



Saturday 25 October, 7.30pm
St Martin's Church

LA SERA DEL COMBATTIMENTO

La Fonte Musica

Alena Dantcheva & Francesca Cassinari *sopranos*

Elena Carzaniga *alto*

Gianluca Ferrarini & Massimo Altieri *tenors*

Mauro Borgioni *baritone*

Alessandro Ravasio *bass*

Stefano Rossi & Esther Crazzolara *violin*

Gianni De Rosa *viola*

Vanni Moretto *double bass*

Federica Bianchi *harpsichord*

Rodney Prada *viola da gamba, lirone*

Michele Pasotti *theorbo, lute, director*

This concert has been made possible by a legacy from BREMF's late artistic director Deborah Roberts, who was passionate about the music of Monteverdi and about building links between Brighton audiences and performers from across Europe.



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Salomone Rossi c.1570–1630	Sinfonia grave à 5
Claudio Monteverdi 1567–1643	Sfogava con le stelle (Madrigali, libro IV)
	Cruda Amarilli (Madrigali, libro V)
Dario Castello fl.1610–1620	Sonata XV
Monteverdi	Anima mia perdona/Che se tu se' il cor mio (Madrigali, libro IV)
	Sinfonia (da 'Orfeo')
	Ohimè il bel viso (Madrigali, libro VI)
	Sinfonia (Madrigali, libro VIII)
	Zefiro Torna e' bel tempo rimena (Madrigali, libro VI)
Rossi	Sonata 'La Moderna'
Monteverdi	Hor che'l ciel e la terra (Madrigali, libro VIII)
Monteverdi	Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda

The music

It was on a Carnival evening in 1624, in the house of Girolamo Mocenigo in Venice when a "composition of a genre never seen nor heard before" was performed. These are Monteverdi's words in the preface to book VIII. They show a surprising awareness of the uniqueness of his *Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda*. A man of few words, Monteverdi fortunately uses some to describe the composition and to give instructions for its performance: "Combattimento in musica di Tancredi & Clorinda, text by Tasso; Which is intended to be performed in a representative genre; It will be set entering unexpectedly (after having sung some Madregalli without gestures) from the part of the room in which the Music will be performed."

Therefore, before the *Combattimento*, in order to highlight its theatricality and its novelty, it will be necessary to perform some non-representative Madrigals, without gestures, polyphony that will prepare in a contrasting way the drama in music and its effects. The two fighters/lovers will burst onto a scene that until then had been almost empty: "Clorinda by feet and armed, followed by Tancredi, armed, on a Marian Horse. And the Text will then begin to sing. They will make the steps and gestures in the way that the oration expresses, and nothing more and nothing less, these diligently observing the tempo, strokes, and steps, and the instrumentalists [will play] excited and soft sounds; and the Text [will sing] the words pronounced in time in such a way that the different parts come to meet in a united imitation; Clorinda will speak when it is her turn, the Text remaining silent; and Tancredi in the same way."

Very clear indications from the musician and the man of the theatre (in a united imitation) and from the one who wrote and practised that "Harmony (Music) is the servant of Oration (Discourse)". It will be therefore natural that "The instruments must be touched to imitate the passions of the oration; The voice of the Text must be clear, firm, and of good pronunciation somewhat distant from the instruments, so that it can be better understood in the oration; It must not make diminutions or embellishments in any other place, except only in the stanza which begins [with the word] Notte (Night). For the rest he will deliver the text in accordance with the passions of the oration."

These are the indications for the performance of this extraordinary and unclassifiable musical and theatrical experiment. This is how it must be performed, Monteverdi tells us, and we will stick to this description for our representation, also because it is a precious witness of a memorable performance. "In this way (already twelve years ago) it was performed in the Palace of the Most Illustrious and Most Excellent Lord Girolamo Mozzenigo, my Lord. In the presence of all the Nobility, who were moved by the emotion of compassion in such a way that they almost shed tears: and gave applause for having been a composition of a kind never seen or heard before."

