

WIGMORE HALL

Friday 14 January 2022 7.30pm

Woman, Interrupted

Jennifer Johnston mezzo-soprano

Malcolm Martineau piano

Kiyomi Seed percussion

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Jonathan Dove (b.1959)

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

Cheryl Frances-Hoad (b.1980)

Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)

Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

My Love is Mine (1998)

From silent shades, and the Elysian groves (Bess of Bedlam) Z370 (1682)

realised by Benjamin Britten

They Bore him Barefaced on the Bier (2014)

La mort d'Ophélie Op. 18 No. 2 (1842)

Arianna a Naxos HXXVIb:2 (c.1790)

Interval

From *Goethe Lieder* (1888-90)

Mignon I • Mignon II • Mignon III • Mignon: Kennst du das Land

Vedi quanto adoro D510 (1816)

When I am laid in earth from *Dido and Aeneas* Z626 (by 1688)

Phaedra Op. 93 (1975)

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'A compelling picture of desire, jealousy, betrayal, honour and just a touch of madness' is how one Britten biographer described the composer's *Phaedra*, but it is also a fitting summation of this recital's themes. Through these works we meet women at their most vulnerable, expressing the raw emotions provoked by experiences of love and loss. Yet there is power in that vulnerability, too: these women are fearless in their honesty and in the choices they make, even if those choices result in death.

In **Jonathan Dove's** 'My Love is Mine', to words from the Old Testament 'Song of Songs', the voice alone unfolds a hauntingly beautiful melody to a text full of hope and sensuality. That hope is swiftly dashed by the songs of madness that follow. **Henry Purcell's** portrayal of 'Bess of Bedlam', realised by Britten, is full of twists and turns reflecting Bess's mood swings: her 'lovesick melancholy' gives way to a flight of fancy about fairies, interrupted by music of lilting gentleness. A groan leads to the sluggishness of 'I'll lay me down and die' and a crazed frenzy bursts forth at 'Did you not see my love?', followed by more fantastical imagery and a moment of lucidity at 'Poor Bess will return'. In the end, Bess finds a kind of freedom in her own head, where she is 'as great as a King'. Britten realised the continuo parts of numerous Purcell songs. Of this piece he wrote: 'Perhaps the most beautiful and certainly one of the wildest, is *Mad Bess*. Here to start, to finish, and to introduce many of the sections, I have used a scurrying semiquaver passage based on the first vocal phrase. Dramatically it can be said to suggest the movements of poor demented Bess.'

Enter Ophelia, from Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, in the second of **Cheryl Frances-Hoad's** *2 Shakespeare Songs*, 'They Bore him Barefaced on the Bier'. Ophelia has become unhinged after the death of Polonius, but Hoad dignifies Ophelia's grief with eerie psychological insight: sometimes the most desperate moments wear a mask of serenity. Ophelia's tragic fate is recounted in **Berlioz's** 'La mort d'Ophélie', in which the piano part evokes her watery grave. The song reflects Berlioz's love of Shakespeare and his obsession with the actress Harriet Smithson, whose portrayal of Ophelia in the first French performances of *Hamlet* had captivated him: 'I was present at the first performance of *Hamlet*, and there, in the part of Ophelia, I saw Miss Smithson, whom I married five years afterwards. The impression made on my heart and mind by her extraordinary talent, nay her dramatic genius, was equalled only by the havoc wrought in me by the poet she so nobly interpreted.'

Mignon is another young girl with a troubled history, as told in Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*. Four of **Wolf's** *Goethe Lieder* are from Mignon's perspective. In 'Mignon I' she begs for privacy to music of searing intensity. 'Mignon II' tells of her isolation in a remarkably modern setting, ambiguous and turbulent, and 'Mignon III' is a heartbreaking anticipation of death to Wolf's chillingly beautiful music. In 'Kennst du das Land', Mignon tells of

her childhood in Italy, from which she was wrested before being treated terribly. The song opens with Goethe's famous reference to Italy as 'the land where lemons blossom', and Wolf treats the text to rich harmonies, aching melodies and spacious textures.

