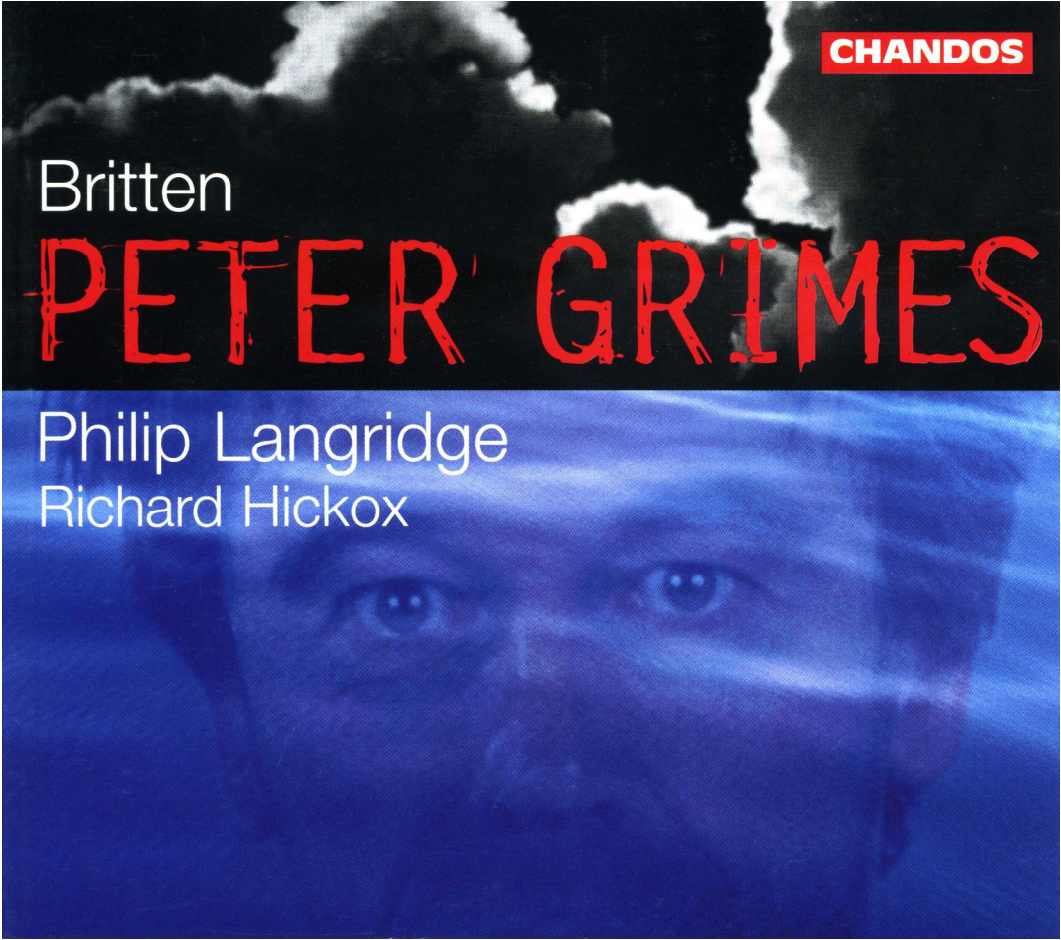




CHANDOS

Britten

PETER GRIMES

Philip Langridge
Richard Hickox



Benjamin Britten at the Old Mill, Snape ca. 1944–45
Enid Slater

Benjamin Britten (1913–1976)

Peter Grimes

An opera in three acts and a prologue derived from the poem of George Crabbe
Libretto: Montagu Slater

Peter Grimes, a fisherman	Philip Langridge <i>tenor</i>
Boy (John), his apprentice.....	Ned Harrison
Ellen Orford, a widow, schoolmistress of the Borough.....	Janice Watson <i>soprano</i>
Captain Balstrode, retired merchant skipper	Alan Opie <i>baritone</i>
Auntie, landlady of 'The Boar'	Ameral Gunson <i>contralto</i>
Niece 1 } the main attractions of 'The Boar' {	Yvonne Barclay <i>soprano</i>
Niece 2 }	Pamela Helen Stephen <i>soprano</i>
Bob Boles, fisherman and Methodist	John Graham Hall <i>tenor</i>
Swallow, a lawyer	John Connell <i>bass</i>
Mrs (Nabob) Sedley, a rentier widow of an East India Company's factor	Anne Collins <i>mezzo-soprano</i>
Rev. Horace Adams, the rector.....	John Fryatt <i>tenor</i>
Ned Keene, apothecary and quack	Roderick Williams <i>baritone</i>
Hobson, carrier	Matthew Best <i>bass</i>

Opera London

London Symphony Chorus

Stephen Westrop chorus master

City of London Sinfonia

Richard Hickox

COMPACT DISC ONE

1	Prologue – Hobson – 'Peter Grimes'	1:25
2	Swallow – 'You sailed your boat round the coast'	3:05
3	Swallow – 'Peter Grimes, I here advise you'	2:05
4	Peter – 'The truth – the pity – and the truth'	1:56
5	Interlude I	3:14
	Act I	45:53
6	Scene 1 – Chorus – 'Oh, hang at open doors'	4:42
7	Rector – 'Good morning, good morning!'	1:04
8	Peter – 'Hi! Give us a hand'	3:42
9	Hobson – 'I have to go from pub to pub'	2:00
10	Ellen – 'Let her among you without fault'	3:13
11	Balstrode – 'Look! The storm cone!'	2:47
12	Balstrode – 'And do you prefer the storm'	3:31
13	Peter – 'They listen to money'	1:32
14	Peter – 'What harbour shelters peace'	1:04
15	Interlude II	4:11
	Scene 2	
16	Auntie – 'Past time to close'	2:16
17	Auntie – 'Loud man'	1:05
18	Fisherman – 'There's been a landslide up the coast'	1:08
19	Boles – 'No, I mean love'	0:37
20	Balstrode – 'Pub conversation should depend'	1:35
21	Ned – 'Have you heard the cliff is down'	1:39
22	Peter – 'Now the Great Bear and Pleiades'	3:42
23	Balstrode – 'For peace sake'	2:29
24	Hobson – 'The bridge is down'	1:35
	Act II	
25	Interlude III	2:29
	Scene 1	
26	Ellen – 'Glitter of waves'	1:33
27	Chorus – 'Now that the daylight fills the sky'	3:40

28	Ellen – 'Child you're not too young'	3:15
29	Ellen – 'This unrelenting work'	4:26
30	Auntie – 'Fool to let it come to this'	3:18
31	Boles – 'People... No! I will speak!'	2:05
	TT 76:33	

COMPACT DISC TWO

1	Ellen – 'We planned that their lives'	2:29
2	Rector – 'Swallow – shall we go and see Grimes in his hut?'	0:44
3	Chorus – 'Now is gossip put on trial'	2:18
4	Nieces – 'From the gutter'	4:35
5	Interlude IV	5:48
	Scene 2	
6	Peter – 'Go there!'	2:03
7	Peter – 'They listen to money'	5:04
8	Chorus – 'Now! Now!'	2:14
9	Rector – 'Peter Grimes'	3:20
	Act III	41:55
10	Interlude V	5:09
11	Scene 1 – Swallow – 'Assign your prettiness to me'	3:02
12	Mrs Sedley – 'Mr Keene'	1:31
13	Mrs Sedley – 'Murder most foul it is'	1:33
14	Burgess – 'Come along, Doctor'	2:57
15	Ellen – 'Embroidery in childhood was'	5:50
16	Mrs Sedley – 'Mr Swallow'	2:03
17	Chorus – 'Who holds himself apart'	3:57
18	Interlude VI	2:46
	Scene 2	
19	Voices – 'Grimes!'	5:23
20	Ellen – 'Peter, we've come to take you home'	2:41
21	Chorus – 'To those who pass the Borough'	5:04
	TT 70:38	

Fiery Visions

In April 1939 Benjamin Britten, accompanied by the young English tenor, Peter Pears, sailed for the New World. In his own words, Britten was 'fed up, muddled... longing to be useful'. They first landed in Canada, but after a few weeks settled in the United States, principally in New York, where they were to remain for two and a half years. The trip proved to be a rite of passage experience for both men: their relationship, both private and professional, was cemented during this time; Pears's voice and intelligent musicianship enlarged and developed in ways hitherto unsuspected by his friends and former colleagues at home; and Britten not only began to compose the first of what turned out to be a whole chain of masterly vocal works for Pears – for example, the *Seven Sonnets of Michelangelo* (1940), itself a public expression of their private love for one another – but moreover wrote a number of significant instrumental works in which he too expanded his own horizons, chief among which must be counted the Violin Concerto (1939), the *Sinfonia da Requiem* (1940) and the First String Quartet (1941).

But there were also the inevitable failures: the high-school operetta *Paul Bunyan* (1941), to a libretto by Britten's old friend and collaborator, W.H. Auden, for all its considerable merits – not least among which must be counted its extraordinary synthesis of American popular music into much of the score – was an unhappy experience that might have seriously discouraged a lesser composer from returning to the stage. It is, however, clear that in spite of the

continuation of his working relationship with Auden, Britten began to realize after *Bunyan* that 'Uncle Wizz' was emphatically not the librettist for him. Auden's words, brilliant in themselves and brilliantly and often wittily set by Britten, were very much Auden's property. Auden's inflexibility in respect of his text – 'prima le parole' – made Britten cautious.

Another feature of these American years was the occurrence and recurrence of composing 'blocks' and fits of desperate creative depression. These were perhaps partly the unfortunate by-products of the changes taking place in his personal life; but they were also surely directly attendant on the reappraisal of his compositional ambitions that Britten undertook during these critical years of his development. His temporary abandonment of England in the spring of 1939 was essential to his self-understanding as a composer; his own rite of passage completed in 1941–42, he could remark to his brother-in-law in a letter sent only a few weeks before the journey home, 'I have reached a definite turning point in my work'. That creative 'turning point' was inseparable from a personal decision taken in the summer of 1941 – i.e. to return home to England – that together discharged itself in the composition of *Peter Grimes*.

Whilst staying with friends near Los Angeles during the summer of 1941, Britten and Pears came across an article by E.M. Forster on the Suffolk poet George Crabbe (1754–1832) in a back issue of *The Listener*. Britten (himself born in Suffolk) later was to comment: 'I suddenly realized where I belonged and what I

lacked,' and even more revealingly, 'that I must write an opera'. Pears discovered a copy of Crabbe's poems, including 'The Borough' in which is related the tragedy of the fisherman Peter Grimes, in a 'Rare Book Shop'. His and Britten's enthusiasm after making this discovery is obvious in a letter sent to their New York friend Elizabeth Mayer on 29 July: 'We've just discovered the poetry of George Crabbe (all about Suffolk) & are very excited – maybe an opera one day... !!'

The remainder of 1941 and the early part of 1942 were spent working on a draft synopsis and libretto for an opera based on *Peter Grimes*. It is clear from the fragmentary documents surviving from this period that at first Pears attempted to act as Britten's librettist, but before they sailed back to England in March 1942 Britten tried to secure as his librettist the services of Christopher Isherwood, a friend from London in the 1930s. It had soon become evident that they needed the expertise of a professional writer to provide a usable libretto. Isherwood however declined, arguing that he hadn't enough time and their different geographical locations would make collaboration impossible. (In a 1981 interview, however, he confessed that he did not believe that the idea could work dramatically.) Britten wrote to Isherwood on 10 March, six days before sailing back to England:

I can't pretend that I wasn't disappointed that you can't do Grimes with me. But I understand of course. I know that as it stands, P.G. is no more than a rather bloodthirsty melodrama; but it has elements of what I want in an opera, and we are slowly but surely getting nearer to a serious plot.

One further factor played an important role in the

story of *Peter Grimes* prior to Britten's departure from the United States. Early in 1942, Serge Koussevitzky, the Russian émigré conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, gave a sequence of hugely successful performances of Britten's three-movement *Sinfonia da Requiem*. Koussevitzky, a renowned champion of contemporary music, to whom Britten had been introduced by Aaron Copland in 1939, asked Britten what he was going to write next. The composer told him about his plans for an opera based on Crabbe but lamented the realistic possibility of actually writing the work as it would mean finding an enormous amount of time free from other commitments. As a young, relatively impoverished composer, he needed a commission to make the opera become a reality. Koussevitzky immediately agreed to offer Britten a commissioning fee of \$1000; in return Britten was required to dedicate the work to the memory of Koussevitzky's recently deceased wife.

It was also probably Koussevitzky who suggested that Britten should attend a performance of George Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess* in New York in 1942. When Britten heard *Porgy and Bess* in the theatre – for the first and only occasion – ideas for *Grimes* were already taking shape in his mind. It is therefore perhaps not altogether surprising that Gershwin's remarkable opera would prove to be a potent influence on *Grimes*, especially in view of some of the close dramatic parallels and correspondences which, however consciously or unconsciously, played a role in the making of *Grimes*. Some of the general parallels are obvious: in *Porgy* as in *Grimes*, the fishermen go about their daily business; the community (i.e. the chorus) is as central to Gershwin's dramatic concept

as it is to Britten's; and the protagonist of each opera is crippled – Porgy physically, Grimes psychologically. The advent of the storm in *Porgy* leads to its use as a musico-dramatic device which provides a clear precedent for a similar procedure in *Peter Grimes*. In Act II scene 4 of *Porgy*, the storm, already established in the preceding scene, blows Crown into Serena's room. The bursting open of the door accompanied by the music of the storm anticipates in a quite remarkable fashion the similar sequence of events in the 'Pub' scene in *Grimes* (Act I scene 2), at the centre of which is Grimes's visionary E major aria 'Now the Great Bear and Pleiades'. (The tonality and calm mood of this aria echo not Gershwin but Verdi, another important source for *Grimes*: compare the closing moments of Act I of *Otello*, where Otello sings on a repeated E the words 'Già la pleiade ardente in mar discende', and Grimes's repeated Es at 'Now the Great Bear and Pleiades'!)

Britten and Pears continued working on the draft libretto during their Atlantic crossing, but soon after their arrival in Liverpool on 17 April 1942 Britten began to cast around for a suitable librettist. Not unexpectedly he turned to another friend and collaborator from the 1930s, the left-wing poet, playwright and novelist Montagu Slater, for whose plays *Easter 1916* and *Stay Down Miner* Britten had composed incidental music in 1935 and 1936 respectively. Britten reported the success of his find to Elizabeth Mayer on 4 May –

M. has taken to Grimes like a duck to water & the opera is leaping ahead. It is very exciting – I must write & tell Koussey about it. He has splendid ideas. It is getting more and more an opera about the community, whose life is 'illuminated' for this moment by the tragedy of the

murders [i.e. the deaths of Grimes's boy apprentices]. Ellen [Orford] is growing in importance, & there are fine minor characters, such as the Parson, pub-keeper, 'quack'-apothecary, & doctor.

