

S. D. G.

# I RITRATTI

*Portraits*

OF THREE  
FEMALE COMPOSERS

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BARBARA STROZZI  
ANTONIA BEMBO  
ISABELLA LEONARDA

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MUSICA ANTICA  
ROTHERHITHE

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Wednesday 18 October 2023  
The Drama Studio, Sheffield

# PROGRAMME

BARBARA STROZZI (1619 - 1677)

Ritornello from *Hor che Apollo*

FRANCESCO CAVALLI (1602 - 1676)

‘Mia Speranza’ from *L’Elena* (1659)

ISABELLA LEONARDA (1620 - 1704)

Sonata Quinta

STROZZI:

*L’Eracrito Amorososo*

LEONARDA:

Sonata Terza

ANTONIA BEMBO (1640 - c. 1720):

*Ha, quel’absence*

CAVALLI:

‘Ecco l’idolo mio’ from *L’Elena*

BEMBO:

*Gran Re che tutto a tutti*

STROZZI:

*Lagrimie mie | Il Lamento: Sul rodano severo*

ANONYMOUS:

Violin sonata in D

CAVALLI:

‘D’amor non si quereli’ from *L’Ormindo* (1644)

# MUSICIANS

CAMILLA SEALE  
Mezzo Soprano

TRISTRAM COOKE  
Countertenor

MAY ROBERTSON  
Baroque Violin

REBECCA KOHLER BARATTO  
Baroque Violin

HARRY BUCKOKE  
Viola da Gamba

JONATAN BOUGHT  
Theorbo

OLIVER DOYLE  
Harpsichord

## ABOUT MUSICA ANTICA ROTHERHITHE

Musica Antica Rotherhithe was founded in July 2016 by Jessica Eucker and Oliver Doyle out of a joint love for music of the 16<sup>th</sup> and 17<sup>th</sup> Centuries, and in particular, music still uncommonly performed in the UK. Past performances numerous programmes of music from early seventeenth century Italy, from the Madrigals of Claudio Monteverdi and his *Ballo Delle Ingrate* through the monody of Giulio Caccini and Jacopo Peri to the operas of Francesco Cavalli, accompanied by the publication of the first ever collection arias from his operas, edited by Oliver Doyle, on the public domain, thanks to funding from the Cavalli Charity; performances of rarely-heard 15<sup>th</sup> and 16<sup>th</sup> century songs from the Low Countries and Italy; the UK premiere of Domenico Belli's *Orfeo Dolente*, and Caldara's beautiful *Maddalena ai Piedi di Cristo*. In November 2018, we staged the second performance in modern times of the anonymous, 17<sup>th</sup> Century opera *Lo Spedale* (The Hospital) for the Illuminate Rotherhithe 2018 festival (revived 2019) with the help of Southwark Council and a host of generous friends. In 2020 this was followed by the UK premiere of Falvetti's *Il Diluvio Universale*, (The Great Flood) supported by Mr WeeKuang Tai, with proceeds going to Operation Noah, a charity championing action on climate change.

This is the third concert of our 2023 season, made possible by the generosity of the Continuo Foundation, who have done fantastic work making performances of early music possible across the UK. For more information please visit:  
<https://www.continuoconnect.com>

# RITRATTI

*“All the works of this illustrious and incomparable Isabella Leonarda are so beautiful, so gracious, so brilliant and at the same time so learned and so wise, that my great regret is not having them all.”*

