**Susanne Rydén** studied at the Royal College of Music in Stockholm for Berit Hallqvist. She continued her studies at the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis with René Jacobs and in London with Jessica Cash, focusing on music ranging from the Renaissance to Classical periods.

Susanne Rydén sang for many years in the choirs of Eric Ericson and was a member of the Stockholm Bach Choir under the direction of Anders Öhrwall. She has also performed as a soloist and with early music ensembles throughout Europe and in the United States, and has participated in several international music festivals. She has appeared on a number of recordings as well as radio and television broadcasts.

**Bella Madre de' Fiori** is Susanne Rydén's first solo recording.
Two centuries of Italian music, in this selection by Susanne Rydén, illustrate the ebb and flow of the classical dispute about which has primacy in the art of singing—the music or the words.

Philippe Verdelotto represents the 16th century, more particularly the early decades when Flemish and French polyphonic compositions were bonded to more monophonic Italian types of song. This resulted in the madrigal, a multivoiced, expressive setting of poetry, generally on the subject of slighted or unattainable love. Verdelotto composed madrigals for four voices but often highlighted the upper part with descriptive bursts and figures. It is therefore hardly surprising that his madrigals were already being published in 1536 in arrangements that transformed the three lower parts into a lute accompaniment.

Verdelotto catches the cadences of the Italian language and is able to mirror its changes of temperament in the music. The style is, however, still restrained, even harking back at times to the strict verse forms of the late medieval compositions. It was not until the end of the 16th century that the solo voice was singled out in earnest and musical form was subordinated to emotive expression of the text. This new monodic style, championed by Giulio Caccini, flourished only briefly in its perfected form—the recitative imitation of speech was soon rejected as being too amorphous. Even composers of Caccini's generation tended to include occasional arioso sections of a more regular character, as well as dance rhythms (a style that in sacred music is described as mixed or hybrid, "stile misto o imbastardo").

Alessandro Grandi, assistant to Monteverdi at St Mark's in Venice, is one of the masters of this new soloistic development in religious music. He frequently achieves an almost perfect balance between free and regular passages as well as between textual expression and musical cohesion. This is particularly evident in his settings of love poetry from the "Song of Songs".

In the duet by Tarquinio Merula, *Cantate Jubilate*, there is a similar alternation between short sections in contrasting styles, though this verbal
ornamentation of the refrain "Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost" does not provide much scope for affective painting. The piece witnesses more to Merula's primary role as an organist and violinist who delighted in experimental instrumental music in the manner of Frescobaldi and Castello.

Claudio Monteverdi, the grand master, is represented here by some lighter pieces. The three secular songs come from "Scherzi musicali", Monteverdi's collections of musical jests. The texts are ready-made for the metres and proportions of the dance. With the verses joined together by instrumental ritornelli, these scherzi are not far removed from the pastoral and comic interludes in early tragic opera.

The music of Alessandro Scarlatti has a tonal language that is perhaps associated more readily with Bach, Vivaldi and above all Handel. Today, Scarlatti is best known for a couple of cantatas with virtuoso trumpet parts, some mediocre orchestral works and for the unfair reputation of having invented that characteristic feature of Neapolitan opera, the aria da capo. In fact, the six hundred and more solo cantatas by his hand contain far greater musical treasures. At his best, Scarlatti displays an understanding of harmony and counterpart that is fully equal to Bach — fugues, canons, genuine twelve-tone themes and the most unexpected modulations. But unlike Bach, his intention is never to explore and codify knowledge; the aim, rather, is to enhance the expressive character of vocal music.

Scarlatti furthered the distinction between recitative and aria. The practice of word painting in recitatives (descending notes in the declamation of "dying", extended coloratura for "flying", a display of baroque singing styles to illustrate the nightingale's lament, and so on) gives way to the aim of expressing the psychological niceties of a situation and rounding out the rather conventional characters portrayed by the text (as in Bella Madre de' Fiori, where Clori, pining for Fileno, seeks comfort in bird song and flowers). The arias in turn focus on a particular image or emotion and express this in ways that admit ingenious compositional characterization and bravura performance.

