

Galileo's Daughters

Sarah Pillow
soprano

Jennifer Peterson
harpsichord

Mary Anne Ballard
viola da gamba

Faith and Fate *Nuns in 17th-Century Italy*

Hymn: *Jesu corona virginum*
from *Il primo libro delle musiche*, 1618

Francesca Caccini 1587-after 1641

Reading: *The Salve Regina*, the sentiments of which are echoed in Cozzolani's motet *O Maria tu dulcis*

Motet: *O Maria tu dulcis*
from *Concerti sacri*, 1642

Chiara Margarita Cozzolani 1602-between 1676 and '78

Reading: Letter of Suor Maria Celeste to her father Galileo Galilei, 9 March 1631

Balletto-Corrente del Balletto-Passacagli

Girolamo Frescobaldi 1583-1643

Reading: An extract from the Record of the Investigation of the Abbess, Benedetta Carlini, c.1623

Motet: *Care plage*
from *Motetti a voce sola, opera decima settima*, 1695

Isabella Leonarda 1620-1700

Reading: A nun from Udine remarking to her Bishop in 1601

Monicella mi farei
from the Bottegari MS lute book, 1573-1600

Cosimo Bottegari 1554-1620

Reading: Verse 1, *Madre non mi far monaca* Parma, 1610

Partite 11 sopra L'aria di monicha
from *Il primo libro di toccate*, 1615-1637

Girolamo Frescobaldi

Lamento d'Arianna
from the lost opera, *Arianna*, 1608

Claudio Monteverdi 1567-1643

Canzona sesta detta l'altera
from *Primo Libro delle Canzone*, 1628

Girolamo Frescobaldi

Reading: Letter of Suor Maria Celeste 22 March 1629

Motet: *Sonet vox tua in auribus cordis mei*
from *Componimenti musicali*, 1623

Lucrezia Orsina Vizzana 1590-1662

Reading: Testimony of Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz 1 March 1691

Motet: *Non plangete*
from *Motetti a voce sola*, 1684

Rosa Giacinta Badalla 1660- c.1715

Biographies of the Artists

An ensemble based in New York City, **Galileo's Daughters** is the creation of three individual musicians whose experience in the worlds of early music, opera, jazz, and musical scholarship combine to bring freshness and immediacy to the performance of Baroque repertoire. Since their debut concert in 2001, Galileo's Daughters has performed at the College of Charleston; the Storm King Festival in Windsor, New York; the Piccolo Spoleto Festival; the Boston Early Music Festival; the University of Notre Dame; and in concert in New York City.

Sarah Pillow enjoys an eclectic career exploring a myriad of vocal styles. Her work in early-Baroque repertoire is extensive, including performances for BBC Radio 3 in England, as well as concerts in Ireland, England, France, and the United States. Her solo work has included appearances with the New York Collegium, The Berkshire Choral Festival, Grace Choral Society and the St. Andrew Chorale in works by composers as diverse as Claudio Monteverdi and Arthur Honegger. As a jazz musician, she has performed at the Montreux Jazz Festival, and with her own trio both abroad and at home. Sarah is co-founder of Buckyball Music, an artist-run record label dedicated to assisting the professional musician in negotiating the labyrinth of the music business. Her latest recording, "Remixes," is a "before and after" taste within two CDs, featuring two ensembles with two different interpretations of one set of 17th century songs. More information about Sarah can be found at buckyballmusic.com

Originally from Eugene, Oregon, harpsichordist **Jennifer Peterson** has held positions as a conductor, pianist, and vocal coach with numerous opera companies, including Austin Lyric Opera, Connecticut Opera, Opera Memphis, New York City Opera, and the International Vocal Arts Institute in Tel Aviv, as well as future conducting engagements with Eugene Opera and Anchorage Opera. Ms. Peterson holds music performance degrees from the Oberlin Conservatory of Music and the Indiana University School of Music and has completed doctoral work in piano accompanying and chamber music at the Eastman School of Music, where she co-founded the Rochester Chamber Opera in 1992. Also involved in diverse musical activities outside of opera, she has often collaborated with composers on new works, performs early music as a harpsichordist and continuo player, and is an accomplished violinist.

