

DINOS CONSTANTINIDES

SYMPHONY NO. 4
“Antigone”

for Orchestra

LRC 145



magni

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Dinos Constantinides

Symphony No.4 “Antigone” LRC 145

Duration: 26:30”

Instrumentation

Piccolo	4 Horns in F
2 Flutes	3 Trumpets in C
2 Oboes	3 Trombones
English Horn	Tuba
2 Clarinets in Bb	4 Percussionists
Bb Bass Clarinet	Electric Bass
2 Bassoons	Harp
Contrabassoon	Optional Chorus
	Optional Vocal (high voice) Soloist

Strings

Score in C

Performance Instructions

A. The Symphony No.4 - “Antigone” includes the following seven movements: 1. Párodos, 2. Ode I, 3. Interlude, 4. Ode II, 5. Ode III, 6. Pæan and, 7. Lament of Creon (Passacaglia). The text of the movements “Pæan” and “Lament of Creon” may be omitted.

B. The symphony may be performed without text with the following movements: Ode I, Interlude, Ode III, and Pæan (as it has been recorded on Capstone Records CD “Tonus Tomis...” with the Constanta Symphony Orchestra, presently Black Sea Philharmonic conducted by Radu Ciorei).

C. Another possibility may include the movements Pæan, Interlude, and Lament of Creon with the two outer movements employing the text (for tenor and orchestra).

Program Notes

Symphony No.4 - “Antigone” is an orchestral suite derived from the opera, “Antigone,” and was completed in 1994. Constantinides began work on his three act opera based on Sophocles play 20 years ago and completed it in 1989. It was premiered in 1993 by the Baton Rouge Opera. Since then he has written several orchestral suites derived from the opera which have received numerous performances. The Annapolis Chamber Orchestra presented three scenes from the opera at Carnegie Recital Hall in 1994. He is well qualified to write an opera on this subject, having read and studied the work in the original ancient Greek, in modern Greek, and in most of its English translations. The opera, which is performed in English, uses as libretto a 1936 translation of the play by Dudley Fitts and Robert Fitzgerald.

The opera is performed in three acts and follows the original story closely. The first act offers background information about how Antigone’s two brothers fought to the death over who would rule Thebes and about Antigone’s plan to bury her brother Polyneices despite the royal decree against burying the “traitor” to the throne - a decree brought about by the new king and Antigone’s uncle, Creon. The second act focuses on Antigone’s confrontation with Creon and the conflict between Creon and his son, Haimon. The final act centers on Creon’s realization that he has wronged Antigone and the tragic consequences of his rash actions.

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Antigone

Text: Sophocles

Translation: Dinos Constantinides

Pæan and Lament of Creon

Pæan

God of many names
God of many names
Pride of the Kadmean nymph and son of the
Thunder God.
Oh born of the Thunder God.
Protector of the West and Eleusis' plain. Oh
Bacche who reigns in the city of Thebes by the
waters of Ismenos.
God of many names
You are on the hill where Maenads pass dancing.
The torches see you thru their flames and the
brook of Castalia greets you too. And the ivy
covered mountain surrounds you.
Oh come now. Come to us, come to us.
Songs in the streets of Thebes sound
when you come. God of many names.
Bacche, you care more for us than all others.
Pride of the Kadmean nymph!
Our city is ill and we suffer.
Come, come, come, come, come.
Come to bring us hope. Oh come from
Parnassus, from the mountain slopes of the
channel's roaring waters.
Iô, Dance leader of the burning stars, overseer of
the voices of the night. Oh son of Zeus come to
us!
Come together with you companion Maenads who
cry your name. Bacche! God of many names.

Lament of Creon

Dark thoughts, dark thoughts.
Mistakes of a foolish man.
My crimes have brought death to my people,
have brought unhappiness for ever. Here
you see before you the murderer of my own son.
My son.
You are gone.
My son.
You have died so young. You have left you life so
soon,
Because of me, my faults, not your mistakes.
I know the truth, late in time, late in recognizing it.
The truth is hard to know.
It was God who struck, a God struck and gave me
wild thoughts which brought sorrows and twisted
deeds.
Oh Sorrow, misery of men.
My happy days are gone forever.
Oh pain, which fills men with bitter thoughts.
One sorrow presages another sorrow in my house there.
Will I find more misery? But what worse
Suffering can come upon me?
My wife is dead?
Oh grief, Oh scourge of death. Why have you
destroyed me?
And you, messenger of horror, you have killed me
again. I had died even before your sad words.
Boy? Can it be true? Is the Queen dead?
Has death struck again? I see with my own eyes.
Oh, Sorrow. It is all true. My wife has died by
her own hand.
Dead: Mother and Son.
You should go friends. There are tasks to be done
by you.
And I will pray as I have done many times.
All my soul will be in this prayer!
But I should pray no more. No mortal can escape
the results of his actions.
Take me away. I am useless and foolish.
I have killed my son and wife. I looked out for
their comfort; my wife now lies there dead and
dead is my son. Whatever I have done is death
and I can't rest now. Fate has struck me down.
There is not escape.