

Galileo's Daughters

Sarah Pillow
soprano

Mary Anne Ballard
viola da gamba

Jennifer Peterson
harpsichord

Baroque Nymphs, Nuns and Courtesans

Il Romeo
Begl'occhi, bel seno
Amor Dormiglione

Barbara Strozzi 1619-ca.1664
Cantate, ariette e duetti, Opus II 1651

Aura soave
O Primavera

Luzzasco Luzzaschi 1545-1607
Madrigali per cantare et sonare, a uno, e doi, e tre soprani 1601

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

Partite 11 sopra L'aria di monicha
for solo harpsichord

Girolamo Frescobaldi 1583 – 1643
Il primo libro di toccate, 1615-1637

Sonet vox tua in auribus cordis mei

Lucretia Vizzana 1590-1662

Concinant linguae

Maria Chiara Cozzolani 1602 -ca.1676
from *Concerti sacri*, 1642

~intermission~

Canzona sesta detta l'altera
viola da gamba solo with basso continuo

Girolamo Frescobaldi

Due luci ridenti
Amarilli mia bella

Settimia Caccini 1591 - ca.1660
Giulio Caccini 1545 - 1618
Le Nuove Musiche 1602

Toccata Prima
for solo harpsichord

Girolamo Frescobaldi
Il secondo libro di toccate, 1637

Laudate dominum (Ps.150)
Quel sguardo sdegnosetto

Claudio Monteverdi 1567 – 1643

This concert is dedicated to the memory of Professor Denis William Stevens, CBE

Commentary

I reverently consecrate this work, which I, as a woman, all too ardently send forth into the light, to the august name of Your Highness, so that under your Oak of Gold it may rest secure from the lightning bolts of slander prepared for it.

-Barbara Strozzi to Vittoria della Rovere in the dedication of her first book of songs, Opus 1.

The 17th-century unmarried woman's quality of life depended on family circumstances and social standing. A courtesan was a socially and intellectually accomplished woman; a nun had the moral virtues attributed to her vocation.

Born in Venice and raised by her adopted father, the poet Giulio Strozzi, Barbara Strozzi was a well known singer and composer. She published over 8 volumes of songs in her lifetime, which made her one of the most prolific composers of her generation. Barbara's popularity as "*la virtuosissima cantratrice*" awarded her certain freedoms not ordinarily bestowed upon women. She never married, yet maintained a long-term relationship with Giovanni Paolo Vidman, with whom she had at least three of her four children. One son entered a monastery, the other son was legitimized, and the two daughters were provided dowries by Vidman to enter the convent of San Sepolcro, the best solution for a girl of unmarried parents not able to pay the price of a wedding dowry. The experience of being a nun varied. Girls also took the veil for safekeeping before an arranged marriage; widowed wealthy women willingly joined to live out the rest of their lives in peace and comfort. 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. A cloistered nun had a better chance of avoiding the plague and complications from childbirth. Nevertheless, cloistering was also seen by some as a lifelong prison term. Frescobaldi's harpsichord solo *L'aria di monicha* is from a tune associated with a song about a young girl whose parents force her, against her will, to join a monastery.

The nun composer Chiara Margarita Cozzolani's motet, *Concinant linguae*, is a song of praise, with reference to Song of Songs 4:16. Cozzolani's texts evoke an intense spirituality emphasizing the intercessory role of the Virgin Mary. Lucretia Vizzana's *Sonet vox tua* evokes the language of the psalms in a nun's prayer for the forgiveness of sins.

Settimia Caccini, the daughter of the famed composer Giulio Caccini, grew up in a musical family, and became a famous singer and quite able composer in her own right, along with her sister, Francesca. Giulio Caccini's songbook, *Le Nuove Musiche* introduced a new singing style which emphasized the importance of expressive singing, and of clear text declamation, in contrast to the older polyphonic style which obscured the words. Luzzasco Luzzaschi was a composer of seven books of madrigals, including his famous *Madrigali per cantare et sonare, a uno, e doi, e tre soprani* of 1601. His highly ornamented soprano line was a significant predecessor to the changes that would come with the development of 17th-century monody. Also a sought-after pedagogue, he was the mentor of many fine musicians and composers, including Girolamo Frescobaldi.

