

IN DE SERIES:
OUDE MUZIEK
65 JAAR

ntr: 65
Zaterdag
Matinee
grenzeloos nieuwsgierig



18 OKTOBER 2025 | 14.15-16.20 UUR

Music for Queen Mary

Early Opera Company

Christian Curnyn dirigent

Samuel West spreker

Anna Dennis sopraan

Sofia Kirwan-Baez sopraan

James Hall countertenor

Matthew Long tenor

Nick Pritchard tenor

Michael Mofidian bas-bariton

Nicholas Lanier 1588-1666

No more shall meads (Anna Dennis)

Matthew Locke c1622-1677

instrumentale muziek uit The tempest

(*The First Musick*:) Introduction · Galliard · Second Gavot · (*The Second Musick*:) Curtain tune · Lilk · The Conclusion: A Canon 4 in 2

Constantijn Huygens 1596-1687

De profundis clamavi (Michael Mofidian)

Aubade: Le reveil de Calliste (Anna Dennis)

Serenade: Ne crains point le serein (Nick Pritchard)

Aria: Con la candida man ardita (Matthew Long)

Henry Purcell 1659-1695

Come ye Sons of Art Z.323 (1694)

Symphony (Largo, Allegro, Adagio) · Come ye Sons of Art, Away · Sound the Trumpet · Strike the Viol, Touch the Lute · The Day That Such a Blessing Gave Bid the Virtues, Bid the Graces · These Are the Sacred Charms That Shield · See Nature, Rejoicing, Has Shown Us the Way

pauze



In de Spiegel:

toelichting

Paul Rem

(senior conservator

Paleis Het Loo)

Spiegelzaal

13.40-14.05 u



Music for Queen Mary 2/2

Henry Purcell

Celebrate this festival Z.321 (1693)

Symphony (Overture) · Celebrate This Festival · Britain Now Thy Cares Beguile · 'Tis Sacred, Bid the Trumpet Cease · Let Sullen Discord Smile · Crown the Altar, Deck the Shrine · Expected Spring at Last Is Come · April, Who Till Now Has Mourned · Departing Thus You'll Hear Him Say · While, for a Righteous Cause He Arms · Return, Fond Muse, the Thoughts of War · Kindly Treat Maria's Day

Henry Purcell

Funeral music for Queen Mary Z.860 (1695)

voor koperblazers, slagwerk en koor
March · Man that is born of a woman · Canzona
In the midst of life · Thou knowest, Lord · March

Henry Purcell

Evening Hymn Z.193 (Nick Pritchard)

eerste viool
Catherine Martin
Persephone Gibbs
Iona Davies
Holly Harman
tweede viool
Oliver Webber
Ellen O'Dell
Abel Balazs
altviool
Emilia Benjamin
Joanna Patrick
basviool
Vladimir Waltham
Christopher Suckling
gamba
Reiko Ichise

theorbe
Eligio Quinteiro
hobo/blokfluit
Alexandra Bellamy
Oonagh Lee
fagot
Zoe Shevlin
trompet
Dave Hendry
Robert Vanryne
baroktrombone
Tom Lees
Adrian France
klavecimbel/orgel
Oliver John Ruthven
pauken/slagwerk
Arjan Jongsma

sopraan
Sofia Kirwan-Baez*
Amy Wood
countertenor
James Hall*
hoge tenor
Sebastian MacLaine
tenor
Nicholas Todd
Matthew Long*
Christopher Fitzgerald-
Lombard
bas
John Stainsby
Andrew Tipple
* koorsolisten
general manager
Helen Wills

