

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; the University of Notre Dame; the Mobile, Alabama Chamber Music Society and the City of New York Graduate Center. Inspired by Dava Sobel's book *Galileo's Daughter*, the group bring alive through music and readings the era of Suor Maria Celeste, whose letters to her famous father make vivid the spiritual and daily life of a 17th-century woman.

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 guest artist with period music groups The Baltimore Consort and The New York Collegium, and in concert with her own chamber group, Galileo's Daughters. She has also appeared as a soloist with The Berkshire Choral Festival, Grace Choral Society, the St. Andrew Chorale, and the Pennsylvania Sinfonia in works by composers as diverse as Claudio Monteverdi and Arthur Honegger. 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. More information about Sarah can be found at buckyballmusic.com or galileosdaughters.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.

Katherine Wessinger is artfully capturing audiences everywhere with her enchanting soprano voice and passionate interpretations. Her most recent performances include Bach's *Easter Oratorio* and Haydn's *Nelson Mass* with Dr. Andrew Henderson and the St. Andrew's Chorale of Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, and Couperin's *Lecon de Tenebre* with soprano Sarah Pillow. Other recent performances include collaborations with St. Mary's College of Maryland at the Italy and USA Alba Music Festival, performing Mahler *Symphony No. 4*, Del Tredici *Dracula*, and Bach *Cantata No. 51* under the direction of Jeffrey Silberschlag, and at the River Concert Series under the direction of Larry Vote. In 2005 she sang the New York City premiere of the recently discovered Handel *Gloria*. Other noted performances include the Rutter *Requiem* with Tom Hall directing, and with the renowned Handel Choir of Baltimore performing in Handel's *Messiah* and part V of Bach's *Christmas Oratorio*. The Baltimore Sun described her in this performance as having "used her clear, sweet soprano tellingly."

Commentary

The height of artistic activity throughout the court of the Habsburg Empire was reached in the later years of the reign of Charles VI (1711-40), but the preceding century saw an escalation of tremendous influence on the arts. Music was firmly built into the structure of court life, and ceremonial determined not just the place at which music was played, but also the character of what was performed. Within this pre-ordained framework, the Habsburgs, particularly in the Baroque period, welcomed musical innovation, and new musical works were used alongside ancient music.

Giovanni Felice Sances was Roman, and although little is known of him today compared to his contemporaries, he enjoyed a successful career throughout his life as a singer, composer, and Imperial Kapellmeister to the Habsburg court under Leopold I. Sances published many collections of sacred and secular music up until 1649, when he became vice Kapellmeister; after this date his compositions, which include 50 masses, 4 operas, and 6 sepulcri, disappeared as manuscripts in the court archives after just one performance. As part of the cultural politics of the Habsburg emperors, music written for the court was considered exclusive and not to be published.

A fellow Roman who, like Sances, made his way to Vienna to serve on the imperial court was Orazio Benevoli. He was largely known for his polychoral sacred choral works, one of which featured 48 vocal and instrumental lines. His large-scale compositions were welcomed by the Habsburg ceremonial, when he served the Austrian court from 1643-1645. He returned to Rome in 1646, and served as choirmaster at the Vatican until his death in 1672. Our concert today opens with one of Benevoli's more modest offerings, *De Profundis*. The monk Attilio Ariosti obtained a disposition from his order to devote himself to music, and occupied various positions in the German and Austrian courts throughout his life. Part of his career entailed sharing directorship in London with Händel and Bononcini of the opera enterprise known as The Royal Academy of Music. Antonio Caldara spent his life in Venice, Rome, Madrid and Vienna, where he remained until his death and was second in charge (under Fux) of the music in the Imperial Chapel. He is best known for his operas (he wrote over 70) and oratorios (30).