Perhaps today's most well known composer from the early Baroque is Claudio Monteverdi. We dedicate this concert to Professor Denis William Stevens, CBE, who translated the letters of Claudio Monteverdi, published by Oxford University Press in 1980. He also founded the Accademia Monteverdiana Inc. in 1967 to promote Early, Renaissance and Baroque music which continues to this day.

-Sarah Pillow

Biographies of the Artists

Since her acclaimed New York recital debut as a Concert Artists Guild award winner in 1970, harpsichordist **Elaine Comparone** has maintained a varied career as recitalist, soloist with orchestra, chamber musician, recording artist, organist and choir director, impresaria, teacher and collaborator with composers, choreographers and video artists. A former Fulbright scholar and recipient of grants from the National Endowment for the Arts, she has taken her harpsichords to performances in every state of the continental US and has performed her unique interpretations of Domenico Scarlatti's music in France and Italy. In 1978 she founded Harpsichord Unlimited, a non-profit organization dedicated to stimulating interest in the harpsichord as a living contemporary instrument. As founder and director of The Queen's Chamber Band, she produces and performs in an annual series of New York City concerts at Church of the Transfiguration, Merkin Hall and Weill Hall at Carnegie. She records for Lyrichord Discs.

Equally at home in jazz and early music repertoire, soprano **Sarah Pillow** enjoys an eclectic career exploring a myriad of vocal styles. Her work in early Baroque repertoire has been extensive, including performances for BBC Radio 3 in England, as well as concerts in Ireland, England, France, and the United States. Sarah has appeared with such groups as The New York Philharmonic, The S.E.M. Ensemble, and New York Collegium in works by composers such as Claudio Monteverdi, Mozart and John Cage. As a jazz musician, she has performed at the Montreux and Ozone Jazz Festivals, as well as with her own trio both abroad and in the United States. Sarah can be heard on eight recordings, and digitally on iTunes. A native of California and graduate from Oberlin Conservatory in Ohio, Sarah currently resides in New York City, and is cofounder of Buckyball Music, Inc., an artist-run record label and music production company dedicated to aiding creative musicians in negotiating the labyrinth that is the music business. More information about Sarah can be found at buckyballmusic.com

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.

Translations

Il Romeo

Vagò mendico il core
tutto il regno d'amor
dimandando pietà, chiedendo aita
nell'infelice sua povera vita.
Nè per ben salda fede
potè trovar mercede,
que di quante egli amò crudeli a torto
ch'l fuggi, ch'il tradi, ch'il volle morto.

Tornò dal suo camino
il mio cor pellegrino,
nè pietoso favor ha mai trovato
per il mendico suo misero stato.
Femminil cortesia
forz'è che spenta sia,
ch'ogni ricca beltà resa tenace
non l'udì, nol mirò, lo mandò in pace.

Begl'occhi, bel seno

Voi pur, begl' occhi, sete
porte d'un paradiso,
voi tra lo scherzo e'l riso
in ciel m'introducete.
Mà tanto il cor m'ardete
che dal mio foco eterno
per le porte del ciel corro all'inferno.

Sì, bel seno, che tu sei
una neve animata.
Sì, che tua giogia grata
consola gl'ardor miei.
Ma tanto alfin godei
che grande à poco à poco
fra le falde di giel provo il mio foco.

Voi pur, bei crini, adoro,
cari dolci legami,
voi, preziosi stami.
Ma della selva d'oro
se non mi fate un dono,
fra le miniere d'or povero io sono.

No, no, pomi e rubiini,
che voi non paregiate
No, di quelle labbra amate
i coralli divini.
Ma non mai ne' giardini
di quella bella bocca
coglier quanti vorrei bacci mi tocca.

Amor Dormiglione

Amor, non dormir più! Su, su svegliati homai,
che mentre dormi tu dormon le gioie mie,
vegliono i guai

My heart goes begging
through the dominions of love,
asking for kindness, seeking help
in its wretched, unhappy life.
Not even for good payment with faithfulness
could it find mercy,
so perversely cruel is the one that it loves,
fleeing, betraying, wishing it dead.

My pilgrim heart returned
to its home,
never having found the least favor of kindness
in its miserable beggardly condition.
Feminine goodwill is so wearied
that no woman rich with beauty would hear
my heart or look at it,
and they sent it away in peace.

Oh you beautiful eyes, you are
doors to a paradise,
between a tease and a laugh
you bring me to heaven.
Yet my heart arouses me so much
that because of my eternal flame,
from the doors of heaven I run to hell.