Muziek voor Queen Mary

Het huwelijk van Mary (1662-1695), de oudste dochter van James, hertog van York (de latere James II) met haar neef, Willem Hendrik van Oranje (1650-1702) in 1677 was zonder twijfel een politiek verstandshuwelijk. Maar het groeide uit tot een vermaard geworden romantische en oprechte relatie – dat blijkt alleen al uit hun brieven: vol liefde, vergeving, intimiteit, eerlijkheid en wederzijdse steun. Toen William en Mary na de zogeheten *Glorious Revolution* in 1689 de Engelse troon bestegen, raakten twee protestantse mogendheden met elkaar verstrengeld. Die vereniging luidde een unieke periode van stabiliteit, zelfs vrede in. Zowel in politiek als in cultureel opzicht raakten Engeland en de Nederlanden nauw en op een gelukkige manier met elkaar verbonden. Beide vorsten hadden oog voor kunst: Willem had een verfijnde smaak op het gebied van schilderkunst, architectuur en de muziek van het Europese vasteland, terwijl Maria kon genieten van muziek maken in huiselijke kring en van geestelijke liederen, wat alom beschouwd werd als een teken van regelmaat en vroomheid, passend bij een koninklijk gezin.

No more shall meads

No more shall meads van de Engelsman – van Franse komaf – Nicholas Lanier (1588-1666) is representatief voor de vroegere Engelse 'ayre'. Hierop volgen instrumentale suites uit theaterwerk van Matthew Locke (c1622-1677). Beide roepen de hoofse wereld van het Engeland van de 'Restoration' op. Elk weerspiegelt op zijn eigen manier de *post-Commonwealth-revival* van het genre, met hun mix van expressieve declamatie en gestileerde dans. Ze vormden ook een referentiepunt voor de meer kosmopolitische stijlen die Mary nog in Den Haag zou tegenkomen.

Constantijn Huygens

Constantijn Huygens (1596-1687) was secretaris van meerdere prinsen van Oranje en correspondeerde direct met Mary. Hij belichaamde het Nederlandse ideaal van de *geleerde liefhebberij* – van de 'ingevoerde amateur'. Zijn vocale werken, in verschillende talen geschreven, vermengen Italiaanse en Franse invloeden met noordelijke contrapuntische helderheid. Zij laten de internationale reik-

wijdte van de zeventiende-eeuwse humanistische cultuur in Nederland zien. Huygens' psalmzettingen en wereldlijke liederen moeten onderdeel geweest zijn van het leven dat Mary leerde kennen in de Nederlanden. *De profundis clamavi* en enkele liederen uit zijn *Pathodia sacra et profana* typeren de combinatie van christelijke zwaarte en lyrische gevoeligheid, zo kenmerkend voor zijn stijl.

Henry Purcell

De carrière van Henry Purcell kwam echt tot bloei onder het bewind van William en Mary. Purcell (1659-1695) leverde muziek voor hof en kerk, waarin hij zijn duidelijk eigen contrapuntische techniek volledig versmelt met de directheid van het theater, waarbij hij altijd rekening hield met de (alsmaar veranderende) heersende religieuze richting. Met zijn Ode voor de verjaardag van Mary (*Come, ye sons of art*, 1694) laat hij zien hoe hij volledig professioneel te werk gaat als hij voor een ceremonie moet schrijven. Een (latere) anekdote vertelt dat Purcell er het populaire deuntje *Cold and raw* in zou hebben verwerkt omdat hij wist hoe dol de koningin erop was. Het laat in elk geval zien hoezeer hij de smaak van Hare Majesteit aanvoelde en respecteerde.

Met de *Funeral music for Queen Mary* sluit dit programma (bijna) af. Purcell componeerde deze muziek nadat zij, slechts 32 jaar oud, begin januari 1695 aan de pokken was overleden. In dit werk laat hij, met het gebruik van plechtig koper en contrapunt in de oude kerktoonsoorten, de oudere traditie van de Engelse anthem doorklinken. En toch loopt hij toch ook vooruitop de gecontroleerde expressiviteit van de klagzang uit de latere barok.

Het was een voorrecht een verhaal te schrijven dat, zo hoop ik tenminste, zowel op historisch als op persoonlijk, biografisch vlak een zekere logica heeft. Met verhaal en muziek kunnen we de draden van artistieke en politieke verbondenheid volgen, en natuurlijk de persoonlijke verbintenis navoelen die Engeland en Nederland in geloof, koningschap en culturele identiteit aan het einde van de zeventiende eeuw samenbracht.

