# BENJAMIN BRITTEN Phaedra

Dramatic cantata for mezzo-soprano and small orchestra

Op. 93

Words from a verse translation of Racine's Phèdre

ROBERT LOWELL

FULL SCORE



# Phaedra was first performed by Janet Baker and the English Chamber Orchestra conducted by Steuart Bedford (harpsichord) at the Maltings, Snape on 16 June 1976 as part of the 29th Aldeburgh Festival

Phaedra is recorded by Decca on SXL 6847

#### **ORCHESTRA**

Strings
Timpani
Percussion (2 players)
Bell (A)
Cymbals
Gong
Tenor Drum
Bass Drum
Harpsichord

## Phaedra

#### **PROLOGUE**

In May, in brilliant Athens, on my marriage day, I turned aside for shelter from the smile of Theseus. Death was frowning in an aisle – Hippolytus! I saw his face, turned white!

#### RECITATIVE

My lost and dazzled eyes saw only night, capricious burnings flickered through my bleak abandoned flesh. I could not breathe or speak. I faced my flaming executioner, Aphrodite, my mother's murderer. I tried to calm her wrath by flowers and praise, I built her a temple, fretted months and days on decoration.

Alas, my hungry open mouth, thirsting with adoration, tasted drouth – Venus resigned her after to my new lord.

#### **PRESTO**

(to Hippolytus 17)

You monster! You understood me too well! Why do you hang there, speechless, petrified, polite! My mind whirls. What have I to hide? Phaedra in all her madness stands before you. I love you! Fool, I love you, I adore you! Do not imagine that my mind approved my first defection, Prince, or that I loved your youth light-heartedly, and fed my treason with cowardly compliance, till I lost my reason. Alas, my violence to resist you made my face inhuman, hateful. I was afraid to kiss my husband lest I love his son. I made you fear me (this was easily done); you loathed me more, I ached for you no less. Misfortune magnified your loveliness. The wife of Theseus loves Hippolytus! See, Prince! Look, this monster, ravenous for her execution, will not flinch. I want your sword's spasmodic final inch.

#### **RECITATIVE**

(to Oenone)

Oh Gods of wrath, how far I've travelled on my dangerous path! I go to meet my husband; at his side will stand Hippolytus. How shall I hide my thick adulterous passion for this youth, who has rejected me, and knows the truth? Will he not draw his sword and strike me dead? Suppose he spares me? What if nothing's said? Can I kiss Theseus with dissembled poise? The very dust rises to disabuse my husband - to defame me and accuse! Oenone, I want to die. Death will give me freedom; oh it's nothing not to live; death to the unhappy's no catastrophe!

#### **ADAGIO**

(to Theseus)

I loved your son.

My time's too short, your highness. It was I, who lusted for your son with my hot eye. The flames of Aphrodite maddened me.

Then Oenone's tears, troubled my mind; she played upon my fears, until her pleading forced me to declare

Theseus, I stand before you to absolve your noble son Sire, only this resolve upheld me, and made me throw down my knife. I've chosen a slower way to end my life -Medea's poison; chills already dart along my boiling veins and squeeze my heart. A cold composure I have never known gives me a moment's poise. I stand alone and seem to see my outraged husband fade and waver into death's dissolving shade. My eyes at last give up their light, and see the day they've soiled resume its purity.

### **PHAEDRA**

Words from ROBERT LOWELL'S translation of Racine's **Phèdre** 

BENJAMIN BRITTEN Op.93

**PROLOGUE** 









<sup>\*</sup> arrows indicate approximate cut-off points for the strings in relation to the voice



