne Denholm harp

Cécile Chaminade (1857–1944),
arr. **Schofield**
La lune paresseuse (1905)
Text: Charles de Bussy (1875–1938)

Ma première lettre (1893) 5'
Text: Rosemonde Gérard (1871–1953)

Freya Waley-Cohen (b.1989)
We Phoenician Sailors (2015–16) 12'
Oyster — Agua Dulce — Delta Song
Text: Octavia Bright

Priault Rainier (1903–1986)
Cycle for Declamation (1954):
'Nunc, lento, sonitu dicunt, morieris' 4'
Text: John Donne (1572–1631)

Imogen Holst (1907–1984), arr. Pashley
Suite, for unaccompanied viola (1930):
'Cinquespace' and 'Gigue' 9'

Tom Coult (b. 1988)
I Find Planets (2020) 6'
Text: adapted by the composer from the Twitterbot
'Newfound Planets' (@L_Find_Planets)

Caroline Shaw (b. 1982), arr. **Denholm**
Plan & Elevation (2015): i. The Ellipse 4'

Ayanna Witter-Johnson (b. 1980s)
Draw the Line (2020) 7'

Errollyn Wallen (b. 1958) arr. **Werner**
Tree (2009) 4'
Text: by the composer

Misha Mullov-Abbado (b. 1991)
The Linden Tree (2015) 7'
Text: traditional

There is no interval

Chaminade: La lune paresseuse

The idle moon

In a ray of twilight
The dragonfly falls asleep;
The nightingale has fallen asleep
On the branch of a friendly oak,
The grass teems with glow-worms,
The sky with whirling stars,
And yet the shining moon
Permits the night its patches of darkness.

Quietly, O moon, you repose
Beneath pink clouds . . .
Oh! idle one, why
Do you toy with my tender feelings?
You are always hidden at the sweet hour
When the crickets, moving over the moss,
Sing less loudly,
And still you do not show yourself!

Arise, brilliant and serene,
Light up the plain!
Silver moon, white-faced moon,
Illumine my trembling arm!
Brush with your pure light
The gold of my tresses:
For it will not be long
Before my betrothed passes by! . . .

Chaminade: Ma première lettre

My first letter

Alas! How quickly we forget . . .
That struck me yesterday, finding
A short letter written
When I was just a little girl.

I read as far as the signature
Without feeling the slightest commotion,
Without recognizing the hand
And without seeing that I had penned it.

In vain I tried to re-read it,
To remember, to rack my brains . . .
I had been able to think and write those thoughts,
But the memory of them had died!

Oh the poor, naïve letter,
So clumsily written . . .
Yet, when I think of it, it was perhaps
My first, an important event!

Years ago I showed it triumphantly
To my delighted mother.
Can it be one forgets
The first letter one wrote as a child!

And then you fall in love
And you write . . . and then one day,
One day you will forget that too,
Your first love letter!