



THE KEBLE EARLY MUSIC FESTIVAL

I Love and I Must

*Sometimes the heart wants
what the heart wants...*

Helen Charlston *mezzo soprano*

Julian Perkins *harpsichord*

Jonathan Manson *bass viol*

Sergio Bucheli *theorbo*

Friday 28 February 2025 at 7.30pm

With thanks to the Warden and Fellows of Keble College

**THE KEBLE
EARLY MUSIC
FESTIVAL**

FESTIVAL DIRECTOR Christian Wilson

FESTIVAL ADMINISTRATOR Pippa Thynne

FESTIVAL ASSISTANT Madeleine Morris

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KEBLE EARLY MUSIC FESTIVAL scan this QR code
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I LOVE AND I MUST

Purcell *Music for a While* (Z.583)

Purcell *The Cares of Lovers* (Z.632)

Monteverdi *Si dolce è'l tormento* (SV 332)

Purcell *I love and I must* (Z.382)

Eccles *Restless in thought*

Strozzi *L'eraclito Amoroso* (Op.2 no.14)

Simpson *Divisions in D major*

Purcell *What a sad fate is mine* (Z.428)

Strozzi *Il Romeo* (Op.2 no.3)

Strozzi *L'amante segreto* (Op.2 no.16)

INTERVAL (15 mins)

Interval drinks on sale in the basement of the Arco Building

D'ambruys *Le doux silence de nos bois*

Charpentier *Tristes déserts* (H.469)

Charpentier *Sans frayeur dans ce bois* (H.467)

Purcell *Blessed Virgin's Expostulation* (Z.196)

Purcell *O Solitude* (Z.406)

Blow *Morlake Ground*

Charpentier *Laissez-moi revez* (H.441)

Charpentier *Celle qui fait tout mon tourment* (H.450)

Purcell *If music be the food of love* (Z.379c)

Purcell *An Evening Hymn* (Z.193)

We begin this evening with two moments from incidental music to plays by Henry Purcell (1659-1695). *Music for a While* proclaims of the healing power of music amidst the confusions of life and love. Then a 90 second argument from Cupid to persuade us of Love's importance over the fickle nature of wine or anything else that might divert us in life. Brimming with sighs, tears, charms, sweet torment and pleasing pain love wins the day in *The Cares of Lovers*.

The obsession of infatuation in *I love and I must* is characterised by a repeating idea first heard in the continuo and exactly repeated in the voice. Again and again, we hear this motif as a fight plays out between the heart and the head: "how should loving be so easy to them, yet so hard to me?"

John Eccles (1668-1735) also spent a lot of time in the theatre writing incidental music for plays. *Restless in Thought, disturb'd in mind* was written to appear in *She Ventures, She Wins*, a comedy published by a young woman under the pseudonym of 'Ariadne' that tells the story of two young women who have had enough with the trials and tribulations of love. Intent on marrying someone who loves them for their minds not their money, they plot to test their suitors in a confusion of disguises and mistaken identities.

Confusion reigns in *L'eraclito Amoroso*. The pain of loss brings joy; every silence and lament delights; and Heraclitus is sustained and revitalised by any pleasing pain. Written in five sections that oscillate between the heightened speech-like recitative, and a slow melodic ground: this is the first example tonight of Strozzi's distinctive cantata style.

The ground bass (a short, repeated harmonically driven phrase) is something of an obsession in this programme, and *What a sad fate is mine* is a prime example of the creative possibility of the form. Here Purcell's ground is very short – just 9 notes (3 bars) long, repeating 31 times; yet his treatment of this simple idea opens an extraordinary and heightened world of emotion.

Just like her predecessor Claudio Monteverdi (1576-1643) in *Si dolce è'l tormento*, Barbara Strozzi (1619-1677) often presented suffering and loss as something to be enjoyed or even savoured. *Il Romeo* is a simple strophic song with two verses that follows a wandering heart as it is ignored without mercy. Both bass line and vocal line chase each other 'through the dominion of love' with ebbing and flowing scalar patterns that interrupt and run away, but never quite manage to meet.