Måns Tengnér
Translation by Patrick Hort
**Alessandro Scarlatti**

**Bella Madre de' fiori**

Bella Madre de' fiori  
*Bella Madre de' fiori*  
*Bella Madre de' fiori*

tu ritorni vezzosa  
a spargere nel suol soavi odori  
e placida e pietosa al suon dell'aure  
e degli augelli al canto  
tenti arrestare al mio gran duolo il pianto:  
*ma pur forza è che mesta lontana dal bel Idolo ch'adoro piango l'ora funesta che mi rapi dal seno il mio tesoro e*  
*può consolar quest'alma fida o ch'io torni a goderlo o'l duol m'uccida.*

Tortorella dai flebili accenti  
io comprendo ch'ai lunghi il tuo bene  
*Or segual i a noi sono le pene giust'è ancòr che sian pari ai lamenti.*

Onda chiara veloce tra scogli  
lieta corri a trovare il tuo amante  
de potessi almen dare un istante anch'io tregua a' miei fieri cordogli.

Ah Fileno, Fileno  
*adorata cagion de' miei martiri per te si strugge e langue la tua misera Clori e tu non riedi dimmi forse nol credi.*

Vanne o caro su le sponde  
*ove il mar freme incostante e vedrai correr quell'onde a dar baci le tue piante*  
*Thou lovely mother of flowers*  
*Thou lovely mother of flowers*  
*Thou lovely mother of flowers*  

Who returns graciously  
to cover the earth with sweet scents.  
*Calmly, mercifully*  
to the tone of birds' songs on high  
trying to ease my tears, my great pain.  
*But, alas, there is no choice — sorrowful and far removed from my handsome idol whom I adore I mourn the dark hour that tore my loved one from my breast and the only comfort I can give my faithful soul is that if I cannot love him the pain will take my life.*

Tiny dove with thy weak song  
*I think thy love, too, must be far away.  
If we are suffering the same pain it's right for us to raise the same lament.*

White wave, rapid amongst the stones  
*cheerily thou runs to meet thy love  
Oh, that my great suffering, at least for a moment, might find surcease.*

Oh Fileno, Fileno  
*Thou cherished cause of my suffering  
Thy poor Clori will pine and wail if thou dost not return.  
Tell me, perhaps I will not be believed.*

Go, my dear one, to the shore  
*where the sea roars uneasily and thou shall see the waves rush to kiss thy feet*
perché portano oh Dio
insieme quell’acque
il pianto mio.

Ma folle e con chi parla
a chi mercede io chieghgo
se non m’ascolta
e non può darmi aiuta
chi l’alma m’ha rapita.

Abborita lontananza
troppocrude è’l tuo velen.
Che sarà se il mal s’avanza
manca il cor, l’alma vien men
lassa ohimè per mercè
chieggio solo un di seren.

A pietà di tanto male
dehtimovi oh Dio d’amor.
Se la piaga fe’l tuo strale
sol tu poi sanarla ancor
ahi perché sol per me
devi armarti di rigor.

Così, la bella Clori
piangea le sue sventure
e Amore intanto col sonno
col sonno lusinghier
la tolse al pianto.

because they bear, God knows,
their own water
and my tears.

But I am mad, and with whom will I speak,
whose help will I beseech
if he does not listen
if he cannot help me
he who stole away my soul?

Thou fearful distance
Thy poison is too cruel.
What will happen if evil approaches
my heart fails, my soul hesitates,
Ah, I beg thy mercy
please just leave one quiet day.

If thou couldst be moved to mercy
facing so much pain, thou God of love,
if my wound was made by thy shaft
then only thou canst heal it
Ah, why only for me
must thou arm thyself with cruelty?

Thus wept the lovely Clori
of her misery
while Cupid with the aid of sleep
with librating sleep
freed her from her tears.