Yes, beautiful breast, you are
living snow.
Yes, how your gentle throat
quells my passionate fire.
Yet in the end so sublime is my delight
that as it grows, little by little,
my fire is spent among the snowflakes.

Yes, beautiful hair, I adore you,
dear sweet locks,
of my abundant treasure.
But if you don't let me have a little
of that golden jungle,
amid mines of gold I'm poor.

No, no, you apples and rubies,
you don't compare with
the divine coral
of those beloved lips.
Yet never, in the gardens
of that beautiful mouth could I
ever pick enough kisses to satisfy my yearning.

Cupid, no more sleeping! Up, up, wake up now,
for while you sleep, my joys sleep,
my troubles are wakeful.

Non esser, non esser, Amor, dappoco!
Strali, strali, foco, strali, strali, su, su,
foco, foco, su, su!
O pigro o tardo tu non hai senso,
Amor melenso, Amor codardo!
Ahi quale io resto che nel mio ardore
tu dorma Amore: mancava questo!

Aura Soave

Aura soave di segreti accenti
Che penetrando per l'orecchie alcòre
Svegliasti la
Dove dormiva Amore?
Per te respiro e vivo
Da che nel petto mio Spirasti tu
Spirasti tu d'Amor vitaldesio
Vissi divita privo Mentre amorosa
cura in me fu spenta
Hor vien che l'alma senta Virtù
di quell tuo spirto gentile
Felice vita Felice vita oltre l'usato stile.

Primavera

O Primavera gioventù de l'anno
Bella madre di fiori
D'erbe novelle et di novelli Amori
Tu ben lasso ritorni
Ma senza I cari giorni
De le speranze mie
Tu ben sei quella
Ch'eri pur dianzi
Si vezzosa e bella
Ma non son io già chel
Ch'un tempo fui
Sicaro a gl'occhi altrui

Concinant linguae

Concinant linguae verbum bonum,
verbum melleum, verbum lacteum;
jubilant corda, stillent labia dulcedinem
amoris divini, et gaudio cuncta
exiliant tanto irradiata Mariae splendore.
Frondeant arbores, floreant lilia, rubeant rosae,
germinant campi, rideant prata.
Surgat Auster, perflect venti, flumina plaudant,
resonent valles cantibus avium.
Vos principes caeli, pompa solemni ducite choreas,
agite triumphum, dum nos in terris modulantes
tercanimus himnum:
Te laudamus, te benedicimus, te adoramus,
virgo faeconda, intacta sponsa,
casta puerpera; gaudia matris habens,
O Maria, cum virginitatis honore.
Te laudamus, O Maria, te benedicimus,
O Maria, te adoramus, O Maria.

Don't be useless!
Arrows, arrows, fire, arrows, arrows, up, up,
fire, fire, up, up!
Oh you idle laggard, you have no feeling,
giddy Cupid, cowardly Cupid!
Alas, what can I do, if in spite of all my ardor
you slumber: that's all I needed!
-Translations by Richard Kolb

Breeze, sweet with secret sounds
that penetrate my heart through
my ears, You awaken in me
Love that was slumbering.
For him I have breathed and lived, since into
my breast you have wafted desire.
I have lived deprived of life,
since the cares of love
have left me.
But now my soul feels again the power of
your sweet spirit.
O happy life beyond compare!

O Spring, the youth of the year,
Fair mother of flowers,
Of new grass and of new loves.
You come back to us,
But without the dear days
Of my hopes.
You are still
What you used to be,
As charming and fair,
But I am no longer
What I once was,
So dear in the eyes of another!

-Translations by Jessica Goldring and Jennifer Peterson

Let tongues sound a good word, a honeyed
word, a milky word; let hearts
rejoice, let lips drip the sweetness
of divine love, and, filled with joy, let them be
gladdened because of Mary's radiant splendor.
Let trees put forth leaves, let lilies flower, let roses
grow red, let the fields bud, let the meadows laugh.
Let the South Wind arise, let the winds blow, let the
rivers rejoice, let the valleys resound with the songs
of birds. You princes of heaven, lead your choirs
in a solemn procession, celebrate a triumph,
while we musicians on earth sing a hymn:
We praise you, we bless you, we adore you, fertile
virgin, untouched spouse, chaste child-bearer. You
have the joys of a mother, O Mary,
with the honor of virginity.
We praise you, O Mary, we bless you, O Mary;
we adore you, O Mary

- Translation by Robert L. Kendrick

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.