The madrigals we chose for the first part are among the most celebrated and known. The choice was made on the basis of Artusi's controversy. Giovanni Maria Artusi was an important theorist, loyal to the old school of Zarlinian counterpoint. His main objection to what Monteverdi does in his music deals with 'errors' in counterpoint. In 1600 Artusi published 'L'Artusi, o Delle Imperfetioni della Moderna Musica', a dialogue where he focused on harsh and not pleasing passages in some 'modern' madrigals. The most famous ones are a few bars from Monteverdi's 'Cruda Amarilli', and two passages in 'Anima mia perdona' and 'Che se tu se' il cor mio'. Cruda Amarilli is the most famous one: on the words 'Ahi Lasso' we can hear in fact an unprepared ninth followed by an equally unprepared seventh in the cantus part. This is indeed against the rules of counterpoint and for Artusi it 'offends the ear'. Artusi's conclusion, based on various examples, is that these new composers break the rules only because they are in love with themselves.

Artusi will publish a second book (libro secondo) in 1603 further defending his point. Monteverdi, who was not a man of many words, answers in 1605 with just a few lines, that his brother Giulio Cesare will explain and amplify two years later. The starting point for Monteverdi is the statement 'Io non faccio le mie cose a caso' (I don't do what I do casually), a short and self-assured justification for the freedom in dissonance treatment. Monteverdi had an urgency to be loyal to the text in a new way, what he calls *seconda prattica*: a liberation of the power of music and its relation to the text.

Following these principles Monteverdi's research will go very far. We follow him until his celebrated Combattimento, written more than 20 years later than the first madrigals referred to by Artusi. So in our selection of *madrigali senza gesto* there is of course the Artusi trio ('Cruda Amarilli' and the duo 'Anima mia perdona/Che se tu se' il cor mio'). 'Zefiro Torna e' bel tempo rimena' is there too, exploring in depth the power of dissonance. The rhythmical freedom and perfect adherence to the text of Falso Bordone is thoroughly displayed in 'Sfogava con le stelle'. 'Hor che'l ciel e la terra' is the last; perhaps his most

famous madrigal, an apotheosis of Monteverdi's abilities in setting a text into music with its rich texture of six voices plus two violins and basso continuo.

Dario Castello and Salomone Rossi wrote some of the most beautiful and theatrical instrumental compositions of the first 30 years of the 17th century. Rossi was based in Mantua and Castello in Venice, but they both published their works in Venice. Their sonatas are a triumph of imagination and freedom, a perfect counterpoint to the selected madrigals.

La Sera del Combattimento is an attempt to renew the wonder and emotion of that 1624 evening when the madrigals and the Combattimento sounded together for the first time.

Michele Pasotti

The texts

Sfogava con le stelle

un infermo d'amore
sotto notturno cielo il suo dolore.
E dicea fisso in loro:
"O imagini belle
de l'idol mio ch'adoro,
sì com'a me mostrate
mentre così splendete
la sua rara beltate,
così mostraste a lei
i vivi ardori miei:
la fareste col vostr'aureo sembiante
pietosa sì come me fate amante".

A lovesick man was
venting to the stars
his grief, under the night sky.
And staring at them he said:
"O beautiful images
of my idol whom I adore,
just as you are showing me
her rare beauty
while you sparkle,
so also demonstrate to her
my living ardour:
by your golden appearance you'd make her
compassionate, just as you make me loving."

Cruda Amarilli, che col nome ancora,
d'amar, ah! lasso!, amaramente insegna;
Amarilli, del candido ligustro
più candida e più bella,
ma de l'aspido sordo
e più sorda e più feroce e più fugace;
poi ché col dir t'offendo,
i' mi morirò tacendo.

Cruel Amaryllis, who with your name
to love, alas, bitterly you teach;
Amaryllis, more than the white privet
pure, and more beautiful,
but deaf as the deaf asp,
and fiercer and more elusive;
since in speaking I offend you,
I shall die in silence.

Anima mia perdona

a chi t'è cruda sol, dove pietosa
esser non può; perdona a questa
nei detti e nel sembiante
riggida tua nemica, ma nel core
pietosissima amante.
E, se pur hai desio di vendicarti

My beloved, forgive
the one who is cruel to you, only because
she cannot express pity; forgive the one
that only in their words and outward
appearance seems your enemy while, at heart,
your most tender lover;
and, if you still wish to take revenge,

deh qual vendett'haver puoi tu maggiore
del tuo proprio dolore?

Che se tu se' il cor mio
come se' pur malgrado
del ciel, e de la terra
qual'hor piangi e sospiri
quelle lagrime tue son il mio sangue
quei sospir il mio spirto e quelle pene
e quel dolor che senti
son miei, non tuoi tormenti.