- Sebastien de Brossard

The words of music theorist and composer Sebastien de Brossard say much about the ability of just one of the composers featured tonight, though his words could have been applied equally to all three. It was far from unusual for women to perform music. For families that could afford it music and dance were key accomplishments for a women and useful means to pass the time. However, from time immemorial music was so linked to sexuality that the place and manner in which ‘honest’ women might perform were highly bound by society’s expectations of decency. Music was often considered a strictly private pastime; if a women did perform in public, it would often be only to a small gathering of individuals known to her, and in such instances conduct manuals sometimes advised women to avert their eyes while performing, in order to avoid being labelled brazen or licentious. In late fifteenth and sixteenth century Italy, music was seen as one of the chief tools of the *courtesan*, sex workers who, though often from impoverished backgrounds, sought through a high standard of education - musical and literary prowess especially - to attract the wealthiest admirers. Music became such an obvious tool in their arsenal

of attraction that any women seeking to join the *Convertite* - a nunnery for ex-prostitutes founded in Florence in 1332 - were told they could not, under any circumstance, bring their lutes with them. At the turn of the seventeenth century, English traveller Thomas Coryate noted how, in comparison to his homeland, Venetian sex workers were among the most educated of the city’s inhabitants, and later travellers despaired in their attempts to distinguish them from noblewomen. The condemnation of musical women was not universal, but the voices of those who thought of music as a gateway to lascivious behaviour were loud. Whether certain female musicians of the fifteenth - seventeenth centuries were primarily courtesans or not are questions which perennially appear in academic and popular writing.

Barbara Strozzi is perhaps *the* case-in-point in this regard. Born to a woman who may have been a courtesan, she was taken under the wing of nobleman Giulio Strozzi (possibly her father), who arranged for her tuition, presented her to a newly formed *Accademia* (a sort of salon where ideas could be discussed and exchanged) and saw to it that she soon became widely admired for her performances. Her name has become almost synonymous with courtesanship. It is true that she had four children with the married Giovanni Paolo Vidman, but there is no evidence to suggest that she worked as a courtesan, a conclusion which appears to have arisen from her unmarried status and her inclusion in meetings of the *Accademia*, which was unusual at the time. This stands in

stark contrast with her contemporary, courtesan and star singer Lucietta Gamba - dubbed 'that whore who sings' by librettist Giovanni Busenello - who played Helen of Troy in Cavalli's *Elena*, and for whom ample evidence of her fame as a courtesan survives, including threats to her wellbeing from enamoured clients when it became known that she intended to marry. More important than any questions around Barbara Strozzi's status are her musical achievements, chief among them the fact that she was the most published composer of secular music of the seventeenth century, male or female. Her output ranges from madrigals in four or five parts to monumental cantatas, of which we hear three tonight. These have come to define our perception of her style: declamatory, filled with complex *passaggi* (passages of quick notes) and biting dissonance, they show the work of a studious composer in the vein of Monteverdi and Cavalli and of a virtuoso singer, experimenting with the ways in which chromaticism, dissonance and rhythm could be manipulated, particularly in depicting grief and anger. In the preface to her first published work, she wrote to her patron, in the typically self-effacing style of the period, "I'm just a poor woman; I know that my works are probably not nearly as sophisticated as you merit, and yet I offer them humbly to you". By the time her eighth book was completed, dedicated to Sophia of Braunschweig, mother of George I, she felt no need to mention her gender at all.

Antonia Bembo shares both birthplace and teacher with Strozzi, yet was born to more secure financial means. The daughter of a doctor, her musical tuition was a common element of the education of a middle-class woman of her day, though her aptitude caused the Duke of Mantua, Carlo II Gonzaga, to repeatedly attempt to bring her to his court while she was being taught to sing by Cavalli. This did not prevent her share of hardship, however. Later trapped in an unhappy marriage to a nobleman who all but deserted her and her children, she was aided by the guitarist Francesco Corbetta in gaining passage to Paris in the mid-1670s, where she sang for the Sun King, Louis XIV. Impressed by her skill, Louis awarded her a pension and lodging in the Petite Union Chrétienne des Dames de Saint Chaumont, and she continued to write for the French court until her death sometime after 1710. Her works included setting the same text, Francesco Buti's *Ercole Amante*, that her teacher Cavalli had written for Louis' wedding almost 50 years previously. Stylistically, her work melds the Italian and the French; we have chosen to present two songs from her *Produzione Armoniche*, a manuscript of forty one songs written throughout her life compiled in 1701, which demonstrate this journey from refugee to minor celebrity. The first, the *Sonetto al Re*, is an Italian text celebrating the achievements and power of her benefactor Louis XIV, and *Ha, quel'absence*, a beautiful example of Bembo's adoption of the French language and musical style.

