

Galileo's Daughters

Sarah Pillow, soprano Jennifer Peterson, harpsichord
Mary Anne Ballard, viola da gamba

Venetian Treasures of the 17th-Century

Exulta Filia Sion <i>Calvi: Quarta raccolta, (Venexia 1629)</i> Salve o Regina <i>Raccolta Calvi (Venezia 1624)</i>	Claudio Monteverdi (1567 – 1643)
O quam tu pulcra es	Alessandro Grandi (1586-1630)
Canzon francese detta 'Petit Iacquet'	Andrea Gabrieli (ca. 1533-1585)
Tota pulcra es	Antonia Bembo (1640-1720)
Sonet vox tua in auribus cordis mei <i>Componimenti musicale de motteti (Venezia 1623)</i>	Lucretia Orsina Vizzana (1590-1662)
Motet: <i>Non plangete</i> <i>Motetti a voce sola (Venezia 1684)</i>	Rosa Giacinta Badalla (1660- c1715)

Intermission

La Musica: Prologo from <i>L'Orfeo</i> <i>(Venezia 1607)</i>	Claudio Monteverdi
Canzon francese detta 'Un gai berger' di Crequillon	Andrea Gabrieli
Lagrimie mie <i>Diporti di Euterpe, Opus VII 1658</i>	Barbara Strozzi (1619-ca.1664)
Ung gay bergère <i>Ricercate, passaggi et cadentie, Venice 1585</i>	Giovanni Bassano (c. 1558 - 1617)
Cantata: <i>Amor, hai vinto</i>	Antonio Vivaldi (1678 – 1741)

Biographies

Based in New York City, **Galileo's Daughters** is the creation of musicians whose individual expertise in the worlds of early music, opera, jazz, drama, and musical scholarship bring freshness and immediacy to their performances. Since their debut concert in September of 2001, Galileo's Daughters has performed throughout the United States for such institutions as the College of Charleston, the Piccolo Spoleto Festival, and the University of Notre Dame.

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 is extensive, and includes performances for BBC Radio 3 in England. 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 downloaded on iTunes. More information about Sarah can be found at: <http://buckyballmusic.com>

Born in Anchorage, Alaska, American conductor, pianist and harpsichordist **Jennifer Peterson** is respected for her informed and spirited interpretations of a wide range of musical styles, including opera, early music, new music, chamber music and art song repertoire. She has held positions in both the United States and internationally with numerous opera companies, including the New York City Opera, Opera Theatre of Saint Louis, Florida Grand Opera, Austin Lyric Opera, and the International Vocal Arts Institute in Tel Aviv. Ms. Peterson was awarded a bachelor degree in both piano and violin performance from Oberlin Conservatory, and a Master's degree from Indiana University. She is also involved in diverse musical activities outside of opera, and 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 Philadelphia Classical Symphony, the Bethlehem Bach Festival, and the Smithsonian Chamber Players. 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

Venice, port city and gateway to Western Europe from the East, maintained diplomatic contacts with all European countries and strived to remain as politically neutral as possible. The city retained an international air from its trading connections, and its population a healthy sense of pride. Throughout the Renaissance and Baroque periods, Venice was the center of the publishing business, including that of music. The choir of San Marco was famous throughout Europe since the middle of the sixteenth century, and procurers invested heavily to bring the best Italian musicians to Venice. The organist of San Marco, Giovanni Gabrieli, taught such famous musicians as Heinrich Schütz, who studied with him in Venice from 1609-1612. When Claudio Monteverdi became the director of music at San Marco in 1613, artists from all over Northern Europe traveled to Venice to study with the famous master. Alessandro Grandi served as an assistant to Monteverdi at San Marco from 1617 to 1627, when he accepted a position as *maestro di cappella* in Bergamo, a town north east of Milan. His post lasted only three years, as in 1630 he succumbed to the plague.

The women composers on our program led extremely varied lives. Antonia Bembo began life in Venice, and endured an unhappy marriage for several years before attempting to divorce her abusive husband. Her request was rejected, so she fled to Paris, leaving her children behind in Venice. She resided in a semi-cloistered community in Paris, after charming Louis XIV with her compositions and securing his sponsorship.

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 monastic experience differed among women. Girls 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. The nun composers Lucretia Orsina Vizzana and Rosa Giacinta Badalla published one volume of motets each in Venice. Vizzana's *Sonet vox tua* evokes the language of the psalms in a nun's prayer for the forgiveness of sins; Badalla's *Non plangete* counsels the prophets of the Old Testament to mourn no longer, for their anticipated Messiah has been born.

Giovanni Bassano was most prominently known as a performer, although he composed several choral and instrumental works during his lifetime. He joined the instrumental ranks of San Marco in 1576 at the age of eighteen, and published his first book in 1585 detailing how best to ornament passages when transcribing vocal music to instruments. He took over the post as head of the instrumental ensemble of San Marco in 1601, remaining there until his death in 1617, under the direction of both Gabrieli and Monteverdi. Giovanni Gabrieli most likely composed his *cornetto* parts with Bassano in mind.