Ohimè il bel viso, oimè il soave sguardo,

oimè il leggiadro portamento altero;
oimè il parlar ch'ogni aspro ingegno et fero
facevi humile, ed ogni huom vil gagliardo!

et oimè il dolce riso, onde uscío 'l dardo
di che morte, altro bene omai non spero:

alma real, dignissima d'impero,
se non fossi fra noi scesa sí tardo!
Per voi conven ch'io arda, e 'n voi respire,
ch'i' pur fui vostro; et se di voi son privo,
via men d'ogni sventura altra mi dole.
Di speranza m'empieste et di desire,
quand'io partí' dal sommo piacer vivo;

ma 'l vento ne portava le parole.

Zefiro Torna e' bel tempo rimena,
e i fiori et l'erbe, sua dolce famiglia,
et garrir Progne et pianger Philomena,
et primavera candida et vermiglia.
Ridono i prati, e 'l ciel si rasserena;
Giove s'allegra di mirar sua figlia;
l'aria et l'acqua et la terra è d'amor piena;
ogni animal d'amar si riconsiglia.
Ma per me, lasso, tornano i piú gravi
sospiri, che del cor profondo tragge
quella ch'al ciel se ne portò le chiavi;
et cantar augelletti, et fiorir piagge,

e 'n belle donne honeste atti soavi
sono un deserto, et fere aspre et selvagge.

what greater vengeance can you have
than your own suffering?

For if you are my beloved,
as you truly are, in spite
of heaven and earth's will,
whenever you weep and sigh,
those tears of yours are my blood,
those sighs are my life's breath,
and the sorrows and pain that you feel
are my own torments, not yours.

Ah me, the beautiful face, ah me,
the gentle look,
ah me, the graceful noble manner of her:
ah me, the speech that made every harsh
and bitter mind humble, and every coward
brave!

And, ah me, the sweet smile, from which was
issued the arrow which now can only bring me
death as a good gift:

regal soul, worthiest to reign,
if only you had not descended so late among us!
It is fitting that I burn for you, and breathe for you,
since I am yours: and if I am parted from you,
I suffer less from all my other grief.

You filled me with hope and with desire,
when I departed from the highest and living
delight:

but the wind scattered my words.

Zephyr returns and brings fair weather,
and the flowers and herbs, his sweet family,
and Procne singing and Philomela weeping,
and the white and vermilion springtime.
The meadows smile, and the skies grow clear:
Jupiter is joyful, gazing at his daughter:
the air and earth and water are filled with love:
every animal is inclined to loving.
But to me, alas, there return the most painful
sighs drawn from the depth of my heart,
by the who took its keys away to heaven:
and the song of little birds, and the
flowering fields,
and the sweet, virtuous actions of women
are a wasteland to me, and cruel and savage
beasts.

Hor che'l ciel e la terra e 'l vento tace
et le fere e gli augelli il sonno affrena,

Notte il carro stellato in giro mena
et nel suo letto il mar senz'onda giace,
veglio, penso, ardo, piango; et chi mi sface
sempre m'è inanzi per mia dolce pena:

guerra è 'l mio stato, d'ira et di duol piena,
et sol di lei pensando ò qualche pace.
Cosí sol d'una chiara fonte viva
move 'l dolce et l'amaro ond'io mi pasco;
una man sola mi risana et punge;
e perché 'l mio martir non giunga a riva,
mille volte il dí moro et mille nasco,
tanto da la salute mia son lunge.

Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda

Tancredi che Clorinda un Homo stima
vuol ne l'armi provarla al paragone.
Va girando colei l'alpestre cima
ver altra porta, ove d'entrar dispone.
Segue egli impetuoso, onde assai prima
che giunga, in guisa avvien che d'armi suone
ch'ella si volge e grida: – O tu, che porte,
correndo sì? – Rispose: – E guerra e morte.

Guerra e morte avrai: – disse – io non rifiuto
darlati, se lei cerchi e ferma attendi. –

Ne vol Tancredi, ch'ebbe a piè veduto
il suo nemico, usar cavallo, e scende.
E impugna l'un e l'altro il ferro acuto,
ed aguzza l'orgoglio e l'ira accende;
e vansi incontro a passi tardi e lenti

quai due tori gelosi e d'ira ardenti.

