

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*, Sarah Pillow (soprano), Mary Anne Ballard (viola da gamba), and Jennifer Peterson (harpsichord) 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 has been extensive, including performances for BBC Radio 3 in England, as well as concerts in Ireland, England, France, and the United States. 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 graduate from Oberlin Conservatory, where Jennifer Peterson accompanied her on her senior recital, Sarah currently resides in New York City, and is co-founder 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.

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.

Translations

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.

Let tongues sound a good word, a honeyed word, a
milky word; let hearts rejoice, let lips drip the sweet-
ness of divine love, and, filled with joy, let them be
gladdened because of Mary's radiant splendor.

Frondeant arbores, floreant lilia, rubeant rosae, germinant

Let trees put forth leaves, let lilies flower, let roses

Te laudamus, O Maria, te benedicimus, O Maria, te adoramus, O Maria.

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.

Maddalena alla Croce

A piè della gran croce, in cui languiva
Vicino a morte il buon Giesù spirante,
Scapigliata così, pianger s'udiva
La sua fedele addorlorata amante,
E dell'umor che da'begli occhi usciva,
E dell'or della chioma onde errante
Non mandò mai, da che la vita è viva
Perle ed oro più bel l'India
Ò l'Atlante
"Come far," (dicea, lassa), "O Signor mio
Puoi senza me quest'ultoma parola?
Come, morendo tu, viver poss'io? Come,
Morendo tu, viver poss'io?
Che se morir pur vuoi, l'anima unita
Ho teco (il sai, mio Redentor, mio Dio),
Però teco aver deggio e morte,
e vita."

Lamento di Maria Stuarda

Ferma, lascia ch'io parli sacrilego ministro
se ben fato inclemente a morte indegna
come réa mi destina. Vissi, e moro innocente
son del sangue Stuárdo, e son Regina.

We praise you, O Mary, we bless you, O Mary; we adore you, O Mary.

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, you true hope of all 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.

At the foot of the great Cross upon which,
Close to death, the dying Lord Jesus languished,
He heard his faithful sorrowful beloved
weeping, all disheveled. And of
the emotion that emerged from her beautiful eyes,
And from the flowing waves of her hair,
Since life has existed, nobody has ever condemned
The most beautiful pearls and gold of India
of the World.
Wearily she said, "Oh my Lord,
How can You utter this last word without me?
How, with you dying, am I to live?
Yet, if it is your wish to die, I have united my soul
with Yours
(You know this, my Redeemer, my God)
Because with You I have duty and death,
and life."

Stop! Let me speak, sacrilegious deed!
Although a fate cruel and unkind leads me to death;
my destiny like that of a criminal, having lived and
died innocent, of the House of Stuart, and Queen.

Ch'io con anima intrepida e serena
Sarò fra' tante squadre a Dio rubella
Di mia tragedia, a spettatrice escena.

À morire, per serbar giustizia, e fede
Più non vaglion' le corone
Che di stato la ragione anco la verità
Sà far mentire.
Verserò dal collo il sangue, mà non
già da' lumi il pianto.
Che se bene io resto esangue
la costanza al mio duol mesce elisire.

Voi, mie care donzelle, che mi'n chinaste
al soglio; ed or piangenti, mi seguite
ai tormenti. Compatite i miei casi.
e s'io lassa rimasi spogliata d'ogni ben,
d'ogni fortuna, non per questo morendo
gl'oblihi miei tralasco. Partite vi l'amor
con cui vi lascio.
Soffrite costanti, la dura mia sorte, e s'invida
morte stillando v'in pianti à voi me toglie, ò
fide ancelle in terra. Consempiterno riso
v'abbracciero compagne in paradiso.

Mira, Londra, ed impara le vicende mondane
e tu ch'allanglicane schiere da legge o Jezabelle
altera di giustizia severa aspetta i colpi
e se per farti inbrani mancheranno alle belve arti gli
e morsi, serviranno di cani I tuoi rimorsi
Si si, sfogati assali scarica sul mio capo a cento à mille
del tuo furor gli strali vibra senza pietà sù questo petto
esangue strazi, scampi flagelli atrocità. Lascia ch'un
mardi sangue mimostr'il nero manto, fulmina pur
che tanto straziarmi non saprai quanti'ò soffrire
à morire, à morire.

Qui tacque, e forte, e invitta al suo destin s'arresse
La regina scozzese. Ne guari andò ch'un colpo in
Degno e rio. Divise il corpo, et uni l'alma à Dio.

Ave stella matutina

Ave stella matutina, mundi princeps et regina
Virgo sola digna dici Intertela inimici,
Intertela, inimici, Clipeum, clipeum pone salutatis
tuae titulum virtutis, O Maria plena gratia,
O mater Dei electa, esto nobis
via recta ad aeterna
gaudia ubi pax et Gloria. Et nos

a soul intrepid and serene (in the company of
godless hordes); Of my tragedy,
I will be both the spectator and the stage.

To die, in order to keep justice but not faith
in the Crown
For the logic of the state can make truth
tell lies.
From my neck blood will fall, but not
tears from my eyes.
and while I remain bloodless, constancy
Mixes with my suffering.

You, my dear maidens, who served me
and now weeping, must follow me to
my torments, pity my fate. And though
I have been deprived of all wealth and
fortune, still in death I remember my
obligations: share the love with which I
leave you.
Endure bravely my misfortune, though
envious death drowned in tears has
removed me from you. Oh, you faithful
Ones, I will embrace you in Paradise.

Look, London, and learn the changes of
the world, and you- who rule the Anglican
hordes oh haughty Jezebel of severe justice
(should the wild beasts lack the teeth and
claws to tear you apart, your own remorse
will do it). Yes, rage, attack, shoot at my head
in hundreds and thousands of your fury;
throw arrows without mercy at this bloodless
breast, every atrocious torture. Let a sea of
blood turn my cloak to black. Rave on, for
you will not know how to torture me as well
as I know how to suffer. Ah, to die.

Here silent, and with undefeated courage
the Scottish queen yielded to her destiny;
Her body divided, but her soul united with God.

Hail, morning star, ruler and queen of the
world, only virgin worthy to be spoken of
amid the weapons of the enemy. Place
before us the shield of salvation, the insignia
of your virtue. O Mary, full of grace, O
chosen mother of God, be for us the upright
path to eternal joys, where are peace and glory.