Isabella Leonarda's output differs substantially from that of Strozzi and Bembo. Born to a noble family in Novara, she joined a convent, the Collegio di Sant'Orsola, at the age of 16, there producing a vast body of work over the next 60 years, most of which was sacred music for voices and instruments. As we have seen, receiving musical tuition was common for women of affluent backgrounds, and the opportunities some convents offered to nurture musicianship was crucial to their ability to attract such women, and with them, the large dowries typically paid by a woman's family upon her entry to convent life. Leonarda is but one of a number of women of this period who composed music for their own community and wider circulation, and whose works survive.

Unusually however, her collection of twelve sonatas - eleven trio sonatas and one sonata for solo violin and continuo - appears to be the first collection of sonatas by a woman to be published. Sebastien Brossard's lament at not owning all of her work speaks to the limited recognition she had in her lifetime beyond her native Novara (where she was referred to as the 'Novaran Muse'). It is only fairly recently that her work has been recognised for its beauty and importance, and then at no level comparable to that of Barbara Strozzi. As we drive to ensure that music education more correctly reflects the diversity of voices in early modern music, one can only hope that any number of names - Antonia Bembo, Isabella Leonarda, Maddalena Casulana, Vittoria Aleotti, Leonora Duarte, Elisabeth Jacquet de La

Guerre, Juana Inés de la Cruz, and many others - appear in concert programmes far more frequently alongside Strozzi's, and indeed Monteverdi's, Lully's and Purcell's, than they have to date.

When we performed a variation of this programme in London in July 2022, we included no music by male composers. This time we couldn't resist including three duets by Francesco Cavalli, who taught both Bembo and Strozzi, and two of which were first sung by Lucietta Gamba. While this programme is first and foremost a celebration of the musical output of three women, it's rare to hear their music alongside music by composers personally known to them, let alone those who taught them. We hope that this serves to go beyond putting a name to a score, and understand something of the process and influences which contributed to their art.

Tonight wouldn't have been possible without the support of the Continuo Foundation, who have also made it possible to take this programme firstly to Suffolk, and tonight to Sheffield. We hope that you enjoy tonight's programme, and that it might be one of many such events taking place here in the years to come.

*Oliver Doyle*

# TEXTS

Francesco Cavalli: *Mia Speranza*

**Elena:** Mia speranza,

**Menelao:** Mio contento,

**A2:** Là ne'giri de le sfere,

credi a me

che non v'è

tal diletto, tal piacere

che s'uguagli a quel ch'io sento.

Mia Speranza, mio Contento.

**Elena:** Mia delitia,

**Menelao:** Mio desio,

**A2:** Prima'l sol d'haver splendore

cesserà,

lascerà,

che ne l'alma, che nel core

mai s'estingua'l foco mio.

Mia delitia, mio desio.

**Menelao:** Disponiamci a la fuga,

idolo mio a l'incontro primier

d'amica sorte.

**Elena:** Ti seguio mio ben,

fino a la morte.

**Menelao:** Mio nume per te,

**Elena:** Per te mia Deità.

**Menelao:** Languire,

**Elena:** Morire,

**A2:** Gioire sarà.

**Elena:** Di stelle adirate,

**Menelao:** Di sorti spietate,

**A2:** Maligno tenore

di questo mio core

la stabile fe

turbar non potrà.

**Menelao:** Mio nume per te,

My hope,

My happiness,

You that turn the Spheres,

believe me,

that there is no

such delight, such pleasure

equal to that which I feel.

My hope, my happiness.