– and on the 17th, with Britten settled once again into his Suffolk home, the Old Mill at Snape:

Next week Montagu & Enid Slater are coming down with me, & we shall get atmosphere for & discuss 'Peter Grimes' – which is going so excitingly now.

A month later he was to write to Mrs Mayer once again, when he took the opportunity to report on *Grimes*'s progress:

I am absolutely down in the country staying for a few days with Montagu & Enid Slater, and working with M. hard on the libretto of *Peter Grimes*. It is going so well & I'm very keen on his whole attitude to the subject – Very simple, full of respect for Crabbe, and with real stage experience. My ideas are crystallizing nicely, and I think that, given the opportunity, we can make a really nice thing of it.

By the end of the summer he was able to tell Mrs Mayer of the successful completion of the first complete draft of the libretto, which he described as 'excellent'.

One should note that all of Britten's references to *Grimes* in his correspondence in 1942 refer to the development of the libretto, not to the music. Britten would certainly have had some musical ideas by this stage even if they were not actually committed to paper. Interestingly enough, on two early typed libretto drafts, one of which certainly dates from 1942, Britten made important marginal notes in which he succinctly describes the kinds of music he intended to write, dividing the entire opera into a sequence of smaller, more manageable units, rather in the manner of an eighteenth- or nineteenth-century

'number' opera, i.e. 'recitative', 'aria', 'ensemble' etc. Such annotations are self-evidently *aides memoires* to the composer inscribed on the libretto as the general shape of the work came to him during close scrutiny of Slater's text. The annotations concerning the six orchestral interludes are of a different nature: they suggest that the interludes were intended from the outset to have a programmatic function within the overall structure. For example, against Interlude I Britten writes 'Every-day, grey seascape'; Interlude III is described as 'Sunny, Sparkling music'; while Interlude IV reads "'Boy's suffering" fugato' ('fugato' was subsequently modified to 'passacaglia'). How fascinating it is to see that one of *Grimes*'s most distinctive and memorable features, the orchestral interludes – where the composer, as it were, steps into the stage action and comments – was intact in the structure from the planning stage. Britten inevitably felt the impact of two further operatic works here, both of which exerted a powerful influence on *Grimes*: Berg's *Wozzeck* and Shostakovich's *Lady Macbeth of the Mtsensk District*, compositions that Britten had known from the mid-1930s. The intergration of concepts from these works are only two examples from a whole milieu of music, both Britten's own and that of others, which fed into the creative melting-pot from which *Peter Grimes* issued forth in 1945.

Development of the libretto continued in 1943. Britten wrote to Pears (by now ear-marked for the title role) on 11 March:

I am going to do lots of work on P. Grimes today, to see what really is wrong with it. And then I shall write a long letter to Montagu & hope he can fix it a bit. I am sure it isn't fundamentally hopeless, there are too many things I

like about it. For one thing it goes naturally into operatic form – it doesn't embarrass me to think of those people, singing, & singing English. And another, I see so clearly what kind of music I want to write for it, & I am interested in the people & the situations, & interested in a musical way. It isn't often that one can get an opera scheme that comes so near what one wants.

To Erwin Stein, the Austrian-born former pupil of Schoenberg, working as an editor at Britten's publishers, Boosey & Hawkes, Britten remarked the following day:

[...] one bit of good work I'm doing is on the opera libretto – I am finding lots of possibilities of improvement, especially the character of Grimes himself which I find doesn't come across nearly clearly enough. At the moment he is just a pathological case – no reasons & not many symptoms! He's got to be changed a lot. But even then, I am convinced that it is right for me to do this opera. I am too interested in it for me to drop it now. Even if it doesn't come out very well, it'll be experience.

The composer shows himself perfectly aware of the complexities and problems of Grimes's character, in particular the difficult psychology of the anti-hero. The latter has been a facet of the work that has occupied commentators ever since.

At precisely the same time Britten was revising and refining Slater's draft libretto, shaping it to his musical purpose, we find him, perhaps somewhat unexpectedly, studying the score of Richard Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier*, which he had requested from his (and Strauss's) publisher, Ralph Hawkes. Britten thanked Hawkes on 12 March:

I can scarcely contain myself to write this note – you see I've never seen a score of *Rosenkavalier*, & I am impatient to see how the old magician makes his effects! There's a

hell of a lot I can learn from him! I am afraid my opera won't be as lush or glittering as this one – after all there is a difference between Vienna & Suffolk!! – but I have great hopes of it, once we get the libretto right.

Something of what Britten learned from the 'old magician' surely surfaces in the quartet (trio) for women's voices, 'From the gutter', in Act II of *Grimes*, where the writing for high voices must have been influenced by the closing moments of Strauss's opera.

The same letter continues with a remarkable penetration of future developments in Britten's operatic career beyond *Grimes* and which we recognize with the benefit of hindsight as wholly typical characteristics of Britten as an artist:

By-the-way I have a feeling that I can collaborate with Sadler's Wells opera a bit in the future – it would be grand to have a permanent place to produce one's operas (& I mean to write a few in my time!) It may mean cutting down a bit (no 4 flutes or 8 horns!) – but that doesn't hurt anyone – look at the Magic Flute or Figaro, with just a tiny orchestra. It's the ideas that count. This is only a scheme at the back of my mind, but I have a hunch that it's at the back of theirs too, as Joan Cross & Tony Guthrie want to see about something.

In this one paragraph from a letter written in 1943, while studying *Rosenkavalier* and long before a musical note of *Grimes* had been committed to paper, we find Britten delineating the history yet to come of the English Opera Group and his development of the chamber opera genre in *The Rape of Lucretia* (1946), *Albert Herring* (1947), *The Beggar's Opera* (after John Gay, 1948) and *The Turn of the Screw* (1954) and beyond. There is, moreover, a pledged commitment to opera in whatever form which surely reflects again the sense of having reached the 'turning point' in his

career which he confessed at the outset of 1942.

Grimes and the life of the operatic stage were recognized as his particular métier; in not one but a sequence of masterly operatic compositions, Britten would make his most significant artistic statements.

After some understandable hesitation, composition of *Grimes* began in January 1944. To Pears, the future Peter Grimes, Britten described the first days of work, in a letter of 10 January:

Well, at last I have broken the spell and got down to work on PG. I have been at it for two days solidly and got the greater part of the Prologue done. It is very difficult to keep that amount of recitative moving, without going round & round in circles, I find – but I think I've managed. It is also difficult to keep it going fast yet paint moods & characters a bit. I can't wait to show it to you. Actually in this scene there isn't much for you to do (I haven't got to the love duet yet [i.e. the duet with which the Prologue closes, Grimes's and Ellen's 'the truth – the pity – and the truth']); it is mostly for Swallow, who is turning out quite an amusing, pompous old thing! I don't know whether I shall ever be a good opera composer, but it's wonderful fun to try once in a way!

A month later he could tell Pears that 'After a slow start PG. is swimming ahead again,' and that every note was being written with Pears's 'heavenly voice' in mind. It was, of course, to Pears that Britten would turn when trying out passages from the opera at the piano. Pears wrote to Britten after one such occasion, a letter which reminds us of the value the composer placed on the singer's constructive criticism:

Peter Grimes was quite madly exciting. Really tremendously thrilling. The only thing you must remember is to consider that the average singer hasn't much gift for intensity off his own bat, so make sure that the tempi etc make a tense

delivery inevitable. Actually I feel very much that you have already done this, only you know what most singers are; the bit I was thinking of was Swallow in the Prologue. Can it sound pompous at that pace? Aggressive yes – & perhaps that's enough...

All was not plain sailing and inevitably tensions and frustrations would occasionally prove too much for the composer. For example, in June 1944 he wrote to Pears:

My bloody opera stinks, & that's all there is to it. But I dare say that I shall be able to de-odourise it before too long – or I'm hoping so.

By the time the second act was finished in Britten's pencil draft, plans were being laid for a production to be mounted by the Sadler's Wells Opera Company, with Pears in the title role and Joan Cross playing the sympathetic Ellen Orford. The majority of the draft was completed by the autumn of 1944 (the final scene, Grimes's 'mad' soliloquy was subjected to extensive revision, with help from Ronald Duncan (librettist of Britten's next opera, *The Rape of Lucretia*, early in 1945). On 28 August 1944 Britten told a friend that he was working 'very fast,' and that 'it looks like a race between the war & it... to be over first, but I pray the former will win!', and in October he informed Pears that the scoring was 'going quite fast – done about two-thirds [of the] prologue in a day & a half'. The full score was finished, as he told Mary Behrend, on 10 February 1945: 'I have actually just this moment written 'End' to the opera score.'

Plans for an April premiere proved unfeasible and the first performance took place at the Sadler's Wells Theatre, the company's London base which had been closed since the outbreak of war, on 7 June 1945, a

month after VE Day. The extraordinary events of that triumphant first night have gone down in operatic history and secured Britten's place as an international figure. It was, quite simply, an occasion that altered the course of English opera forever. It also marked the culmination of Britten's career to date, for, in a sense, everything he had written previously was part of a long compositional journey that led to and fed into *Peter Grimes*, a work acknowledged as a masterpiece from its first hearing and a touchstone of Britten's musical vocabulary up to 1945.

The significance of that triumphant first production was not lost on the composer. He was quite aware that what he had achieved made a special resonance with far-reaching implications. A letter he wrote to Imogen Holst (26 June 1945) makes his understanding of the situation quite clear:

Thank you for your kind letter about Peter Grimes. I am so glad that the opera came up to your expectations, & it is sweet & generous of you to write so warmly about it. I must confess that I am very pleased with the way it seems to 'come over the footlights', and also with the way the audience takes it, & what is perhaps more, returns night after night to take it again! I think the occasion is actually a greater one than either Sadler's Wells or me, I feel. Perhaps it is an omen for English Opera in the future. Anyhow I hope that many composers will take the plunge, & I hope also that they'll find the water not quite so icy as expected!

It was indeed an 'omen', for Britten himself and for other British composers also. With *Grimes* Britten showed unequivocally that an English opera could be meaningful and achieve not only national but international recognition. It was surely no accident

that two other English composers, Michael Tippett, a close friend of Britten's and Pears's in the 1940s, and William Walton began to plan their own first operas shortly after the launch of *Grimes*. Tippett's *The Midsummer Marriage* was written between 1946 and 1952, reaching the stage of Covent Garden in 1955. Walton began work on *Troilus and Cressida* (1954) having emigrated to Ischia in 1948. With *Grimes* the foundation-stone of postwar British operatic life had been laid.

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Sources:

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- Donald Mitchell and Philip Reed (eds), *Letters from a Life: The Selected Letters and Diaries of Benjamin Britten, 1913–1976*, Vols 1 and 2 (London: Faber and Faber, 1991)
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Synopsis

PROLOGUE *The interior of the Moot Hall*

The opera opens with Grimes under cross-examination at the inquest to establish the cause of death of his apprentice. Although the coroner, Swallow (who is also Mayor and the leading lawyer of the Borough), returns a verdict of accidental death, Grimes complains that this verdict does not really clear his name as the Borough gossips continue to blame him.

The court is cleared. Left alone, Grimes and the schoolmistress Ellen Orford sing a reconciliatory duet.

Interlude 1 – a depiction of dawn, leading directly into

ACT I SCENE 1 *A street by the sea, a few days later*

The inhabitants of the Borough go about their daily business. When Grimes arrives and calls for help in hauling his boat ashore, everyone shuns him except Balstrode and the apothecary Ned Keene, who has procured a new apprentice for him. Despite the general disapproval of the Borough, Ellen agrees to fetch the boy from the workhouse by the carrier's cart.

Shortly after her departure, the storm breaks; it is all the more threatening because of a spring tide. The inhabitants flee from the dangers of the storm, leaving Grimes and Balstrode alone. Balstrode tries to persuade Grimes to leave the town, but the fisherman declares that he is 'native, rooted here' and discloses his dreams of a wealthy future with Ellen as his wife.

Interlude 2 – an evocation of the terrors of the storm. The music of the interlude underpins the whole of

ACT I SCENE 2 *Inside The Boar on the evening of the same day*

Fisherfolk shelter from the storm. As more arrive, news is brought of flooding in the neighbourhood. Grimes arrives to await Ellen and the apprentice. The Borough's antagonism towards him reaches a climax in Boles's accusation, 'His exercise is not with men but killing boys'. To keep the peace and distract everyone's attention from Grimes, Ned Keene starts a

round. Ellen and the apprentice turn up half-drowned; to everyone's consternation, Grimes insists on taking the boy away at once, back into the stormy night to his desolate hut.

ACT II

Interlude 3 – a fine, sunny Sunday morning, some weeks later, leading without a break into

SCENE 1 *scene as in Act I scene 1*

Ellen and Grimes's new apprentice sit in the sun by the sea, while morning service is celebrated in the Parish Church. By chance, she discovers the boy's clothes are torn and his body bruised. When Grimes comes to drag him off fishing, Ellen confronts Grimes; her questions lead to an open quarrel, observed and overheard by some of the community, which ends by his striking her. The Borough is roused and the townspeople follow the Rector and Swallow off to Grimes's hut to discover the truth of the situation. Four of the womenfolk (Ellen, Auntie and the Nieces) contemplate the relationship between the sexes.

Interlude 4 – Passacaglia

ACT II SCENE 2 *Inside Grimes's hut, an old upturned boat*

Grimes orders the boy about in a rough manner which frightens the lad. In an attempt to soothe the boy's terror of him, Grimes evokes an image of what their life might be like if all goes well. This vision of paradise transmutes into one of hell as Grimes, in a foreshadowing of his eventual madness, recalls the dead, former apprentice. When he hears the townspeople climbing up the road to his hut, he loses his nerve, flings his nets and tackle out of the cliff-side

door and bundles the boy out. The boy slips and falls to his death. Grimes scrambles down after him. When the townspeople reach the hut they are surprised to find it empty, and not a little taken aback that it is neat and orderly. All leave by the main door except Balstrode, who goes out through the cliff-side door.

ACT III

Interlude 5 – Moonlight on a summer's evening.