The collision of joy and pain continues to haunt us in *L'amante segreto* as the disarming ground, built on just 4 notes of a descending major scale, calls out with such sincerity and sweetness that we could be forgiven for mistaking it for a call of true love. Nonetheless the refrain that circles is quite the opposite, reminding us of the perils of the pursuit of love: "I would rather die, than have my woes known by the world".

To begin the second half we take a diversion to France and the 17th century world of airs de cour (courtly song). In a world of the pastoral idyll, *Le doux silence de nos bois* brings us a truly soft-focus, rose-tinted tale of love. Here in paradise, nothing can break the enchantment of the one who fulfils our hearts desire. 'Let us not lose a moment of these beautiful days: a time

for pleasure and for tender love.’ And yet with such inevitability and gravity sadness creeps back into the scene in *Triste deserts*. That same world that brought us joy in the beautiful wood also offers dark corners to hide and lament one’s fate, or call for something new.

Sans frayeur dans ce bois is written on a chaconne, thus giving Marc-Antoine Charpentier’s (1643–1704) take on the ground bass form that has decorated so much of our programme. Without fear, we return to the wood in which we began this second half, full of possibility but no danger of truly falling in love. ‘Ah, I would love to feel, or at least fear to feel...’

The Blessed Virgin’s Expostulation sets words by Nahum Tate (librettist of *Dido and Aeneas*) based story from Luke’s Gospel of a young Jesus disappearing for three days in Jerusalem, from the perspective of an anxious Mary who cannot find her son. Tate portrays Mary caught between faith and doubt, as she tries whole heartedly to live out her trust in God despite the terror she feels.

O Solitude provides another opportunity to marvel at Purcell’s creativity when writing upon a ground. As new ideas overlap with new entries of the bass, the listener (and performers!) get lost within the structure and Solitude’s hypnotic inevitability takes over, mirroring Antoine Girard de Saint-Amant’s focus on the transformative power of retreating from the noise of everyday life. The phrase ‘O solitude’ is repeated eight times as an interrupting refrain, always falling, often at very chromatic intervals to perfectly encapsulate the pull between the rewards and disappointments of this adored solitude. It is both pursued and hated.

Solitude provides respite from pain in *Ah! Laissez-moi rêver*, but also the space to dream of what was once a beautiful tale of fidelity and love. But there is no chance of breaking free from pain in *Celle qui fait tout mon tourment* as even memories have now been tainted with the darkness of infidelity and loss. Charpentier marks the madness that comes with heart break with great immediacy here, as the singer gets stuck time and time again on the same refrain, looking for new answers but only ever finding a love story that has already fallen to pieces.

As we reach the end of our journey, Music returns as the ultimate language of the heart. With words by Henry Heveningham building on the first line of that famous passage from Shakespeare’s *Twelfth Night*, *If music be the food of love* exists in three settings by Henry Purcell. The first and second are closely linked – both setting the words in a strophic form (the same music for each verse) – but the third version, heard today, is more mellifluous and improvisatory. Music itself slowly comes to life, from an exploring tumble of semiquavers to a dance like refrain as it proudly declaims “that you are music everywhere”.

There could be no more fitting end than one more ‘song upon a ground’. ‘Now that the sun hath veiled its light’, or *An Evening Hymn*, reminds us of Purcell’s extraordinary ability with the form: hiding the return of the ground with endless variation in phrase length from the vocal fantasy on top. Here the extasy of life and love is gentle and warm, summed up in a final, content ‘Hallelujah!’

Helen Charlston

MUSIC FOR A WHILE

Music for a while
Shall all your cares beguile.
Wond'ring how your pains were eas'd
And disdaining to be pleas'd
Till Alecto free the dead
From their eternal bands,
Till the snakes drop from her head,
And the whip from out her hands.
Music for a while
Shall all your cares beguile.

