

~ PROGRAM ~

# The Eastman Collegium Musicum

Paul O'Dette and Christel Thielmann, *directors*

Tuesday, April 28, 2026  
Kilbourn Hall  
7:30 PM

The Eastman Collegium Musicum  
Paul O'Dette & Christel Thielmann, directors

**La Tarantella**

**Cristoforo Caresana**  
(1640-1709)

**Victoria Passionis Christi** (ca. 1665)

**Francesco Foggia**  
(1603-1688)

**O mestissime Jesu** (1640)

**Marco Marazzoli**  
(1602-1662)

INTERMISSION

**Overture in G minor**  
**for 3 oboes, bassoon, strings and continuo**

**Johann Friedrich Fasch**  
(1688-1758)

*Overture*  
*Aria Largo*  
*Jardiniers*  
*Aria Largo*  
*Aria Allegro*  
*Gavotte*  
*Menuet*

**Concerto Grosso op 6, no. 3 in E minor**

**George Frideric Handel**  
(1685-1759)

*Larghetto*  
*Andante*  
*Allegro*  
*Polonaise (Andante)*  
*Allegro ma non troppo*

Concertino: Liliana Mahave & Kellen Mikesell, *violin*; Yu-Ping Wu, *cello*



Eastman School of Music

~ PERSONNEL ~

**Eastman Collegium Vocal Ensemble**

**Soprano**

Evan Anderson  
Anna Bjerken  
Konstantina Gotouhidis  
Emily Krasinski  
Abigail Liebegott  
April Suh  
Nichole Waligóra

**Alto**

Bernadette Alejandro  
Kai Harrington  
Sofia Martinez  
Audrey Rivetta  
Leah Rosenman

**Tenor**

Benjamin Coudriet  
Michael Cullinan  
Lucas Mann

**Bass**

Carter Greeson  
Joshua Johnstone  
Jacob Lytle

**Harpichord and Organ**

Augustine Sobeng  
Mark Edwards

**Eastman Collegium Baroque Orchestra**

**Baroque Violin**

Liliana Mahave (leader)  
Kellen Mikesell  
James Marshall  
Fengyi Yang  
Victoria Zhao  
Lydia McConkie  
Olivia Lieto  
Keegan Matsky  
Ehren Collins  
Sascha Burhop

**Baroque Viola**

Liam DeRosa  
Daphne Huerta  
Mackinnley Jones

**Baroque Cello**

Yu-Ping Wu  
Maggie Slap  
Adela Ramirez

**Baroque Bass**

Lindsey Joslin

**Baroque Oboe**

Lewis Painter  
Samuel Suchta  
Nathan Clarke

**Baroque Bassoon**

Colin Gentry

**Harpichord and Organ**

Stan van Rompay

~ TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS ~

**La Tarantella**

Alle selve, alle valli, alle grotte  
Adorate si bella notte,  
Alle paglie, alla capanna,  
che ogni fiume già scorre manna.  
Alle rupi, alle tane, alle selve  
Mansuete son fatte le belve,  
Ogni pianta nel bosco è fiorita  
Mentre torna nel mondo la vita,  
Alle selve, alle valli, alle grotte  
Vagheggiate, riverite,  
Adorate si bella notte.

Tarantola d'abisso, empio serpente,  
Or ch'è nato l'Agnello innocente  
La tua forza si abatterà,  
Piangi, trema, singhiozza, sospira  
nel tuo regno d'oscurità.  
Viva, viva l'Eternità!  
Tarantola ch'in Cielo  
Il nido avesti  
Ma per troppo volar cadesti  
Da quel trono di maestà,  
or che il Verbo dal Cielo  
è disceso il tuo dente non ferirà.  
La superbia così va!  
Tarantola ribelle, fulminata  
Or che in terra la luce è nata  
Nova fiamma ti struggerà!  
Si radoppiano a te le catene  
or che ha l'huomo la libertà:  
Chi pugna col Cielo  
mai vincerà!  
Or che al bosco fiorisce ogni pianta,  
or che al prato verdeggia ogni stelo  
or che in Cielo risplende ogni stella  
Replicate la tarantella!  
Alle selve, alle valli, alle grotte  
Adorate si bella notte,  
Alle balze, alle sponde, ai ruscelli,  
scotono i zefiri gli arborscelli  
fa l'erbette fiorire nel prato  
l'Alto Monarca che in terra è nato.  
Ai campi, alla riviera,  
Ride nel verno la primavera.  
Alle selve, alle valli, alle grotte  
Vagheggiate, riverite,  
Adorate si bella notte.