SCENE 1 *scene as in Act I scene 1. A few days after Grimes's disappearance*

A dance is taking place in the Moot Hall, and there is considerable coming and going between the Moot Hall and *The Boar*. Swallow tries his luck with Auntie's Nieces. Mrs Sedley, one of the leading gossips in the Borough, eavesdrops on Ellen telling Balstrode that she has found the boy's jersey washed up on the beach. Seeing that Grimes's boat is back, Mrs Sedley informs Swallow of what she has learned and of her grave suspicions for the boy's safety. Swallow, as mayor, summons Hobson, constable of the Borough, to organize a posse to apprehend Grimes.

Interlude 6 – which leads directly into

SCENE 2 *scene as in Scene 1, a few hours later. A thick fog has set in*

Only the fog-horn and the calls of the townspeople at their manhunt break the stillness of the night as Grimes, exhausted, hungry, wet, and now insane, tries to return to his hut. Ellen and Balstrode find him, but it is too late: he is beyond help. Balstrode proposes a way out: Grimes must sail out to sea, scuttle his boat and sink with it.

As dawn breaks, life in the Borough resumes its daily round. There is a report of a boat sinking out at sea, beyond reach. No-one is concerned.

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Philip Langridge is one of the world's most distinguished singers whose rare and dramatic qualities ensure that he is in constant demand on the operatic stage and concert platform, and he appears on a regular basis with many of the world's leading orchestras, opera companies and music festivals in a wide repertoire ranging from Monteverdi to contemporary works. Philip Langridge's interpretations of the major Britten roles have been singled out for high praise. He has sung the roles of Peter Grimes, Aschenbach (*Death in Venice*), Captain Vere (*Billy Budd*), and Quint in *The Turn of the Screw*. His discography covers a wide range of styles and in 1994 he was awarded a CBE.

Janice Watson was a student at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama and still studies with Johanna Peters. She first came to prominence as winner of the Kathleen Ferrier Memorial Award and has now sung with the leading orchestras and opera companies throughout Great Britain. She is closely associated with Welsh National Opera where she has sung many roles including Musetta (*La bohème*), Fiordiligi (*Così fan tutte*), Rosalinda (*Die Fledermaus*), and Tatyana (*Eugene Onegin*). She has also sung at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, the Bastille, Lyon Opera and San Francisco Opera. Janice Watson also appears regularly on the concert platform.

Alan Opie studied at Cambridge University, the Guildhall School of Music and the London Opera Centre. His career began with Sadler's Wells Opera (now English National Opera) where he was appointed Principal Baritone. Alan Opie has combined his work at ENO with performances with the other major UK companies whilst his international career has taken him to Bayreuth and the opera houses of Chicago, Santa Fe, Paris, Amsterdam, Vienna, Brussels and Berlin. He has made a large number of recordings and his extensive concert repertoire includes works by Bach, Brahms, Britten, Elgar, Handel, Mahler and Vaughan Williams.

Ameral Gunson pursues a successful career both in this country and Europe and is equally at home on the concert platform, on stage and in recital work. Her wide repertoire demonstrates her versatility and enthusiasm for works from the Baroque to the twentieth century. She has performed with Sir David Willcocks, the Israel Chamber Orchestra, the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, the BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra, the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra and the London Sinfonietta. She has made recordings of works by Maw with Andrew Davies, and Copland with the Choir of King's College, Cambridge and Stephen Cleobury.

Yvonne Barclay studied at the Royal Scottish Academy of Music and Drama and at the National Opera Studio. Awards have included joint second prize in the 1991 Scottish National Opera Singing Competition. Roles for Scottish Opera include First Boy (*The Magic Flute*), Sandman (*Hänsel and Gretel*), and Lace Seller and Strolling Player in *Death in*

Venice. She has also sung with Glyndebourne Festival Opera, Glyndebourne Touring Opera, Opera 80, Opera North, Opera Northern Ireland, London Festival Opera and at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.

Pamela Helen Stephen was born in Warwickshire and studied at the Royal Scottish Academy of Music and Drama, at the Opera Theater Center at Aspen, Colorado with Herta Glaz, and in Toronto with Patricia Kern. She won many prizes including the John Noble Bursary Award and an English Speaking Union Scholarship.

She has sung with Opera North, Welsh National Opera, DGOS Opera Ireland, Crystal Clear Opera and at the Edinburgh Festival. Foreign operatic engagements include Lisbon, Ludwigsburg, Paris, Amsterdam, Singapore and the Batignano and Wexford Festivals.

John Graham Hall studied at King's College, Cambridge and the Royal College of Music. Since making his operatic debut with Opera North in 1983 he has sung with all the major British companies including the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden (Albert Herring), Glyndebourne Festival Opera (Albert Herring, Vanya Kudrjas in *Katya Kabanova*, Flute in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*), English National Opera (Cyril in *Princess Ida*, Don Basilio), Welsh National Opera (Cassio), Scottish Opera (Eisenstein), and Glyndebourne Touring Opera (Aschenbach in *Death in Venice*). John Graham Hall's concert career has taken him all over Europe and he has worked with most of the British orchestras.

John Connell studied at the Royal Northern College of Music and the National Opera Studio. He made his debut at English National Opera as Ramphis (*Aida*) and the following season joined as principal bass. He regularly sings with the company as a guest artist and roles have included the Commendatore (*Don Giovanni*), the First Voice (Busoni's *Doktor Faust*), Ferrando (*Il trovatore*), Dansker (*Billy Budd*) and Banquo (*Macbeth*). He has also sung for the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, Opera North and Welsh National Opera. He has made recordings of works by Elgar and Vaughan Williams and appears regularly on the concert platform.

Anne Collins studied at the Royal College of Music. She appears regularly on the concert platform with the major British orchestras and has made numerous recordings. Roles include Erda and Filipjevna (*Eugene Onegin*) for Welsh National Opera, Florence Pike (*Albert Herring*) at the Glyndebourne Festival, Madama Larina in Scottish Opera's *Eugene Onegin*, Mistress Quickly (*Falstaff*) for English National Opera and Auntie (*Peter Grimes*) for Opera North. Appearances abroad have included Holland, Spain, the Montreux and Flanders Festivals, Rome, Geneva, Paris, a tour of Israel with the Israel Sinfonietta and a major concert and recital tour of Australia.

John Fryatt was born and educated in York and studied singing with Frank Titterton and Joseph Hislop. He has sung regularly with the D'Oyly Carte, Sadler's Wells/English National Opera, Royal Opera, Covent Garden and Glyndebourne. Foreign guest engagements have taken him to Wexford, Hamburg, Bordeaux, Rouen, Palermo, Brussels, Lyon, Chicago,

Paris, Nice, Geneva, Lille, Amsterdam, Santa Fe, Vancouver, New York and Monte Carlo. He has appeared in many television productions and on the videos of *Orpheus in the Underworld* (Mars), and *Cox and Box* (Box) and recordings include *Pedrillo* (*Die Entführung aus dem Serail*) under Menuhin.

Roderick Williams has a wide experience of recital and solo oratorio work throughout Britain and abroad, including the Wigmore Hall, the Topkapi Palace, Istanbul, South Africa, the Seychelles and the Canary Islands. Operatic appearances have included Marcello (*La bohème*), Albert (*Werther*), Figaro (*Il barbiere di Siviglia*), Don Parmenione (*L'occasione fa il ladro*) and Tarquinius (*The Rape of Lucretia*). Roderick Williams won the bass prize in the 1992 Grimsby Singing Competition and second prize in the 1994 Kathleen Ferrier competition. He was awarded a Wolfson Scholarship to study on the opera course at the Guildhall School of Music.

Matthew Best pursues a dual career as conductor and singer. He was educated as a Choral Scholar at King's College, Cambridge and at the National Opera Studio, and in 1982 won the Decca-Kathleen Ferrier Prize. For six years he was a principal bass with the Royal Opera and is also a guest artist with Opera North, Welsh National Opera and Netherlands Opera. Matthew Best also appears regularly on the concert platform throughout Europe working with many of the world's leading conductors and orchestras. He is Director of the Corydon Orchestra and the Corydon Singers and has directed them in numerous recordings and concerts.

The **London Symphony Chorus** was formed in 1966 to complement the work of the London Symphony Orchestra. The chorus consists of over two hundred amateur singers, selected by audition, and is self-managed by a Council of nine elected representatives. Whilst maintaining a close relationship with the London Symphony Orchestra, with whom most of its performances are given, the London Symphony Chorus has developed an independent life which allows it to partner other leading orchestras at home and abroad. Since its first performances in 1966, the Chorus has achieved international distinction for its consistently high standards over a wide-ranging repertoire. The Chorus performs in concert halls outside London and makes regular visits abroad.

The **City of London Sinfonia** was founded in 1971 by its Music Director Richard Hickox. With Hickox and Andrew Watkinson (Leader/Director) the orchestra appears at many of the UK's leading festivals and concert venues, broadcasts regularly on radio and television and has an enviable recording repertoire. The orchestra reaches a wide audience through its Education and Community Programme, providing services to a wide range of community groups. Members of the orchestra lead creative music workshops (often in conjunction with artists from other art forms) which relate to the specific needs of each group and which are often linked to orchestral concerts.

One of Britain's leading conductors, **Richard Hickox** is founder and Music Director of the City of London Sinfonia, Associate Conductor of the London Symphony Orchestra, Principal Conductor of the

London Symphony Chorus, and co-founder of Collegium Musicum 90 with Simon Standage. He was Artistic Director of the Northern Sinfonia from 1982–90 and Principal Guest Conductor of the Bournemouth Symphony from 1992–95.

His foreign engagements have included National Symphony (Washington), San Francisco Symphony, Dallas Symphony, New Japan Philharmonic, Orchestre

Philharmonique de Radio France, Rotterdam Philharmonic, Swedish Radio, Berlin Symphony, Hamburg and Cologne Radio Orchestras. Opera engagements include the Royal Opera House, English National Opera, Los Angeles Opera, Australian Opera, Rome Opera.

He has made over 130 recordings and has won three *Gramophone* Awards.

PROLOGO

(Una stanza nella Moot Hall, sistemata per una seduta giudiziaria. La stanza è affollata di eccitati abitanti del Borgo. A una tavola alta sul suolo è seduto SWALLOW.)

Hobson

Peter Grimes! Peter Grimes! Peter Grimes!
(Peter Grimes si avanza dalla folla.)

Swallow

Peter Grimes, siamo qui a indagar le cause della morte del vostro mozzo William Spode: dal vostro battello ne fu sbarcato il corpo. Era il quindici ultimo. Deponete innanzi al giudice!
(Peter annuisce.)

A quel tavolo avanzate.

Peter Grimes! Giura al ciel! Dopa me!
Lo giuro nel nome del Signor:

Peter

Lo giuro nel nome de Signor:

Swallow

le parole che dico a voi...

Peter

le parole che dico a voi...

Swallow

son verità...

Peter

son verità...

Swallow

null'altro che tutto il vero e nulla più!

Peter

Null'altro che tutto il vero e nulla più!

PROLOGUE

A l'intérieur du Moot Hall, une salle que l'on a aménagée pour que s'y déroule une enquête de police. La foule des habitants du bourg s'y presse, surexcitée. Swallow est assis à une table, sur une estrade.

Hobson

Peter Grimes! Peter Grimes! Peter Grimes!
(Peter Grimes sort de la foule.)

Swallow *(lisant)*

Peter Grimes, nous sommes réunis pour enquêter sur la mort de votre apprenti William Spode, dont vous avez ramené le corps dans votre bateau, le "Boy Billy", le 26 du mois dernier. Voulez-vous témoigner?

(Peter s'acquiesce d'un signe de tête.)

Venez à la barre.

Peter Grimes, prêtez serment! Répétez après moi!
Je jure par Dieu tout puissant

Peter

Je jure par Dieu tout puissant

Swallow

de dire

Peter

de dire

Swallow

la verité

Peter

la verité

Swallow

toute la verité et rien que la verité

Peter

toute la verité et rien que la verité

COMPACT DISC 1

1 PROLOGUE

(Interior of the Moot Hall arranged as for Coroner's Inquest. Coroner, Mr Swallow, at table on dais, clerk at table below. A crowd of townspeople in the body of the hall is kept back by Hobson acting as Constable. Mr Swallow is the leading lawyer of the Borough and at the same time its Mayor and its Coroner. A man of unexceptionable career and talents, he nevertheless disturbs the burgesses by his air of a man with an arrière-pensée)

Hobson *(shouts)*

Peter Grimes!

(Peter Grimes steps forward from among the crowd)

Swallow *(reading)*

Peter Grimes, we are here to investigate the cause of death of your apprentice William Spode, whose body you brought ashore from your boat, 'The Boy Billy' on the 26th ultimo. Do you wish to give evidence?

(Peter nods)

Will you step into the box, Peter Grimes! Take the oath!

After me! 'I swear by Almighty God'

Peter

'I swear by Almighty God'

Swallow

'That the evidence I shall give'

Peter

'That the evidence I shall give'

Swallow

'Shall be the truth'

Peter

'Shall be the truth'

Swallow

'The whole truth and nothing but the truth.'

Peter

'The whole truth and nothing but the truth.'

VORSPIEL

Ein Saal im Stadthaus, zur kronamtlichen Untersuchung eines Todesfalles hergerichtet. Swallow, als Kronrichter, sitzt an einem erhöhten Tisch, ein Schreiber an einem niedrigeren stehenden Tisch davor oder daneben. Einwohner des Städtchens drängen sich auf den Bänken und sonst im Saal und werden von Hobson, als Amtsdieners und Konstabler, zurückgehalten. Swallow ist der führende Rechtsanwalt des Städtchens und zugleich dessen Bürgermeister und Kronrichter, ein Mann von einwandfreier Rechlichkeit und Tüchtigkeit, der dennoch die Bürger beunruhigt, weil er den Eindruck macht, als hätte er immer einen Hintergedanken.

Hobson *(laut rufend)*

Peter Grimes! Peter Grimes! Peter Grimes!

(Peter Grimes tritt aus der Menge vor.)

Swallow *(lesend)*

Peter Grimes, wir sind hier zur Ermittlung der Ursache des Todes Eures Jungmanns William Spode, dessen Leichnam Ihr an Land brachtet aus Eurem Boot "Little Billy", am sechsundzwanzigsten des Vormonats. Seid Ihr willens, hiezu auszusagen?

(Peter nickt)

Dann geht auf den Zeugenstand! Peter Grimes, schwört den Eid! Sprecht mir nach! "Ich schwöre bei Gott dem Allmächtigen."

Peter

Ich schwöre bei Gott dem Allmächtigen.

Swallow

"Was ich hier sagen werde."