Our non-Italian composers on the program traveled widely throughout Europe and were most influential on their Italian colleagues. Johann Joseph Fux is remembered today, not only by his industrious work as a composer, but by his treatise on counterpoint, which governed the teaching of the subject well into the 20th-century. Fux served three emperors as court composer: Leopold I, Joseph I and Charles VI. Born in Stuttgart in 1616, Johann Jakob Froberger spent several years studying in Italy under Frescobaldi, and like other visiting musicians, converted to Catholicism during his stay in Rome. Although he only saw two publications of his music during his lifetime, his manuscripts reached across Europe and continued to be studied far into the 18th-century. One of Louis Couperin's *unmeasured preludes* bears the subtitle 'à l'imitation de M. Froberger'. Froberger served as a member of the imperial chapel in Vienna under both Ferdinand III and Leopold I. Gottlieb Muffat studied with his father Georg (also a composer) as well as with Johann Fux in Vienna and was appointed court organist at age 27. His students included several members of the royal family, including the future Holy Roman Empress Maria Theresa, whose succession to the Habsburg monarchy led to the War of the Austrian Succession in 1740.

Translations

De Profundis

De profundis clamavi ad te Domine:
Domine exaudi orationem meam.

Out of the depths I cry to you, O Lord.
Lord, hear my voice. (*Psalm 130:1-2a*)

O Maria Dei Genetrix

O Maria Dei genetrix
Et Virgo gratiosa.

O Mary, Mother of God
and gracious Virgin.

Omnium desolatorum ad te
Calamantium consolatrix vera
O Maria...

True consoler of all coming to you
in every sadness and calamity.
O Mary...

Per illum magnum gaudium quo

By that great joy by which

Consolata es quando cognovisti
Dominum Jesum die tertia
A mortuis impassibilem resurrexise
Sis consolatrix animae meae.

you were consoled when you recognized
the Lord Jesus on the third day
risen unharmed from the dead,
May you be the consoler of my soul.
(Marian antiphon)

Caro mea vere est cibus

Caro mea vere est cibus,
_et sanguis meus vere est potus. _
Qui manducat meam carnem _
et bibit meum sanguinem _
in me manet et ego in illo.

My flesh is true food,
and my blood is true drink.
He who eats my flesh
and drinks my blood
abides in me and I in him. *(John 6:56)*

Sò che piace

Sò che piace a gliocchi tuoi
Il rimorso, il duolo, e'l pianto.
Sò che l'uom salvar tu vuoi,
e'l salvar tuo vanto
E'l salvar lo e sol tuo vanto.

So pleasing to you-
Regrets, sorrow, and tears.
You want to save humanity-
and you take pride in it;
you do it for your own glory.
- transl. by Stefano de Peppo and Sarah Pillow

Tal vicina a Giglio e Rosa

Tal vicina a Giglio e Rosa
vergognosa Violetta
và negletta nè pompa di beltà
nè fà pompa di belta.
Quale in contro a rai
più grandi lo splendor,
Che ora tu spandi
più splendor non sembrerà.

Next to the lily and the rose
is the shy violet
who goes neglected without pride
nor vain of beauty.
Against their brightness
and grand magnificence
you shine as bright
with your uncomplicated modesty.
- transl. by Stefano de Peppo and Sarah Pillow

Chi sa amare e tacer mercede aspetti

Chi sa amare e tacer
mercede aspetti, che di donna
il pensier facil s'aggira,
vagheggiata, rimira, adultera
col sguardo e con l'effetto,
la fè, l'amor, il letto, sa
nasconder l'errore e fa
divinir Argo il cieco Amore:
Amanti e una pazzia
creder che tutta sua la donna sia.

One who is able to love and keep silent
can expect reward, because a woman's
intentions can easily change.
When she is courted, she behaves shamelessly,
observing his faith and love. Once this is well
understood, she knows how to disguise
her betrayal and turn the
blind Cupid into Argo.
Lovers, it is madness to think that
a woman will be all yours.

Amò secret oil cor e ardito
avante alla mia donna ne'
miei lumi, astiso contemplo
il nobil viso e lei trovò per
arder al mio foco e tempo,
e modo, e loco, dié tempo
al tempo, e intato nel suo bel
sen mi trasse al dolc'incanto.
Amanti e una pazzia
creder che tutta sua la donna sia.

My heart loved in secret, and then boldly
in front of my lady my eyes dared to
contemplate her noble face. In time
she found the ways and means to warm
to my passion as she slowly drew me
closer to her lovely bosom
in sweet enchantment.
Lovers, it is madness
to think that a woman
will be all yours.