THE CARES OF LOVERS

The cares of lovers, their alarms,
Their sighs, their tears, have pow'rful charms:
And if so sweet their torment is,
Ye gods! how ravishing the bliss!
So soft, so gentle is their pain,
Tis ev'n a pleasure to complain.

SI DOLCE È' L TORMENTO

Si dolce è' l tormento
Ch'in seno mi sta,
Ch'io vivo contento
Per cruda beltà.
Nel ciel di bellezza
S'accreschi fierezza
Et manchi pietà:
Che sempre qual scoglio
All'onda d'orgoglio
Mia fede sarà.

La speme fallace
Rivolgam' il piè,
Diletto ne pace
Non scendano a me,
E l'empia ch'adoro
Mi nieghi ristoro
Di buona mercè:
Tra doglia infinita,
Tra speme tradita
Vivrà la mia fè.

Per foco e per gelo
riposo non ho
nel porto del Cielo
riposo haverò...
se colpo mortale

*So sweet is the torment
That lies in my heart,
That I can live content
With unfeeling, infatuating beauty.
In this earthly paradise
Vanity grows
And piety fades:
Yet like a rock
Against the wave of pride
My faith will always hold fast.*

*False hope
Turns away from me,
Neither pleasure nor peace
Descend upon me,
And the unholy woman I adore
Does not grant me the relief
Of her favour:
Amidst infinite pain
Amidst forlorn hope
My faith will live on.*

*From fire and ice
I have no respite
but at heaven's gates
I will find peace...
if the fatal blow*

con rigido strale
il cor m'impiegò
cangiando mia sorte
col dardo di morte
il cor sanerò...

*of an unwavering arrow
pierced my heart,
overturning my fate
brought by death's dart
I will heal my heart...*

Se fiamma d'amore
Già mai non sentì
Quel rigido core
Ch'il cor mi rapì,
Se nega pietate
La cruda beltate
Che l'alma invaghì:
Ben fia che dolente,
Pentita e languente
Sospirimi un dì.

*If the flame of love
Has never yet been felt
By the hard heart
That has stolen my own,
If I am shown no pity
By the cruel siren
That has enchanted my soul:
Then let it be that one day,
Languishing in pain and repentance,
She will sigh for me.*

I LOVE AND I MUST

I love and I must, and yet I would fain
With a large dose of reason cure my pain
But I am past hope, and yet it seems
strange
A thing that's called man not subject to
change

Had I power to scorn as she to despise
I might at once be inconstant and wise
Then tell me, oh! tell me, how it should be
So easy to men, yet so hard to me

RESTLESS IN THOUGHT

Restless in thought, disturbed in mind,
Short sleeps, deep sighs, ah! much I fear
The inevitable time assigned by fate
To love's approaching near.

When the dear object present is,
My fluttering soul is all on fire,
His sight's a heaven of happiness
And, if he stays, no, no, I can't retire.

Tell me, someone in love well read,
If these be symptoms of that pain;
Alas, I fear my heart is fled,
Enslaved to love, and love in vain.

L'ERACLITO AMOROSO

Udite amanti la cagione, oh Dio!
Ch'a lagrimar mi porta:
Nell'adorato e bello idolo mio,
Che si fido credei, la fede è morta.

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.

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 affligami
Che m'uccida e sotterrimi.

*Listen you lovers, to the cause, oh God,
of my weeping:
in my handsome and adored idol,
whom I believed to be faithful, faith is dead.*

*I have pleasure only in weeping,
I nourish myself only with tears.
Grief is my delight
and moans are my joys.*

*Every anguish gives me pleasure,
every pain delights me,
sobs heal me,
sighs console me.*

*But if that inconstant traitor
denies me constancy,
at least let my devotion serve me
until death, o tears.*

*Every sadness soothes me,
every sorrow sustains itself,
every ill afflicts me so much
that it slays and buries me.*

WHAT A SAD FATE IS MINE

What a sad fate is mine,
My love is my crime;
Or why should she be,
More easy and free
To all than to me?

But if by disdain
She can lessen my pain,
'Tis all I implore,
To make me love less,
Of herself to love more.