Peter

Was ich hier sagen werde.

Swallow

"Ist die Wahrheit."

Peter

Ist die Wahrheit.

Swallow

"Die volle Wahrheit und nichts als die Wahrheit."

Peter

Die volle Wahrheit und nichts als die Wahrheit.

Swallow

Alla Corte dite
come andarò i fatti.
(*Peter non risponde.*)
Così prendeste il largo con l'intenzione di andare verso Londra.
Perché il faceste?

Peter

Portavo un grosso carico di pesce a vendere.

Swallow

E il ragazzo vi morì?

Peter

Il vento si volse sfavorevole.
Rimanemmo privi d'acqua.

Swallow

In mar quanto restaste?

Peter

Tre giorni.

Swallow

Che avvenne poi?

Peter

Morì, là disteso fra la pesca.

Swallow

Che feste voi?

Peter

Tutto in mare gettai e ritornai.

Swallow

Cioè, gettaste i pesci nel mar?
Giunto a terra, voi chiamaste aiuto?

Peter

Chiamai Ned Keene.

Swallow

Lo speziale del paese? (*Ned Keene si mostra tra la folla.*)
Qualcun altro fu chiamato?

Peter

Qualcuno portò il prete.

Swallow

Donnez à la cour votre version des faits.
(*Peter garde le silence.*)
Vous avez contourné la côte avec votre bateau pour gagner le
port de Londres.
Pourquoi?

Peter

Nous avons fait une grosse pêche, trop grosse pour être
vendue ici.

Swallow

Et l'enfant est mort en cours de route?

Peter

Le vent a tourné contre nous. Il nous a dérouterés. Nous avons
épuisé notre eau douce.

Swallow

Combien de temps êtes-vous restés en mer?

Peter

Trois jours.

Swallow

Qu'arriva-t-il ensuite?

Peter

Il est mort là... parmi le poisson.

Swallow

Qu'avez-vous fait alors?

Peter

J'ai tout jeté par dessus bord et je suis rentré.

Swallow

Vous voulez dire que vous avez jeté le poisson par dessus bord...
En accostant, avez-vous demandé du secours?

Peter

J'ai été chercher Ned Keene.

Swallow

Le pharmacien... qui est dans la salle? (*Ned Keene se fait voir
dans la foule.*) Avez-vous été chercher quelqu'un d'autre?

Peter

On a amené le pasteur.

Swallow

Tell the court the story in your own words.
(*Peter is silent*)
You sailed your boat round the coast
with the intention of putting in to London.
Why did you do this?

Peter

We'd caught a huge catch, too big to sell here.

Swallow

And the boy died on the way?

Peter

The wind turned against us, blew us off our course. We
ran out of drinking water.

Swallow

How long were you at sea?

Peter

Three days.

Swallow

What happened next?

Peter

He died lying there among the fish.

Swallow

What did you do?

Peter

Threw them all overboard, set sail for home.

Swallow

You mean you threw the fish overboard?...
When you landed did you call for help?

Peter

I called Ned Keene.

Swallow

The apothecary here? (*Indicates Ned*) Was there anybody
else called?

Peter

Somebody brought the parson.

Swallow

Sagt uns nun mit eignen Worten, wie es kam.
(*Peter schweigt*)
Ihr setztet Kurs längs der Küste und wolltet so mit Eurem Boot
bis London.
Aus welchem Grund?

Peter

Es war 'n dicker Fang, zu groß für 'n Markt hier.

Swallow

Und der Junge starb unterwegs?

Peter

Der Wind drehte gegen uns, trieb uns ab vom Kurs. Und das
Frischwasser war zu Ende.

Swallow

Wie lang wart Ihr auf See?

Peter

Drei Tag.

Swallow

Und was war dann?

Peter

Hei starw, wo hei läg – mitten mang den Fisch.

Swallow

Was tatet Ihr?

Peter

Smet se al öwer Bord, sätt Kurs na Hus.

Swallow

Ihr meint, Ihr warft den Fang über Bord"...
Beim Landen, riefet Ihr da um Hilfe?

Peter

Ich rief Ned Keene.

Swallow

Hier den Apotheker? (*Ned Keene tritt aus der Menge vor.*)
Wurde sonst noch wer gerufen?

Peter

Irgendeen holte den Paster.

Swallow

Cioè il Rettore, signor Horace Adams?
(*Il Rettore si avvanza, ma è spinto indietro da Swallow.*)
Va ben, signor Adams.
Ditemi dunque: ci fu confusione?

Peter

Bob Boles prese a urlare.

Swallow

Ci fu una scena in strada, da cui vi salvò la nostra ostessa?

Peter

Sì, fu Auntie.

Swallow

Allora insultaste una distinta signora?
Dite un po'!
Insulti gridaste a una certa dama?
(*La signora Sedley si avvanza.*)

Signora Sedley

A chi? A chi? A chi?

Swallow

La Signora Sedley.

Peter

Non amo gli importuni.
(*Tumulto fra gli spettatori.*)

Coro

Se ciarlano le donne,
il risultato è che non dormi più!

Hobson

Basta!

Swallow

Vous voulez dire le Recteur, Monsieur Horace Adams?
(*Le Recteur s'avance, mais Swallow lui fait signe de retourner à sa place.*)
Pas pour l'instant, Monsieur Adams.
Régnait-il une certaine agitation?

Peter

Bob Boles a commencé à crier.

Swallow

Dans la rue, ce fut presque une émeute. Vous n'avez dû le salut qu'à notre aubergiste.

Peter

Oui, à Tantine.

Swallow

Ne l'appelons pas comme ça ici! Vous avez ensuite insulté une dame respectable. Répondez-moi!
(*Mrs Sedley s'avance.*)
Vous avez injurié une certaine personne?

Mrs Sedley

Nommez-la, nommez-la, nommez-la!

Swallow

Mrs Sedley, que voici.

Peter

Je n'aime pas les pipelets.
(*Brouhaha dans l'assistance.*)

Chœur

Quand les femmes cancanent,
quelqu'un passe toujours une nuit blanche!

Hobson

Silence!

Swallow

You mean the Rector, Mr Horace Adams?
(*The Rector steps forward. Swallow waves him back.*)
All right, Mr Adams.
(*He turns back to Peter.*)
Was there a certain amount of excitement?

Peter

Bob Boles started shouting.

Swallow

There was a scene in the village street from which you were rescued by our landlady?

Peter

Yes. By Auntie.

Swallow

We don't call her that here ... You then took to abusing a respectable lady.
(*Peter glares.*)
Answer me ... You shouted abuse at a certain person?
(*Mrs Sedley pushes forward. Mrs Sedley is the widow of a retired factor of the East India Company and is known locally as Mrs Nabob. She is 65, self-assertive, inquisitive, unpopular.*)

Mrs Sedley

Say who! Say who!

Swallow

Mrs Sedley here.

Peter (fiercely)

I don't like interferers.
(*A slight hubbub among the spectators resolves itself into a chorus which is more like the confused muttering of a crowd than something fully articulate.*)

Chorus

When women gossip the result
Is someone doesn't sleep at night.

Hobson (shouting)

Silence!

Swallow

Ihr meint, Seine Ehrwürden, den Herrn Pastor Adams?
(*Pastor Adams tritt vor, Swallow weist ihn weg.*)
Schon gut, Pastor Adams.
(*Er wendet sich wieder an Peter.*)
Gab's dabei nicht einen heftigen Auftritt?

Peter

Bob Boles fing zu schreien an.

Swallow

Kam's nicht am Hafen zu einem Auflauf, aus dem unsre Krugwirtin Euch gerettet hat?

Peter

Ja – Tantjen.

Swallow

Wir hier nennen sie nicht so.
(*Tantjen, in der Menge, lacht.*)
Und dann fingt Ihr an, 'ne achtbare Dame zu beschimpfen? Antwortet!... Euer Schimpfen galt einer bestimmten Person?
(*Mrs. Sedley drängt sich vor. Sie ist die Witwe eines Faktors der Ostindischen Handelskompanie und hat im Städtchen den Spitznamen "Mrs. Nabob". Sie ist 65, selbstbewußt, sensationslüstern und unbeliebt.*)

Mrs. Sedley

Sagt, wem! Sagt, wem! Sagt, wem!

Swallow

Missis Sedley hier.

Peter

Ich leid's nicht, daß sich wer einmischt!
(*Eine gewisse Erregung unter den Zuhören macht sich in einem Chor Luft, der mehr wie verworrenes Gemurmel, denn wie etwas deutlich Ausgedrücktes klingt.*)

Chor der Männer

Wan Wiwer snakken, jo denn slöpt
Woll jümmer eener slecht de Nacht.

Hobson (schreit)

Ruhe!

Swallow
Chi v'aiutò il mozzo a trasportare?
La vedova, maestra, la signora Orford?

Coro
Chi prega chiude gli occhi
e non distingue il falso e il vero: no!

Hobson
Zittì! Basta!

Swallow
Signora Orford, come mai voi, la maestra,
v'immischiaste in questo affar?

Ellen
Soccorsi così quest'uom.

Swallow
Perchè aiutar questo tipaccio basso, vile, volgare? (*A Peter:*)
Pur c'è qualcosa in vostro favore: voi salvaste quel bambino che
annegava nelle tempeste di marzo.
Altro avete voi da dir?
No? Io sì...
ho da dir!
Peter Grimes, io qui vi avverto!
Non prendete un'altra volta un mozzo.
Prendete un pescatore, che sia uomo adulto e badi a sè.
Noi sentenziam che William Spode, vostro mozzo,
Mori in circostanze accidentali.
Ma queste cose il mondo le ricorda per sempre.

Coro
Se incerto è il verdetto, chi può mai la colpa stabilir?
Chi la può mai stabilir?

Hobson
Basta! Basta! Basta!
(*Peter ha fatto qualche passo avanti cercando di parlare.*)

Peter
Signore! Signore! Come ogni pescator m'è forza
prender qualche aiutante... qualche ragazzo!

Swallow
Allor prendete moglie, che vegli a lui.

Swallow
Maintenant, dites-moi: qui vous a aidé à ramener le petit à la
maison? L'institutrice, la veuve, Mrs Ellen Orford?

Chœur
Oh! Quand on prie, on ferme les yeux et on ne peut plus
distinguer la vérité du mensonge!

Hobson
Silence!

Swallow
Mrs Orford, vous la maitresse d'école: vous la veuve. comment
avez-vous pu vous mêler à cela?

Ellen
J'ai fait ce que j'ai pu pour aider.

Swallow
Pourquoi aider un individu pareil, grossier, brutal et vulgaire?
Une chose pourtant plaide en votre faveur: on dit que vous
avez sauvé l'enfant de la noyade pendant les tempêtes de
mars.
Qu'avez-vous à ajouter? Rien? mais moi, en revanche...
Peter Grimes, je vous le conseille solennellement! Ne reprenez
pas d'apprenti, prenez un pêcheur pour vous aider, et assez
fort pour se défendre. Voici notre verdict: William Spode, votre
apprenti est mort accidentellement. Mais c'est le genre
d'accident qui reste gravé dans la mémoire.

Chœur
Mais quand le verdict est prononcé,
qui oserait le contredire?

Hobson
Silence! Silence!
(*Peter s'est avancé et essaye de parler.*)

Peter
Votre Honneur! Votre Honneur! Comme tous les autres
pêcheurs, j'ai besoin d'un apprenti... j'ai besoin de quelqu'un!

Swallow
Alors prenez une femme qui s'occupe de lui.

Swallow
Now tell me this. Who helped you carry the boy home?
The schoolmistress, the widow, Mrs Ellen Orford?
(*Renewed hubbub. Ellen steps forward to Swallow*)

Women's Chorus
O when you pray you shut your eyes
And then can't tell the truth from lies.

Hobson (*shouts*)
Silence!

Swallow
Mrs Orford, as the schoolmistress, the widow, how did you
come into this?

Ellen
I did what I could to help.

Swallow
Why should you help this kind of fellow – callous, brutal,
and coarse? (*to Grimes*) There's something here perhaps in
your favour. I'm told you rescued the boy from drowning in
the March storms.
(*Peter is silent*)
Have you something else to say?
No? – Then I have.
[3] Peter Grimes, I here advise you – do not get another boy
apprentice. Get a fisherman to help you – big enough to
stand up for himself. Our verdict is – that William Spode,
your apprentice, died in accidental circumstances. But
that's the kind of thing people are apt to remember.

Chorus
But when the crowner sits upon it,
Who can dare to fix the guilt?

Hobson (*shouts*)
Silence! Silence!
(*Peter has stepped forward and is trying to speak*)

Peter
Your honour! Like every other fisherman I have to hire an
apprentice. I must have help –

Swallow
Then get a woman help you look after him.

Swallow
Nun sagt mir eins: wer half Euch den Jungen nach Haus
tragen? Die Lehrerin, die Witwe, Missis Ellen Orford?
(*Neuerliche Erregung. Ellen tritt vor Swallow hin.*)

Chor der Frauen
Du betst un slüßt de Oogen gor
Un hältst denn jeden Luch für wohr.

Hobson (*schreit*)
Ruhel!

Swallow
Missis Orford, als Lehrerin, als Witwe, was ging Euch die Sache
an?

Ellen
Ich tat, was ich konnt – wollt helfen.

Swallow
Warum just Ihr, einem solchen Manne – mürrisch, grob und
brutal? (*An Peter.*) Hier ist vielleicht was zu Euern Gunsten. Ich
höre, Ihr habt den Jungen vor dem Ertrinken gerettet, beim
großen Märzsturm?
(*Peter schweigt.*)
Habt Ihr sonst was vorzubringen?
Nein? – Doch ich dafür!
Peter Grimes, ich möcht Euch raten, nehmt nicht weider einen
schwachen Jungen. Sucht 'nen Fischer Euch zum Helfer, alt
genug und kräftig wie Ihr selbst! Wir finden hier: William
Spode, Euer Jungmann, starb zwar eines zufälligen Todes, doch
das ist so ein Fall, den die Leute nicht vergessen.

Chor
Un neumt de Wohrspruch och keen Namen, Weeß doch allens,
wen sin Schuld.

Hobson (*schreit*)
Ruhel! Ruhel!

Peter
Euer Ehren! Euer Ehren! Wie jeder andre Fischer, so muß ich
'nen Jungmann haben. Ich brauche Hilfe –

Swallow
Dann nehmt 'ne Frau ins Haus, die Euch hilft mit ihm!

Peter
Lo voglio far, ma non or!

Swallow
Quando?