Notte, che nel profondo oscuro seno
chiudesti e nell'oblio fatto sì grande,
degne d'un chiaro sol, degne d'un pieno
teatro, opre sarian sì memorande.
Piacciati ch'indi il tragga e'n bel sereno
a le future età lo spieghi e mande.
Viva la fama lor, e tra lor gloria
splenda dal fosco tuo l'alta memoria.

Now that the sky and the earth and the wind
are silent and the beasts and the birds are
reined in sleep,

Night leads its starry chariot in its round,
and the sea without a wave lies in its bed,
I stay awake, think, burn, weep: and she who
destroys me is always before my eyes to my
sweet pain:

war is my state, filled with grief and anger,
and only in thinking of her do I find peace.
So from one pure living fountain
flow the sweet and bitter which I drink:
one hand alone heals me and pierces me:
and so that my agony may not reach haven,
I am born and die a thousand times a day,
thus I am far from my salvation.

The Combat of Tancredi and Clorinda

Tancredi, thinking Clorinda to be a man,
wishes to test her in combat.
She wanders about the rocky peak
toward another gate that she may enter.
He follows her so impetuously that before
he reaches her his armour clatters,
so that she turns and cries: "You, what do you
bring, running so?" He replies: "War and death!"

"War and death you will have," she says. "I do
not refuse to give it to you, if you seek it,"
and stopping, she waited.

Tancredi does not wish, seeing his enemy
on foot, to use his horse; he dismounts,
and each seizes his sharp sword,
whetting his pride, his anger igniting;
and they advance upon one another with steps
slow and heavy,
like two jealous bulls and with anger burning.

Night, you who within your deep dark breast
conceal in oblivion a feat so great,
worthy of clear daylight, of a full
theatre, would be events so memorable.
May it please you that I bring it forth and, in the
open, to future ages reveal and proclaim it.
Long live their fame and, in their glory,
let shine the lofty memory of your darkness!

Non schivar, non parar, non pur ritrarsi
voglion costor, ne qui destrezza ha parte.
Non danno i colpi or finti, or pieni, or scarsi:
toglie l'ombra e'l furor l'uso de l'arte.

Odi le spade orribilmente urtarsi
a mezzo il ferro; e'l piè d'orma non parte:
sempre il piè fermo e la man sempre in moto,
né scende taglio in van, ne punta a voto.

L'onta irrita lo sdegno a la vendetta,
e la vendetta poi l'onta rinova:
onde sempre al ferir, sempre a la fretta
stimol novo s'aggiunge e piaga nova.
D'or in or più si mesce e più ristretta
si fa la pugna, e spada oprar non giova:
dansi con pomi, e infelloniti e crudi
cozzan con gli elmi insieme e con gli scudi.

Tre volte il cavalier la donna stringe
con le robuste braccia, e altrettante
poi da quei nodi tenaci ella si scinge,
nodi di fier nemico e non d'amante.
Tornano al ferro, e l'un e l'altro il tinge
di molto sangue: e stanco e anelante
e questi e quegli al fin pur si ritira,
e dopo lungo faticar respira.

L'un l'altro guarda, e del suo corpo essangue
su'l pomo de la spada appoggia il peso.
Già de l'ultima stella il raggio langue
sul primo albor ch'è in oriente acceso.
Vede Tancredi in maggior copia il sangue
del suo nemico e se non tanto offeso,
ne gode e in superbisce. Oh nostra folle
mente ch'ogn'aura di fortuna estolle!

Misero, di che godi? Oh quanto mesti
siano i trionfi e infelice il vanto!

Gli occhi tuoi pagheran (s'in vita resti)
di quel sangue ogni stilla un mar di pianto.
Così tacendo e rimirando, questi
sanguinosi guerrier cessaro alquanto.
Ruppe il silenzio al fin Tancredi e disse,
perchè il suo nome l'un l'altro scoprisse:

They neither flinch, nor parry, nor retreat,
nor does dexterity here play a role.
They do not give blows now feigned, now full,
now weak; the darkness and their rage prevent
the use of strategy.
Hear their swords clashing horribly in the middle
of the blades – and their feet remain planted.
Their feet always firm, hands always in motion,
no stroke falls in vain, nor any swordpoint astray.

Dishonour [when one is struck] spurs anger to
revenge, and revenge then renews dishonour;
Thus constantly to wounding and to haste
new stimulation is added, and new wounds.
Closer and closer they mingle, and closer
grows the fight, so that swords are useless;
they strike with their pommels, roughly and
cruelly, they butt each other with their helmets
and shields.