Thomas Guthrie - vertaling uit het Engels os

Henry Purcell

Come, ye Sons of Art:

catalogustekst en aantekeingen in *Purcell Society Edition*, vol. 21 (1963);

Grove Music Online: 'Purcell, Henry' (Robert King, rev. Bruce Wood)

Music for the funeral of Queen Mary (Z. 860–862):

Peter Holman, *Henry Purcell* (Oxford University Press, 1994), p. 197–200

anekdote over *Cold and Raw* en Queen Mary:

in John Hawkins, *A General History of the Science and Practice of Music* (1776), vol. 5,

p. 69; geciteerd in Curtis Price, 'Purcell's Odes and Welcome Songs', *Early Music* 11/3

(1983), p. 325–340

Queen Mary II en William III

biografische en culterele context:

Clare Jackson, *William III and the Making of a Stadholder-King* (Cambridge UP, 2016);

Tim Harris, *Revolution: The Great Crisis of the British Monarchy, 1685–1720* (Allen

Lane, 2006)

Mary's muzikale voorkeuren:

Roger North, *Memoirs of Music* (c. 1728, ed. John Wilson, 1959), pp. 69–70

Constantijn Huygens

biografische schets en catalogus:

Rudolf A. Rasch, 'Huygens, Constantijn', *Grove Music Online* (2001 rev. 2011)

bespreking *Pathodia sacra et profana* (1647):

Jetze Touber, *Dutch Humanism and the Puritan Reformation* (Brill, 2014), pp. 273–281

De profundis clamavi, zoals vermeld in de bewaardgebleven manuscripten, Koninklijke Bibliotheek, Den Haag, MS 74 F 8

Matthew Locke en Nicholas Lanier

als vertegenwoordigers van de stijl van de English Restoration:

Locke's *Music for The Tempest* (en de suites) besproken in Michael Tilmouth, 'Locke, Matthew', *Grove Music Online*

Laniers *Airs* besproken in Peter Holman, *Four and Twenty Fiddlers: The Violin at the English Court, 1540–1690* (OUP, 1993), ch. 7

algemene context

Bruce Wood & Andrew Pinnock, 'Music and the Court of Charles II', *Companion to Baroque Music* (Routledge, 1990);

M.A. Katritzky, *Theatre of Love: Court Performances in the Restoration Period* (Brepols, 2002)

Teksten

gesproken tekst voor Samuel West: Thomas Guthrie

*Ladies and Gentleman, a welcome to all.
We have for your pleasure (too long deferred)
A story of power, of royalty, love,
And music as great as any yet heard.*

*Mr Purcell is here, and Lanier, Locke,
Huygens too, of Dutch descent:
For the royals we speak of sailed in from Holland,
In a Glorious Revolution of Protestant bent.*

*William of Orange, remember the name,
Born to fight the French.
As unlikely a King as every there was:
Stooping, small, of ambition unquenched,*

*He was physically weak, asthmatic, pallid,
Hunched of back but a lover of art,
A linguist, bookish, an avid huntsman:
Above all private, protestant, and smart.*

*The Catholics were unpopular, King James the worst,
His daughter Mary a puritan solution:
If she married William, a route to the throne.
And then 'Down with the French': an Anglican retribution.*

*The wedding was farce: Mary in tears,
Fifteen years old, sentimental of heart,
William glum, nose curved as his spine,
None could have known that this was the start*

*Of a partnership monarchy, a one of a kind
And a marriage played out on the national stages.
Mary, pretty, and William, stern:
An unlikely pair - but a love for the ages.*

Lanier: No more shall meads

*No more shall meads be deck'd with
flowers,
Nor sweetness dwell in rosy bowers,
Nor greenest buds on branches spring,*

*Nor warbling birds delight to sing,
Nor April violets paint the grove,
When once I leave my Celia's love.*

*The fish shall in the ocean burn,
And fountains sweet shall bitter turn;
The humble vale no flood shall know,
When floods shall highest hills o'er-flow;
Blacke Lethe shall oblivion leave,
Before my Celia I deceive.*

*The wedding over, Will took his young bride
Across the sea and back home to the Dutch,
And there to everyone's pleasant surprise,
The people liked Mary, in fact very much.*

*The feeling was mutual. She felt at home,
Indulged all her passions, for reading and music,
For cards, and dancing, and friendship, and laughing
She loved all the stories, romantic ones most –*

And in William her heart found a husband and host.