**The Tarantula**

*The forests, the valleys, the caves  
Adore this beautiful night,  
The straw, the hut,  
Where every river already flows with manna.  
the cliffs, the dens, the forests  
The wild beasts are tame,  
Every plant in the forest has blossomed  
As life returns to the world.  
The woods, the valleys, the caves  
Admire! revere!  
Adore this beautiful night!*

*Tarantula of the abyss, wicked serpent;  
Now that the innocent Lamb is born  
Your power will be broken,  
Weep, tremble, sob and sigh  
in your kingdom of darkness.  
Long live Eternity!  
Tarantula, who in Heaven  
had your nest,  
But you flew too high and fell  
From that throne of majesty,  
Now that the Word from Heaven  
Has descended, your bite will no longer injure.  
Thus goes pride!  
Rebellious tarantula, struck down  
Now that light has been born on earth  
A new flame will consume you!  
Your chains are doubled  
Now that man has freedom:  
He who fights against Heaven  
will never win!  
Now that every plant blooms in the forest,  
Now that every branch greens in the meadow  
Now that every star shines in Heaven  
Repeat the tarantella!  
The forests, the valleys, the caves  
Adore this beautiful night,  
The cliffs, the shores, the streams,  
The zephyrs shake the trees  
The grasses in the meadow are made to bloom  
By the High Monarch who was born on earth.  
In the fields, on the riverbank,  
Spring smiles in winter.  
The woods, the valleys, the caves  
Admire! Revere!  
Adore this beautiful night.*

## Victoria Passionis Christi

Post coenam illam sacratissimam,  
Quam se Jesus discipulis in cibum obtulit,  
Eiusque comitantibus  
Jerosolyma egressus,  
Ad montem Oliveti  
in hortum Gethsemani  
Nocte se contulit.  
Ibi ad Patrem orans  
Et futurae Passionis suae  
Tormenta recogitans,  
Factus est in agonia  
Et poenis exanimis  
procidit in terra.

Adeste ploranti salutis auctori,  
In hortis oranti  
coelituum chori,  
Solamini flentem  
Fovete languentem,  
Et lachrimis plenas  
detergite genas.

Sanguineo fluit frons illa sudore  
Quae lucido fuit decora nitore,  
Vis animi fersa est luminum fletu  
Horribili metu mens  
languet oppressa,  
Obscuro moerore sol iste nigratur,  
Qui lato fulgore  
in coelis ornatur,  
Si fletus amaro stat imbre rigatus,  
Infirma est caro  
sed corde paratus,  
Stat animo fortis  
nec poenas horrescit  
Nec fera pavescit  
supplicia mortis.

Iam dulcis est poena,  
Iam funus exoptat,  
Et mente serena  
Iam crucem expectat,  
Divinae virtutis repletus ardore  
Humanae salutis  
Iam languet amore.

## The Victory of Christ's Passion

*After that most sacred supper,  
which Jesus offered to his disciples as food,  
and accompanying them,  
going out from Jerusalem,  
to the Mount of Olives  
in the Garden of Gethsemane,  
he went at night.*

*There, praying to the Father,  
and recognizing the torments  
of his impending Passion,  
he was overcome with agony  
and fell to the ground,  
half dead in pain.*

*Come to the weeping author of salvation,  
in the gardens of prayer,  
heavenly choir,  
Console the weeping one,  
Comfort the languid one,  
and wipe his cheeks  
full of tears.*

*That brow drips with bloody sweat,  
which was once a beautiful radiance,  
His soul is filled with the tears of light,  
His mind languishes,  
oppressed by horrible fear,  
this sun is blackened by dark sorrow,  
Which once adorned the heavens  
with its broad radiance.  
He stands drenched by the rain of tears.  
The flesh is weak,  
but the heart is ready,  
He stands strong in spirit  
and does not shudder at punishment,  
Nor does the wild beast fear  
the punishments of death.*

*Now the punishment is sweet,  
Now he anticipates his death,  
And with a serene mind  
he awaits the cross,  
Filled with the ardor of divine power  
For human salvation,  
now he languishes in love.*