Ami, servi ognun pur e premio
Attenda che può ciò che lei vo'
si i pur costante ogni fedel
amante, ché s'onestà l'affrena,
amor l'incalza l'ardir tuo vo'
o innalza, per far dolce tua
sorte di perigli non ha tema

One may be a loving servant and expect
reward; for he can achieve that which
any faithful lover, however
constant, desires. If one refrains
from honesty, he can pursue love.
Raise up your courage to sweeten
your destiny, have no fear

o di morte.
Amanti e una pazzia
creder che tutta sua la donna sia.

Lungi dall'idol mio

(Recit.)
Lungi dall'idol mio
fra mille e mille pene
vivere ohimè, degg'io?
È troppo gran martire
il perdere il suo bene
ma il perderlo per sempre
egl'è un morire.

(Aria)
Piangi misero cor,
il sospirato amor
più non vedrai.
Per eternar gl'affanni
son pur fieri e tiranni
un sempre un mai.

(Recit.)
Ah', ben prevede il cor,
ch'a darmi pene stabili il Fato
aver dovea le tempre; e allor
che disse il labbro, addio mio bene,
mesta soggiunse l'alma,
addio per sempre.

Ecco, dolce cor mio:
lungi da te n'andai,
lungi da de son io.
No, no, lungi da te non sarò mai!

(Aria)
Darvi un guardo solo
s'io potessi, o vaghi rai
qual conforto avrebbe il cor!
Ma destino ama il suo duolo
e non vuol ch'io spero mai
tanta pace al mio dolor.

Viver tra pianti

Viver tra pianti e tra sospiri
Star tra le pene a tra martiri,
Sono gl'affetti del tiranno Amor.
Haver bellezza, ch'amanti
sprezza, sono gl'effetti d'un
ingrato cor.
Ohimé! Son cose che ben
si sentono perché tormentano
e l'alma e il cor. Affè,
l'intende chi fugge amor.

Dalla ragione esser diviso
Trovar l'inferno nel Paradiso.
Sono gli affetti del tiranno Amor.
Non girar mai pietosi i rai
Sono gli affetti d'un ingrato cor.
Ohimé! Son cose che ben
si sentono perché tormentano
e l'alma e il cor. Affè,
l'intende chi fugge amor.

of danger or death.
Lovers, it is madness to think that
a woman will be all yours.

Transl. by Alessandra Testai

Far from my beloved, amid
a thousand and a thousand torments
alas, must I live?
There is too much suffering
in losing one's beloved,
but to lose her forever is to die.

Weep, O wretched heart;
your longed-for love
you will see no more.
To make these sufferings last forever
there are the fierce and cruel words
'always' and 'never'.

Ah, how well my heart foresaw that Fate
decreed this to make me suffer eternally;
and when the lips said
'farewell my love,'
the grieving soul added
'farewell for ever.'
See, my heart,
I have gone far from you;
I am far away.
No, no, far away from you I will never be!

Could I but give you a single glance,
O lovely eyes,
what a solace my heart would have!
But Fate loves its pain
and does not wish me ever to hope
for such respite from my suffering.

-Trans. By Brian Pritchard Daniela Bagozzi

To live a life of tears and sighs, to be
in pain and anguish – these are the
sentiments of the tyrant, Love.
To have beauty only to scorn
lovers with is the sign of a
thoughtless heart.
Alas! These emotions are deeply
felt, as they torment both heart
and soul. Mark my words,
one who knows this flees from love.

To be separated from reason, to find
Hell in Paradise- these are the experiences
of the tyrant, Love.
A thoughtless heart is inescapable of reason
and shows no pity.
Alas! These emotions are deeply
felt, as they torment both heart
and soul. Mark my words,
one who knows this flees from love.

-Transl. by Emma Tristram

Non sia chi mi riprenda

Non sia chi mi riprenda, perch'ami
un cor di sasso, ch'una tigre m'offenda
né dal martirio mio pur volga un passo.
Ch'amor è una pazzia, e ben può nel suo
regno esser beato, chi per esser
costante e sfortunato.