IL ROMEO

Vagò mendico il core
tutto il regno d'amore,
dimandando pietà, chiedendo aita
nell'infelice sua povera vita.
Ne per ben salda fede
poté trovar mercede,
ché di quante egli amò crudeli a torto
ch'il fuggì, ch'il tradì, ch'il volle morto.
Tornò dal suo cammino
il mio cor pellegrino,
ne pietoso favor ha mai trovato
per il mendico suo misero stato.
Femminil cortesia
forz'è che spenta sia,
ch'ogni ricca beltà resa tenace
non l'udì, nol mirò, lo mandò in pace.

*My heart wanders begging
through the dominions of love,
seeking kindness, asking for help
for its wretched unhappy life.
Not even for steadfast faithfulness
could it find mercy,
for the more it loves wrongfully cruel women,
the more they flee, betray, wish it dead.
My wandering heart returned
from its ramble,
not having found the least compassion
for its miserable deprived condition.
The affection of women
is perhaps so wearied
that all who are rich in beauty remain unfeeling:
not hearing or seeing, they send my heart away.*

L'AMANTE SEGRETO

Voglio, voglio morire,
piuttosto ch'il mio mal venga a scoprire.
Oh, disgrazia fatale!
Quanto più miran gl'occhi il suo bel volto
più tien la bocca il mio desir sepolto;
chi rimedio non ha taccia il suo male.
Non resti di mirar chi non ha sorte,
né può da sì bel ciel venir la morte.
La bella donna mia sovente miro
ed ella a me volge pietoso il guardo,
quasi che voglia dire:
"Palesa il tuo martire"
ché ben s'accorge che mi strugge e ardo.
Ma io voglio morire
piuttosto ch'il mio mal venga a scoprire.
L'erbetta, ch'al cader di fredda brina
languida il capo inchina,
all'apparir del sole
lieta verdeggia più di quel che suole:
tal io, s'alcun timor mi gela il core,
all'apparir di lei prendo vigore.
Ma io voglio morire
piuttosto ch'il mio mal venga a scoprire.
Deh, getta l'arco poderoso e l'armi,
Amor, e lascia omai di saettarmi!
Se non per amor mio
fallo per onor tuo, superbo dio,
perché gloria non è d'un guerrier forte
uccider un che sta vicino a morte.

*I'd rather die
than have my woes revealed.
Oh, the deadly disgrace!
The more my eyes admire her beautiful face
the more I shut my mouth and hide my desire;
an illness is hushed up if there's no cure.
All that can be seen is a hapless man
and death coming from so beautiful a sky.
Often I gaze on my beautiful woman
and she gives me a pitying look,
almost as if to say:
"Reveal yourself, you martyr",
she knows how I suffer and burn with love.
But I'd rather die
than have my woes revealed.
When a cold frost comes
the grass bows down its languid head,
but when the sun appears
it grows lush and verdant over the ground:
so I, if fear freezes my heart,
gain strength when she appears.
But I'd rather die
than have my woes revealed.
Ah, throw down your mighty bow and arrows,
Cupid, and stop shooting me!
If not for my sake
do it for your own honour, proud god,
because there's no glory for a valiant warrior
in killing one who is already close to death.*

LE DOUX SILENCE DE NOS BOIS

Le doux silence de nos bois
N'est plus troublé que de la voix
Des oiseaux que l'amour assemble.
Le doux silence de nos bois
N'est plus troublé que de la voix
Des oiseaux que l'amour assemble.
Bergère, qui fais mes désirs
Voici le mois charmant des fleurs et des zéphyr
Et la saison qui te ressemble.
Ne perdons pas un moment des beaux jours
C'est le temps des plaisirs et des tendres amours
Ne perdons pas un moment des beaux jours
C'est le temps des plaisirs et des tendres amours
Ne perdons pas un moment des beaux jours
C'est le temps des plaisirs et des tendres amours ;

Songeons en voyant le printemps
Qu'il en est un dans nos beaux ans
Qu'on n'a qu'une fois en sa vie
Mais c'est peu que d'y songer,
Il faut, belle Philis, il faut le ménager,
Cette saison nous y convie.
Ne perdons pas un moment des beaux jours
C'est le temps des plaisirs et des tendres amours
Ne perdons pas un moment des beaux jours
C'est le temps des plaisirs et des tendres amours
Ne perdons pas un moment des beaux jours
C'est le temps des plaisirs et des tendres amours.