Philipp Verdelotto
Madonna il tuo bel viso
Madonna il tuo bel viso
Che nel gran mar d’Amor m’è duc’ e scorta,
Hora tien viva mia speranz’, hor morta,

My lady, your fair face
My lady, your fair face
Which is my leader and guide on the great sea of
Love,
Et qual-hor scorg'in esso un bel sereno,
Spiega la vela al vento
Senza temer di scogli' o di procella:
Ma se la luce nel camin vien meno,
Ripiena di spavento,
Cala la vela alla sua navicella,
All' instabil tua stella
Scorre l'onde fallace a dritt' e a torto,
Et tem' e sper' e mai non vede'l porto.

Madonna, qual certezza
Madonna, qual certezza
Haver si può maggior del mio gran foco,
Che veder consumarmi a poco a poco?
Hiamè! non conoscete
Che per mirarvi fiso
Son col pensier da med tanto diviso
Che transformarmi sento in quel che sete:
Lasso! non v'accorgete
Che poscia chio fu pres' al vostro laccio,
Arrosci' in pallidisco, ardo et aggiaccio;
Donque se ciò vedete,
Madonna, qual certezza
Haver si può maggior del mio gran foco,
Che veder consumarmi a poco a poco?

Madonn'io sol vorrei
Madonn'io som vorrei
Che volesti voler quel che voglio io,
Et fosse'l vostro qual e'l mio desio,
Gia non v'offenderei,
Che se piacess'a voi quel ch'a me piace,
Tra noi sarebbe sempre amor e pace.

Now revives my hope, and now slays it,
And whenever it sees therein fair weather,
It spreads its sails to the wind
Without fear or reefs or storms:
But if the light falls on its path,
Filled with terror, It lowers the sails of its bark,
In the light of your flickering star
It drifts hither and thither on the treacherous waves,
And fears and hopes and never espies the port.

My lady, what greater proof
My lady, what greater proof
Can there be of my flame
Than to see me wasting away by slow degrees?
Ah me! you do not know
That by steadily looking on you
I am so much divided from myself in mind
That I feel myself transformed into you:
Alas! you do not realize
That since I was caught in your noose,
I blush, I grow pale, I burn, I freeze,
And so if you see it,
My lady, what greater proof
Can there be of my flame
Than to see me wasting away by slow degrees?

My lady, I would only wish
My lady, I would only wish
That you would wish to wish what I wish,
And were but your desire like unto mine,
Never would I offend you,
For if what pleases me pleased you,
There would ever be between us love and peace.
Madonna, per voi ardo

My lady, I burn for you

Madonna, per voi ardo,
My lady, I burn for you,
Et voi non me‘l credete,
And you do not believe it of me,
Perche non pia quanto bella sete:
Since you are not as kind as you are fair;
Ogn‘hora miro e guardo,
Always I look to see
Se tanta crudeltà cangiar volete;
If you will depart from such cruelty;
Donna, non v‘accorgete
Lady, you do not notice
Che per voi mor’ e ardo,
That I die and burn for you
E per mirar vostra beltà infinita,
And to look on your infinite beauty,
E voi sola servir, bramo la vita.
And serve you alone, I long to live.

Fuggi, fuggi, cor mio

Flee, flee, my heart

Fuggi, fuggi, cor mio
Flee, flee, my heart,
L‘ingrat’ e crud’ Amore!
Ungrateful, cruel Love!
Che tropp’ è grand errore,
For it is too great an error
Fars’ un cieco fanciul si alto iddio.
To make a blind boy so great a god.
Conosci il tempo perso,
Realise the wasted time,
Per una finta se colma d‘inganni!
For a feigning woman one is loaded with deceits!
Esci di servitù esci d‘affanni!
Go forth from slavery, from labours!
Non istar, piu sommerso
Be no more whelmed
In gelosia, sospetti, sdegn‘ e pianti!
In jealousy, suspicion, humiliation and plaints!
Che‘l fin de ciechi amanti
For the destiny of blind lovers
E in van pentirsi finir in dolore,
Is to repent in vain and end in grief,
Fars‘ un cieco fanciul si alto iddio.
Since it is too great an error