Mary Anne Ballard, viola da gamba and other early bowed strings, currently tours and records with the Baltimore Consort, and is a member of the Oberlin Consort of Viols and of Brio, a medieval/Renaissance quartet based in Charleston, SC, and southern France. She also performs in recital and has appeared with groups such as the Bethlehem Bach Festival, the Smithsonian Chamber Players, and Pomerium. Formerly active teaching gamba and directing early music at the Peabody Conservatory and Princeton University, Ms. Ballard founded the University of Pennsylvania Collegium Musicum, which for fourteen years explored the music of the Middle Ages and Renaissance, including the Play of Daniel and several other liturgical dramas which she edited. Ms. Ballard currently teaches at Oberlin's summer Baroque Performance Institute. She is a graduate of Wellesley College and holds an M.A. in Musicology from the University of Pennsylvania.

Commentary

Born in 1600 and 1601, Virginia and Livia Galilei, daughters of the astronomer Galileo Galilei, entered the convent of San Matteo near Florence in 1613. Our concert (and, indeed, our ensemble) is inspired by Dava Sobel's book, *Galileo's Daughter*, which is based on the letters of the eldest daughter, Virginia, who assumed the name Suor Maria Celeste. Devoted to her father, she wrote to him quite often in her short life, and provided comfort and support during his trial for heresy.

Seventeenth-century Italy saw the blossoming of educational opportunities for women, as well as an increase in their intellectually creative activities, the fruits of which can today be traced back to individual named authors, as we see with the five female composers on this program. While not all girls trained in musical composition became nuns, the life of an upper-class nun afforded a woman the leisure to learn and pursue music at the same level as her fathers and brothers outside the walls. Since entering a convent was the best solution for protecting unmarried women, quite a large portion of the female population found themselves cloistered. In 1631, for example, almost fourteen percent of the women of the city of Bologna lived in convents. Young girls who eventually took the veil spent their entire lives inside the convent walls.

Our opening hymn by Francesca Caccini (a professional singer and not a nun), evokes the image of the virginal maidens, young nuns, who were devoted to Jesus as their celestial husband. Cozzolani's *O Maria tu dulcis* borrows from the Marian antiphon *Salve Regina* in a prayer to Mary as Intercessor, while Isabella Leonarda's motet *Care plage* reveals how the language of secular love, so intensely expressed in the madrigals of Monteverdi and by other poets and composers of the 17th century, was put to use for the expression of religious devotion and ecstasy. We have included Monteverdi's famed *Lamento d'Arianna* to illustrate the intensity of secular amorous texts. Something of an anomaly, the humorously irreverent *Monicella mi farei* depicts a young novice whose motives for entering the cloistered life are more mundane and materialistic than holy. These provocative texts are countered by the more old-fashioned *Sonet vox tua*, which evokes the language of the psalms in a nun's prayer for the forgiveness of sins. We conclude the program with a motet for the Nativity of the Virgin, *Non plangete* by the Bolognese nun Rosa Giacinta Badalla, in which the Old Testament prophets are counseled to mourn no longer, for their anticipated Messiah has been born. One of the harpsichord pieces is a set of variations on *la monica*, a tune associated with a song about a young girl whose parents force her, against her will, to join a monastery.

Five of the eight composers featured on our program are women, four of whom were nuns, and one who married. Francesca Caccini, the daughter of the famed composer Giulio Caccini, grew up in a musical family, and became a famous singer. Isabella Leonarda, Chiara Margarita Cozzolani, Rosa Giacinta Badalla, and Lucrezia Vizzana were nuns. Isabella, who spent her life in a convent in Novara, is the best known, being the most productive of the women composers of the Baroque era, with over 200 compositions to her name. Cozzolani, who eventually became Abbess of the convent of S. Radegonda in Milan, published four collections of her works, while Badalla, also of S. Radegonda, and Vizzana, of S. Christina in Bologna, published one volume of motets each.

—Notes by Mary Anne Ballard and Sarah Pillow

Texts and Translations

Jesu Corona virginum

Jesu Corona virginum
Quem mater illa concepit
Quae sola virgo parturit:
Haec vota clemens accipe.

Qui pergis inter lilia
Saeptus choreis virginum,
Sponsus decorus gloria
Sponsisque reddens praemia

Quocumque pergis, virgines
Sequuntur atque laudibus
Post te canentes cursitant,
Hymnosque dulces personant.

Te deprecamus supplices
Nostris ut addas sensibus
Nescire prorsus omnia
Corruptionis vulnera.

Laus, honor, virtus, gloria
Deo Patri et Filio
Sancto simul paraclito
In saeculorum saecula.

O Maria, tu dulcis

O Maria tu dulcis, tu pia, tu clemens,
tu dulcis, tu pia, tu mater Dei, o Maria.