TRISTES DÉSERTS

Tristes deserts, sombre retraite,
Rochers, à qui toujours, j'ai confié mon sort;
Ecoutez le récit de la douleur secrète,
Qui me fait courir à la mort.

J'aimais, j'étais aimé;
Du bonheur de ma vie,
Les dieux étaient jaloux.
Hélas! Ce temps n'est plus,
L'infidèle Sylvie,
De mon rival fait son époux.

Tristes deserts, sombres retraites,
Rochers, à qui, toujours, j'ai confié mon sort.
Je vous ai dit l'excès de ma douleur secrète,
Vous serez témoins de ma mort.

*The gentle silence of our woods
Is no longer disturbed except by the voice
Of the birds that love gathers.
The gentle silence of our woods
Is no longer disturbed except by the voice
Of the birds that love gathers.
Shepherdess who fulfils my desires,
Here is the charming month of flowers and
zephyrs
And the season that is like you.
Let us not lose a moment of the beautiful days
It is the time of pleasures and of tender loves
Let us dream, while we look at the spring,
That there is one in in our beautiful years
That we have only once in our lives.*

*Let us dream, while we look at the spring,
That there is one in in our beautiful years
That we have only once in our lives.
But it is too little to dream of it,
We must, lovely Phillis, we must tend to it,
This season invites us to do so.
Let us not lose a moment of the beautiful days
It is the time of pleasures and of tender loves
Let us not lose a moment of the beautiful days
It is the time of pleasures and of tender loves.*

*Mournful deserts, sombre solitude,
rocks to whom I have always confided
my fate;
listen to the story of my secret pain
which causes me to hasten to my death:
I loved, I was loved;
kings and gods were jealous of the
happiness of my life.
Alas! That time is no more,
faithless Sylvia
took my rival as her husband.
Mournful deserts, sombre solitude,
rocks to whom I have always confided
my fate;
I have told you of the excess of my
secret sorrow,
you will be witnesses to my death.*

SANS FRAYEUR DANS CE BOIS

Sans frayeur dans ce bois, seule je suis venue.
J'y vois Tircis sans être émue.
Ah! N'ai-je rien à ménager?

Qu'un jeune coeur insensible est à plaindre!
Je ne cherche point le danger,
mais du moins, je voudrais le craindre

*Without fear into these woods alone I came,
there I see Thyrsis, and was not stirred.
Ah, can I bring nothing to bear?*

*For a young heart without feeling is to be
lamented.
While I do not seek danger in the least,
I would at least like to fear it.*

THE BLESSED VIRGIN'S EXPOSTULATION

Tell me, some pitying angel, quickly say,
Where does my soul's sweet darling stray,
In tiger's, or more cruel Herod's way?
Ah! rather let his little footsteps press
Unregarded through the wilderness,
Where milder savages resort:
The desert's safer than a tyrant's court.
Why, fairest object of my love,
Why dost thou from my longing eyes remove?
Was it a waking dream that did foretell
Thy wondrous birth? no vision from above?
Where's Gabriel now that visited my cell?
I call; he comes not; flatt'ring hopes, farewell.

Me Judah's daughters once caress'd,
Call'd me of mothers the most bless'd.

Now (fatal change!) of mothers most distress'd.

How shall my soul its motions guide?
How shall I stem the various tide,
Whilst faith and doubt my lab'ring soul divide?

For whilst of thy dear sight beguil'd,
I trust the God, but oh! I fear the child.

O SOLITUDE

O solitude, my sweetest choice,
Places devoted to the night,
Remote from tumult and from noise,
How ye my restless thoughts delight!