Locke: First musick (instrumentaal)

*The marriage was genuine, there was intimacy, trust,
But the blessings of childbirth, though often discussed
And tried for, no doubt, just were not to be.
Miscarriages many, no daughter, no son,
And at the end of the suffering,
Of heirs there were none.*

*Love shall his bow and shafts lay by,
And Venus' doves want wings to fly;
The sun refuse to show his light,
And day shall then be turn'd to night ;
And in that night no star appear,
When e'er I leave my Celia dear.*

*Love shall no more inhabit earth,
Nor lovers more shall love for worth,
Nor joy above in heaven dwell,
Nor pain torment poor souls in hell;
Grim death no more shall horrid prove,
When e'er I leave bright Celia's love.*

Mary, like William, like most people then,
Fought hard against illness, disease, depression,
Smallpox was rife, it killed most who got it,
And given her struggles, and suspect succession

The Black Dog prowled often along palace corridors.
They may have been spoilt, but royalty weighed
Heavy, and no one around could be trusted:
Mary learned to fight, and prayed.

Locke: Curtain Tune (instrumentaal)

And then there came wars, affairs, separation.
Bent William was small, but brave above all.
He sprang to life when leading in battle,
The Boyne, Aughrim, Londonderry, Enniskillen
And not just in Ireland, in Europe too.
But every time he went away
His brave consort Mary - she had to stay,
Hold the fort, manage, govern.
Would he return?
His health hold out?
Shipwrecked, shot, the target of plots?
Mary was herself besieged, Jacobite subterfuge, patronising councillors,
A jealous grasping sister, Anne,
Overwhelming her with drama, demands,
Decisions to be made... a very different dance.

Locke: Lilk, Conclusion (instrumentaal)

Both had been happiest in Holland, they said.
The pace of life calmer, the air fresher, cleaner,
A way of being that seemed much more honest.
They said. But the grass is always greener.

Prayer was a constant succour for both
But famously so and special for Mary
With her hopeful outlook, an anchor in storms:
'I cried from the depths, o pray do not tarry'.

Huygens: De profundis clamavi

De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine;
Domine, exaudi vocem meam.
Fiant aures tuæ intendentes
in vocem deprecationis meæ.
Si iniquitates observaveris,
Domine, Domine, quis sustinebit.

Speravit anima mea in Domino.

They wrote tender letters, they shared inmost thoughts,
Their partings were bitter, their trust in each other
As necessary and soothing as life at court
And beyond was insufferable.

'Forgive me', she wrote, 'if I forget what to say,
But nothing matters to your loving wife
More than you. So know every day
That I love you more deeply than my own life'.

Huygens: Le reveil de Calliste. Aubade. Air dans ma pathologie

l'aïeu le point du jour, il a paru sur
l'onde,
Sur l'onde de mes pleurs.
Mon Astre vient chasser, en éclairant
le monde,
La nuit de mes douleurs.
Leve toi, beau soleil, souffre que je
t'adore.

Uit de diepten roep ik tot U, o Here.
Here, hoor naar mijn stem;
laten uw oren opmerkende zijn
op mijn luide smekingen.
Als Gij, Here, de ongerechtigheden in
gedachtenis houdt, Here, wie zal
bestaan?
Mijn ziel richt zijn hoop tot de Heer.

Ik zag de dageraad, hij verscheen op de
golf,
Op de golf van mijn tranen.
Mijn Ster komt hem verjagen, door de
wereld te verlichten,
De nacht van mijn verdriet.
Laat mij, schone zon, je aanbidden.

Ha! je me suis mespris, il n'est pas jour
encore;
Mes yeux, nous auons tort;
Il ne vient point d'Aurore,
Calliste se rendort.