## Victoria Passionis Christi (cont.)

Dum autem Jesus in tantis anguribus  
Et acerbissima  
Futurae passionis contemplatione,  
Se Patri paratu offerret  
ad omnia fortius sustinenda,  
Apparuit illi angelus de caelo,  
Confortans eum et dicens:

“Heu, quo tibi cor triste,  
Gravi languet dolore,  
Quo rex syderum Christe,  
atro plorans merore,  
cum erumpunt immixtae  
lachrimae cum cruore.  
Forsan infirma caro  
promptum spiritum pavet.  
Ne fletu tan amaro,

Sit peritura cavet  
Et sanguine praeclaro  
crimina mundi lavet  
Ut mortales redimeret  
Carnis formam sumpsisti  
Ut morte illos eximeres  
Passurus huc venisti  
Mundi crimen indignum,  
Fuit acerbo fine,  
Te flagella, te spinas,  
Te crucis manet lignum;  
Illud erit divinae redemptionis signum.  
Haec omnia perferendo  
iam victor triumphalis,  
Et mortem moriendo superasti.”

Sic angelo dicente,  
Et Jesu omnia libenti  
esparato animo audiente,  
Ecce cohors et tribune iudeorum,  
Iussu Pontificum,  
Cum facibus et armis,  
In hortum ingrediuntur  
et Jesum comprehendans.

En Judas adest traditor  
Agmen ducens sacrilegum,  
Et Jesum tradit osculo.

*But while Jesus, in such great anguish  
And in the most bitter  
contemplation of the future passion,  
offered himself to the Father,  
ready to endure everything more strongly,  
An angel appeared to him from heaven,  
Comforting him and saying:*

*“Alas, how sad is your heart,  
How languishing in heavy pain,  
Christ, King of the stars,  
weeping in black sorrow,  
When tears mingled  
with blood burst forth.  
Perhaps the weak flesh  
fears the ready spirit.  
Lest with such bitter weeping,*

*It might perish!  
Let your precious blood cleanse  
the sins of the world.  
To redeem mortals  
you took on a fleshly form  
To free them from death.  
You came here to suffer  
the unworthy judgment of the world,  
It was a bitter end,  
Your scourging, your thorns,  
The wood of the cross remains with you;  
That will be the sign of divine redemption.  
By enduring all this  
you are now a triumphant victor,  
And by dying you have overcome death.”*

*Thus speaks the angel,  
And as Jesus listens to everything  
with a willing and hopeful mind,  
Behold the band and tribune of the Jews,  
By order of the chief priest,  
With torches and weapons,  
They enter the garden  
and seize Jesus.*

*Judas the traitor is present  
Leading the sacrilegious procession,  
And betrays Jesus with a kiss.*

### *Victoria Passionis Christi (cont.)*

Statim lictores impii,  
Velut lupi famelici,  
in agnum omnes irruunt,  
et truculenta rabia  
raptant proculcant pedibus.  
Funes collo iniciunt,  
Et ad Anna Pontificem  
ut seductorem pertrahunt.  
Hinc ad Caiapham deicitur,  
Et ad Pilatum praesidem  
morte multandus traditor.

Mille mille mendaciis,  
Instruitur accusatio  
Et falsi testes prodeunt  
Qui prohibentem deferent  
Tributa dari Caesari.

Quantis inde suppliciiis,  
Illum milites lacerant,  
Quot poenis acerbissimis  
Et tormentis afficiunt;

Stant impii tortores  
in Jesum saevientes,  
Suos manu furore in illum exercentes,  
Manus ejus sanctissimas  
catenis obstrinxerunt  
Et genas sacratissimas  
Colaphis percusserunt.

Regali indutum purpura,  
Ad columna ligarunt,  
Corona cinctum spinea,  
Flagellis laniarunt.

Parvus agnus et innocens  
mortis poena damnatur,  
Et ejus sanctis humeris  
Crucis lignum portatur.

Illum Feroce milites  
Vestibus exuerunt,  
Et clavis inde ferries  
In cruce confixerunt.