The abandoned woman is the subject of **Haydn's** cantata *Arianna a Naxos*. He wrote to his friend, Maria Anna von Genzinger, of her daughter: 'I am delighted that my favourite *Arianna* is well received ... but I do recommend Fräulein Peppertl to articulate the words clearly, especially the passage "Chi tanto amai"'. Despite this call for precision, Haydn probably intended the work to be manageable for amateurs and it soon became popular, receiving numerous performances in London. In 1800, when Lord Nelson visited Prince Esterházy's palace – where Haydn was usually based – the cantata was sung by 'Mylady Hameelton'. The work concerns the Cretan princess Arianna (Ariadne), abandoned by Theseus on the isle of Naxos. In the languorous opening recitative Arianna awakens, and in her seductive first aria she longs for Theseus to return. Her anxiety emerges via halting phrases, leading into the dramatic second recitative in which she nears collapse. Arianna is allowed a dignified final aria until her anguish surfaces once again in a quick final outburst.

Arianna's description of herself as a '*misera abbandonata*' ('miserable abandoned woman') resonates with **Schubert's** choice to set words from Metastasio's *Didone abbandonata*, in which Dido, Queen of Carthage, begs her beloved warrior Aeneas to stay. There are musical parallels, too, suggesting that Schubert modelled his cantata 'Vedi, quanto adoro' on Haydn's, especially in the agitated vocal writing. In Purcell's opera *Dido and Aeneas* (composed in the 1680s), 'Dido's Lament' unfolds over a recurring 'ground bass', which underpins her heartrending aria: 'Remember me, but ah! forget my fate.'

Britten wrote of *Phaedra*, 'This work was written during the summer of 1975, for Janet Baker. It is modelled on the Italian cantata form'. Berlioz was another source of inspiration: Britten had heard Baker singing *Les nuits d'été* at the Aldeburgh Festival and declared: 'I want to write you a piece like that.' The result follows Phaedra's deteriorating state as she admits her lust for her husband's son, Hippolytus, whom she addresses in a quick aria ('You monster!') before turning to her nurse Oenone in a recitative ('Oh gods of wrath'). Phaedra confesses her feelings to her husband Theseus in the slow aria 'My time's too short' before taking poison, Britten ratcheting up the tension as its effects take deadly hold before ending the work with quiet desolation.

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Jonathan Dove (b.1959)

My Love is Mine (1998)

Biblical text, trans. Miles Coverdale

O stand up, my love, my beautiful, and come.
Winter is past, and the rain is away and gone.
The flowers are come up in the field,
The twisting time is come,
The vines bear blossoms and have a sweet scent.
Up thou north wind, come thou south wind, blow upon my garden,
That the smell thereof may be carried on every side.
Yea, that my beloved may come into my garden
And eat of the fruits and apples that grow therein.
My love is mine and I am his.
My love is mine which feedeth among the lillies
Until the day break and the shadows be gone.
O stand up, my love, my dove, my beautiful,
And come out of the caverns of the rocks,
Out of the holes of the wall.
O let me see thy countenance and hear thy voice.
For sweet is thy voice and fair thy face.

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

From silent shades, and the Elysian groves (Bess of Bedlam) Z370 (1682)

realised by Benjamin Britten

Anonymous

From silent shades, and the Elysian groves,
Where sad departed spirits mourn their loves;
From crystal streams, and from that country where
Jove crowns the fields with flowers all the year,
Poor senseless Bess, cloth'd in her rags and folly,
Is come to cure her lovesick melancholy.

'Bright Cynthia kept her revels late,
While Mab, the Fairy Queen, did dance,
And Oberon did sit in state
When Mars at Venus ran his lance.

In yonder cowslip lies my dear,
Entomb'd in liquid gems of dew;
Each day I'll water it with a tear,
Its fading blossom to renew.

For since my love is dead, and all my joys are gone,
Poor Bess for his sake
A garland will make,
My music shall be a groan.

I'll lay me down and die
Within some hollow tree,
The rav'n and cat,

The owl and bat
Shall warble forth my elegy.

Did you not see my love as he pass'd by you?
His two flaming eyes, if he comes nigh you,
They will scorch up your hearts: Ladies beware ye,
Lest he should dart a glance that may ensnare ye.

Hark! Hark! I hear old Charon bawl,
His boat he will no longer stay;
The Furies lash their whips and call,
Come, come away, come, come away.

Poor Bess will return to the place whence she came,
Since the world is so mad she can hope for no cure;
For love's grown a bubble, a shadow, a name,
Which fools do admire and wise men endure.

Cold and hungry am I grown,
Ambrosia will I feed upon,
Drink nectar still and sing.
Who is content,
Does all sorrow prevent?
And Bess in her straw,
Whilst free from the law,
In her thoughts is as great, great as a king.