Altri rida fastoso con le sue glorie in seno,
il mio viver penoso, se non mi gusta
mi contenta almeno.

Bellezza che m'offende, rigor ch'allieta
e crudelta à che piace, m'insegnano a
sprezzar l'otio e la pace.

Non amo la mercede adoro il bello intento,
non cadra la mia fede sotto il peso mortal
del mio tormento. Il cor non teme affanno,
che fra speme e timor, in mar d'orgoglio,
un sasso e l'amore mio, la fade un scoglio.

Recit: Di colei che mi piace la catena è piu
forte, ch'io dono la mia pace ai favori d'amor
non della sorte. Né per esser pietosa
donna prodiga troppo, unqua m'accende,
che mira l'occhio ove il mio sol risplende.

Lusinghe, scherzi e vezzi, non mi muovono,
Clori, amo piu i tuoi disprezzi, che d'altra
qual si sia grazie e favori.

Misero, ma contento, pasco l'anima di doglia,
e se mi vanto, l'affettato mio cor
beve il mio pianto.

Lagrimosa beltà

Lagrimosa beltà, per cui già
Notte e di cotanto sospiri.
Come sei tu divenuta così,
il barbaro chi fu, qual cor
pien d'impietà potuto
ha in crudelir contro di te?

Misero, ben lo so, né puoi negarlo a fe,
il tempo fu, l'età, che tanto vale e può.
Illanguidito ha sen,
Ha scorolito l'or del tuo bel crin.

Mirate donne il fin che vien:
mente ogni cosa mortal,
col tempo arte non val,
questo col poco muta,
schemir nol puote alcun.
La poggia vien talor doppio
il seren e dopo il lamp il tuon.

Chi si mostro crudel non merita perdon,
e l'esser infedel agl'amanti e di
turca empio rigor aspetta col simil.

Rendete donne il cor tutto pietoso e humil.
Imparate a lasciar quel fast alter,
raddolcite il pensier.
Il bello non risplende
in costei piu, nè si può dir qui fu.

Dunque, chi brama haver
lunga beltà, usi pieta!

Let no one reprove me for loving a heart
of stone; not even an attacking tiger can
dissuade me one step from my martyrdom.
For love is madness, and one who is constant
and unfortunate can consider himself
well blessed in its kingdom.

Others laugh smugly with their triumphs of
the heart, but even if I don't relish my painful
life, at least it contents me.

Beauty that hurts me, harshness that makes me
happy, and cruelty that pleases- these teach me
to scorn serenity and peace.

I do not ask for pity, I adore the pursuit, and my
faith will not falter under the deadly weight of
my torment. My heart does not dread the anguish,
because amidst the hope and apprehension, in a sea
of pride, my love is a stone and my faith is a reef.

The bond with the one who charms me is so strong
that I give up my peace for the benefit of love, not
of fate. A woman can never arouse me by lavishing
too much pity, for my eye simply looks to where
my sun is shining.

Flattery, pleasantry, and charms do not move me,
Cloris; I love your contempt more than the graces
and favors of another woman.

Miserable, but content, I feed my soul on grief.
And if I pretend to boast, my wounded heart
is drinking my tears.

Weeping beauty, for whom I've longed
both day and night,
how did you become like this?
Who was the barbarian? What evil heart
could have been so cruel
to you?

Sadly, I know all too well, you cannot really
deny it; the forces of Time and powers of Age
have weakened your spirit and faded
your lovely golden hair.

Ladies, consider the following:
all things mortal tell lies, but with time
deceit loses its effect. This is with little
exception; no one can defend themselves
from it. It can happen that the rain falls
right out of the blue; and then after
the lightning comes the thunder.

Whoever has shown cruelty deserves no pardon,
and one who has been unfaithful to lovers, and
behaved like a wicked Turk can expect the same.

Restore compassion and modesty to your hearts,
ladies. Learn to abandon that haughty pretence
and soften your thoughts. The finest beauty does
not shine in this woman anymore;
one cannot tell it was ever there.

Therefore, if you wish to have
longlasting beauty- be compassionate!

-Transl. by Jan Walters