Due luci ridenti

Due luci ridenti con guardo sereno
di dolci tormenti m'ingombrano il seno.
Ma lampi d'amore rapiscono il core
con furto gentile la libertà.
Pur lieto vivrà quest' alma cantando
s'adora penando celeste beltà.

Due labbra di rose con dolci rossori
le paci amorose promettono ai cori.
Ma in quel bel sereno s'annida il veleno
che uccide dell' alme la libertà.
Pur lieto...

Due braccia soavi, mie dolci catene
far posson men gravi l'acerbe mie pene.
Da questo io desio sia servo il cor mio,
si perda si perda la libertà.
Pur lieto....

Due risi, due sguardi, due care parole
sian fiamme, sian dardi, morir non mi duole.
Morrommi beato, morirò fortunato
e perderò lieto la libertà.
Pur lieto....

Amarilli mia bella

Amarilli, mia bella,
Non credi o del mio cor dolce desio,
D'esser tu l'amor mio?
Credilo pur,
e se ti mor t'assale
Prendi questo mio strale
Aprimil petto,
e vedrai scritto il core.
Amarilli, e' il mio amore.

Laudate dominum

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.

—Translation by Craig Monson

Two smiling eyes with serene glance
of sweet torments burden my breast.
but lightning-bolts of love abduct from the heart,
with gentle theft, freedom.
Yet joyfully will thrive this singing soul
if you are sufferingly adored, celestial beauty.

Two lips of roses with sweet blushes,
love's peaceful moments are promised to the heart.
But in this beautiful serenity poison makes its nest
and puts to death, from the soul, freedom.
Yet joyfully...

Two delicate arms, my sweet chains,
can make less serious the bitterness of my torments.
Of this which I desire, my heart becomes servant,
one loses, one loses freedom.
Yet joyfully...

Two laughs, two glances, two sweet words
They are flames, darts, to die does not grieve me.
I will die blessed, I will die fortunate
and I will gladly lose my freedom.
Yet joyfully...

-Translations by Jessica Goldring and Jennifer Peterson

Amaryllis, my beauty
do you not believe, O my sweet
Hear's desire, that you are my love?
Believe me;
but if fear assails you,
Take this sword,
open my breast
And see what is written on my heart:
Amaryllis is my beloved.

-Translation by Katherine Truett

Laudate dominum in sanctis ejus.
Laudate eum in firmamento virtutis ejus.
Laudate eum in sono tubae.
Laudate eum in psalterio et citara.
Laudate eum in tympano et choro.
Laudate eum in cimbali bene sonantibus,
Laudate eum in cimbali jubilationibus.
Omnis spiritus laudet dominum.
Alleluia.

Quel sguardo sdegnosetto

Quel sguardo sdegnosetto
lucente e minaccioso
quel dardo velenoso
vola a ferirmi il petto
bellezze ond'io tutt'ardo
e son da me diviso
piagatemi col sguardo
sanatemi col riso.
Armatevi pupille
d'asprissimo rigore
versatemi su'l core
un nemi di faville
ma'l labro non sia tardo
a rattivarmi ucciso
feriscami quel sguardo
ma sanimi quel riso.

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

Praise the Lord in His sanctuary.
Praise Him in the firmament of his power.
Praise Him with the sound of the trumpet.
Praise Him with the psaltery and harp.
Praise Him with the drum and dancing.
Praise Him with sweet-sounding cymbals.
Praise Him with the jubilant cymbals.
Let all that hath breath praise the Lord.
Alleluia
- Psalm 150

That scornful little glance
gleaming and threatening —
that poisonous dart —
Shoots out and strikes my heart.
Charms that have set me on fire,
and have divided me.
Wound me with a glance
Heal me with laughter!
Eyes be armed
with roughest rigor
pour on my heart
a cloudburst of sparks!
But let not the lips be late
in reviving my corpse;
let that glance wound me
but that laughter heal me.

To arms sweet eyes!
I prepare my breast for you:
take joy in wounding me
until I faint.
For if by your darts
I remain conquered,
Wound me with those glances!
But heal me with that laughter.
—Translation by Laura Kate Marshall