*Immediately the impious guards,  
Like hungry wolves,  
all rush upon the lamb,  
And with brutish rage  
they grab and trample him.  
They put ropes around his neck,  
And drag him to Annas, the chief priest,  
as a seducer.  
From there he is delivered to Caiaphas,  
And to Pilate the governor,  
to be sentenced to death as a traitor.*

*With a thousand, thousand lies,  
And accused of conspiracy,  
False witnesses come forward  
Who will charge him with refusing  
to pay tribute to Caesar.*

*With so much punishment,  
the soldiers tear him to pieces,  
With how many bitter injuries  
and torments they inflict.*

*The impious torturers stand raging  
against Jesus,  
Using their hands in fury upon him,  
His most holy hands  
They bound with chains,  
And his sacred cheeks  
They struck with their fists.*

*Dressed in royal purple,  
They tied him to a pillar,  
Encircled him with a crown of thorns,  
And they lashed him with whips.*

*The innocent little lamb  
is condemned to death,  
And on his holy shoulders  
the wood of the Cross is carried.*

*The fierce soldiers  
stripped him of his garments,  
And with iron nails,  
They nailed him to the cross.*

### *Victoria Passionis Christi (cont.)*

Pro suis percussoribus  
Patrem deprecabatur  
Dum in crucis doloribus  
Extensus angebatur.

Spiritum mortis proximus  
Tunc Patri commendavit  
Et inclinor capite  
Animam exalavit.

Intuemini mortales  
Jesum redemptorem nostrum  
Iam examinem  
Qui pro nobis se tradidit  
in manus impiorum  
Et inter sceleratos reputatus est.

Aspicite gentes  
in cruce pendentem,  
Ad illum moerentes convertite mentem,  
Hic nostro amore  
si voluit pati,  
Et eius livore nos sumus sanati

Aspicite cruentatam illam facem  
Cuius ad nutum movebantur coeli  
In quam desiderant angeli prospicere,  
Cernite extremam ejus maciem,  
Pallorem incredibilem,  
Considerate ejus speciem miserabilem.

O caput beatum,  
Derisum despectum,  
Percussum velatum  
Et spinis trajectum,  
Quam saevo furore  
Afflictum contusum  
Et atro perfusum  
tabescit cruore.

*He prayed to the Father  
for his tormentors,  
While stretched out in agony  
on the cross.*

*Near death,  
he commended his spirit to his Father,  
and bowing his head,  
he breathed his last.*

*O mortals,  
behold Jesus our Redeemer,  
Now being tested,  
Who, for us, delivered Himself  
into the hands of the wicked,  
and was counted among the wicked.*

*Look o you people,  
at him hanging on the cross,  
Turn your sorrowing minds to Him,  
Here for our love,  
He was willing to suffer,  
And by His bruises we are healed.*

*Behold that bloody face,  
At whose behest the heavens moved,  
Into which the angels long to look,  
See his extreme thinness,  
His incredible pallor,  
Observe his miserable appearance.*

*O blessed head,  
Derided and despised,  
Struck, veiled,  
And pierced with thorns,  
How with savage fury,  
Afflicted, bruised,  
and drenched with black blood,  
he melts away.*

## *Victoria Passionis Christi (cont.)*

Omnis creatura horrescit  
moriente Christo;  
Tegit faciem suam lugubre caelum;  
Totus orbis tenbris se obvolvit;  
Elementa turbantur;  
Sepulchra patent;  
Mortui reminiscunt;  
Sol obscuritatem fecit se;  
Dies vertitur in nocte;  
Terra tremore concutitur;  
Saxa dirumpuntur;  
Velum temple discinditur;

Dolore praeclunduntur voces nostrae,  
Vertatur in luctum cithara nostra,  
Et organa nostra  
in vocem flentium.

Cythara nostra vertatur in luctum,  
Vertantur organa  
in vocem flentium,  
Et cantica vertantur  
in lamenta.

*All of creation shudders  
at the death of Christ;  
The mournful sky covers its face;  
The whole world is wrapped in darkness;  
The elements are disturbed;  
The graves are opened;  
The dead are raised;  
The sun has made itself dark;  
The day is turned into night;  
The earth is shaken with trembling;  
The rocks are shattered;  
The veil of the temple is rent;*

*Our voices are wrapped in sorrow,  
Our harp is turned to mourning,  
And our instruments  
into the voice of mourners.*

*Our harp is turned to mourning,  
The instruments are turned  
into the voice of mourners,  
And our songs are turned  
into lamentations.*

## **O mestissime Jesu**

O mestissime Jesu,  
O Rex dolorum Dominus,  
Qui dedit tibi tuam spineam coronam?  
Quis plaga crudeli tibi dulce  
latus aperuit?  
O dulcedo cordium,  
Quis replevit te amaritudine,  
Atque labore?  
O speciosa forma,  
O splendor gloriae,  
Ubi est lumen tuum?  
Ubi vultus tui decor?  
Quomodo obscuratus est,  
Et non est tibi species neque decor?  
Da, Jesu Domine,  
Capiti meo aquam,  
ut deducam quasi torrentem  
lacrimis die ac nocte,  
et non taceat pupilla oculi mei,  
quia occisus es, Salvator meus.

