

Naxos 8.570253
Giovanni Battista Sammartini (1700/01-1775):
Gerusalemme • Confitebor • Symphonies

Gerusalemme sconoscente ingrata, J-C 122
(Libretto de La perfidia giudaica nella
SS. Passione di Gesù Cristo)

Maria Salome (Tenor)
Maria Cleofe (Contralto)
Maria Maddalena (Soprano)

Jerusalem, ungrateful and disowning
(Libretto for Jewish Wickedness
in the most Holy Passion of Jesus Christ)

Mary Salome (Tenor)
Mary Cleophas (Mezzo-Soprano)
Mary Magdalene (Soprano)

[01] Introduzione (Sinfonia)

Introduction (Sinfonia)

[02] *M. Salome*
E Chi di voi mi reca
Del mio Gesù novella?
Da che fra lacci è stretto,
Non ho più pace al sen: sospiro il giorno,
Piango la notte: e sol mi pinge in core
Mille neri fantasmi un rio timore.

Mary Salome
And who among you brings me
news of my Lord Jesus?
Since he was tied and bound,
my soul has known no peace: by day I sigh,
by night I weep: and unhappy fear
fills my heart with a thousand black spectres.

M. Cleofe
Misero Cristo!

Mary Cleophas
Wretched Christ!

M. Salome
Or dì: che fu?

Mary Salome
Tell me: what happened?

M. Cleofe
Tu sai,
Che il Preside Romano,
Già per lungo costume, al popol folto
Nel grand'Atrio raccolto,
Duo prigionier in questi dì propone,
Perch'egli assolva l'un, l'altro condanni.
Odi l'empio paraggio:
Pilato con Gesù Barabba espose,
Barabba traditor, ladro, omicida.

Mary Cleophas
You know
that the Roman governor,
as custom dictates, this day offered up
two prisoners to the crowd
gathered in the great courtyard,
one to be absolved, the other condemned.
Hear what dreadful choice they made:
alongside Jesus, Pilate presented Barabbas,
Barabbas the traitor, the thief, the murderer.

M. Salome
E a chi la vita il popolo concesse?

Mary Salome
And whose life did the people choose to save?

M. Cleofe
Inorridisci pur: Barabba elesse.

Mary Cleophas
Shudder now: they chose Barabbas.

[03] *Lupo crudel rapace,*
Lordo d'umano sangue
In sì tiranni cor
Pietà ritrova:
Il mite Agnel di pace
Solo si vuole esangue:
Ecco d'un rio furor
L'estrema prova.

The cruel, rapacious wolf,
stained with human blood,
did mercy find
within those tyrannous hearts.
They want to shed the blood
of the gentle Lamb of peace:
this the ultimate proof
of their evil fury.