Tu vera infirmorum salus, tu vera peccatorum
refugium,
O Maria, tu vera afflictorum consolatrix,
O Maria, tu vera spes omnium fidelium, o Maria.

O Maria, tu sponsa, tu virgo, tu mater,
tu Spiritus Sancti sacrarium,
o Maria, o advocata nostra,
respice in nos oculis misericordiae tuae,
o clementissima regina,
respice in nos in hac lachrymarum
valle gementes et flentes,
respice in nos qui suspiramus ad te clamantes,
clamamus ad te suspirantes.

O Maria, tu via, tu stella, tu lumen,
tu stella, tu via, tu mater Dei,
o Maria.

Care plage, cari ardores

Care plage, cari ardores,
quantum estis suave per me.
Nihil magis, quam ardores
care Jesu clamo a te.
Si tu ardes, ardendo beas,

O merciful Jesus—whom that mother,
the crown of virgins, conceived,
who alone gave birth as a virgin—
Accept these prayers.

Who proceeds among the lilies
surrounded by the choirs of virgins (i.e. nuns),
a husband adorned with glory,
bestowing rewards on his spouses.

Wherever you go,
the virgins follow with praise,
and trail after you singing
and sound sweet hymns.

We suppliants pray to you
that you augment our senses
but not to let us know directly
all the wounds of corruption.

Praise, honor, virtue, and glory
be to God the Father and to the Son,
and likewise to the holy protector,
forever and ever.

O Mary, sweet and good, you who are merciful,
sweet, good, the mother of God, O Mary.

You true health of the sick, you true refuge of
sinners,
O Mary, you who truly consoles the afflicted,
O Mary, true hope of the faithful, O Mary.

O Mary, you spouse, you virgin, you mother,
you temple of the Holy Spirit,
O Mary, O our advocate;
look to us with your eyes of mercy,
O most kindly queen,
look to us in this vale of tears,
us who are weeping and mourning,
look to us who sigh crying to you,
who cry sighing to you.

O Mary, you path, you star, you light,
you star, you path, you mother of god,
O Mary.

—Transl. Robert Kendrick

Dear wounds, dear flames,
how pleasant you are to me.
Dear Jesus, I cry for nothing more
than fires from you.
If you burn, you bless by burning,

et delectat dum plagas nos.
In hoc corde dum flammas creas,
tunc in anima cadit ros.
In hoc corde dum flammas beas,
tunc in anima cadit ros.

Probo aliquando deliquia,
tormenta et pena,
sed cito veniunt ad me divine consolationes.

Una sola dilecta gratia
fugat cito dolorum milia.
Tunc tormenta videntur vilia,
Quando cordi tu donas solatia.

Facies tua dilecta, candida,
facit cor ut non restet in júbilo,
et ut vivant repleta júbilo,
etiam penis corda plus languida.

Ah, amantissime Jesu,
si ista est, amoris fulmine
vulnera me, cum frontis lumine tu beas me.
countenance.
ne cesses quaeso, cor meum plagare
Si me Jesu scis beare.
Alleluia.

Monicella mi farei

Monicella mi farei
S'io pensassi essere accetta,
Ed il nome ch'io vorrei
Saria Suor Bell'Angioletta

Vorria aver le tonicelle
Di saietta Milanese,
E le bende bianch'e belle
Co'i soggoli alla francese.

Il bavaglio largo e fine,
La cintura lunga e stretta
Con le belle forbicine,
E' il coltello, e la forchetta.

Vorria ancor aver la cella
Assai larga e spatiosa,
E buon letto fosse in quella
Con casson pien d'ogni cosa

Quand io fussi poi chiamata
Da parenti o da stranieri,
Verrei pronto a quella grata
Dov'io stessi volontieri.

E con dolce paroline
Col tener la bocca stretta,

and you are pleasing while you wound us.
As you create flames in this heart,
then dew falls in the soul.
As you bless the flames in this heart,
then dew falls in the soul.

Sometimes I experience fainting,
torments, and punishments,
but divine consolations come quickly to me.

One single loving grace
quickly causes thousands of sorrows to flee.
Then torments seem paltry,
when you give comfort to my heart.

Your beloved, dazzling face
makes my heart not resist joy, and even
hearts more weak from pains
live full of joy.

Ah, most loving Jesus, if that is so,
wound me with the lightning of love,
while you bless me with the light of your
countenance.
If you know how to bless me, Jesus,
do not cease, I beg you, to wound my heart.
Alleluia.