Claudio Monteverdi

The winter of sorrows flees

Fugge il verno dei dolori
The winter of sorrows flees
Primavera degli amori
The spring of love
Se ne torna
returns
Tutt‘adorna
ornamented
Di fioretti
with tiny blossoms
lascivetti
that mock me.
Ma non torni tu già mai
But you never return
Filli ingrata
Di spietata
A dar fine a li miei guai

Senti Zeffiro che spira
Vedi Amor che l'arco tira,
E c'invita
A dolce vita
Vita quieta
Vita lieta
E tu sorda, e cieca ahi lasso
Neghitosa
Disdegnosa
Ti starai qual duro sasso.

Senti piange Tortorella
Quasi afflitta vedovella,
Che non trova
Che le giova
Il suo errante
Caro amante
E tu viver sempre vuoi
Sola in noie
Da le gioie
Nascondendo i sensi tuoi

Tu non sai che lieto stato
E il trovarsi accompagnato
Mira Filli
Amarilli
Quanto gode
Con sua lode
Di star sempre a Tirsi in braccio,
Filli oh quanto
Farai pianto
Se disprezzi questo laccio.

ungrateful Phyllis
you are not moved to pity
nor do you free me from my woes.

Hear Zephyr blow
See Cupid tighten his bow
inviting us
to a wond'rous life
a peaceful life
a cheerful life
And you are deaf and blind — woe is me.
You, my rejecting one,
humiliating one,
remain hard as stone.

Hear the little dove weep
like a grieving widow
to whom no one can return
her lost
beloved one.
And you want to go on living
alone in sorrow
while from happiness
you turn your senses.

You do not know the joy
of being two
See, Phyllis,
Amaryllis
see her pleasure
see her proclaim her happiness
at sharing Tirsis' embrace
Phyllis, see what
sorrow there is in store
if you hold our union in contempt.
Quel sguardo sdegnosetto
Quel sguardo sdegnosetto
lucente e minaccioso
quel dardo velenoso a ferirmi il petto
belezze ond’io
tutt’ardo è son da me diviso
piagatemi col sguardo
sanatemi col riso.

Armatevi pupille
d’asprissimo rigore
versatemi su’l core un nembi di faville
ma’l labro non sia tardo
a ravvivarmi ucciso
feriscami quel sguardo
ma sanimi quel riso.

Begl’occhi a l’armi a l’armi
io vi preparo il seno
gioite di piagarmi
in fin ch’io venga meno
e se da vostri dardi
io resterò conquiso
ferischino quel sguardi
ma sanami quel riso.

Dolci miei sospiri
Dolci miei sospiri
Dolci miei martiri
Dolce mio desio
E voi dolci canti
E voi dolci pianti
Rimanete a Dio.

That insolent gaze
That insolent gaze
bright and threatening
that poison shaft which pains my breast
beauty for which I
burn and which is kept from me
wound me with your gaze
heal me with your smile.

Arm your eyes
with forbidding sternness
pour showers of sparks onto my heart
yet your lips will not be late
to wake me when I have died from this.
May your gaze hurt me
but your smile heal me

Lovely eyes, take up your weapons
I offer you my breast
Take pleasure in wounding me
Until, at last, I faint
and if your shafts
Do vanquish me
May I be hurt by their gazes
but won over by their smiles.

My sweet sighs
My sweet sighs
my sweet torment
my sweet longing
and you, sweet songs,
and you, sweet tears,
stay on, and may all be as it is now.
A la ria partita
Vento, e mare invita
O volubili hore,
Ma non più querele
Duro Amor crudele
Ama il mio dolore.

E se mai soletta
Suoi pensier diletta
Per solingo loco,
A lei dolci canti
A lei dolci pianti
Dite del mio foco.