Peter
Tacciano prima i maligni!
(*Swallow si alza e tutti si alzano.*)

Swallow
Uscitel! Via di qua! Uscitel!

Peter
"Uscite!" dite voi.
Vi lavate le mani.
La storia intanto in giro va.
L'accusa che prove non ha
rinfacciata mi sarà.
Lasciatemi che mi difenda!
Qui vengano i maldicenti dentro quest'aula a sentir proprio da
me la verità la verità, la verità!

Coro
Se ciarlano le donne il risultato è che non dormi più!
Se incerto è il verdetto chi può mai la colpa stabilir?
Chi la può mai stabilir?
Stabilir! Stabilir! Chi? Chi?

Hobson
Fuoril! Fuoril! Fuoril! Fuoril!
(*Restano soli Ellen e Peter.*)

Peter
Ahimè!... Compassione!... Verità:

Ellen
Peter! Peter! Vieni, usciam!

Peter
Dove i muri perfino
ciarlano infamie!

Peter
C'est ce que je compte faire, mais pas tout de suite!...

Swallow
Et pourquoi?

Peter
Je veux d'abord faire taire les cancons.
(*Le brouhaha reprend.*)

Swallow
Quittez la barre! Evacuez la Cour! Quittez la barre!

Peter
Quittez la barre! Dites-vous... Vous vous en lavez les mains.
L'affaire continue son chemin dans la tête des gens.
Les accusations qu'aucune cour n'a vraiment faites
me seront quand même jetées à la tête.
Alors, laissez-moi parler. Faites-moi un vrai procès!
Faites comparaître mes accusateurs,
que je leur fasse avaler la vérité,
telle qu'elle est, toute simple, telle qu'elle est!

Chœur
Quand les femmes cancanent,
quelqu'un passe toujours une nuit blanche,
mais quand le verdict est prononcé,
qui oserait le contredire?

Hobson
Evacuez la Cour! Evacuez la Cour!
(*Peter et Ellen restent seuls.*)

Peter
La vérité... La compassion... et la vérité...

Ellen
Peter, Peter, venez.

Peter
Quand les murs eux-mêmes
parlent d'enquête!

Peter
That's what I want – but not yet –

Swallow
Why not?

Peter
Not till I've stopped people's mouths.
(*The hubbub begins again.*)

Swallow (*makes a gesture of dismissal*)
Stand down! Clear the court. Stand down!

Peter
'Stand down' you say. You wash your hands.
The case goes on in people's minds.
The charges that no court has made
Will be shouted at my head.
Then let me speak, let me stand trial,
Bring the accusers into the hall.
Let me thrust into their mouths,
The truth itself, the simple truth.
(*He shouts this excitedly against the hubbub chorus.*)

Chorus
When women gossip, the result
Is someone doesn't sleep at night.
But when the crowner sits upon it,
Who can dare to fix the guilt?
(*Against them all Constable Hobson shouts his:*)

Hobson
Clear the court!
(*Swallow rises with slow dignity. Everybody stands up while
he makes his ceremonial exit.*)
The crowd then begins to go out.
Peter and Ellen are left alone.

Peter
4 The truth – the pity – and the truth.

Ellen
Peter, come away!

Peter
Where the walls themselves
Gossip of inquest.

Peter
Das will ich ja – doch nicht gleich –

Swallow
Warum nicht?

Peter
Bis ich den Leuten das Maul gestopft.
(*Wachsende Unruhe und entrüstetes Gemurmel der Menge.*)

Swallow (*barsch, mit einer entlassenden Geste*)
Tretet ab! Räumt den Saal! Tretet ab!

Peter
"Tretet ab!" sagt Ihr – Ihr seid zu End,
Doch für den Ort ist's nicht das End.
Die Anklag, die nicht vorgebracht,
Schreit mir doch ein jeder nach.
Drum laßt mich sprechen!
Bringt mich vors Schwurgericht!
Holt die Ankläger hier in den Saal,
Daß ich ihnen das Maul stopfe
Mit der Wahrheit, der simplen Wahrheit!
(*Er schreit das aufgeregt der Menge entgegen.*)

Chor
Wan Wiwer snakken, jo denn slöpt
Woll jümmer eener slecht de Nacht.
Un neumt de Wohrspruch och keen Namen,
Weeß doch allens, wen sin Schuld.
(*Das alles überschreit Hobson mit seinem:*)

Hobson
Räumt den Saal! Räumt den Saal!
(*Alle stehen auf, während Swallow gravitatisch den Saal
verläßt.*)
(*Die Menge drängt zum Ausgang.*)
(*Peter und Ellen bleiben allein zurück.*)

Peter
Die Wahrheit – das Elend – diese Not!

Ellen
Peter, Peter, komm fort!

Peter
Wenn's die Spatzen schon
Vom Dache pfeifen...

Ellen
Noi pur ciarlerem,
e avremo pace...

Peter
E sparlano anche di voi.
Potranno sospettar di voi.

Ellen
Il vostro nome un dì, riabilitato risponderà...

Peter
Finchè a voi pure il dubbio muti pensier.

Ellen
Ritornerete ancor sull'ampio mar!

Peter
Ah! triste ricordo, ahimè!
Non dimentica il tempo...
e il fato non sa perdonar.
A me la vostra voce giunge al cuor
come un conforto
che vi sforzi a pensar:
"Questo è l'amico più fedel!"

Ellen
Il sole risplende ancora
nel suo calor.
A voi questa mia voce giunge al cuor
come un conforto
"Questo è l'amico più fedel!"

(Sipario.)

Ellen
Mais nous leur répondrons,
et nous parlerons tous les deux, et nous nous reposerons.

Peter
Et les médisants
hocheront la tête sur votre passage...
et vous traiteront aussi
de criminelle.

Ellen
Peter, nous réhabiliterons votre nom...
vous regagnerez
l'estime de tous...

Peter
Jusqu'à ce que la haine du bourg
vous empoisonne aussi.

Ellen
Il restera encore des bancs entiers à pêcher, et la vie sera
douce.

Peter
Ouais! Des fantômes de noyés plein mes filets.
Le temps n'oublie pas.
Les morts sont des témoins
et le destin est aveugle.

Ellen
Un soleil sans nuage
nous réchauffera
de ses rayons!

Peter et Ellen
Ma voix, entendue dans le malheur
est comme une Votre main que vous pouvez toucher et
reconnaître; c'est celle de l'amitié,
c'est celle de l'amitié.
(Ils sortent lentement tandis que le rideau tombe.)

Ellen
But we'll gossip, too,
And talk and rest.

Peter
While Peeping Toms
Nod as you go.
You'll share the name
Of outlaw, too.

Ellen
Peter, we shall restore your name.
Warmed by the new esteem
That you will find.

Peter
Until the Borough hate
Poisons your mind.

Ellen
There'll be new shoals to catch:
Life will be kind.

Peter
Ayl only of drowning ghosts.
Time will not forget:
The dead are witness
And Fate is blind.

Ellen
Unclouded,
The hot sun
Will spread his rays around.

Both
My/Your voice out of the pain,
Is like a hand
That I/you can feel and know:
Here is a friend.
(They walk off slowly as the curtain falls)

Ellen
Wir achten nicht darauf,
Und du findest Ruh.

Peter
Belauscht, bespäht,
Was wir auch tun,
Wirst dann auch du
Geächtet sein.

Ellen
Peter, verzage du nur nicht,
Dann wird dein Name rein.
Ich steh dir bei.

Peter
Das wird ihr Unverstand
Dir nie verzeihn.

Ellen
Das Meer birgt neuen Fang,
Reichen Gewinn.

Peter
Ja, von Geistern, die nicht ruhn
Und nicht zu bannen sind.

Ellen
Hab du nur Vertrauen,
Daß einmal dein Glück beginnt

Peter
Der Tote ist Zeuge
Und das Schicksal blind.

Ellen
O wär in all dem Leid
Wie eine Hand
Dir meine Stimme, die
Du fühlst und weißt:
Hier ist ein Freund.

Interludio I

ATTO I

Scena prima
La spiaggia e la strada del Borgo, la Moot Hall, l'osteria del "Cinghiale", il portico della chiesa. È un mattino grigio e freddo. (Gli abitanti son intenti ai loro lavori quotidiani e cantano tranquillamente tra sé mentre si muovono per i loro lavori, nettano e piegano reti, apprestano ami, rammendano vele – Balstrode è in piedi su un frangionde e scruta verso il mare.)

Coro
Le reti sono appese ad asciugare, le donne stan sugli usci a rammendar. Aspettan l'ora che riporterà i pescatori al loro focolar. Bagnati e stanchi chiedono calor ad un bicchier di gin ristorator. All'osteria accolti in cerchio stan: le spose a casa aspetteranno invan. (Alcuni pescatori traversano la scena verso il "Cinghiale", dov'è in piedi Auntie.)

Interlude I

ACTE I

Scène I
On voit une rue près de la mer, le Moot Hall, l'auberge du Sanglier, la boutique de Keene et le porche de l'église. Un matin froid et gris. Tout le monde s'affaire et les gens chantent en travaillant, pliant et nettoyant des filets, préparant des appâts, réparant des voiles. Balstrode est debout sur une jetée, regardant la mer.

Chœur
Pendez aux portes ouvertes filets et flotteurs, tandis que les pauvres épouses des pêcheurs s'occupent de les réparer. Que vienne vite l'heure où, finissant leur pêche avec la marée, les maris fatigués déposent leur chargement. Glacés et trempés, poussés par la marée, leurs bras ballants battant leurs flancs souillés de goudron. Ils trouvent le repose à l'auberge où le gin brûlant ranime le feu qui s'éteint en eux. (Plusieurs pêcheurs traversent en direction du Sanglier où se tient Tantine.)

5 Interlude I

6 ACT ONE

Scene one
(Street by the sea: Moot Hall exterior with its outside staircase, next door to which is 'The Boar'. Ned Keene's apothecary's shop is at the street corner. On the other side breakwaters run down to the sea. It is morning, before high tide, several days later. Two fishermen are turning the capstan, hauling in their boat. Prolonged cries as the boat is hauled ashore. Women come from mending nets to take the fish baskets from other fishermen who now disembark) (Captain Balstrode sits on the breakwater looking out to sea through his glass. Balstrode is a retired merchant sea-captain, shrewd as a travelled man should be, but with a general sympathy that makes him the favourite rentier of the whole Borough. He chews a plug of tobacco while he watches)

Chorus of Fishermen and women
Oh! hang at open doors the net, the cork. While squalid sea-dames at their mending work. Welcome the hour when fishing through the tide The weary husband throws his freight aside.

Fishermen
O cold and wet and driven by the tide, Beat your tired arms against your tarry side. Find rest in public bars where fiery gin Will aid the warmth that languishes within. (Several fishermen cross to 'The Boar' where Auntie stands in the doorway)

Peter
Noch mehr in all dem Leid Wie eine Hand Ist deine Stimme, die Ich fühl und weiß. Hier ist ein Freund. (Während sie langsam abgehn, fällt der Vorhang.)

Interlude 1

ERSTER AKT

1. Bild
Platz am Hafen, links besäimt vom Stadthaus, zu dessen Eingang mehrere Stufen hinaufführen, im Hintergrund von der Schenke "Zum Hai" und, an der Ecke einer einmündenden Straße, von Ned Keenes Apotheke. Im Vordergrund links Eingang zur Kirche, rechts Wellenbrecher, die sich seitwärts zum Meer hinabziehen. Kalter, grauer Vormittag, kurz vor Hochflut, einige Tage später. Zwei Fischer drehen ein Bratspill und holen ihr Boot ein. Frauen und Mädchen kommen und nehmen den aus dem eingeholten Boot aussteigenden Fischern Körbe mit Fischen ab. Andere Frauen und Fischer sind mit dem Reinigen und Einrollen von Netzen, dem Flickern von Segeln usw. beschäftigt. Kapitän Balstrode, auf einem der Wellenbrecher, sieht durch ein Fernrohr auf die See hinaus. Balstrode, Kapitän eines Handelsschiffes, der sich zur Ruhe gesetzt hat, ist klug, wie ein weitgereister Mann es sein sollte, besitzt aber überdies weitherziges, verständnisvolles Mitgefühl, das ihn im ganzen Städtchen beliebt macht.

Chor der Fischer und Frauen
Wenn's Netz erst hängt zum Trocknen vor dem Haus Und 's Weibsvolk bessert dran die Schäden aus, Das ist die Stunde, wo von harter Plag Der müde Fischer sich erholen mag.

Chor der Fischer
Von Sprüh durchnäßt, vor Kälte halb erfrorn, Die klammen Finger reibt und steifen Ohrn Und in den Krug geht, wo er einen hebt, Der ihn mit innrer Wärme neu belebt. (Einige Fischer gehn hinüber zum "Hai", wo Tantjen in der Tür steht.)

Un pescatore
Auntiel

Auntie
Avanti, signori, entrate!

Boles
Perchè ci avveleni poi con il tuo gin!

Balstrode
Da' retta al parroco!

Auntie
Un uomo dovrà pure avere
i suoi piacer!

Coro
I bimbi van giocando in riva al mar
e sulle barche imparano a remar.
Così si fanno i nuovi marinai
e il mar non resterà deserto mai.
(*Bambini si arrapicano sulle barche.*)

Balstrode (*cacciando i bambini*):
Sciù! Sciù! Demon! Diavoli!
Fuor dei piedi! Via di qua! Sciù! Sciù!
(*Il Dr. Crabbe avanza per la strada e fila dritto verso il
"Cinghiale".*)

Un pescatore
Dottor Crabbe!

Boles
E bevel! Guai ai suoi malati!

Coro
Oh! Oh!

Un pêcheur
Tantine!

Tantine
Entrez, messieurs, entrez!

Boles
Ses fûts débordent de gin empoisonné.

Balstrode
Boles est devenu méthodiste!

Tantine
Un homme a bien le droit
de se distraire comme il veut.

Chœur des femmes
Pataugeant au bord de l'eau, un groupe d'enfants s'est
assemblé.
Ils nagent autour d'un bateau ou se balancent sur un hauban.
Ou encore ils jouent avec les rames dans une barque volée
et s'habituent à vivre avec la mer.

Balstrode
Oustel! Oustel! Oustel! Sales petits crabes!
(*Il les chasse.*)
Levez l'ancre! Mettez les voiles! Oustel! Oustel!
(*Le Docteur Crabbe descend la rue et se dirige directement vers
le Sanglier.*)

Un pêcheur
Docteur Crabbe!

Boles
Il boit à la santé de toutes les maladies!

Un pêcheur
La tempête?