O heav'ns! what content is mine
To see those trees, which have appear'd
From the nativity of time,
And which all ages have rever'd,
To look today as fresh and green
As when their beauties first were seen.

Oh, how agreeable a sight
These hanging mountains do appear,
Which th' unhappy would invite
To finish all their sorrows here,
When their hard fate makes them endure
Such woes as only death can cure.

Oh, how I solitude adore!
That element of noblest wit,
Where I have learned Apollo's lore,
Without the pains to study it.

For thy sake I in love am grown
With what thy fancy does pursue;
But when I think upon my own,
I hate it for that reason too,
Because it needs must hinder me
From seeing and from serving thee.

O solitude, oh, how I solitude adore!

AH! LAISSEZ-MOI REVEZ

Ah! Laissez-moi rêver dans cette solitude,
Laissez calmer l'excès de mon inquiétude
Par le cher souvenir de mon fidèle amant.

Hélas! Hélas!
Je ne vois plus ce berger si charmant,
Du moins pour soulager une peine si rude.
Ah! Laissez-moi rêver dans cette solitude...

*Ah! Let me dream in this solitude,
May the excess of my sorrow be calmed
By the clear memories of my faithful lover.*

*Alas! Alas!
I no longer see that shepherd so charming,
For a moment to relieve a sorrow so sore.
Ah! Let me dream in this solitude.*

CELLE QUI FAIT TOUT MON TOURMENT

Celle qui fait tout mon tourment,
Je l'aime à la folie;
Depuis longtemps je suis amant
De l'aimable Sylvie,
La voir et l'aimer seulement,
C'est toute mon envie.
Celle qui fait...
La voir et l'aimer seulement
C'est toute mon envie;
Je n'ai point passé de moment
Sans l'avoir bien servie:
Celle qui fait...
Je n'ai point passé de moment
Sans l'avoir bien servie;
Les maux que je souffre en l'aimant
Me coûteront la vie:
Celle qui fait...
Les maux que je souffre en l'aimant
Me coûteront la vie;
Dès que je la vois, cependant
Mon âme en est ravie:
Celle qui fait...

*She, who is responsible for all of my suffering
I love to the point of madness;
For a long time I have been the lover
Of charming Sylvie
To see her and love her only
Is all my desire.
She, who is responsible... etc.
To see her and love her only
Is all my desire.
I have not spent a moment
Without serving her faithfully:
She, who is responsible... etc.
I have not spent a moment
Without serving her faithfully:
The pains I suffer in loving her
Will cost me my life:
She, who is responsible... etc.
The pains I suffer in loving her
Will cost me my life:
And meanwhile, every time
I see her It ravishes my soul:
She, who is responsible... etc.*

IF MUSIC BE THE FOOD OF LOVE

If music be the food of love,
Sing on till I am fill'd with joy;
For then my list'ning soul you move
To pleasures that can never cloy.
Your eyes, your mien, your tongue declare
That you are music ev'rywhere.

Pleasures invade both eye and ear,
So fierce the transports are, they wound,
And all my senses feasted are,
Tho' yet the treat is only sound,
Sure I must perish by your charms,
Unless you save me in your arms.

AN EVENING HYMN

Now that the sun hath veil'd his light,
And bid the world goodnight;
To the soft bed my body I dispose,
But where shall my soul repose?
Dear God, even in thy arms,
And can there be any so sweet security!
Then to thy rest, O my soul!
And singing, praise the mercy
That prolongs thy days.
Hallelujah!

HELEN CHARLSTON Mezzo-soprano

Helen Charlston was recently a BBC Radio 3 New Generation Artist (2021–23). In 2023 she won a Gramophone Award for Best Concept Album, and collected the Vocal award at the BBC Music Magazine Awards, both for her second Delphian album: *Battle Cry*.