Cheryl Frances-Hoad (b.1980)

They Bore him Barefaced on the Bier (2014)

William Shakespeare

They bore him barefaced on the bier,
Hey, non nonny nonny, hey nonny,
And in his grave rained many a tear.
Fare you well my love.
And will 'a not come again?
And will 'a not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death bed.
He never will come again.
His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll,
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan, moan.
God a' mercy on his soul.

Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)

La mort d'Ophélie Op. 18 The death of Ophelia

No. 2 (1842)

Ernest Legouvé

Auprès d'un torrent Ophélie
Cueillait tout en suivant le bord,
Dans sa douce et tendre folie
Des pervenches, des boutons d'or,
Des iris aux couleurs d'opale,
Et de ces fleurs d'un rose pâle
Qu'on appelle les doigts de mort.
Ah!

Puis élevant sur ses mains
blanches
Les riants trésors du matin,
Elle les suspendait aux branches,
Aux branches d'un saule voisin.
Mais, trop faible, le rameau plie,
Se brise, et la pauvre Ophélie
Tombe, sa guirlande à la main.

Quelques instants, sa robe enflée
La tint encor sur le courant,
Et, comme une voile gonflée,
Elle flottait toujours chantant,
Chantant quelque vieille ballade,
Chantant ainsi qu'une naïade,
Née au milieu de ce torrent.

Mais cette étrange mélodie
Passa, rapide comme un son.
Par les flots la robe alourdie
Bientôt dans l'abîme profond
Entraîna la pauvre insensée,
Laissant à peine commencée
Sa mélodieuse chanson.
Ah!

Beside a brook, Ophelia
gathered along the water's bank,
in her sweet and gentle madness,
periwinkles, crow-flowers,
opal-tinted irises,
and those pale purples
called dead men's fingers.
Ah!

Then, raising up in her white
hands
the morning's laughing trophies,
she hung them on the branches
the branches of a nearby willow;
but the bough, too fragile, bends,
breaks, and poor Ophelia
falls, the garland in her hand.

Her dress, spread wide,
bore her on the water awhile,
and like an outstretched sail
she floated, still singing,
singing some ancient lay,
singing like a water-sprite
born amidst the waves.

But this strange melody died,
fleeting as a snatch of sound.
Her garment, heavy with water,
soon into the depths
dragged the poor distracted girl,
leaving her melodious lay
hardly yet begun.
Ah!

Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)

Arianna a Naxos

HXXVib:2 (c.1790)

Anonymous

Recitative
Teseo mio ben,
Dove sei tu?
Vicino d'averti mi pareo
Ma un lusinghiero sogno fallace
m'ingannò.
Già sorge in ciel la rosea
Aurora

Ariadne on Naxos

Recitative
Theseus my beloved,
where are you?
I seem to have you near me,
but a flattering treacherous
dream deceives me.
Already rose-coloured Dawn is
rising in the sky

E l'erbe e i fior colora
Febo
Uscendo dal mar col crine
aurato.
Sposo adorato, dove guidasti il
piè?
Forse le fere ad inseguir ti
chiama il tuo nobile ardor.
Ah vieni, O caro,
Ed offrirò più grata preda a tuoi
lacci.
Il cor d'Arianna amante, che
t'adora costante,
Stringi con nodo più tenace
E più bella la face splenda dal
nostro amor.
Soffrir non posso
D'esser da te divisa un sol
istante.
Ah di vederti, O caro, già mi
strugge il desio.
Ti sospira il mio cuor.
Vieni, idol mio.

Aria. Largo
Dove sei, mio bel tesoro?
Chi t'invola a questo cor?
Se non vieni, io già mi moro,
Né resisto al mio dolor.
Se pietade avete, O Dei,
Secondate i voti miei;
A me torni il caro ben.
Dove sei? Teseo!

Recitative
Ma, a chi parlo?
Gli accenti eco ripete sol.
Teseo non m'ode,
Teseo non mi risponde,
E portano le voci e l'aure e
l'onde.
Poco da me lontano esser egli
dovria.
Salgasi quello che più d'ogni
altro s'alza alpestro scoglio:
Ivi lo scoprirò.
Che miro?
O stelle!
Misera me!
Quest'è l'argivo legno,
Greci son quelli.
Teseo!
Ei sulla prora!
Ah, m'inganassi almen ...
No no, non m'inganno.
Ei fuggè,
Ei qui mi lascia in abbandono.

and Phoebus colours the grass
and flowers
rising from the sea with his
golden hair.
Adored husband, where have
your footsteps led you?
Perhaps your noble ardour calls
you to pursue wild beasts.
Ah come, my dearest,
and I shall offer a more pleasing
prey to your snares.
Arianna's loving heart, which
adores you faithfully,
clasps the splendid
light of our love with a firmer
knot.
I cannot bear
to be apart from you for a single
moment.
Ah beloved, I am consumed with
longing to see you.
My heart sighs for you.
Come, my idol.