Fishermen
Auntiel

Auntie
Come in, gentlemen, come in.

Boles
Her vats flow with poisoned gin!
(*Boles the Methodist fisherman stands aside from all this
dram drinking*)

Balstrode
Boles has gone Methodyl! (*points and laughs*)

Auntie
A man should have
Hobbies to cheer his private life.
(*Fishermen go into 'The Boar'. Others remain with their
wives at the nets and boats*)

Women's Chorus
Dabbling on shore half-naked sea-boys crowd,
Swim round a ship, or swing upon a shroud:
Or in a boat purloined with paddles play
And grow familiar with the watery way.
(*While the second boat is being hauled in, boys are
scrambling over the first*)

Balstrode
Shoo, you little barnacles!
Up your anchors, hoist your sails!
(*Balstrode chases them from the boat. A more respectable
figure now begins, with much hat-raising, his morning
progress down the High Street. He makes straight for 'The
Boar'*)

Fisherman (*touches cap*)
Dr Crabbe.

Boles (*points as the swing door closes*)
He drinks 'Good Health' to all diseases.

Another Fisherman
Storm?

Erster Fischer
Tantjen!

Tantjen
Herein, meine Herrn, herein!

Boles
Ihr Krug fließt von Sündengift.
(*Boles, der Methodist, bleibt auf den Stufen zum Stadthaus und
beteiligt sich nicht am Kneipenbesuch.*)

Balstrode
Boles ist auf Seelenfang!

Tantjen
Ein Mann hat doch auch mal ein Recht auf sein Pläsier.
(*Noch mehr Fischer gehn in den "Hai". Andere bleiben bei den
Booten und mit den Frauen beim Netzflicken. Kleine Jungen
klettern auf den Booten umher.*)

Chor der Frauen
Planschend spielt hier halbnackte Wasserbrut.
Versucht an Mast und Wanten ihren Mut,
Ein jeder Riemen wird sogleich probiert,
Früh zeigt sich, was ein rechter Seemann wird.

Balstrode
He! Ihr! Los, ihr lutten Lausejungs!
Hißt die Segel! Anker auf! Fort! Fort!
(*Balstrode scheucht sie von den Booten. Eine würdevollere
Gestalt, Dr. Crabbe, kommt nun, unter vielem Hütelüpfen, auf
seinem Morgenspaziergang über den Hafenplatz. Er steuert
geradewegs auf den "Hai" zu.*)

Zweiter Fischer (*an die Mütze greifend*)
Doktor Crabbe!

Boles (*deutet auf die sich hinter Dr. Crabbe schließende Tür
des "Hai"*)
Er trinkt! Prosit! Bekomm es jeder Krankheit!

Dritter Fischer
Sturm?

Balstrode

Inquieto è il mar:
il vento
con l'onde ha preso a contrastar...
Se si volge, saranno guai.

Coro

Se la marea irrompe senza fren invade le capanne
dei dormienti pescator:
tutto distrugge e ruba con furor,
la preda chiude per sempre nel sen.
(Il Rettore e la signora Sedley s'incontrano scendendo lungo la strada; le Nipoti chiamano dal "Cinghiale".)

Rettore

Buon giorno! Buon giorno!

Nipoti

Buon giorno!

Signora Sedley

Buon giorno, buon giorno a lei, Rettore.

Keene

Se Auntie non avesse le nipoti, che disastro!

Swallow

Buon giorno, buon giorno!

Nipoti

Buon giorno!

Signora Sedley

Buon giorno. Eccellenza. signor Swallow!

Auntie

Avete un bel burlare, ma intanto ci venite!

Un autre pêcheur

La tempête?

Balstrode

Il y a des moutons au large.
Le vent retient la marée...
S'il tourne, Dieu nous garde!

Chœur des pêcheurs

Et si la grande marée dévorait encore la terre,
jusqu'à ce que les rues pavées et les maisons des pêcheurs
soient le jouet des vagues chapardeuses qui volent
tout les yeux fermés, pour le plaisir!
(Le Recteur et Mrs Sedley se rencontrent en descendant la rue
et les nièces les saluent depuis l'auberge.)

Le Recteur

Bonjour, bonjour!

Les nièces

Bonjour!

Mrs Sedley

Bonjour, bonjour, cher Recteur!

Keene

Sans ses nièces, nous respecterions moins Tantine!

Swallow

Bonjour, bonjour!

Les nièces

Bonjour!

Mrs Sedley

Votre Honneur, Monsieur Swallow, bonjour!

Tantine (répondant depuis l'auberge)

Vous pouvez rire, mais au premier clin d'œil, vous êtes prêts à
les suivre!

A Few Fishermen

Storm?

(They shade their eyes looking out to sea)

Balstrode (glass to his eye)

A long way out. Sea horses.
The wind is holding back the tide.
If it veers round watch for your lives.

Chorus of Fishers

And if the spring tide eats the land again
Till even the cottages and cobbled walls of fishermen
Are billets for the thieving waves which take
As if in sleep, thieving for thieving's sake—
(The Rector comes down the High Street. He is followed as
always by the Borough's second most famous rentier, the
widow, Mrs (Nabob) Sedley. From 'The Boar' come the two
'nieces' who give Auntie her nickname. They stand in front
of the pub taking the morning sun. Ned Keene, seeing Mrs
Sedley, pops out of his shop door)

Rector (right and left)

7 Good morning, good morning!

Nieces

Good morning!

Mrs Sedley

Good morning, dear Rector.

Ned

Had Auntie no nieces we'd never respect her.

Swallow

Good morning! Good morning!

Nieces

Good morning!

Mrs Sedley

Good morning, your worship, Mr Swallow.

Auntie (to Keene)

You jeer, but if they wink you're eager to follow.
(The Rector and Mrs Sedley continue towards the church)

Einige Fischer

Sturm?

(Sie blicken, die Augen mit der Hand schirmend, auf die See
hinaus.)

Balstrode (sein Fernrohr absetzend)

Noch weit zurück! Katzenpfoten!
Der Wind hält noch die Flut in Schach.
Wenn er umspringt, nehmt euch in acht!

Chor der Fischer und Frauen

Und frißt die Springflut wiederum das Land,
Bis Fischerkaten, ob auch fern vom Strand,
Quartier den Räuberwellen sind, die nur
Als wie im Schlaf rauben aus Raubnatur –
(Pastor Adams kommt über den Hafenplatz. Ihm folgt, wie stets,
eine ebenfalls sehr bekannte Rentnergestalt des Städtchens,
Mrs. Sedley. Aus dem "Hai" treten die beiden Nichten, denen
Tantjen ihren Spitznamen verdankt. Sie bleiben vor der Tür des
"Krugs" stehn und sonnen sich. Ned Keene hat Mrs. Sedley
erblickt und kommt aus seinem Apothekeerladen.)

P. Adams (nach rechts und links)

Gut! Morgen, gut! Morgen!

Beide Nichten

Gu'n Morgen!

Mrs. Sedley

Guten Morgen, guten Morgen, Herr Pastor!

Keene

Hätt Tantjen nicht Nichtjen, es spräch bald kein Gast vor.

Swallow

Gut! Morgen, gut! Morgen!

Beide Nichten

Gu'n Morgen!

Mrs. Sedley

Guten Morgen, guten Morgen, Euer Ehren!

Tantjen (auf Keeneweisend)

Jetzt höhnt er, doch nur ein Blick,
Und 's treibt ihn, einzukehren.
(Pastor Adams und Mrs. Sedley gehn miteinander weiter der
Kirche zu.)

Keene
Stasera ci rivediam, ragazzel

Auntie (*pomposa*):
Restiamo ai vostri ordini.

Boles
La collera di Dio si manifest!

Balstrode (*solenne*):
Dio ci salvi e ci protegga!

Coro
Per noi la bieca collera del mar
morte e rovina può significar.
Che mai può far la forza umana
contro la collera cieca del mar?

Peter (*fuori scena*):
Ehil... Dateci aiuto!
(*Tutti cessano di lavorare.*)
Tira la barca!

Boles
Sbrigati tu, Grimes!

Peter
Ehil qua una gòmena!
(*Appare Peter e prende una corda dall'organo lanciandola verso la sua imbarcazione, ancora fuori scena.*)
(*Balstrode e Keene si accostano all'organo e cominciano a girarlo.*)

Balstrode
Io l'aiuterò; s'appressa al molo il fortunai.

Keene
S'anneghino le ciarle in seno al mare.

Auntie
Prèdichi il parroco quello che vuol,
ma non può mai un oste prendere partito.

Balstrode
Oh, issate su; s'appressa al mol il fortunai.

Keene
J'ai rendez-vous ce soir avec vos nièces!

Tantine
Le Sanglier est fait pour accueillir ses hôtes!

Boles
La tornade divine noiera l'ardeur de vos désirs!

Balstrode
Que Dieu apaise la mer ou je partagerai vos craintes.

Chœur
Pour nous, gens de la mer, le renouveau de cette marée
peut ruiner la fertilité de nos jardins,
mais seul le retour du printemps hautain
peut ranimer l'impuissance de l'humanité!

Peter (*hors scène*):
Hél un coup de main!
(*Tous s'arrêtent de travailler.*)
Halez mon bateau!

Boles
Hale-le toi-même, Grimes.

Peter
Hél Amenez le filin!
(*Peter apparaît et prend lui-même un filin du cabestan et le tire jusqu'à son bateau que l'on ne voit pas encore. Balstrode et Keene se dirigent vers le cabestan et le font tourner.*)

Balstrode
Je vais t'aider. La marée va bientôt changer.

Keene
Nous noierons les ragots dans la tempête d'équinoxe.

Tantine
Les pasteurs peuvent moraliser, le idiots trancher à tort et à
travers, une bonne patronne de pub ne se mouille pas.

Balstrode
Continuons à haler car la marée va changer.

Ned (*shouts across to Auntie*):
I'm coming tonight to see your nieces.

Auntie (*dignified*):
The Boar is at its patrons' service.

Boles
God's storm will drown your hot desires!

Balstrode
God stay the tide, or I shall share your fears.

Chorus
For us sea-dwellers, this sea-birth can be
Death to our gardens of fertility.
Yet only such contemptuous spring tide can
Tickle the virile impotence of man.

Peter (*calls off*):
Hil! Give us a hand!
(*Chorus stops*)
Haul the boat!

Boles (*shouts back*):
Haul it yourself, Grimes.

Peter (*off*):
Hil Somebody bring the rope!
(*Nobody does. Presently he appears and takes the capstan rope himself and pulls it after him (off) to the boat. Then he returns. The Fishermen and Women turn their backs on him and slouch away awkwardly.*)

Balstrode (*going to capstan*):
I'll give a hand, the tide is near the turn.

Ned
We'll drown the gossips in a tidal storm.
(*Grimes goes back to the boat. Balstrode and Keene turn capstan*)

Auntie (*at the door of 'The Boar'*):
Parsons may moralise and fools decide,
But a good publican takes neither side.

Balstrode
O haul away! The tide is near the turn.

Keene (*ruft Tantjen zu*):
Ich komm heute abend gleich geloffen.

Tantjen (*würdevoll*):
Der "Hai" steht allen Gästen offen.

Boles
Gott wird ertränken dein heiß Gelüst!

Balstrode
Gott stopp die Flut, sonst teil ich eure Furcht!

Chor der Fischer und Frauen
Bringt uns die See, die unsers Lebens Quell,
Tod und Verderben dann an seiner Stell;
Doch nur solch ungezähmter Springflut Kraft
Reizt Menschenohnmacht, daß sie wagt und schafft.

Peter (*ruft hinter der Szene*):
Hel Faßt doch mit an!
(*Chor bricht ab.*)
Holt das Boot!

Boles (*zurückrufend*):
Hol ein du selbst, Grimes!

Peter (*hinter der Szene*):
Hel Komm einer, bring das Ende!
(*Niemand rührt sich. Als bald erscheint Peter, ergreift das Ende des Taus und geht damit, es von dem Bratspill abrollend, zu seinem Boot zurück. Die Fischer und die Frauen wenden sich bei seinem Erscheinen weg und drücken sich verlegen.*)

Balstrode (*ans Spill tretend*):
Ich faß mit an; Die Tid, die schlägt schon um.

Keene
Schandmäuler, oh,
Brächt euch die Springflut um!
(*Beide beginnen das Spill zu drehn.*)

Tantjen (*in der Tür des "Hai"*):
Den Tugendrichter spiel, wen's immer freut,
'ne gute Wirtin hält's mit keiner Seit.

Balstrode
O holl! O holl! Die Tid, die schlägt schon um.

Keene

La morale è una cosa e la tempesta un'altra.

Boles

Tutti gli uomini pii si scostino da quest'anima dannata di peccator!
Oh, date retta a me!
non fate scudo al peccator.
La vergogna, ricadrà su voi!

Auntie

Io bado ai fatti miei. Lascio dire i preti.
Brucino pure fiamme d'inferno, ma un'ostessa non può bruciar!

Balstrode e Keene

La marea giunge, ma come giunge, così se n'andrà!
(*L'imbarcazione viene tratta a riva, con Grimes a bordo.*)

Keene

Grimes, aiuto vi vorrà.
ed io ho un mozzo per voi.

Balstrode

Un fannullone?

Keene

Lo chiesi all'ospizio l'altro di:
potete andarlo a ritirar.
Il conducente ci può andar.
Sul carro ve lo condurrà.
(*Chiama Hobson fuori della folla.*)
Jim Hobson, un incario

Hobson

Non posso, pieno il carro è già.

Keene

Senti, Jim: andrai all'ospizio;
colui che ti consegneranno
condurrà a Grimes.

Hobson

Non posso; posto non c'è.

Keene

L'homme a inventé la morale, mais la marée n'en a pas.

Boles

Toute personne respectable doit éviter ce pêcheur à l'âme égarée.
Que les capitaines le sachent, que les savants l'apprennent:
protéger le pêcheur, c'est partager son opprobre!

Tantine

Moi, j'ai mon commerce: que les curés se le disent, toutes les
flammes de l'enfer ne mettront pas le feu à mon pub!

Balstrode et Keene

La marée montante descendra, la marée changera!

Keene

Grimes, on n'aura plus besoin de t'aider maintenant.
J'ai trouvé un apprenti pour toi.

Balstrode

Un gosse de l'asile?

Keene

Je suis passé à l'asile, hier.
Il n'y a plus qu'à aller chercher le gamin.
On enverra le charretier avec un mot.
Il rapportera ton paquet dans sa charrette!
(*Il appelle Jim Hobson*)
Jim Hobson, on a du travail pour toi!