My delight,

My desire,

First the sun in splendour

will cease,

will leave,

before in my soul, in my heart

is extinguished my ardour.

My delight, my desire.

Let's to flight,

my idol at the first sight of

good fortune.

I will follow you, my love,

'till death.

You for my goddess,

You my deity.

To languish,

To die,

Joy would be.

Angry stars,

Merciless fate,

Malign words

this, my heart's

sure fidelity

will not shake.

You for my goddess,

**Elena:** Per te mia Deità.

**Menelao:** Languire,

**Elena:** Morire,

**Az:** Gioire sarà.

You my deity.

To languish,

To die,

Joy would be.

Barbara Strozzi: *L'Eraclito Amorosso*

Udite amanti la cagione, oh Dio,  
ch'a lagrimar mi porta:  
nell'adorato e bello idolo mio,  
che sì fido credei,  
la fede è morta.

Listen you lovers, that, oh God,  
which brings me to tears:  
in my adored and handsome idol,  
whom I believed to be faithful,  
faith is dead.

Vaghezza ho sol di piangere,  
mi pasco sol di lagrime,  
il duolo è mia delizia  
e son miei gioie i gemiti.  
Ogni martire aggradami,  
ogni dolor diletta mi,  
i singulti mi sanano,  
i sospir mi consolano.

I have delight only in weeping,  
I nourish myself only with tears.  
Grief is my delight  
and my joys are groans.  
Every anguish pleases me,  
every pain delights me,  
sobs heal me,  
sighs console me.

Ma se la fede negami  
quell'incostante e perfido,  
almen fede serbatemi  
sino alla morte, o lagrime!  
Ogni tristezza assalgami,  
ogni cordoglio eternisi,  
tanto ogni male affliggami  
che m'uccida e sotterrimi.

But if constancy is denied me,  
by him inconstant, and perfidious,  
at least let my devotion serve me  
until my death, oh tears.  
Every sadness soothes me,  
every sorrow sustains itself,  
so much does every ill afflict me  
that it slays, and buries me



Antonia Bembo: *Ha, que l'absence*

Ha, que l'absence est un cruel martire.  
Lors qu'on aime tendrement  
un objet tout charmant,  
et qu'on ne l'ose dire.

L'on se plaint, l'on soupire,  
l'on chéri le torment;  
et l'amour nous inspire  
de répéter souvent:

Ha, que l'absence est un cruel martire,  
lors qu'on aime tendrement  
un objet tout charmant,  
et qu'on ne l'ose dire.

Francesco Cavalli: *Ecco l'idolo mio*

**Menelao:** Ecco l'Idolo mio  
Come tornate, Amica ò pur ribella?  
Che risolvete, ò bella?

**Elena:** A la vostra modesta, al vostro  
amore Cede vinto il mio core

**Menelao:** Gradite i miei affetti?

**Elena:** Il centro sete voi de' miei dilette.

**Menelao:** Deh, bacciarmi lasciate

Queste nevi animate,

Questi candidi avori

in testimon de' miei felici amori

**Elena:** Da chi ci ha rapito fuggir ci  
conviene

**Menelao:** Sì, fuggirem, mio bene

Ah, that absence is a cruel martyrdom,  
when one loves tenderly  
so charming an object,  
and yet we dare not say it.

We complain, we sigh,  
we cherish the torment;  
and love inspires us  
to repeat often:

Ah, that absence is a cruel martyrdom,  
when one loves tenderly  
so charming an object,  
and yet we dare not say it.

Here is my idol  
How are you turned, Friend, or rebel?  
How do you resolve, my fair?  
To your modesty, to your love,  
Cedes my conquered heart  
My affections please you?  
You are the core of my delight.  
Ah, let me kiss  
These living snows,  
This candid Mouth  
in testament of my joy.  
From those who captured us,  
let us flee  
Yes, we will flee, my love

**Duet:**

Mio diletto, mio sospiro,  
In te vivo, in te respiro.  
La mia gioia tu sarai,  
Nel mio seno tu vivrai.  
Il tuo ben, la tua vita, io sono.  
L'anima mia ti consacro,  
Il cor ti dono.