Aria. Largo
Who stole you from this heart?
Who stole you from this heart?
If you do not come, already I die,
nor resist my grief.
If you have pity, O Gods,
fulfil my desires;
return my dear beloved to me.
Where are you? Theseus!

Recitative
But to whom am I speaking?
Only echo repeats my words.
Theseus does not hear me,
Theseus does not answer me,
and my voice is carried away by
the wind and the waves.
He must not be far from
me.
Let me climb the highest of
these steep rocks:
I shall discover him thus.
What do I see?
O heavens!
Misery me!
That is the wooden Argosy,
those men are Greeks.
Theseus!
He is on the prow!
O may I at least be mistaken ...
no, no, I am not mistaken.
He flees,
he leaves me abandoned here.

Più speranza non v'è, tradita io sono.

Teseo, Teseo, m'ascolta Teseo!
Ma oimè! Vaneggio.

I flutti e il vento lo involano per sempre agli occhi miei.

Ah, siete ingiusti, O Dei

Se l'empio non punite!

Ingrato! Perché ti trassi dalla morte?

Dunque tu dovevi tradirmi?

E le promesse, e i giuramenti tuoi?

Spergiuoro! Infido!

Hai cor di lasciarmi!

A chi mi volgo?

Da chi pietà sperar?

Già più non reggo:

Il piè vacilla,

E in così amaro istante

Sento mancarmi in sen l'alma tremante.

Aria. Larghetto

Ah! che morir vorrei

In sì fatal momento,

Ma al mio crudel tormento

Mi serba ingiusto il ciel.

Presto

Misera abbandonata

Non ho chi mi consola.

Chi tanto amai s'involò,

Barbaro ed infidel.

There is no longer any hope for me, I am betrayed.

Theseus, listen to me Theseus!
But alas! I am raving.

The waves and wind are stealing him from my eyes for ever.

Ah, you are unjust, O Gods

if you do not punish the infidel!

Ungrateful man! Why did I snatch you away from death?

So you had to betray me?

And your promises and your oaths?

Perjurer! Infidel!

Have you the heart to leave me?

To whom can I turn?

From whom can I hope for pity?

I can already bear no more:

my step falters,

and in so bitter a moment

I feel my trembling soul

weaken.

Aria. Larghetto

Ah, how I should like to die

in so fatal a moment,

but the heavens unjustly keep me

in my cruel torment.

Presto

Wretched and abandoned

I have no one to console me.

He whom I loved so much has fled,

barbarous and unfaithful.

Die finstre Nacht, und sie muss sich erhellen;

Der harte Fels schliesst seinen Busen auf,

Missgönnt der Erde nicht die tiefverborgnen Quellen.

Ein jeder sucht im Arm des Freundes Ruh,

Dort kann die Brust in Klagen sich ergiessen;

Allein ein Schwur drückt mir die Lippen zu,

Und nur ein Gott vermag sie

aufzuschliessen.

Mignon II (1888)

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt Weiss, was ich leide!

Allein und abgetrennt

Von aller Freude,

Seh' ich an's Firmament

Nach jener Seite.

Ach! der mich liebt und kennt

Ist in der Weite.

Es schwindelt mir, es brennt

Mein Eingeweide.

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt

Weiss, was ich leide!

Mignon III (1888)

So lasst mich scheinen, bis ich werde;

Zieht mir das weisse Kleid nicht aus!

Ich eile von der schönen Erde

Hinab in jenes feste Haus.

Dort ruh ich eine kleine Stille, Dann öffnet sich der frische Blick,

Ich lasse dann die reine Hülle,

Den Gürtel und den Kranz zurück.

Und jene himmlischen Gestalten, Sie fragen nicht nach Mann und

Weib,

Und keine Kleider, keine Falten

Umgeben den verklärten Leib.

Zwar lebt ich ohne Sorg und Mühe,

Doch fühlt ich tiefen Schmerz genug.

the dark, and night must turn to day;

the hard rock opens up its bosom,

without begrudging earth its deeply hidden springs.

All humans seek peace in the arms of a friend,

there the heart can pour forth its lament;

but my lips, alas, are sealed by a vow

and only a god can open

them.

Mignon II

Only those who know longing know what I suffer!