Huygens: Ne crains point le serein

Ne crains point le serein,
Sirene, sirene de mon ame,
L'air ne fait point d'effort sur ta
divinité.
Luminaire immortel, arrête un peu ta
flamme,
Il n'en faut qu'un rayon pour un grand
jour d'esté :
Que di-je ? que di-je ? Elle s'en va, je la
voy qui sommeille :
Adieu, clarté des cieux,
Puis que Cloris, leur unique merveille,
N'a point d'oreille,
La terre, n'a point d'yeux.

Huygens: Con la candida man ardita

Con la candida man ardita
Ch'Amor soverchio spinse
Filli nel suo bel sen ferimmi e strinse.

Io ch'al dolce doler della ferita
Mi senti l'anima dal cor rapita

Con un finto, che fai?
Filli, che fai?
Baciai la sferza e'l castigo adorai.

Ach, ik vergiste mij, het is nog geen
dag;
Mijn ogen, we hebben het mis,
Er komt nog geen Aurora,
Calliste valt weer in slaap.

Vrees niet de avonddauw,
Serene Sirene van mijn ziel,
De lucht pleegt geen aanslag op uw
goddelijkheid.
Onsterfelijk licht, houd voor even uw
vlam terug,
Een enkele straal volstaat al voor een
mooie zomerdag:
Wat zeg ik? Wat zeg ik? Zij valt, ik zie
haar nu, in een sluimer:
Vaarwel, helderheid der hemel,
Hun unieke wonder heeft sinds Cloris
Geen oor,
De aarde heeft geen ogen.

Met haar openhartige hand,
Die Amor al te zeer bewoog
Verwondde Filli met haar schone borst
mij, verdrukte mij.
Ik die onder de zoete pijn van de wond
Voel hoe mijn ziel van mijn hart gesto-
len is
Wat doe je met je bedrog,
Filli, wat doe je?
Ik kuste de zweep en aanbad de straf.

*Huygens was old when he wrote to Mary.
She could see the Dutch master was mildly besotted,
'Forgive an old fool', he said on his deathbed,
And watched the clock down on his time allotted.*

*But Mary loved music. That we know.
Purcell would play for her, write for her pleasure.
One spring day, at her royal invitation
With two fine singers he shared for her leisure*

*His latest music, sensationally modern,
Combining all the fashions of the age -
A searingly original fertile expression
Of all that was clever, and all the rage.*

*But as the sun came softly through
The open garden window, she said
As she tilted up her smiling head:
Do you know the folk song Cold and Raw?*

*The music stopped. He played her song.
Her tapping foot, it tapped along.
Undaunted, and sensing a seed well sowed
He wove it into her next birthday ode.*

*Several he wrote, some of his finest,
Let's hear one now, full of knowing amusements.
He'd learnt what tickled her, now knew what she liked,
And cut this one down to only nine movements.*

*'Strike the viol, touch the lute,
Wake the harp, inspire the flute,
Sing your patroness's praise
In cheerful and harmonious lays'.*

Purcell: Come ye Sons of Art (Symphony, Chorus - Come ye Sons of Art Away)

**Come, ye Sons of Art, come away,
Tune all your voices and instruments play
To celebrate this triumphant day.**

*This next number would have moved the Queen
To smile, we imagine: a noble joke.
Purcell calls trumpets, and yet none play,
And though this confused more ordinary folk*

*The sight of the Shore brothers, trumpeters legendary,
Sitting quite still, while their music played,
Made to hear themselves brazenly named
But prevented from plying their brassy trade*

*Would have amused the knowing Maria.
She winked, and considered making Purcell a peer.*

Purcell: Come ye Sons of Art (Sound the Trumpet/Come Ye Sons of Art Away, Strike the Viol)

**Sound the trumpet till around
You make the listning shores rebound.
On the sprightly Hautboy play.
All the instruments of joy
That skilful numbers can employ**

**To celebrate the glory of this day.
Strike the Viol, touch the Lute;
Wake the Harp, inspire the Flute:
Sing your Patronesses praise,
In cheerful and harmonious lays.**

*Whatever the ups and the downs they faced,
The English considered themselves fortunate subjects:
The reign of William and Mary left
The standing of the monarchy far better than they found it.*