—Transl. James Callahan

I would become a little nun
if I thought I'd be accepted,
and the name that I would like
would be Sister Bell'Angioletta.

I would like to have a little habit
of Milanese silk,
and lovely white head bands
and a wemple in the French mode.

The bib wide and fine,
the belt long and tight,
with a pretty little scissors,
and a knife, and a little fork.

And I would like to have a cell
somewhat large and spacious,
and let there be a good bed there
with a chest full of everything.

And then when I would be called
by relatives or by strangers,
I would go quickly to that grate
where I would gladly stay.

And with sweet little words
keeping my mouth still,

Direi mille coseline
Da fermar chi avessi fretta
Soprattutto vorria avere
'Na divota vaga e bella
Che mi dessi ogni piacere
Ed anch'io ne dessi ad ella.

Allor si ch'io goderei
Fossi estate o fossi inverno
Nè già mai mi pentirei
Star rinchiusa in sempiterno.

Lamento d'Arianna

Lasciatemi morire
E chi volete voi che mi conforte
In così dura sorte
In così gran martire
Lasciatemi morire

O Teseo mio,
Si che mio ti vo 'dir,
che mio pur sei
benchè t'involi ahi crudo
a gli occhi miei.

Volgiti, Teseo mio
O dio, volgiti indietro a rimirar colei
Che lasciato haper te la Patria il regno
E in queste arene ancora
Cibo di fere dispietate e crude
Lascierà l'ossa ignude.

O Teseo, se tu sapessi O Dio!
Come s'affanna la povera Arianna,
Forse pentito rivolge resti ancor
La prora al lito.
Ma con l'aure serene
Tu te ne vai felice
Et io qui piango.
A te prepara Atene
Liete pompe superbe,
Ed io rimango
Cibo di fere insolitarie arene
beasts.
Te l'uno e l'altro tuo vecchio
Parente stringeran lieti,
Et io più non vedrovvi
O madre, o padre mio.

Dove dov'è la fede
Che tanto mi giuravi?
Così ne l'alta sede
Tu mi ripond degl'Avi?
Son queste le corone
Onde m'adorn'il crine?
Questi gli scettri sono,

say a thousand little things
to stay those in a hurry.
Above all, I would like to have
a devoted friend, silly and pretty,
who would give me every pleasure
and I would give the same to her.

Then indeed I would rejoice,
be it summer or be it winter,
nor then would I ever regret
being enclosed forever.

—Transl. Ann Matter

O let me die,
and you who wish to soften my
comfort in this harsh fate,
in this great suffering,
let me die.

O my Theseus
yes, I call you mine,
for you are mine,
though you have vanished, cruel one,
from my eyes.

Look at me, Theseus,
O God! Turn back to see her who left
her homeland and kingdom for you,
and who, on these deserted shores
will leave her bare bones
as food for cruel and merciless beasts.

O Theseus, if you knew—O God!
how troubled is your poor Ariadne,
perhaps repentant, you would turn
your prow towards these shores.
But with gentle breezes
you happily go,
and I weep;
for you prepare Athens
or happy festivities in splendor,
while I remain here
on these deserted shores, the prey of wild

You shall happily clasp to your breast
both your aged parents,
while I shall never see you again,
O mother, O father.

Where is the faith
that you swore to me repeatedly?
Thus from your lofty throne
do you praise me?
Are these the garlands
with which you would adorn my tresses?
Are these the scepters I should wield,

Queste le gemme e gl'ori?
Lasciarmi in abbandono
A fera che mi straz'e mi divori?
devour me?
Ah Teseo, ah Teseo mio
Lascierai tu morire
Invan' piangendo, invan' gridand'aita
La misera Arianna
Ch'a te fidossi e ti diè gloria e vita?

Ahi, che non pur rispondi!
Ahi, che più d'aspe sordo a miei lamenti.
O nemi, o turbi, o venti sommergetelo
Voi dentr'aquell'onde correte orche;
Ballene e delle membra immonde
Empietele voragini profonde

Che parlo, ahi, che vaneggio?
Misera, oimè!
Che chieggi? O Teseo mio,
Non son non son quell'io
Non son quell'io che i ferì
Detti sciolse; parlò l'affano mio.
Parlò il dolore,
Parlò la lingua, sì
Ma non già 'l core

Misera, ancor dò loco
A la tradita speme,
E non si spegne
fra tanto scherno ancor
d'amore il foco?
Spegni tu, Morte, omai
le fiamme indegne.
O Madre, o Padre,
o de l'antico Regno superbi alberghi,
ov'ebbi d'or la cuna.
O servi, o fidi amici
(ahi fato indegno)
mirate, ove m'ha scort'empia fortuna!
Mirate di che duol m'han fatto herede
l'amor mio, la mia fede,
e l'altrui inganno.
Così va chi tropp'ama
E troppo crede.