Meco mova il piede
La mia pura fede
Come fece ogn'hora
Voi d'intorno state
Ala gran beltate
Che per me s'indora.

To a hateful farewell
the wind and seas call
Ah, fickle times —
but I shall lament no more.
Stern, cruel Cupid
loves to see me suffer.

And if no spark of light
brings her spirit succour
in that desolate place.
For her, sweet songs
For her, sweet tears
Tell of my ardour.

May love stay, faithful,
stay with me
just as she has, every moment,
And as it is close by now
In the presence of the great beauty
who gilds my senses.

---

Alessandro Grandi

O dulce nomen Jesus

O dulce nomen Jesus,
splendor aeterni luminis.
Tu salus mundi,
tu gloria coeli,
tu verus delitium Paradisus.
Salve mi Jesus,
ad te toto corde venio;
quia amore tui Languor.
O flamma vitalis
in divina caritate ardere.
O mors triumphalis,
in nomine Jesu vitam terminari.
O Jesus, sitio pro te,

Jesus, oh sweet name

Jesus, oh sweet name,
Sheen of the everlasting light
Thou redeemer of the world.
Thou delight of heaven
Thou true paradise of joy
Redeem me, Jesus.
I seek Thee with all my heart
As I am sick with love of Thee.
Oh flame of life,
To burn in divine love.
Oh death in triumph,
To end my life in Jesus' name.
Oh Jesus, I thirst for thee
quia vulnerum tuorum ardor est in me. 
Moriatur ergo caro mea in Christo, 
vivat semper Jesus in anima mea. 
Ut fruat cor meum paradisi gloria. 
O dulce nomen Jesus.

As the heat of thy wounds is in me. 
Oh, may my flesh die in Christ. 
May Jesus live eternal in my soul, 
So that my heart may enjoy the glory of paradise. 
Jesus, oh, sweet name.

Cantabo Domino

Cantabo Domino in vita mea, 
Alleluja, 
psallam Deo meo, quamdiu fuero. 
Alleluja. 
Jucundum sit ei eliquium meum, 
egro vero delectabor in Domino. 
Alleluja. 
Delectabor in Domino, in Deo Jesu meo, 
Alleluia.

I shall praise the Lord

I shall praise the Lord for all my days, 
Hallelujah. 
I shall raise psalms to my God for as long as I shall live, Hallelujah. 
May my words be pleasing to him, 
I shall veritally find my joy in the Lord, Hallelujah. 
I shall find my joy in the Lord, in my God, in Jesus, Hallelujah.

Lauda Sion Salvatorem

Lauda, lauda Sion Salvatorem 
lauda ducem et Pastorem, 
in himnis et canticis. 
Ecce Panis Angelorum, 
factus cibus viatorum, 
vere Panis filiorum, 
non mittendus canibus. 
O salutaris hostia 
quae coeli pandis hostium. 
Bella premunt hostilia. 
Da robur fer auxilium. 
Alleluia.

Praise the redeemer, Zion

Praise the redeemer, Zion, 
Praise the leader and shepherd 
In hymns and songs. 
See the bread of the angels 
be changed into food for the wanderer 
In truth, the bread of the sons 
Which shall not be food for the hounds. 
Oh, redemptive sacrifice 
Opening the gates of heaven. 
The enemy attacks us in war, 
Give strength, bring succour, 
Hallelujah

O quam tu pulchra es

O quam tu pulchra es, 
quam pulchra es, amica mea, 
quam pulchra es, columba mea,

Behold, thou art fair

Behold, thou art fair, 
Thou art fair, my love 
Thou art fair, my dove.
quam pulchra es, formosa mea,
O quam tu pulchra es.
Oculi tui columbarum,
capilli tui sicut greges caprarum
et dentes tui sicut greges tonsarum...
O quam tu pulchra es.
Veni, veni de Libano,
veni, amica mea, columba mea, formosa mea.
O quam tu pulchra es,
veni, veni, coronaberis.
Surge, surge, propera,
surge sponsa mea, surge, dilecta mea, surge,
 immaculata mea.
Surge, veni.
Quia amore langueo.