This season, Helen makes her debut at the Gran Teatre del Liceu as Sesto in Calixto Bieito's production of *Giulio Cesare* conducted by William Christie, and sings Handel's Messiah at BBC Proms with The Academy of St Martin in the Fields, Bach's St John Passion with the Academy of Ancient Music, Bach's Christmas Oratorio with WDR Köln under Simon Halsey, and also with the Scottish Chamber Orchestra under Václav Luks, and Bach's Magnificat with RIAS Kammerchor under Justin Doyle in South Korea. In recital she performs *Battle Cry* with Toby Carr at Brucknerhaus Linz, with Sholto Kynoch at the Oxford International Song Festival, a programme of Handel with the Prague Philharmonia at Lobkowitz Palace, and she returns to Wigmore Hall.

Helen has worked across the globe with the Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra (San Francisco), Akademie für Alte Musik Berlin, Warsaw Philharmonic, Czech Philharmonic, Seattle Symphony, London Philharmonic Orchestra, BBC Symphony Orchestra, and Royal Northern Sinfonia. She has sung roles at Versailles Royal Opera, The Grange Festival, and covered a title role at Opéra national de Paris.

An advocate for new music, she has commissioned works from Owain Park, Heloise Werner, Ben Rowarth & Anna Semple, and creates the role of Marianne in Michel van der Aa Theory of Flames (Dutch National Opera).

JULIAN PERKINS Harpsichord

Julian Perkins is the Artistic Director of Portland Baroque Orchestra in Oregon, USA. Based in the UK, he is also Artistic Director of Cambridge Handel Opera and Sounds Baroque.

He was shortlisted for the 2021 Gramophone Award for his recording of Eccles's *Semele* with the Academy of Ancient Music, and in August 2023 his latest clavichord disc, *Handel's Attack*, was Instrumental Choice in *BBC Music Magazine*.

With Sounds Baroque, Julian has directed performances with such singers as Dame Emma Kirkby, Helen Charlston, Anna Dennis, James Gilchrist, Mark Padmore and Carolyn Sampson. Elsewhere, he has performed regularly at the Salzburg Festival and directed groups ranging from the Academy of Ancient Music, Croatian Baroque Ensemble and Deutsche Händel-Solisten to the Charlotte Symphony Orchestra, Orchestra of Welsh National Opera and St Paul's Sinfonia. In the earlier part of his career, he benefited from working closely with conductors including Ivor Bolton, Christopher Hogwood, Vladimir Jurowski and Trevor Pinnock. He has led Baroque and Classical projects with Southbank Sinfonia and Oregon Bach Festival, conducted many staged opera productions, and given concerto performances with the Royal Northern Sinfonia, Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment and Florilegium, among others. His wide-ranging discography includes world-première recordings of over thirty works by composers ranging from Daniel Purcell to Héloïse Werner.

JONATHAN MANSON Bass viol

Jonathan Manson enjoys a varied career as a performer on both cello and viola da gamba. He is principal cello of the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment and the Dunedin Consort, and works with many other leading early music groups. He is also a founding member of the viol consort Phantasm and, for ten years, was the cellist of the London Haydn Quartet. A long-standing partnership with the harpsichordist Trevor Pinnock has led to a critically acclaimed recording of the Bach gamba sonatas and tours worldwide with the flautist Emmanuel Pahud. Jonathan teaches baroque cello and viola da gamba at the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal Northern College of Music.

SERGIO BUCHELI Theorbo

Sergio Bucheli moved to the UK from Mexico to study at the Yehudi Menuhin School thanks to a bursary funded by the Rolling Stones. In September 2017, Sergio was awarded the ABRSM scholarship to study at the Royal Academy of Music with Elizabeth Kenny.

A sought after continuo player, Sergio is the principal lutenist of The English Concert. He also plays with Les Arts Florissants, Pygmalion, Arcangelo, Le Poeme Harmonique and The Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment among others. Sergio also works as a guest musician for the Royal Opera House, Opera National de Paris and Opera North.

A keen chamber musician, he often collaborates as a duo with Lawrence Power and various singers including Tim Mead, Mary Bevan, Ruby Hughes and Iestyn Davies.



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