*We English know our pomp and ceremony.
We've always known how to throw a do.
When we love our Royals, we're happy to show it.
And hearing this music, who wouldn't want us to?*

Purcell: Come ye Sons of Art (The Day that Such a Blessing/Bid the Virtues/These are the Sacred Charms/See Nature Rejoicing)

**The day that such a blessing gave,
No common festival should be.
What it justly seem'd to crave,
Grant, o grant, and let it have
The honour of a Jubilee.**

**Bid the Virtues, bid the Graces
To the sacred shrine repair,
Round the altar take their places,
Blessing with returns of pray'r
Their great Defender's care
While Maria's royal zeal
Best instructs you how to pray
Hourly from her own
Conversing with th'Eternal Throne.
These are the sacred charms that
shield
Her daring hero in the field;
Thus she supports his righteous cause,**

**Thus to aid his immortal pow'r she
draws.**

**See Nature, rejoicing, has shown us the
way,
With innocent revels to welcome the
day.
The tuneful grove, and talking rill,
The laughing vale, the replying hill,
With charming harmony unite,
The happy season to invite.**

**What the Graces require,
And the Muses inspire,
Is at once our delight and our duty to
pay.**

**Thus Nature, rejoicing, has shown us
the way,
With innocent revels to welcome the
day.**

pauze

Purcell: Celebrate this Festival

Celebrate this festival;
Hark, the Muses and the Graces call.

Britain, now thy cares beguile;
Bless the day that blest our Isle.

'Tis sacred — bid the trumpet cease.
Let sullen Discord smile;
Let War devote this day to Peace.

Crown the altar, deck the shrine,
Behold the bright seraphic throng,
Prepar'd our harmony to join,
The sacred quire attend too long.
Expected Spring at last is come,
Attir'd in all her youthful bloom;
She's come, and pleads for her delay,
She waited for Maria's day,
Nor would before that morn be gay.

April, who till now has mourned,
Claps for joy his sable wing
To see within his orb return'dn
The choicest blessings he could bring:
Maria's birthday, and the Spring.

Departing thus you'll hear him say:
I envy not the pride of May,
Crowned with the honour of this day;
On Flora's charms let her enlarge,
A Saint and Beauty was my charge.

*It was the winter of 1694
When William became increasingly ill.
Racked with worry, Mary too suffered,
But when she felt a familiar chill*

Happy realm, beyond expressing,
Such a royal pair possessing!
Britain, if thou know'st thy blessing,
Homebred faction ne'er alarm thee,
Other mischiefs cannot harm thee.
Caesar bears thy toils of war,
Maria thy domestic care,
Theirs the trouble, thine the blessing.

While, for a righteous cause he arms,
The wondrous hero scapes
From death in thousand shapes,
Still safe, still foremost in alarms.
Let guilty monarchs shun the field,
The active part to others yield,
in person triumph, but by proxy fight.
The pious Prince alone can dangers
slight.

Return, fond Muse; the thoughts of war,
On this auspicious day, forbear.
When Britain should her joy proclaim,
And, to disarm approaching harm,
Repeat Maria's name.
Kindly treat Maria's day,
And your homage 'twill repay.
Bequeathing blessings on our isle,
The tedious minutes to beguile,
Till conquests to Maria's arms restore,
Peace and her hero, to depart no more.

*Creep in her own veins.. no comfort came.
When William prepared to fight again,
She feared this farewell would be their last:
For her now, it was not if, but when.*

*She ordered her papers, burnt some, and then
Sent all but her closest staff away.
The rash on her arm confirmed the news:
Smallpox was here. Snow turned the skies grey.*

*William was beside himself with sadness,
It was his turn to cry, inconsolable, fasting,
Undemonstrative man turned emotional wreck,
Exclaiming his grief would be everlasting.*

*The nation held its icy breath;
The Archbishop of Canterbury joined the doctors' train,
Prayers were said in every household,
All remedies tried, but all in vain.*

*The light grew dim; the cold air silent.
Midnight passed. It was later said
There were 'two or three small strugglings of nature'
Before, at last, the Queen was dead.*