Sonet vox tua in auribus cordis mei

Sonet vox tua in auribus cordis mei,
amabilissime Jesu,
et abundantia plenitudinis gratiae tuae
superet abundantiam peccatorum meorum.
Tunc enim cantabo, exultabo, jubilabo,
et psalmum dicam jubilationis et laetitiae.
Et erit vox mea quasi cithare citharizantium.
Et eloquium meum dulce super mel et favum.

and these the precious stones and jewels?
To leave me abandoned
where wild beasts will tear me apart and

Ah Theseus, would you thus leave me to die?
Vainly weeping and crying out for help,
your miserable Ariadne,
who trusted you,
brought honor to you, and saved your life?

Ah, he still does not answer!
Ah, more deaf than an asp is he to my lament.
O storms, O tempests, O winds,
drown him beneath your waves;
hasten, whales and monsters of the sea,
and with his foul limbs fill your deep abysses.

Ah! What do I say? Am I delirious?
Alas, how miserable I am.
What to ask? O my Theseus,
I am not, no, I am not she
who unleashed those fierce words.
My distress spoke,
and my pain;
Yes, my tongue spoke,
but not my heart.

Miserable! Yet do I hope,
in spite of betrayal;
shall not even such great derision
put out love's fire?
Now you, Death, shall
extinguish my wronged ardor.
O Mother, O Father, O splendid
palace of that ancient kingdom
where my cradle was gold.
O servants, trusted friends
(ah! cruel fate!),
look, where pitiless fate
has led me! Observe
the pain inflicted by my love,
my faith, and the deceit of others.
Thus is the destiny
of one who loves too much
and trusts too deeply.

Let your voice sound in the ears of my heart,
most beloved Jesus,
and may the abundance of your grace
overcome the abundance of my sins.
Then truly I will sing, I will exult, I will rejoice,
I will recite a psalm of jubilation and rejoicing.
And my voice will be like the striking of the kithara
And my speech sweeter than honey and the honeycomb.
—Transl. Craig Monson.

Non plangete

Non plangete, no no, antiqui patres
in umbra taciturna
in cella nocturna
limbi oscuri, gaudete,
non plangete, no, no.

O veridice prophete
vaticinia beata
iam ex radice Jesse nata est virga,
Beatissima virgo
quae germinabit Nazarenum florem,
et producet salvatorem.

Cara dies fortunata,
me rapite coeli aeterni;
iam sunt clausae portae inferni,
sum contenta, sum beata.

In glorioso estasi protanto contenta
elevature anima mea
pro Maria nascente
cum tanto gaudio exultat meum cor.

Non plus me tentate, no, no, no,
mundanae sirene;
Iam vestrae catenae nunc sunt conquassatae
Non plus me tentate, no, no, no.
Alleluia. Alleluia!

Mourn not, ancient fathers,
in silent shadow,
in nocturnal cell,
dark limbs, rejoice,
mourn not, no, no.

O truthful prophets,
prophetic blessed one,
a shoot is born from the root of Jesse,
most blessed virgin,
who will bear the Nazarene flower,
and will produce salvation.

Beloved, happy day, when
the eternal heavens enrapture me,
now the doors of hell are closed,
I am happy, blessed.

In glorious ecstasy
my soul is lifted
for Mary's birth,
with such joy my heart exalts.

Tempt me no more, no, no, no,
earthly sirens.
Now your chains have been conquered.
Tempt me no more, no, no, no.
Alleluia. Alleluia!

—Transl. Ann Matter

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Robert L. Kendrick *Celestial Sirens: Nuns and their Music in early Modern Milan* (Oxford U. Press, 1996).

Jo Ann Kay McNamara *Sisters in Arms: Catholic Nuns Through Two Millenia* (Harvard U. Press, 1996).

Craig A. Monson *Disembodied Voices: Music and Culture in an Early Modern Italian Convent* (U. of California Press, 1995).

Dava Sobel *Galileo's Daughter, A historical Memoir of Science, Faith, and Love* (Walker Publishing Co., 1999).

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