Thou art fair, my beauty
Oh how fair thou art
Thine eyes are as the eyes of doves
Thy hair as herds of goats
And thy teeth are as a flock of ewes
Oh how fair thou art.
Come, come from Lebanon
Come, my love, my dove, my fair one.
Oh how fair thou art.
Come, come thou shalt be crowned
Rise up, rise up, away,
rise up my bride, rise up, my love, rise up,
my undefiled.
Rise up, come,
as I am sick with love.

Tarquino Merula
Cantate Iubilare

Cantate, iubilate, exultate et psallite
Alleluia
Gloria Patri
qui nos creavit
Alleluia
Gloria Filio
qui nos redamit
Alleluia
Gloria Spiritui Sancto
qui nos sanctificavit
Alleluia

Sing, celebrate

Sing, celebrate, rejoice and sing psalms
Hallelujah.
Praised be the Lord
our Creator,
Hallelujah.
Praised be the Son
who has delivered us.
Hallelujah.
Praised be the Holy Spirit,
our Sanctifier.
Hallelujah.

Alessandro Scarlatti
Il Ruosignolo

Qui dove al fin m’assido odo mesto usignol
che si lamenta
Ed or che sono in questi orror notturni

The Nightingale

Here, as I settle down at last, I hear the mournful
nightingale’s lament.
And now I am seized with nocturnal terror
Il doloroso canto tacito e sol vo’ accompagnar col pianto.

Ben che amaro si fa caro
il penar quand’altri pena.
E caro il penar quand’altri pena.
Par che dica l’altrui duolo
In penar non sei tu solo
Datti pace e il duol raffrena

Ma oh Dio che ogni dolore
Quanto diletta più, tant’è maggiore
Lo sà, lo sà pur troppo
Quel misero augelletto
Che sfogando il suo affetto.
Di quel duol che l’accora
Sempre più s’addolora
Lento prima incomincia
E tutto pende da una tremola voce
E par che mora
Quando rinforza il fiato
E presto ascende,
trilla, scioglie più note
E poi sospira poi cessa e si ritira
Mormorando nel sen profunde note
Indi irato si scuote, si sfeda,
si risponde e poi s’ascolta
Ed agitando in mille guise e mille la gola armoniosa
Tal or si stanca mà non mai riposa.

Quel bel canto è si grato
Che al mio cor la pena molce
E addormenta ogni dolor.
Pur deliro e sospiro
Che quel canto ch’è si dolce, dolce
Fa ch’io pensi al core ingrato
Ch’il mio cor che l’amo tanto, tanto
sol tradi per altro amor.

and, silent and lonely, I add my tears to the suffering song.

Although it is a bitter thing, it is also fine
To suffer when others are suffering.
It is good to suffer when others are suffering.
The suffering of the others seems to say that you are not alone with your pain
Brings you peace and curbs your misery.

But, oh God, how each pain
is enlarged with each sense of pleasure
and this he knows, unfortunately knows the unhappy little bird.
And as he ventilates his love
the pain in his heart
grows more sorrowful still.
He begins slowly at first
And everything hangs on one trembling tone
that seems to fade away
until he gets his breath
And it rises rapidly,
trills, plays different notes,
to sigh, hesitate and withdraw
as he rumbles deep notes from his chest
then ruffles himself roughly up, shouts something to which he himself replies and listens.
And he hears his melodious song
in many thousand different ways.
Sometimes he tires, but yet he never rests.

His song is so lovely
that the suffering in my heart is consoled
and all my pain sleeps.
Still I pine and sigh
as this lovely, lovely song
reminds me of the ungrateful heart
that abandoned my heart,
wich had loved it so dearly, for another love.
To make your eyes shine brighter
I stole, my love, the stars’ spark from the sky
but when I found how brightly your eyes shone
I returned to the stars their stolen sheen.