Alone and cut off

from every joy,

I search the sky

in that direction.

Ah! he who loves and knows me

is far away.

My head reels,

my womb's ablaze.

Only those who know longing

know what I suffer!

Mignon III

Let me seem an angel till I become one,

do not take off my white dress!

I hasten from the beautiful earth

down to that impregnable house.

There in brief repose I'll rest, then new vistas shall I see;

my pure raiment then I'll leave,

with girdle and rosary, behind.

And the heavenly beings there, do not ask who is man or

woman,

and no garments, no folds

drape the transfigured body.

Though I lived without trouble and toil,

I have felt deep pain enough;

Interval

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

From *Goethe Lieder* (1888-90)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Mignon I (1888)

Heiss mich nicht reden, heiss mich schweigen,

Denn mein Geheimnis ist mir Pflicht;

Ich möchte dir mein ganzes Innre zeigen,

Allein das Schicksal will es nicht.

Zur rechten Zeit vertreibt der Sonne Lauf

Mignon I

Bid me not speak, bid me be silent,

for I am bound to secrecy;

I should love to bare my soul to you,

but Fate has willed it otherwise.

At the appointed time the sun dispels

Vor Kummer altert ich zu
frühe;
Macht mich auf ewig wieder jung!

I grew old with grief before my
time –
O make me forever young again!

Mignon: Kennst du das Land (1888)

Kennst du das Land, wo die
Zitronen blühen,
Im dunkeln Laub die
Goldorangen glühen,
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen
Himmel weht,
Die Myrte still und hoch der
Lorbeer steht,
Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! Dahin
Möcht ich mit dir, o mein
Geliebter, ziehn.

Mignon

Do you know the land where
lemons blossom,
where oranges grow golden
among dark leaves,
a gentle wind drifts across blue
skies,
the myrtle stands silent, the
laurel tall,
do you know it?
It is there, it is there
I long to go with you, my
love.

Kennst du das Haus? Auf
Säulen ruht sein Dach,
Es glänzt der Saal, es
schimmert das Gemach,
Und Marmorbilder stehn und
seh'n mich an:
Was hat man dir, du armes Kind,
getan?
Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! Dahin
Möcht ich mit dir, o mein
Beschützer, ziehn.

Do you know the house?
Columns support its roof,
its hall gleams, its apartments
shimmer,
and marble statues stand and
stare at me:
What have they done to you,
poor child?
Do you know it?
It is there, it is there
I long to go with you, my
protector.

Kennst du den Berg und seinen
Wolkensteg?
Das Maultier sucht im Nebel
seinen Weg;
In Höhlen wohnt der Drachen
alte Brut;
Es stürzt der Fels und über ihn
die Flut,
Kennst du ihn wohl?
Dahin! Dahin
Geht unser Weg! o Vater, lass
uns ziehn!

Do you know the mountain and
its cloud-girt path?
The mule seeks its way through
the mist,
in caverns dwell the dragons'
ancient brood;
the cliff falls sheer, the torrent
over it,
do you know it?
It is there, it is there
our pathway lies! O father, let
us go!

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Vedi quanto adoro D510
(1816)
Pietro Metastasio

**See how much I still love
you**

Vedi quanto adoro ancora,
ingrato.

See how much I still love you,
ungrateful man.

Con uno sguardo solo
Mi toglì ogni difesa, e mi
disarmi.
Ed hai cor di
tradirmi?
E puoi lasciarmi?

With a single glance
you remove all my defences,
and disarm me.
Do you have the heart to betray
me?
And then to leave me?

Ah! non lasciarmi, no,
Bell' idol mio:
Di chi mi fiderò
Se tu m'inganni?

Ah, do not leave me,
my beloved.
Whom shall I trust
if you deceive me?

Di vita mancherei
Nel dirti addio;
Chè viver non potrei
Fra tanti affanni.

My life would fail me
as I said farewell to you.
I could not live
with such grief.

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

When I am laid in earth from *Dido and Aeneas* Z626

(by 1688)
Nahum Tate

Thy hand Belinda, darkness shades me,
On thy bosom let me rest.
More I would but death invades me.
Death is now a welcome guest.
When I am laid in earth may my wrongs create
No trouble in thy breast,
Remember me, but ah! forget my fate.

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

Phaedra Op. 93 (1975)

Robert Lowell, after Jean Racine

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 altar to my new lord.

Presto to Hippolytus

You monster! You understood me too well!
Why do you hang here, 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

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
I loved your son.
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.

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