Hobson

Ma charrette est pleine, monsieur, absolument pleine.

Keene

Ecoute, Jim, tu vas aller à l'asile,
et demander ce que monsieur Keene a acheté.
Et rapporte-le à Grimes!

Hobson

Ma charrette est pleine monsieur, j'ai pas de place.

Ned

Man invented morals but tides have none.

Boles (*with arms akimbo watches their labour*)

This lost soul of a fisherman must be
Shunned by respectable society.
Oh let the captains hear, the scholars learn:
Shielding the sin, they share the people's scorn.

Auntie

I have my business. Let the preachers learn
Hell may be fiery but the pub won't burn.

Balstrode and Ned

The tide that floods will ebb, the tide, the tide will turn.
(*The boat is hauled up. Grimes appears*)

Ned

Grimes, you won't need help from now.
I've got a prentice for you.

Balstrode

A workhouse brat?

Ned

I called at the workhouse yesterday.
All you do now is fetch the boy.
We'll send the carter with a note.
He'll bring your bargain on his cart.
(*Shouts*)
Jim Hobson, we've a job for you.

Hobson (*enters*)

Cart's full, sir. More than I can do.

Ned

Listen, Jim. You'll go to the workhouse
And ask for Mr Keene his purchase.
Bring him back to Grimes.

Hobson

Cart's full, sir. I have no room.

Keene

Die Moral erfand der Mensch,
Die Tid schert nicht sich drum.

Boles (*sieht, die Hände in die Hüften gestützt, den beiden zu*)

Diese verlorene Fischerseel sei verbannt
Aus der menschlichen Gesellschaft!
O lernte endlich doch euer Frevelmut,
Wer Sünder schützt, den trifft des Volkes Wut.

Tantjen

O lernte endlich doch deine Eiferwut,
Wem vor der Hölle heiß, schmeckt's Bier erst gut.

Balstrode

Die Flut, die läuft schon ab,
(*Das Boot wird heraufgezogen, und neben ihm erscheint Peter.*)

Keene

Die Tid, die Tid schlägt um.
Grimes, brauchst nicht mehr Hilfe suchen:
Ich hab een Jung für dich.

Balstrode

Wieder een Bankert?

Keene

Ich war gestern selbst im Armenhaus;
Brauchst nichts zu tun als den Jung zu holn.
Der Fuhrmann nimmt een Brief uns mit,
Bringt deinen Kauf im Wagen heim.
(*Ruft.*)
Jim Hobson, hier ist 'ne Fuhr für dich!

Hobson (*tritt aus der Menge vor*)

Bedaure, hab den Wagen voll.

Keene

Hör mal, Jim, du fährst zum Armenhaus
Und fragst nach 'tthecker Keene sin Kauf –
Bringst ihn heim zu Grimes.

Hobson

Bedaure, hab keenen Platz.

Keene
Hobson, farai quello che devi far!

Boles
In terra siamo di Cristiani,
che i bimbi vadan schiavi,
trafficati a prezzo d'or?

Keene
Hobson, lo farai per me?

Hobson
Io devo andar di casa in casa,
raccolgo pacchi da consegnar.
Finisco tardi, a notte alta.
Meglio che troviate un altro
per trarlo qua.

Coro
Sta ben! Bel mestier! Bel mestier! Sta ben!

Hobson
Meglio che troviate un altro per portarlo qua.

Ellen
Hobson! io v'accompagnerò!

Coro
Chel di Grimes la messaggera!
Voi, messaggera a Grimes! Voil!

Ellen
Perchè mai dovrei vergognarmene?
Se nessun altro lo vuol far.
Il carro va di casa in casa,
raccolgie pacchi da consegnar.
Il bimbo a tarda notte qui sperduto
e sol si sentirà quando nessun
lo accoglierà: io v'accompagnerò!

Keene
Hobson, tu feras ce qu'on te dit de faire.

Boles
Sommes-nous chez des chrétiens?
Que les enfants des pauvres
soient vendus comme esclaves?

Keene
Hobson, feras-tu ce qu'on te dit?

Hobson
Je dois faire tous les pubs,
prendre des colis partout.
Je rentre tard le soir.
Trouvez un autre moyen, monsieur,
de rapporter ce gosse ici.

Chœur
Il a raison, c'est un sale travail!

Hobson
Trouvez quelqu'un d'autre.

Ellen
Charretier, je m'occuperai de votre passager.

Chœur
Comment! Vous seriez messagère de Grimes?

Ellen
Vous pouvez dire ce que vous voulez. Je n'ai pas honte.
Il faut bien que quelqu'un le fasse.
Le Charretier va de pub en pub,
ramassant les paquets, toujours au travail.
Le gosse aura besoin qu'on le réconforte ce soir,
qu'on l'accueille en chemin.
Il ne connaît personne ici, il aura peur.
Je m'occuperai de votre passager!

Ned
Hobson, you'll do what there is to be done.
(It is near enough to an argument to attract a crowd.
Fishermen and Women gather round. Boles takes his
chance)

Boles
Is this a Christian country? Are
Pauper children so enslaved
That their bodies go for cash?

Ned
Hobson, will you do your job?

(Ellen Orford has come in. She is a widow of about 40. Her
children have died, or grown up and gone away, and in her
loneliness she has become the Borough schoolmistress. A
hard life has not hardened her. It has made her more
charitable)

Hobson
I have to go from pub to pub
Picking up parcels, standing about.
My journey back is late at night.
Mister, find some other way
To bring your boy back.

Chorus
He's right. Dirty jobs!

Hobson
Mister, find some other way...

Ellen
Carter! I'll mind your passenger.

Chorus
You? What! And be Grimes' messenger?

Ellen
Whatever you say, I'm not ashamed.
Somebody must do the job.
The carter goes from pub to pub,
Picking up parcels, standing about.
The boy needs comfort late at night,
He needs a welcome on the road,
Coming here strange he'll be afraid.
I'll mind your passenger!

Keene
Hobson, 's ist einfach deine Pflicht!
(Es sieht nach einem Streit aus, und die Fischer und Frauen
sammeln sich um die beiden. Boles ersieht die Gelegenheit.)

Boles
Ist dies ein Christenland?
Sind Waisenkinder so versklavt,
Daß ihr Leib schon feil um Geld?

Keene
Hobson, willst du oder nicht?

(Ellen Orford ist unter die Menge getreten und hört zu. Sie ist
eine Witwe von etwa 40 Jahren. Ihre Kinder sind gestorben oder
bereits erwachsen und in der Fremde, und in ihrer Einsamkeit ist
sie die Lehrerin im Städtchen geworden. Ein hartes Leben hat
sie nicht hart, sondern um so hilfreicher gemacht.)

Hobson
Den ganzen Tag von Krug zu Krug,
Liefen und holen, warten und stehn,
Fahr erst am Abend spät nach Haus –
Sucht doch eenen andern euch,
Den Jungen zu holn!

Chor
Hei het recht! Böse Sach!

Hobson
Sucht doch eenen andern...

Ellen
Fuhrmann! Ich will den Jung betreun.

Chor
Wat? För Grimes de Botenfru?
Wat? Grimes tau helpen? Du?

Ellen
Was immer ihr sagt, ich schäm mich nicht.
Jemand muß es schließlich tun.
Der Fuhrmann fährt von Krug zu Krug
Liefen und holen, wartet umher.
Der Junge braucht so spät des Nachts
Wohl Trost und Fürsorg unterwegs.
Kommt er ganz fremd her, wird ihm bang –
Ich will den Jung betreun!

Keene
La maestra ha detto bene.

Coro
Ellen, attenta a quel che fai:
non andar per Peter Grimes.
Tutto il paese in odio l'ha;
aiutarlo non convien.

Ellen
Checchè diciate... Scagli
la prima pietra chi è senza peccato,
e siano severi i Sadducei
e i Farisei. Ma chi si sente umile
verso il Signor
e non c'è luogo
che lo nasconda da Lui,
non vedrà con stupore
me, povera donna,
vedova e sola, prender
cura di costui.
(*Ellen si muove per risalire la strada.*)
Signor Hobson, quando andiam? Son pronta.

Hobson
Signora, per di qua.
(*Alcuni della folla li seguono, mentr'essi se ne vanno. – La signora Sedley fa cenni a Ned Keene e gli sussurra qualcosa.*)

Signora Sedley
Lc mic pillole?

Keene
Ancora no.

Signora Sedley
Del laudano?

Keene
Il laudano è esaurito.
Il conducente
Hobson me lo porterà.
Arriverà...

Keene
Mrs Orford a raison.

Chœur
Ellen! Vous vous moquez de nous!
Aller chercher un garçon pour Grimes
parce que le bourg a peur, l'aider,
c'est ensuite partager les torts!

Ellen
Dites ce que vous voulez!
Que celle qui est sans faute
jette la première pierre.
Et que les Pharisiens et les Saducéens
restent sur leurs positions.
Celui dont l'orgueil
est si profondément blessé
ne peut se réfugier nulle part,
même pas dans le sommeil.
Il est facile de comprendre
pourquoi une pauvre maîtresse d'école,
veuve et solitaire, trouve plaisir
à aider autrui.
(*Elle remonte la rue.*)
Mr Hobson, où est votre charrette,
je suis prête.

Hobson
En haut de la rue, madame, mais je peux attendre.
(*Certains la suivent en s'en allant.*)

Mrs Sedley
Vous avez mes pilules?

Keene
Excusez-moi, madame.

Mrs Sedley
Et mon somnifère?

Keene
Je n'ai plus
de laudanum,
mais comme il arrive par la charrette de Hobson,
j'en aurai ce soir.

Ned
Mrs Orford is talking sense.

Chorus
Ellen – you're leading us a dance,
Fetching boys for Peter Grimes,
Because the Borough is afraid
You who help will share the blame.

Ellen
Whatever you say...
10 Let her among you without fault
Cast the first stone
And let the Pharisees and Sadducees
Give way to none.
But whosoever feels his pride
Humbled so deep
There is no corner he can hide
Even in sleep.
Will have no trouble to find out
How a poor teacher
Widowed and lonely finds delight
In shouldering care.
(*As she moves up the street*)
Mr Hobson, where's your cart?
I'm ready.

Hobson
Up here, ma'am. I can wait.
(*The crowd stands round and watches. Some follow Ellen and Hobson. On the edge of the crowd are other activities*)

Mrs Sedley (*whispers to Ned*)
Have you my pills?

Ned
I'm sorry, ma'am.

Mrs Sedley
My sleeping draught.

Ned
The laudanum
Is out of stock and being brought
by Mr Carrier Hobson's cart.
He's back tonight.

Keene
Das nenn ich een vernünftigs Wort!

Chor
Ellen, dat daist du uns tau Fleiß:
Jungens holn für Peter Grimes!
Dat ward seker buos utgahn!
Wann du helpst, hest du Schuld dran.

Ellen
Was immer ihr sagt –
Werfe doch, wer von euch ohn Fehl
Den ersten Stein,
Und laßt die Pharisiäer unter euch
Nicht müßig sein.
Doch wem das Leben beigebracht
Demut so tief,
Daß fremdes Leid wie seins er spürt,
Wird leicht verstehn, daß eine Frau,
Witwe und einsam,
Gern andrer Sorgen trägt und so
Sich glücklich fühlt.
(*Ellen wendet sich zum Gehn.*)
Fuhrmann Hobson, wo steht Sein Wagen?
Ich bin bereit.

Hobson
Dor üms Eck. Ik kan teuwn.
(*Ellen und Hobson gehn ab, einige aus der Menge folgen ihnen. Am Rande der verbleibenden Gruppe spielt sich das Folgende ab.*)

Mrs. Sedley (*zu Keene, den sie herangewinkt hat*)
Hat er die Pillen?

Keene
Noch nicht, Madame.

Mrs. Sedley
Den Schlaftrunk dann?

Keene
Beim besten Willen –
Kein Laudanum in Vorrat mehr.
Das bringt mir erst
Der Fuhrmann her,
Heut abend noch –
Um zehn ist er hier.

Signora Sedley
Signor! Signor!

Keene
Vi dovreste trovar con noi all'osteria, stasera.

Signora Sedley
Ma nulla di simile feci giammai.

Keene
Che importa?

Signora Sedley
Eppur!

Keene
Stasera?

Signora Sedley
Verrò!
(*La signora Sedley s'incammina su per la strada.*)

Keene
Continua ancor con tanto laudano:
ti sveglierai un giorno in cielo!

Balstrode
La tempesta!

Coro
Guarda laggiù! Arriva là dal mar!
La tempesta! Il vento vien dal mare.
Guarda laggiù! Arriva là dal mar!
Alle barche! Sì, alle barche!
Gli uscì chiudete!
Si avanza a tutta forza.
Là! là! là! gli uscì chiudete!
Le reti a ritirar! Alle barche!
Là! là! guarda laggiù!
Fuori, di corsa, le reti a ritirar!
Mare, mare! eterno terror!
Guarda laggiù! L'ondata è qui e la segue l'uragan.

Mrs Sedley
Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!

Keene
Venez nous retrouver au pub, le Sanglier,
chez Tantine, comme nous l'appelons. Vous n'avez rien à
craindre.

Mrs Sedley
De ma vie je ne suis entrée dans un pub!

Keene
Vous viendrez?

Mrs Sedley
Entendu.

Keene
Ce soir?

Mrs Sedley
Entendu.
(*Mrs Sedley remonte tranquillement la rue.*)

Keene
Si cette chère vieille continue à prendre autant de laudanum,
elle finira un de ces jours chez les fous!

Balstrode
Regardez, le cône de la tempête!...
Le vent tourne
et vient de la mer
en tempête!...

Chœur
Attention aux grains!
Le vent tourne et vient de la mer!
Regardez le cône de la tempête!
Le vent tourne et vient de la mer en tempête.
Amarrez bien vos bateaux!
Fermez vos volets! Rentrez vos filets!
L'inondation! L'inondation!
Notre terreur saisonnière!
Amarrez vos bateaux!
Voilà la marée de printemps suivie de la tempête!
Que risquons-nous?

Mrs Sedley
Good Lord, good Lord –

Ned
Meet us both in the pub, 'The Boar'
Auntie's we call it. It's quite safe.

Mrs Sedley
I've never been in a pub in my life.

Ned
You'll come?

Mrs Sedley
All right.

Ned
Tonight?

Mrs Sedley
All right.
(*She moves off up the street*)

Ned
If the old dear takes much more laudanum
she'll land herself one day in Bedlam!

Balstrode (*looks seaward through his glass*)
11 Look! The storm cone!
The wind veers
In from the sea
At gale force.