*William and all England were struck down with grief.
The King couldn't function, no more could his court.
People queued for weeks to see her,
And then in a snowstorm her body was brought*

*To Westminster Abbey, no expense spared.
It was only much later the letter was found
In Mary's frail hand, begging simplicity:
Only music should play, as she sank in the ground.*

Funeral Music

Man that is born of a woman
hath but a short time to live,
and is full of misery.
He cometh up, and is cut down like a
flower;
he flee'th as it were a shadow,
and ne'er continueth in one stay.
(Job 14:1–2)

In the midst of life we are in death:
Of whom may we seek for succour,
but of thee, O Lord,
who for our sins art justly displeased?
Yet, O Lord, most mighty,
O holy and most merciful Saviour,
deliver us not into the bitter pains of
eternal death.
(Book of Common Prayer)

Evening Hymn

Now, 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?

Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our
hearts;
shut not thy merciful ears unto our
prayers;
but spare us, Lord most holy.
O God most mighty,
O holy and most merciful Saviour,
thou most worthy Judge eternal,
suffer us not, at our last hour,
for any pains of death
to fall from thee. Amen.
(Book of Common Prayer)

Dear, 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.

Uitvoerenden



Christian Curnyn | dirigent & artistiek leider

- Brit, gespecialiseerd in barokrepertoire
- optredens bij The Royal Ballet and Opera, Covent Garden (Oliver Mears' productie van Händels *Semele*)
- dit seizoen: terug bij English National Opera (Händel *Partenope*) en debuteert bij Boston Baroque
- te gast bij Komische Oper Berlin, Oper Frankfurt, Oper Stuttgart, Händel-Festspiele Halle, Opera Australia, New York City Opera, Glimmerglass Opera en Chicago Opera Theater
- op het concertpodium: Academy of Ancient Music, Akademie für Alte Musik Berlin, Budapest Festival Orchestra, English Concert, Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, Hallé Orchestra

Early Opera Company

- 1995 opgericht door Christian Curnyn
- samenwerking met The Royal Opera, Covent Garden: Monteverdi, Rossi, en op het hoofdpodium: Händels *Solomon*
- optredens in Wigmore Hall, Concertgebouw Amsterdam, Concertgebouw Brugge en voor BBC radio, televisie en BBC Proms

Samuel West | spreker

- acteur, verteller, toneel- en operaregisseur
- speelde *Hamlet*, *Richard II*
- speelt op dit moment Malvolio (*Twelfth night*) voor de Royal Shakespeare Company
- Jeffrey Skilling in *Enron* (West End), de stem van Pongo in Disney's *101 Dalmations II*
- op het scherm: *Slow horses*, *Small axe*, *The crown*, *W1A* en de films *Suffragette*, *Darkest hour* en *Howards end*
- Siegfried Farnon in de tv-serie *All creatures great and small*
- peperkweker en vogelaar





Anna Dennis | sopraan

- Royal Philharmonic Society's Best Singer Award 2023
- optredens Philharmonie Berlin, Lincoln Center New York, Sydney Opera House en BBC Proms
- titelrol in Tom Coult's *Violet* (London Sinfonietta); Koningin van de nacht (*Die Zauberflöte*) en titelrol Händels *Susanna* (beide Opera North)
- rollen in werk van Katie Mitchell (*New Dark Age*, Royal Opera House), Damon Albarn (*Dr Dee*, English National Opera), Purcell (*The Fairy Queen*, Drottningholms Slottsteater)
- ook: Boulez *Pli selon pli*, Adès *America, a prophecy*, Mendelssohn *Lobgesang* en Bach *Matthäus-Passion*

Sofia Kirwan-Baez | sopraan

- prijswinnende Engels-Venezolaanse
- Rising Star bij Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment
- Josephine Baker Trust artist (2022/2023)
- Rosina *Il barbiere di Siviglia* (Opéra National de Bordeaux) en teruggevraagd als Papagena (en cover Pamina)
- zingt werk van Monteverdi's *Vespers* tot Schönbergs *Pierrot Lunaire*, ook recitals
- muziekstudie aan Oxford University
- speelt daarnaast lounge piano, waarbij ze discreet ook Nirvana en Britney Spears in haar repertoire opneemt