Antonio Vivaldi is the most famous of baroque composers, with his *Four Seasons* a staple accompaniment to every restaurant offering Sunday brunch in the United States. The "Red Priest" (Vivaldi was ordained in 1703 but withdrew from the priesthood in 1706 due to ill health) was also known for his many operas and cantatas, continuing the tradition of Monteverdi, who composed one of the first operas ever written, *L'Orfeo*. The cantata we chose for this evening's performance is for its musical echoing of a symbol of Venice: the colliding waves of the Adriatic sea.

Translations

Exulta filia Sion

Exulta filia Sion;
lauda filia Hierusalem
ecce rex tuus sanctus,
ecce mundi salvator venit.
Omnes gentes, plaudite manibus
jubilate Deo in voce exultationis
laetentur coeli in voce exultationis
exultet terra in voce exultationis
quia consolatus est Dominus
populum suum;
redemit Hierusalem.
Alleluia.

Exalt, daughter of Sion; sing praise
daughter of Jerusalem.
Behold, your holy King,
Behold the savior of the world comes.
All nations, clap your hands
rejoice in God with the voice of exultation,
let the heavens be praised in exultation,
let the earth exult in the voice of exultation,
for the Lord has comforted
his people;
He has redeemed Jerusalem.
Alleluia.

-Trans. By Clifford Bartlett

Salve o Regina

Salve regina, mater misericordie
vita dulcedo et spes
nostra, salve. Ad te clamamus
exsules filii Eve; ad te
suspiramus gementes et flentes,
in hac lacrimarum valle. Eia,
ergo advocata nostra, illos tuos
misericordes oculos ad nos converte,
et Jesum benedictum fructum ventris
tui nobis post hoc exsilium ostende.
O clemens.
O pia.
O dulcis Maria, salve.

Hail, Queen, mother of mercy,
our life, sweetness, and hope:
hail! To you we, the exiled
children of Eve, cry out; to you
we plea, groaning and weeping in
this vale of tears. Oh, therefore
our advocate, turn your
merciful eyes to us, and after
this exile show us Jesus,
the blessed fruit of your womb.
O merciful.
O pia.
O sweet Mary, Hail.

O quam tu pulchra es/Tota pulchra es

O quam tu pulchra es
amica mea, Columba mea,
formosa mea
oculi tui columbarum
capilli tui sicut greges caprarum
et dentes tui sicut greges tonsarum.

Oh, how beautiful you are
my lover, my dove
my beautiful one
your eyes are like the doves
your hair like a herd of goats
And your teeth as herds of oars.

Veni, veni de Libano,
veni amica mea,
columba mea formosa mea
surge, propera, surge sponsa
mea surge dilecta mea
surge Immaculata mea.
Surge veni,
quia amore languo.

Come, come from Lebanon
come, my love, my dove, my beautiful one.
Rise up, hasten,
rise up my betrothed,
my chosen one,
rise up, my immaculate one.
Rise up, come
because I am weak with love.

Sonet vox tua in auribus cordis mei

Sonet vox tua in auribus cordis mei,

Let your voice sound in the ears of my heart,

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.

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.

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

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

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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Prologo: L'Orfeo (La Musica)

Dal mio Permesso amato
À voi ne vengo
Incliti Eroi, sangue gentil de Regi,
Di cui narra la Fama, eccelsi pregi,

from beloved Permesso
I come to you;
Illustrious heroes, noble blood of princes
who are narrated by Fame, glorious deeds;

Nè giunge al ver
perch'è tropp'alto il segno.

though falling short of truth,
for that is too high an aim.

Io la Musica son
Ch'ài dolce accenti
Sò far tranquillo
Ogni turbato core
Et hor di nobil ira,
Et hor d'amore
Posso infiammar
Le più gelate menti.

I am the Spirit of Music
who, in sweet accents
know how to calm
every troubled heart;
and now with noble anger,
and now with love
I can inflame
the most frozen minds.

Io sù cetera d'or
Cantando soglio
Mortal orecchio
Lusingar talhora
E in questa guisa
a l'armonia sonora
De la lira del Ciel
Più l'alme invoglio.

I sing to this,
my golden lyre
alluring mortal ears
to delight
and in this manner
inspire the soul
with the heavenly lyre's
sweet harmony.

Quinci a dirvi d'Orfeo
Desio mi sprona
D'Orfeo che trasse
al suo cantar le fere,
E servo fè l'Inferno à sue preghiere
Gloria immortal di Pindo
E d'Elicon.

Now am I spurred by the desire
to speak of Orpheus,
who with his singing
drew to him wild beasts, and who
subjugated Hades by his entreaties,
the immortal glory of Pindus
and Helicon.