O mitissime Jesu,  
O abyssus profundissimae misericordiae,  
Quis ultra debuisti facere  
et non fecisti?  
Animam tuam dilectam tradidisti  
in manus impiorum,  
Et non pepercisti animam tuam,  
Ut salvus te faceres.

O mestissime,  
O benignissime Jesu,  
O amantissime Jesu,  
Propter peccata et delicta nostra,  
Dominus, tanquam agnus innocens,  
ductus est ad mortem,  
percussus est nimis  
et fustibus plagatus,  
attritus propter scelera nostra.  
Audi, Domine, flentes voces nostras,  
Miserere nostri, Domine,  
O clementissime Jesu.

## **O most sorrowful Jesus**

*O most sorrowful Jesus,  
O King of sorrows, Lord,  
Who gave You Your crown of thorns?  
Who opened Your sweet flank  
with a cruel wound?  
O sweetness of hearts,  
Who has filled You with bitterness,  
And toil?  
O beautiful form,  
O splendor of glory,  
Where is Your light?  
Where is the beauty of Your countenance?  
How has it become obscured,  
That You have neither splendor nor beauty?  
Give water to my head,  
O Lord Jesus,  
That I may shed tears  
like a torrent day and night,  
And let not the apple of my eye be silent,  
Because You were slain, my Savior.*

*O most gentle Jesus,  
O abyss of deepest mercy,  
What more should You have done  
and did not do?  
You delivered Your beloved soul  
into the hands of the wicked,  
And did not spare Your own soul,  
That You might be saved.*

*O most sorrowful,  
O most kind Jesus,  
O most loving Jesus,  
For our sins and transgressions,  
the Lord, like an innocent lamb,  
was led to death,  
He was beaten exceedingly  
and scourged with rods,  
He was bruised for our iniquities.  
Hear, O Lord, our weeping voices,  
Have mercy on us, O Lord,  
O most merciful Jesus.*

***O mestissime Jesu (cont.)***

Domine, Jesu Christe,  
Ego crudelis,  
Ego sine misericordia,  
caput tuum spinis coronavi,  
Ego, congregavi super te flagella,  
Et paravi crucem Salvatori meo.  
Quo fugiam, miser?  
Ubi me abscondam  
a vultu irae tuae?

Parce mihi, Domine,  
Et miserere mei,  
Quoniam tribulor.

Peccavimus, Domine,  
Iniquitatem fecimus,  
Et secundum multitudinem  
iniquitatum nostrarum,  
Tribulationes et angustias patimus.  
Vide, Domine afflictionem nostrum,  
Et considera  
quia pauperes facti sumus nimis.

Adeste, populi terrae,  
Adeste, populi venite.  
Plorate, et lachrimate,  
Con tristato corde lamentamini.  
Convertimini ad Deum  
in toto corde vestro.  
Convertimini ad Deum  
et salvas facite animas vestras.

*Lord, Jesus Christ,  
I am cruel,  
I am without mercy,  
I crowned your head with thorns,  
I imposed lashings upon you,  
And prepared a cross for my Savior.  
Whither shall I flee, wretched one?  
Where shall I hide myself  
from the face of your wrath?*

*Spare me, O Lord,  
And have mercy on me,  
For I am troubled.*

*We have sinned, O Lord,  
We have committed iniquity,  
And according to the multitude  
of our iniquities,  
We suffer tribulations and distress.  
Look, O Lord, upon our affliction,  
And observe  
that we have become exceedingly poor.*

*Come, people of the earth,  
Come, people, come.  
Weep and lament,  
Be sad in heart and lament.  
Turn to God  
with all your heart.  
Turn to God  
and save your souls.*

*We acknowledge with respect the Seneca Nation, known as the “Great Hill People” and “Keepers of the Western Door” of the Haudenosaunee Confederacy. We take this opportunity to thank the people whose ancestral lands the Eastman School of Music of the University of Rochester currently occupies in Rochester, New York.*



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