Three times the knight squeezes the lady
with strong arms, and each time
from that tenacious embrace she frees herself,
the embrace of a fierce enemy, not a lover.
They return to the sword, and each stains it
with much blood; exhausted and breathless,
each finally retreats
and after long struggles breathes.

The one regards the other, the weight of his pale
body resting on the pommel of his sword.
By now the rays of the last star are languishing
in the first dawn that has risen in the east.
Tancredi sees the greater quantity of blood
shed by his enemy and that he himself is not so
badly hurt; in this he rejoices and is proud.
Oh, our foolish Mind, that praises every breath of
fortune!

Wretched man, in what do you rejoice? How sad
will be your triumphs, how unhappy your
boasting!
Your eyes will pay, if living you remain,
for each drop of that blood with a sea of tears.
Thus, waiting silently, these
bloody warriors stopped for a while.
Breaking the silence, finally, Tancredi spoke,
so that each might discover the other's name:

Nostra sventura è ben che qui s'impieghi
tanto valor, dove silenzio il copra.
Ma poi che sorte rea vien che ci nieghi
e lode e testimon degni de l'opra,
pregoti (se fra l'armi han loco i preghi)
che'l tuo nome e'l tuo stato a me tu scopra,
acciò ch'io sappia, o vinto o vincitore,
chi la mia morte o la mia vita onore. –

Rispose la feroce: – Indarno chiedi
quel c'ho per uso di non far palese.
Ma chiunque io mi sia, tu innanzi vedi
un dì quei due che la gran torre accese. –
Arse di sdegno a quel parlar Tancredi
e: – In mal punto il dicesti; (indi riprese)
e'l tuo dir e'l tacer di par m'alletta,
barbaro discortese, a la vendetta.

Torna l'ira ne' cori e li trasporta,
benchè deboli, in guerra a fiera pugna!
Ù'l'arte in bando, ù'già la forza è morta,

ove, in vece, d'entrambi il furor pugna!
O che sanguigna e spaziosa porta
fa l'una e l'altra spada, ovunque giugna
ne l'armi e ne le carni! e se la vita
non esce, sdegno tienla al petto unita.

Ma ecco omai l'ora fatal è giunta
che'l viver di Clorinda al suo fin deve.
Spinge egli il ferro nel bel sen di punta
che vi s'immerge e'l sangue avido beve;

e la veste che d'or vago trapunta
le mammelle stringea tenere e lieve,
l'empìe d'un caldo fiume. Ella già sente
morirsi, e'l piè le manca egro e languente.

Segue egli la vittoria, e la trafitta
vergine minacciando incalza e preme.
Ella, mentre cadea, la voce afflitta
movendo, disse le parole estreme:
parole ch'a lei novo spirto addita,
spirto di fè, di carità, di speme,
virtù che Dio le infonde, e se rubella
in vita fu, la vuole in morte ancella.

“It is indeed our misfortune to be employing here
such valour, when silence covers it.
But since an adverse fate denies us
praise and witnesses worthy of our deed,
I pray you – if in war there is a place for prayers,
– to reveal to me your name and rank,
so that I may know, whether in defeat or victory,
whom my death or my life honours.”

The fierce woman replied: “In vain you ask
that which I am not accustomed to reveal,
but, whoever I am, you see before you
one of the two who burned the great tower.”
Burning with rage at this speech, Tancredi
replied: “It was poorly calculated to say that;
both your speech and your silence equally invite
me, ignoble barbarian, to vengeance.”

Anger returns to their hearts and carries them,
although weakened, to war. Oh fierce battle,
where skill is abandoned and strength is
already dead,
where instead of these things, [only] rage fights.
Oh what a bloody and spacious gateway
makes each sword wherever it reaches
into armour or flesh! And if life does not depart, it
is because anger holds it united to their breast.

But see, now the fatal hour has arrived
when the life of Clorinda to its end must come.
He thrusts the end of his sword into her beautiful
breast, so that it immerses itself and eagerly
drinks the blood,
and the garment, with gold beautifully
embroidered, that clasps her tender, delicate
breasts, fills with a hot stream. She already feels
herself dying and her feet give out, weak and
collapsing.

