



Leopold I

Margaret Theresa

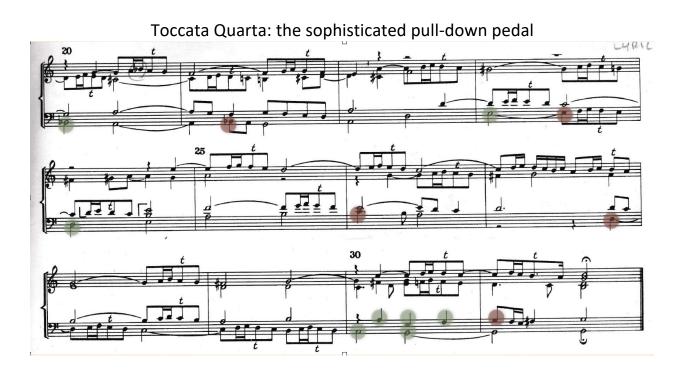
An Emblem Book fit for an Emperor:

Exploring Georg Muffat's Apparatus Musico-Organisticus (1690) Joel Speerstra, Academy of Music and Drama, Göteborg

> Toccata prima Toccata quarta

Ciacona Passacaglia Novo Cyclopeias Harmonica

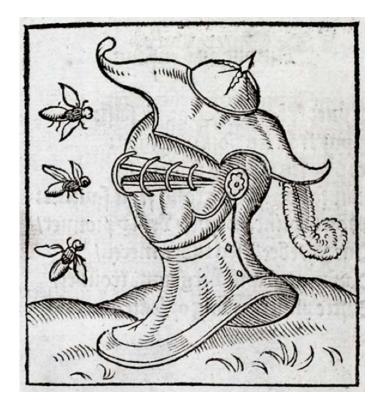
## The Toccatas at the Claviorgan



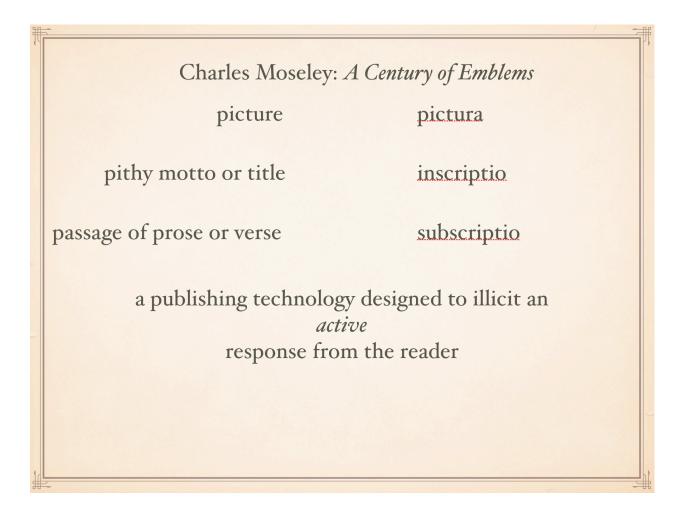
Toccata Prima A blending of organ and harpsichord styles



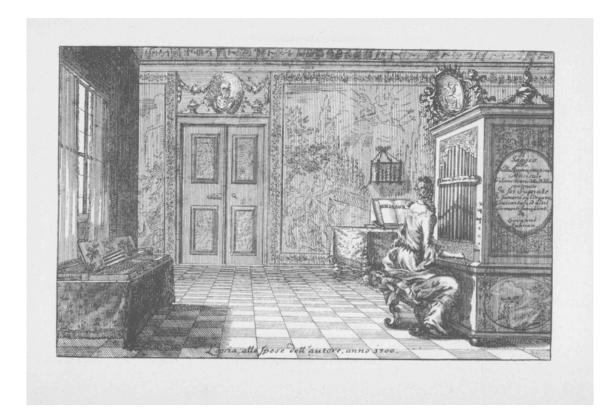
# EX BELLO PAX



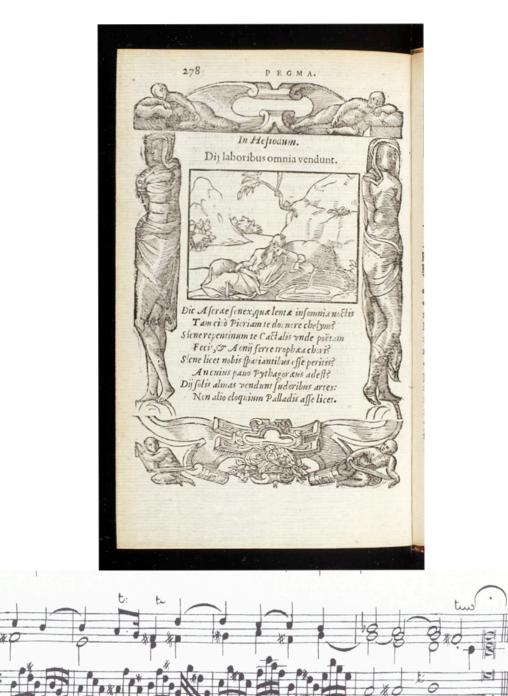
En galea intrepidus quam miles gesserat, & quae Saepius hostili sparsa cruore fuit. Parta pace apibus tenuis concessit in usum, Alveoli atque favos grataque mella gerit. Arma procui iaceant, fas sit tunc sumere bellum, Quando aliter pacis non potes arte frui.