My delight, my every sigh,  
In you I live, in you I breathe.  
You will be my joy,  
In my breast you will live.  
Your love, your life, I am.  
My soul consecrates you,  
I give you my heart.

Antonia Bembo: *Sonetto al Rè*

Gran Re che tutto a tutti,  
eccelso in Terra  
Tutto puoi tutto reggi  
e a tutti imperi.  
E pure a meditar gli alti misteri,  
Il tutto annullar cerchi Sotterra.

Great King, who is everything to  
everyone, exalted on Earth,  
You who can reign  
all kingdoms and empires,  
And in meditating upon the high arts,  
Seeks to subdue all realms on earth.

Tu che vide l'Europa in pace e in guerra,  
Dar glorioso effetto a tuoi pensieri.  
Tu che miri al tuo pie schiavi l'Imperi,  
Con quel poter ch'ogni potenza atterra.

You who saw Europe in peace and war,  
Give glorious effect to your thoughts.  
You who sees at your feet Emperors as slaves,  
With that power which humbles all power.

La discordia impulsasti entro il profondo  
E in ferma Fede e Sacrosanto Zelo,  
Da te scacciasti il Calvinismo immondo.

You throw discord into the depths  
And in firm faith and sacred zeal,  
You cast out filthy Calvinism.

Non ha più raggi a circondarti Delo.  
Non ha più glorie a tributarti il mondo.  
Non ha più stelle a coronati il cielo.

Apollo has no more rays to bind you.  
The world has no more glories to give.  
Heaven has no more stars to crown you.

**Barbara Strozzi: *Lagrime mie***

Lagrime mie, à che vi trattenete?  
Perché non isfogate il fier dolore  
Che mi toglie'l respiro  
e opprime il core?  
Lidia, che tant'adoro,  
Perch'un guardo pietoso,  
ahi, mi donò,  
Il paterno rigor l'imprigionò.  
Tra due mura rinchiusa  
Sta la bella innocente,  
Dove giunger non può raggio di sole;  
E quel che più mi duole  
Ed' accresc'al mio mal tormenti e pene,  
È che per mia cagione  
Provi male il mio bene.  
E voi, lumi dolenti, non piangete?  
Lagrime mie, à che vi trattenete?  
Lidia, ahimè, veggo mancarmi  
L'idol mio che tanto adoro;  
Sta colei tra duri marmi,  
Per cui spiro e pur non moro.  
Se la morte m'è gradita,  
Hor che son privo di spene,  
Deh, toglietemi la vita,  
Ve ne prego, aspre mie pene.  
Ma ben m'accorgo che per tormentarmi  
Maggiormente la sorte  
Mi niega anco la morte.  
Se dunque è vero, o Dio,  
Che sol del pianto mio  
Il rio destino ha sete,  
Lagrime mie, à che vi trattenete?

My tears, why hold you back?  
Why do you not vent the fierce pain  
that takes my breath  
and oppresses my heart?  
Lidia, whom I so much adore,  
For one pitying glance,  
ah, she gave me,  
By her harsh father was imprisoned.  
Between two walls enclosed  
Is the beautiful innocent,  
Where to reach the sun's rays cannot.  
And that which grieves me most and  
Adds to my suffering torment and pain,  
Is that on my account  
Does my love suffer.  
And you, grieving eyes, weep not?  
My tears, why hold you back?  
Lidia, alas; I miss her  
The idol whom I so much adore;  
Enclosed in hard marble,  
She for whom I sigh and yet do not die.  
If death is welcome to me,  
Now that I'm deprived of hope,  
Ah, take away my life,  
I pray you, my bitter pain.  
But I well know that to torment me  
All the more, fate  
Denies me even death.  
If it's then true, oh God,  
That only for my tears  
Does cruel fate thirst,  
Tears, why do you hold back?