He follows up his victory, and the wounded
maiden is menacingly pursued and pressed.
She, as she falls, her afflicted voice
moving, speaks her final words,
words spoken to her by a new spirit,
a spirit of faith, charity, and hope,
virtues that God instils in her, for though a rebel
in life was she, he wishes her in death his servant.

Amico, hai vinto: io ti perdon... perdona
tu ancora, al corpo no, che nulla pave,
a l'alma sì: deh! per lei prega, e dona
battesmo a me ch'ogni mia colpa lave. –
In queste voci languide risuona
un non so che di flebile e soave
ch'al cor gli scende ed ogni sdegno ammorza,
e gli occhi a lagrimar invoglia e sforza.

Poco quindi lontan nel sen d'un monte
scaturia mormorando un picciol rio.
Egli v'accorse e l'elmo empì nel fonte,
e tornò mesto al grande ufficio e pio.
Tremar sentì la man, mentre la fronte
non conosciuta ancor sciolse e scoprio.
La vide e la conobbe: e restò senza
e voce e moto. Ahi vista! ahi conoscenza!

Non morì già, ché sue virtù accolse
tutte in quel punto e in guardia al cor le mise,
e premendo il suo affanno a dar si volse
vita con l'acqua a chi col ferro uccise.
Mentre egli il suon de' sacri detti sciolse,
colei di gioia trasmutossi, e rise:
e in atto di morir lieta e vivace
dir pareva: "S'apre il ciel: io vado in pace".

"Friend, you have won. I pardon you; pardon
me as well – not my body, which fears nothing –
but my soul. Pray for it, and give
baptism to me, which all my sins washes."
In this dying voice there resounded
something so mournful and soft
that it rose to his heart and all anger died,
and his eyes to tears were induced and forced.

Not far from there, in the hollow of the mountain,
gushed murmuring a little stream.
He ran to it and filled his helmet in the spring,
and returned sadly to his great and pious duty.
He felt his hand tremble as the face,
as yet unknown, was unmasked and revealed.
He saw her and recognised her and was struck
voiceless and motionless. What vision!
What revelation!

He did not yet die, for gathering his strength
together in one place, he set it to guard his heart,
and putting aside his anguish turned to give life
with water to her whom with iron he had killed.
While he unfurled the sound of the sacred words,
she, with joy transformed, smiled,
and, at the moment of death, happy and full of
life, seemed to say: "Heaven opens;
I go in peace."

The performers

La Fonte Musica is an early music ensemble on period instruments, founded and led by Michele Pasotti. La Fonte Musica's repertoire goes from the 14th to the 17th century, with a particular focus on Italian music. In April 2023 the ensemble was awarded the Abbiati Prize of the Italian Music Critics Association as best ensemble of the year.

The ensemble is a regular guest of prominent European venues such as Konzerthaus Vienna, Boulez Saal Berlin, Concertgebouw Bruges and De Bijloke Gent, and toured the USA and Canada in 2024. This year La Fonte Musica has toured Monteverdi's Orfeo at De Singel Antwerpen, Concertgebouw Bruges, Wiener Konzerthaus and Teatro Fraschini (Pavia). The ensemble has performed in the most prestigious early music festivals around Europe, including Oude Muziek (Utrecht), Resonanzen (Vienna), MA Festival Bruges, Ravenna Festival, Innsbrucker Festwochen der Alten Musik, Laus Polyphoniae Antwerpen, Regensburg Tage Alte Musik, Wroclaw Cantans (Wroclaw) and Brighton Early Music Festival.

In 2021 Alpha Classics published the 4-disc set 'Enigma Fortuna: Zacara da Teramo Complete Works', the first ever complete recording of Antonio Zacara da Teramo's works. It was awarded several European prizes including the Diapason d'Or (Diapason), Editor's Choice (Gramophone) and Preis der Deutschen Schallplattenkritik. La Fonte Musica's CD 'Metamorfosi Trecento: Transformations du mythe dans l'Ars Nova', also released by Alpha Classics, won the Diapason d'Or and was Disc of the Month for the Italian magazine Amadeus. In 2018 Diapason elected 'Metamorfosi Trecento' among 'the 100 records that all music lovers need to know'.

lafontemusica.com

CHRISTMAS A CAPPELLA: FROM MEDIEVAL TO MODERN

BREMF Consort of Voices

James Elias *director*

Saturday 13 December, 6pm

St Martin's Church TBC

Tickets on sale from 1 November 2025 at **bremf.org.uk**