Hor mentre I canti alterno
Hor lieti, hor mesti
Non si mova augellin
Fra queste piante,
New s'oda
In queste rive onda sonante
Et ogni Auretta
In suo camin s'arresti.

Now while I alternate my songs,
now happy, now sad,
let no small bird
stir among these trees,
nor noisy wave be heard
upon these shores,
and let each little breeze
halt in its course.

-Trans. By Clifford Bartlett

Lagime mie

Lagime mie, à che vi trattenete?
Perchè non isfogate il fier dolore,
Che mi toglie'l respiro e opprime
il core?
Lidia, che tant'adoro,
Perchè un guardo pietoso,
ahi, mi donò,
Il paterno rigor, l'imprigionò.

My tears, what holds you back?
Why not give vent to the proud sorrow,
Which takes away my breath and
oppresses my heart?
Lidia, whom I adore so much,
Why did you give me
a pitying glance, alas,
The paternal severity, it has
imprisoned me.
Shut within two walls remains the
beautiful innocent one
Where a ray of sunlight may not fall;
And that which sorrows me more
and increases

Trà due mura rinchiusa stà
la bella innocente
Dove giunger non può raggio di sole;
E quel che più mi duole
ed accresc'al mio mal

tormenti e pene,
È che per mia cagione provi male
il mio bene!

E voi, lumi dolenti, non piangete?
Lagrimie mie, à che vi trattenete?
Lidia, ahimè, veggo mancarmi,
L'idol mio che tanto adoro,
Stà colei trà duri marmi, per cui spiro

E pur non moro?
Se la morte m'è gradita,
Hor che son privo di speme,
Deh, toglietemi la vita
(Ve ne prego) aspre mie pene.
Mà ben m'accorgo, che per
tormentarmi maggiormente,
La sorte mi niega anco la morte.
Se dunque è vero, ò Dio,
Che sol del pianto mio,
Il rio destino hà sete.
Lagrimie mie, à che vi trattenete?

Amor, hai vinto

Amor, hai vinto, hai vinto.
Ecco il mio seno
da tuo bel stral trafitto.
Or chi sostiene l'alma mia
dal dolore abbandonata?
Gelido inogni vena
Scorrer mi sento il sangue,
E sol mi serba in vita
affano e pene
Mi palpita nel seno
Con nuove scosse il core.
Clori, crudel, e quanto ha da durar
quest'aspro tuo rigore?

Passo di pena in pena
Come la navicella
Ch'in questa e in quel'altr'onda
Urtando, urtando va.
Il ciel tuona e balena,
il mar tutt'è in tempesta
porto non vede o sponda
dove approdar non sa

In qual strano e confuso
Vortice di pensieri
La mia mente s'aggira
Or'è in calma, or s'adirà
e dove ancor si fermi
or in sasso, or in polve
Oh Dio! Ma di ch mai,

my evil torment and pain,
Has, through my reason,
proven my darling to be evil!

And you, sorrowful eyes, you do not weep?
My tears, what holds you back?
Lidia, alas, I see that I am in need,
My idol, whom I adore so much,
She who remains within cruel marble,
for whom I breathe
And yet I don't die?
If death would favor me,
Now that I am without hope,
God, take away my life,
(I beg you) my bitter pain.
But well I realize,
that to torment me all the more,
Fate also denies me death.
If it is then true, oh God,
That only of my weeping,
Wicked destiny is thirsty.
My tears, what holds you back?

Love, you have won.
Here is my breast
by your beautiful arrow it has been pierced.
Now who will sustain my abandoned soul
from sadness?
I freeze in every vein,
I feel my blood draining from me,
and the sun only serves me in life,
sorrow, and pain.
With new shocks,
my heart palpitates.
Cruel Clori, how long must one
endure the harshness of your severity?

I am in the pain of pains
like a little boat
going along, like this and like that,
colliding against the waves.
The sky is thundering and lightening,
the sea is all in a tempest.
A port it does not see, nor a shore;
it doesn't know where to land.

What a strange and confusing
whirlwind of thoughts
agitate my mind;
now it is calm, now angry,
and yet again, it stops;
now in stone; now in dust.
Oh God! But of what

Ma di che ti quereli
Cor in incredulo, infido?
Di che ti lagni, ahimè!
Forse non sai che nel seno
Di Clori hai porto, hai lido!

Se a me rivolge il ciglio
L'amato mio tesoro,
non sento più martoro,
ma torno a respirar.
Non teme più periglio
Non sente affanno e pena,
L'alma e si rasserena.

do you complain,
incredulous heart?
Perhaps you do not know (alas!)
that in the breast of Clori
There is a port, a shore!

If, towards me, you turn around
your demeanor, my treasured lover,
I won't feel tortured anymore, but
turn to breathe again.
It doesn't fear danger anymore
it doesn't feel suffering and pain,
the soul is serene and calm.