**Barbara Strozzi: *Il Lamento: Sul Rodano***  
*Severo*

Sul Rodano severo  
giace tronco infelice  
di Francia il gran scudiero,  
e s'al corpo non lice  
tornar di ossequio pieno  
all'amato Parigi,  
con la fredd'ombra almeno  
il dolente garzon segue Luigi.

Enrico il bei, quasi annebbiato sole,  
delle guance vezzose  
cangiò le rose in pallide viole  
e di funeste brine  
macchiò l'oro del crine.  
Lividi gl'occhi son, la tocca langue,  
e sul latte del sen diluvia il sangue.

“Oh Dio, per qual cagione”  
par che l'ombra gli dica  
“sei frettoloso andato  
a dichiarar un perfido, un fellone,  
quel servo a te sì grato,  
mentre, francese Augusto,  
di meritar procuri il titolo di giusto?  
Tu, se 'l mio fallo di gastigo è degno,  
ohimè, ch'insieme insieme  
dell' invidia che freme  
vittima mi sacrifichi allo sdegno.

By the pitiless Rhone  
lies the unhappy body  
of France's noble squire,  
and though the body has been denied  
to return with full respect  
to his beloved Paris,  
with his cold shade, at least,  
the sad youth attends Louis.

Henry the fair; like a clouded sun,  
are his pretty cheeks  
changed from rose to pallid violet,  
and with baleful frost  
are stained his golden locks.  
Livid are his eyes, the mouth slacks,  
and on his milk white breast flows blood.

“Oh God, why”  
- seems the ghost to say -  
“were you so quick  
to declare a traitor, a felon,  
that servant whom pleased you so,  
while yet, Emperor of France,  
to merit you seek the title of Just?  
You - even if my failing of punishment is  
worthy - alas, together  
with quivering envy  
as a victim sacrificed me to your anger.

Non mi chiamo innocente:  
purtroppo errai, purtroppo  
ho me stesso tradito  
a creder all'invito  
di fortuna ridente.

Non mi chiamo innocente:  
grand'aura di favori  
rea la memoria fece  
di così stolti errori,  
un nembo dell'oblio  
fu la cagion del precipizio mio.

Ma che dic'io?  
Tu, Sire - ah, chi nol vede?  
tu sol, credendo troppo alla mia fede,  
m'hai fatto in regia corte  
bersaglio dell'invidia e reo di morte.

Mentre al devoto collo  
tu mi stendevi quel cortese braccio,  
allor mi davi il crollo,  
allor tu m'apprestavi il ferro e 'l laccio.

Quando meco godevi  
di trastullarti in solazzevol gioco,  
allor l'esca accendevi  
di mine cortigiane al chiuso foco.

Quella palla volante  
che percoteva il tuo col braccio mio  
dovea pur dirmi, oh Dio,  
mia fortuna incostante.

Quando meco gioivi  
di seguir cervo fuggitivo, allora  
l'animal innocente  
dai cani lacerato  
figurava il mio stato,  
esposto ai morsi di accanita gente.  
Non condanno il mio re, no, d'altro errore  
che di soverchio amore.

I claim no innocence:  
alas, I erred, alas  
I have betrayed myself,  
in trusting to the enticement  
of smiling fortune.

I claim no innocence:  
A great aura of favour is  
guilty by the memory made  
of such foolish errors.  
A fog of obviousness  
was the cause of my downfall.

But what do I say?  
You, Sire - ah, who sees it not?  
You alone, believing too much in my loyalty,  
made me in your royal court  
a mark for envy, and deserving of death.

While about my devoted neck  
you extended your gracious arm,  
so too you contrived my fall,  
you consigned me to the blade and snare.

When with me you joyed,  
in amusements and pleasant games,  
you then lit the tinder  
of the courtiers' mines.