- [04] *M. Salome*
Oh popolo spergiuro! omai ti fida
Di sue lusinghe. Pochi giri appena
Il Sol compì, da che a Sionne ingrata
Gesù rivolse il passo;
Allor di plausi, e di festose grida
Risonavan le mura: ognun di vesti,
E d'odorose frondi
Adornava il cammin: a schiere a schiere
I cupidi Fanciulli
Ergean le palme trionfali intorno:
E la seguace immensa
Turba, gli sguardi al suo Signore intenti,
S'udia sciogliere il labbro in tali accenti.
- [05] *Di Davide il Figlio viva;
Ei d'amore arde per noi;
Ecco al fin pietoso arriva:
Ecco il nostro invitto Rè.
Inumani, e senza orrore
Or godete a mali suoi?
Questa è Fede? Questo è Amore?
Ah traditi Amore, e Fè!*
- [06] *M. Maddalena*
Io stessa il vidi, in mezzo all'empio stuolo,
Da Giudice malvaggio
Tratto ad altro peggior: le membra ignude
Sotto i pesanti colpi a brani a brani
Vidi squarciarsi: sull'augusta fronte
Di Spine orrido serto
A forza conficcar: ignobil Canna
Avvilire la destra:
Coprir la terga ingiurioso Manto:
E, in quella pompa, i rei
Malvaggi a lui d'intorno
Fargli con beffe, e risa oltraggio, e scorno.
- [07] *Quel Serto, quel Manto,
Che vile ti rende,
Nel core m'accende
Pietade, ed amor:
E mentre sei tanto
Offeso, schernito,
Ti chiamo, t'addito
Il Re de i dolor.*
- [08] *M. Cleofe*
Pur ciò non valse ad ammolar que duri,
Perfidi cori. In alta loggia esposto,
Vide Gesù Sionne,
Oggetto miserabile, funesto,
Cui d'umana sembianza
Orma non rimanea,
Gemere, spasimar.
- M. Salome*
Infida, e rea!
- M. Cleofe*
E in suo furor più contumace, e forte:
Morte, a una voce iva gridando, morte.
- Mary Salome*
O treacherous people! Never trust
their false words. Scarce has the sun
set and risen since Jesus set out
on the road to thankless Zion;
then did the walls resound with cheers
and festive cries: all laid cloaks
and perfumed boughs
along his way: crowds and crowds
of happy children
raised triumphal palm branches around him;
and the huge crowd that followed
did gaze upon their Lord,
while from their lips could be heard:
*Long live the Son of David;
he burns with love for us;
see him come at last in mercy;
see our undefeated King.
Inhuman creatures, can you now
without horror enjoy his suffering?
Is this Faith? Is this Love?
Ah, Love and Faith are now betrayed!*
- Mary Magdalene*
I myself saw how, mid the pitiless throng,
he was taken from one cruel judge [Caiaphas]
to another crueller still; I saw how
his bare limbs were torn and bloodied
'neath heavy blows, how a terrible
crown of thorns was forced
on to his regal brow, how they mocked him
by placing a staff in his right hand,
and covering him with a paltry robe;
and, amongst such pomp, I saw how
the wicked men all round him
jeered and laughed at him, scorned and
insulted him.
*The crown and robe
that debase you
inspire pity and love
in my heart.
And while you are thus
abased and derided,
I call and proclaim you
King of sorrow.*
- Mary Cleophas*
Not even that could touch those hard,
perfidious hearts. Zion saw Christ
on display high up in the palace,
a sorrowful, wretched object,
in whom no human
trace remained,
groaning, racked with pain.
- Mary Salome*
Evil, guilty city!
- Mary Cleophas*
And loudly, in ever more stubborn fury,
"Death", did every voice cry, "Death".

- [09] *Coro d'Angeli*
Forsennata Sionne infedele,
Tu non sai qual'orribil saetta
Sul tuo capo ben tosto cadrà:
Piangerai nel tuo scempio crudele,
Ma, nel tempo di giusta vendetta,
Troppo tardo quel pianto sarà.
- Angel Chorus*
Faithless, senseless Zion,
you know not what fateful blow
will all too soon fall upon your head;
you will weep at your cruel destruction
but, when righteous vengeance comes,
your tears will be too late.
- English translation by Susannah Howe*
- [10] **Confitebor tibi, Domine**
From Psalm 110 (111)
- Confitebor tibi Domine in toto corde meo:
in consilio et congregatione justorum.
Magna opera Domini:
exquisita in omnes voluntates ejus.
Memor erit in saeculum testamenti sui:
virtutem operum suorum annuntiabit populo
suo.
- I acknowledge thee, O Lord, with my whole
heart:
in the council and congregation of the just.
The works of the Lord are great:
sought out among all his wishes.
He will be mindful for ever of his covenant:
he will declare the virtue of his works to his
people.
- Ut det illis haereditatem gentium:
opera manuum ejus veritas et judicium.
- That he may give them the heritage of the
heathen:
the works of his hands are truth and justice.
- Sanctum et terribile nomen ejus:
initium sapientiae timor Domini.
Intellectus bonus omnibus facientibus eum:
laudatio ejus manet in saeculum saeculi.
Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto.
Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper,
et in saecula saeculorum. Amen.
- Holy and terrible is his name:
the fear of the Lord is the beginning of
wisdom.
A good understanding have all that do his
will:
his praise endures for ever.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and
to the Holy Ghost.
As it was in the beginning is now and ever
shall be,
world without end. Amen.