James Hall | countertenor

- Ivan Vane in Elana Langers *To Die For* (Nederlandse Reisopera, komend voorjaar), Cake/Berghahn in Jonathan Dove's *Itch* (Opera Holland Park), Boy in George Benjamins *Written on Skin* (Biennale Venetië)
- Händels *Ottone* (titelrol) en Andronico in *Tamerlano* (English Touring Opera)
- Oberon *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (Deutsche Oper)
- Farinelli in *Farinelli and the King* (naast Mark Rylance, Belasco Theater, Broadway), optredens met Collegium Vocale Gent, The English Concert



Matthew Long | tenor

- ooit jongenssopraan, zong Miles in Britten's *Turn of the Screw* in Italiaanse operahuizen
- zong in koren als The Sixteen en Tenebrae
- solo-optredens met Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, The English Concert, The Hanover Band, Londen Philharmonic Orchestra en RIAS Kammerchor
- titelrol in Monteverdi's *Orfeo* met I Fagiolini (2017-2019)
- 2025: hoofdrol in 'Amours Aveugles' van het Belgische hedendaagse-dansgezelschap Siamese Cie (muziek uit Monteverdi's *Orfeo* en *Il combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda*)
- woont nabij Brighton, (strand)wandelaar, fotograaf

Nick Pritchard | tenor

- zingt wereldwijd Bach (o.a. Evangelist in de *Johannes-* en *Matthäus-Passion*) met dirigenten als Sir John Eliot Gardiner, Paul Agnew en Václav Luks
- optredens met Les Arts Florissants, Monteverdi Choir and Orchestra, Academy of Ancient Music, Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, Opera North en Royal Ballet and Opera
- recitalzanger: bijv. *Die schöne Müllerin* (met Julius Drake)



Michael Mofidian | bas-bariton

- dit seizoen: debuut Nationale Opera Noorwegen (Créon in *Oedipus Rex*), debuut Opera Vlaanderen als Leporello (*Don Giovanni*), Pallante in Händels *Agrippina* (Robert Carsen) en Osmin (*Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, Glyndebourne Festival)
- eerder: *Il turco in Italia* (titelrol, Glyndebourne Festival) en Masetto (*Don Giovanni*, Bayerische Staatsoper onder Vladimir Jurowski)
- optredens met Händel, Strauss, Stravinsky, Tippett, Haydn en Bach



Volgende concerten

1 NOVEMBER 2025, 14.15 uur

La valse en andere dromen

Radio Filharmonisch Orkest

Bar Avni dirigent

Isata Kanneh-Mason piano

Rachmaninov Derde pianoconcert

Prokofjev Rêves

Huang The butterfly exchange

(opdrachtwerk Theater und Philharmonie Essen, China National Centre for the Performing Arts en NTR ZaterdagMatinee, Nederlandse première)

Ravel La valse

De jonge pianist **Isata Kanneh-Mason** en de jonge dirigent **Bar Avni** brengen een spannend concert op de grens van het mogelijke en het onmogelijke, tussen droom en werkelijkheid.

8 NOVEMBER, 13.00 uur

Händels **Flavio** met **Concerto Köln**

Concerto Köln

Benjamin Bayl dirigent

Julia Lezhneva sopraan (Emilia)

Max Emanuel Cenčić countertenor (Guido)

Remy Bres-Feuillet countertenor (Flavio)

Yuriy Mynenko countertenor (Vitige)

Sonja Runje alt (Teodata)

Timothy Edlin bas (Lotario)

Stefan Sbonnik tenor (Ugone)

Händel *Flavio*, re de' Longobardi

Concerto Köln brengt stersolisten mee voor een weinig gehoorde Händel-opera: *Flavio*. Händels sterren in 1723 waren de castraat Senesino en de sopraan Francesca Cuzzoni.

Colofon

UITGAVE NTR Klassiek

TEKST, REDACTIE, OPMAAK

Onno Schoonderwoerd

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