That flying ball,  
that was hit by your arm and mine,  
might well have told me, oh God,  
of my inconstant fortune.

When with you delighted  
in hunting the fleeing deer, so did  
the innocent creature,  
torn by the dogs,  
prefigure my state,  
exposed to the bites of the Hounds.  
I condemn not my king, no, of other fault  
than that of excessive Love.

Di cinque macche illustri  
notato era il mio nome,  
ma degli emoli miei l'insidie industri  
hanno di traditrice alla mia testa  
data la marca sesta.  
Ha l'invidia voluto  
che, se colpevol sono,  
escluso dal perdono  
estinto ancora immantimente io cada;  
col mio sangue ha saputo  
de' suoi trionfi imporpar la strada.

Nella grazia del mio re  
mentre in su troppo men vo,  
di venir dietro al mio pie'  
la fortuna si stancò,  
Onde ho provato, ah! lasso,  
come dal tutto al niente è un breve passo.”

Luigi, a queste note  
di voce che perdon supplice chiede,  
timoroso si scuote  
e del morto garzon la faccia vede.  
Mentre il re col suo pianto  
delle sue frette il pentimento accenna  
tremò Parigi e torbidossi Senna.

Francesco Cavalli: D'amor non si quereli

*Un talamo, ed un letto  
Ne sarà pur comune.  
Amoroso diletto  
I residui del duolo  
Scaccia da' nostri cori, e regna solo.*

*D'Amor non si quereli  
Quel cor, che vive in pene,  
Egli usa a' suoi fedeli  
Arrecar pria tormenti  
Per rendere più dolci i lor contenti.*

With five worthy honours;  
was my name distinguished  
but to my titles the works of the insidious  
bestowed upon my head a sixth:  
that of traitor.  
Envy wished  
that, if I were found guilty,  
excluded from pardon  
I would die instantly.  
With my blood, envy knew how  
to redden the streets with her triumphs.

By the grace of my King  
I ventured too high,  
While of following in my footsteps  
fortune tired.  
Thus I have proved, alas,  
how from all to none is but a small step.”

Louis, at these notes  
of a voice that for pardon pleas,  
trembles with fear  
and gazes on the face of the dead youth.  
While the King, with his tears,  
shows remorse for his haste,  
Paris trembles and the Seine swirls.

One chamber, and one bed  
Will be their share.  
Amorous delight  
The residue of sorrow  
Cast from our hearts, and reign alone.

By Love be not affronted  
That heart, that lives in pain;  
It is his wont, with his faithful,  
To bring first torment  
And so render sweeter their content.

# FUTURE CONCERTS

## AMOR VINCE OGNI COSA

SATURDAY 29 OCTOBER, 7:30pm | Holy Trinity Rotherhithe

Musica Antica Rotherhithe present a tribute to the French Baroque comes in the form of excerpts from Jean-Baptiste Lully's *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, choice arias from the operas of Jean-Phillipe Rameau, and Charpentier's rarely-heard cantata *Amor Vince Ogni Cosa: Love Conquers All*. Imitating the style of his teacher Giacomo Carissimi, it concludes with one of his finest choruses, a saccharine answer to the plangent beauty of

*Plorate Filii Israel.*

## ITALIAN FIRE

SATURDAY 20 JANUARY, 7:30pm | Holy Trinity Rotherhithe

Mezzo Camilla Seale and countertenor Tristram Cooke perform some of the most awe-inspiring work of Italian composers - and their imitators - of the late-seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, including Antonio Vivaldi, Antonio Caldara, Francesco Cavalli and George Frideric Handel. Staying true to our aim to celebrate the rarely heard, this programme will juxtapose well-known arias with excerpts from operas rarely staged in the UK.

We will announce our 2024 season early in the new year, and look forward to more opportunities to bring our programmes out from our London base. For more information, please sign up to our mailing list via [musicaantica.org.uk](https://musicaantica.org.uk) or by speak to Oliver after the concert.