The dawn wept and the star which fell
froze on the smiling firmament
The skies smiled and made the lightest loveliest
arch
in the sunshine of that lovely face.

PETER CROTON was born 1957 in New
York City. He began classical guitar lessons in
1969 with Leon Atkinson, and subsequently
studied lute and guitar with Loris Ohannes
Choanian at the Oberlin Conservatory of
Music. After graduating from Oberlin in 1979
with a "Bachelor of Music" Peter Croton
continued lute studies with Eugen M. Dombois
and Hopkinson Smith at the Schola Cantorum
Basiliensis in Basel, Switzerland. In 1984 he
won first prize at the "Erwin Bodky
Competition for Early Music" in Cambridge,
Massachusetts, and has also won prizes at
international competitions in New York City
and Toronto. Peter Croton performs and
records frequently throughout Europe as a
soloist and chamber musician, and teaches lute
and continuo at the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis
and the Conservatory of Music in Biel/Bienne,
Switzerland.

WILLIAM DONGOIS was born in Langis,
France. He studied trumpet in Reims and then
at the Conservatoire in Paris. Today he is a
trumpeter in the Orchestre du Theatre in Reims,
as well as being a trumpet teacher.

William Dongois has specialised in the music
from the 16th and 17th centuries. He has studied
cornet with Jean Pierre Canihac and at the
Schola Cantorum in Basel with Bruce Dickey.
In recent years, William Dongois has performed
and made recordings with ensembles and
outstanding soloists including Jordi Savall, René
Jacobs, Jan Koopmann, Concerto Palatino, and
others. He also plays with newer ensembles
including Pontormo, Le Consort Brisé and Le
Genice, winner of the 1990 Early Music
Ensemble Competition in Brugge.

ANN WALLSTRÖM, violin, studied at the
Royal College of Music in Stockholm, primarily
for Professor Josef Grünfarb, and has been
engaged mainly in various forms of chamber
music, for instance with I Quattro Temperamenti, Drottningholm’s Baroque
Ensemble and, as first violinist, with Bach-
Collegium Stockholm. As soloist she appears annually at the Iceland Festival of Baroque Music, where she is also director of studies and artistic director for the festival chamber orchestra. As an instructor in baroque performance she has worked for the colleges of music in Stockholm and Malmö, Sweden, as well as in Reykjavik. She has made several records and performed on radio and television.

BJÖRN GÄFVERT studied organ and harpsichord at the Royal College of Music in Stockholm and has concentrated on early music. He performs regularly with leading Swedish ensembles and choirs, for instance Drottningholm's Baroque Ensemble, Barock-Modern, Adolf Fredrik's Bach Choir and Eric Ericson's Chamber Choir. The countries in which he has given concerts include Australia, China, Japan and the Soviet Union. He has also participated in a number of recordings and in performances on radio and television.

ÅSA ÅKERBERG studied cello at the Edsberg Institute of Music in Stockholm and at the Karajan Academy in Berlin. From 1983 - 89 she was alternating solo cellist in the Court Orchestra and the Royal Opera in Stockholm and has now launched an independent career, playing in a number of Baroque ensembles and also performing more recent music, for instance with the Pollicino Ensemble. She has given concerts in other Scandinavian countries as well as in other parts of Europe, Australia and China.

MARIT BERGMAN studied violin for Otto Kyndel and Gösta Finnström at the Royal College of Music in Stockholm and has been an independent musician for many years, playing mainly in the Court Orchestra, the Radio Sweden Symphony Orchestra and the Drottningholm Theatre Orchestra. She also participates in a number of baroque ensembles, for instance Capella Nuova, the Drottningholm Baroque Ensemble and Bach-Collegium Stockholm. She has taken part in a great many concerts, tours and recordings both in and outside Sweden.


© & ® 1990 PROPHONE MUSIC AB, Stockholm, Sweden. MADE IN DENMARK