Johann Kuhnau's Bliblical Sonatas (1700) work like an emblem book where the pictura is replaced by the musical score





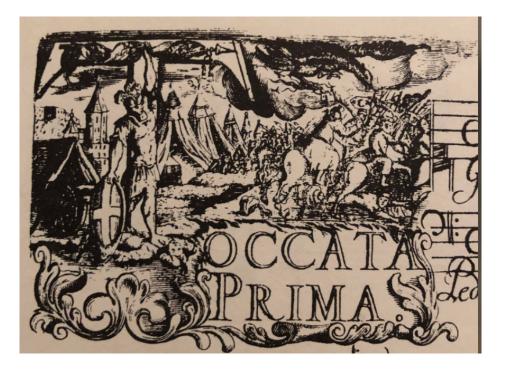


The Gods reward those who labour

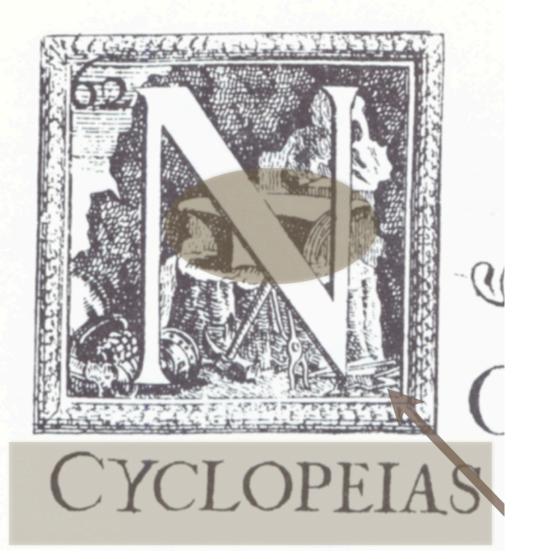
Dii laboribus omnia vendunt.



Siege of Vienna, 1683 by Frans Geffels

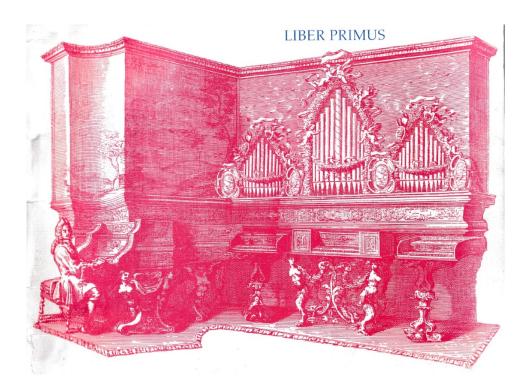








The Golden Harpsichord of Michele Todini (1616–1690)













The story of Acis Galatea and Polyphemus from Ovid's Metamorphoses Book XIII



## Toccata prima Toccata quarta

### An opera for Claviorgan

Ciacona(Acis: an heroic and naive Principal)Passacaglia(Galatea: a resourceful Harpsichord)Novo Cyclopeias Harmonica(Polyphemus: a violent Dulcian)

#### Polyphemus's Aria from Ovid's Metamorphoses Book XIII

'Galatea, whiter than the snowy privet petals, taller than slim alder, more flowery than the meadows, friskier than a tender kid, more radiant than crystal, smoother than shells, polished, by the endless tides; more welcome than the summer shade, or the sun in winter, showier than the tall plane-tree, fleeter than the hind; more than ice sparkling, sweeter than grapes ripening, softer than the swan's-down, or the milk when curdled, lovelier, if you did not flee, than a watered garden. Galatea, likewise, wilder than an untamed heifer, harder than an ancient oak, trickier than the sea: tougher than the willow-twigs, or the white vine branches, firmer than these cliffs, more turbulent than a river, vainer than the vaunted peacock, fiercer than the fire; more truculent than a pregnant bear, pricklier than thistles, deafer than the waters, crueller than a trodden snake; and, what I wish I could alter in you, most of all, is this: that you are swifter than the deer, driven by loud barking, swifter even than the winds, and the passing breeze.