Chorus
Look out for squalls!
The wind veers
In from the sea
At gale force.
Make your boat fast!
Shutter your windows
And bring in all the nets!

Mrs. Sedley
O Gott! O Gott!

Keene
So komm Sie doch auch
In den "Hai", Madame!
's ist ganz comme-il-faut.
Halb elf, sagen wir?

Mrs. Sedley
Im Leben noch war ich nie in ein' Krug!

Keene
Sie kommt?

Mrs. Sedley
Na gut.

Keene
Bestimmt?

Mrs. Sedley
Na gut.
(*Mrs. Sedley entfernt sich.*)

Keene
Nimmt diese Alte noch mehr Laudanum,
Dann wird sie eines Tags doch ganz schrumm.

Balstrode (*sieht durch sein Fernrohr auf die See hinaus*)
Seht! Die Sturmflut!
Der Wind schrält ein von der See –
's gibt Springflut!
Wie ein Rudel wilder Tiere
Stürzt bald die Springflut sich übers Land.

Chor
Seht! Die Sturmflut! Wahrschau für Böen!
Der Wind schrält von der See ein,
Der Wind hat sich gedreht.
Macht die Boote fest!
Bergt schnell die Netze,
Eh der Sturm kommt!
Nehmt euch in acht!
Schließt alle Fenster
Und klampt die Laden vor!
Die Springflut läuft vor dem Sturm herein –
Überschwemmung, die ewige Not!

Balstrode (*poi entrano nell'ordine*)

Keene, Auntie, Nipoti, Boles

Il vento giunge

dal mar: guai a noi!

Sulla costa la marea

le sue ondate abbatte.

Il vento giunge a tutta forza.

Là! là! Arriva a tutta forza!

Arriva! arriva! Là! là!

Là! l'ondata arriva!

Quest' onda che nulla potrebbe spezzar...

L'ondata arriva...

La spiaggia intera spazzerà.

Ecco, arriva là dal mar,

la terra a divorar...

Tutti

La tempesta s'avvicina.

Sulla costa è la marea.

La tempesta avanza e minaccia dal mar.

Coro

C'è molto da temer?

Keene

Solo per la roba vostral

Lo spirito è salvo,

ma non la dispensal

Boles

Le vie del Signor non conosciam.

La sua collera sovrasta a noi:

pentitevi! pentitevi! pentitevi!

Keene

Le donne avete a salvar!

Coro

Guarda laggiù! La tempesta!

Arriva là dal mar! Guarda laggiù!

Arriva dal mare.

Gli uscì chiudete!

Alle barche! alle barche!

Le reti a ritirar!

L'ondata è qui

e la segue l'uragan.

Balstrode

Le flot de la marée et les vagues écumantes vont déferler sur
la côte érodée.

Keene

Le flot de la marée et les vagues écumantes vont déferler su la
côte érodée.

Tantine, les nièces, Boles, Balstrode, Keene

Le flot de la marée et les vagues écumantes vont déferler sur
la côte érodée!

Le vent tourne et vient de la mer, en tempête.

C'est une grande marée qui arrive et qui va dévorer la terre,

une grande marée qu'aucun brise-lame ne peut arrêter.

Que risquons-nous? Que risquent nos biens matériels!

Elle inondera peut-être votre cuisine mais ne noiera pas votre
conscience.

Boles

Les voies du Dieu sont insondables.

Sa grande marée va dévorer le rivage!

Repentez-vous! Repentez-vous! Repentez-vous!

Keene

Et laissez votre femme à l'étage!

Tous

O, marée sans pitié, épargne nos rivages!

*(La foule se disperse peu à peu, rentrant dans les maisons ou
au Sanglier. Peter continue à travailler sur son bateau.*

Balstrode se dirige vers lui.)

All

Now the flood tide

And the sea-horses

Will gallop over

The eroded coast

Flooding, flooding!

Our seasonal fears.

Look! The storm cone

The wind veers.

A high tide coming

Will eat the land.

A tide no breakwaters can withstand

Fasten your boats. The springtide's here

With a gale behind.

Chorus

Is there much to fear?

Ned

Only for the goods you're rich in:

It won't drown your conscience, it might

Flood your kitchen.

Boles (*passionately*)

God has his ways which are not ours:

His high tide swallows up the shores.

Repent!

Ned

And keep your wife upstairs.

Omnes

O Tide that waits for no man,

Spare our coasts!

*(There is a General Exeunt – mostly through the swing
doors of 'The Boar'. Dr Crabbe's hat blows away, is
rescued for him by Ned Keene who bows him into the pub.
Finally only Peter and Balstrode are left. Peter gazing
seaward, Balstrode hesitating at the pub door)*

Balstrode und die andern

Seht! Die Sturmflut!

Der Wind hat sich gedreht.

Der Wind schrält von der See ein –

's gibt Springflut! Seht!

Es kommt die Springflut, verschlingt das Land,

Ihr hält nicht Deich, nicht Buhne stand.

Wie ein Rudel wilder Tiere

Stürzt bald die Springflut sich übers Land.

Alle

Seht! die Sturmflut!

Der Wind schrält vom Meer ein.

Die Springflut kommt, die ewige Not!

Chor

Ist da viel bedroht?

Keene

Nur was auf dem Markt zu kaufen –

Eu'r schlechtes Gewissen wird nicht mit ersaufen.

Boles

Wunderbar sind die Wege des Herrn:

Sein Rachezorn verschlingt das Land.

Bekehrt euch! Bekehrt euch! Bereut!

Keene

Und schickt das Weibsvolk heim!

Chor

Nehmt euch in acht!

Die Springflut kommt,

Und der Sturm ist hier!

Tutti
O mare che non risparmi: pietà!
(Peter lavora ancora nella sua imbarcazione. Balstrode viene a lui.)

Balstrode
Preferite la tempesta all'osteria,
al vino e al rum?

Peter
A viver solo sono abituato.

Balstrode
Poiché voi siete solo,
nato al remo, a vele, a corde,
chè non tentate il mare aperto
con mercanti, oppure da voi?

Peter
Son di qui: ho le radici qui.

Balstrode
Quali radici?

Peter
Tutto mi è caro:
la palude, l'aspetto delle strade,
le case: tutto!

Balstrode
Dovreste, levare l'ancora di qui...

Peter
Tutto mi è caro:
anche il Borgo ostile,
la gentilezza
d'un distratto sguardo.

Balstrode
Il posto non fa per voi!
Quando un bimbo strilla,
fa i capricci e pesta i piè,

Balstrode
Toi, tu préfères la tempête
à la salle de Tantine et au rhum.

Peter
Je vis seul, j'ai l'habitude.

Balstrode
Grimes, puisque tu es seul au monde,
avec tes poulies, tes épars, tes filins,
pourquoi ne parts-tu pas en haute mer,
dans la marine marchande ou sur un bâtiment de course?

Peter
Je suis né ici, j'y ai mes racines...

Balstrode
Quelles racines?

Peter
La campagne m'est familière,
le marais et les plages, ces rues,
tout simplement,
le vent qui souffle sans cesse.

Balstrode
Tu larguerais ces amarres, si tu voulais.

Peter
Même... les visages hostiles
des gens du bourg
et la douceur
d'un regard, parfois...

Balstrode
Tu n'auras aucun réconfort ici.

Quand un enfant est énervant,
qu'il se chamaille en jouant,

Balstrode
¹² And do you prefer the storm
To Auntie's parlour and the rum?

Peter
I live alone. The habit grows.

Balstrode
Grimes, since you're a lonely soul
Born to blocks and spars and ropes
Why not try the wider sea
With merchantman or privateer?

Peter
I am native, rooted here.

Balstrode
Rooted by what?

Peter
By familiar fields,
Marsh and sand,
Ordinary streets,
Prevailing wind.

Balstrode
You'd slip these moorings if you had the mind.

Peter
By the shut faces
Of the Borough clans:
And by the kindness
Of a casual glance.

Balstrode
You'll find no comfort there.

When an urchin's quarrelsome
Brawling at his little games,

Alle
O Tid, die niemand's harret,
Schon uns heut!
(Es folgt ein allgemeiner Abgang – zumeist durch die Tür des "Hai". Der Wind bläst Dr. Crabbe den Hut vom Kopf. Keene bringt ihn zurück und komplementiert den Arzt in den "Hai". Schließlich bleiben nur Peter und Balstrode auf der Bühne. Peter sieht aufs Meer hinaus, Balstrode zögert an der Krugtür.)

Balstrode
Bleibst du lieber hier im Sturm
Als drin bei Tantjens heißem Rum?

Peter
Ich leb allein – und bleib's auch gern.

Balstrode
Grimes! Der du alleine stehst
Und zum Janmaat bist geboren,
Geh doch mal auf große Fahrt
Zur Kauffahrt o'r Kaperei.

Peter
Bin daheim hier – eingewöhnt –

Balstrode
Sag, was dich hält?

Peter
Vertrauter Grund,
Marsch und Sand,
Jeder Pflock und Stein,
Gewohnter Wind.

Balstrode
Von der Vertäuerung kämst du leicht wohl los.

Peter
Verschlossene Mienen
Und kalte Gesichter
Und dann die Wärme
Eines flüchtigen Blicks.

Balstrode
Die bringt dir wenig Trost!

Wenn ein Gör nicht folgen will
Und beim Spiel sich nicht verträgt,

sua madre lo minaccia:
"Io ti vendo a Peter Grimes!"

Peter
Venderli mozzì a me,
perchè serbino sul viso
la scritta vergognosa:
"Ti han venduto a Peter Grimes!"

Balstrode
E quel giudice che sa insinuar sospetti,
e pubblica verdetti ambigui, sussurrando intorno a Peter Grimes.

Il mozzo era sfinito: che ne potete se morì?

Peter
Figuratevi quel giorno: ahimè!
Col vento lottar, carichi troppo,
all'onde portar la nostra sfida,
finchè il mar sorse in orrendi cavalloni...
E il rimprovero muto di quel bimbo ammalato...
E poi, a casa solo:
l'imagin di quel bimbo, di quel bimbo morto!

Balstrode
Meglio sfogarvi qui tra noi, così,
ed ai commenti altrui non badar.
A liberarsi l'anima così,
davanti al mare, c'è più nobiltà.

pour le faire taire il suffit que sa mère lui dise:
je vais te vendre à Peter Grimes!

Peter
Et on me vend de nouveaux apprentis,
des gosses qui ont appris la honte
de porter sur le visage:
Vendu à Peter Grimes.

Balstrode
Et puis la justice s'en mêle...
elle ne relève aucun crime...
mais prononce un verdict plein de sous-entendus.

Peter Grimes, ton apprenti était affamé, il sortait de l'asile.
Peut-être n'es-tu pour rien dans sa mort.

Peter
Imaginez ce qu'a été pour moi cette journée,
cette journée maudite!
Nous luttions contre le vent,
trop chargés.
Nous plongeons dans les lames,
relevant leur défi.
Puis la mer s'enfla en tempête
plus haute que les plat-bords,
et le reproche silencieux de l'enfant
devint vraie maladie.
Et puis le retour au port,
parmi les filets,
tout seul, tout seul
avec un enfant mort.

Balstrode
Cette tempête sert au moins à cela: tu peux t'expliquer sans
craindre les commentaires des gens du bourg. Il y a une telle
grandeur dans l'ouragan qu'elle pousse à l'aveu et libère les
consciences.

Mother stops him with a threat
'You'll be sold to Peter Grimes!'

Peter
Selling me new apprentices,
Children taught to be ashamed
Of the legend on their faces –
'You've been sold to Peter Grimes!'

Balstrode
Then the Crouner sits to
Hint, but not to mention crimes,
And publishes an open verdict
Whispered about this Peter Grimes.

Your boy was workhouse starved –
Maybe you're not to blame he died.

Peter
Picture what that day was like,
That evil day.
We strained into the wind
Heavily laden,
We plunged into the wave's
Shuddering challenge.
Then the sea rose to a storm
Over the gunwales,
And the boy's silent reproach
Turned to illness.
Then home
Among fishing nets,
Alone, alone, alone
With a childish death!

Balstrode
This storm is useful. You can speak your mind
And never mind the Borough commentary.
There is more grandeur in a gale of wind
To free confession, set a conscience free.

Duckt sich's, droht die Mutter ihm:
"Wart, du wirst dem Grimes verkauft!"

Peter
Bringen mir neue Jungs zum Kauf,
Kinder, die man längst gelehrt,
Ihre Stirne trüg' das Schandmal:
Dich hat man dem Grimes verkauft!

Balstrode
Kommt der Fall vorn Totenschaut,
Dann deutet der nur an –
Und läßt dabei die Schuldfrag offen,
Doch die Leute wispern: Peter Grimes.

Im Armenhaus ist's Essen karg –
Daran trifft dich wohl keine Schuld.

Peter
Stellt Euch jenen Tag nur vor!
Den bösen Tag!
Wir kreuzten in den Wind,
Randvoll beladen,
Wir pflügten durch des Meers
Tobende Wellen,
Bis das Meer haushoch dann kam
Über den Schandeck.
Und des Kindes leidender Blick
Wie ein Vorwurf!
Dann heim
Mit dem leeren Netz,
Allein, allein, allein,
Und das Kind da – tot.

Balstrode
Der Sturm kommt uns recht.
Sprich nur frei heraus!
's hört keiner dich
Von all den Schwätzern hier.
Hat was Erhabnes,
So ein wilder Sturm:
Defreit 's Gewissen,
Macht das Beichten leicht.

Peter

Seguono il denaro
le maldicenze. Io
ho i miei fantasmi,
le mie visioni ed i miei sogni,
e gli altri si beffano di me.
Pure riuscirò a farli
tacere, a conquistarli.

Balstrode

Col nuovo mozzo?

Peter

Col nuovo mozzo.
Solo al denaro
badan le ciarle
dei maldicenti:
ed io venderò immensa pesca.
Ricco mercante, Grimes
aprirà bottega in piazza.
L'han da veder!
Sposerò Ellen!

Balstrode

Anche adesso,
senza ricchezze...
tu puoi tentar.

Peter

Non... per pietà!

Balstrode

Col nuovo mozzo allor salperai:
ti vedo già incorrer nei vecchi guail

Peter

Quel che mi tocca far lo so da me, lo so da me!
Siete forse la mia coscienza?
Non so che far dei consigli altrui;
non so che far. Se li tengano per sè!
Arriva l'uragano ed io voglio restar!

Peter

Elles n'écoutant que l'argent,
ces mauvaises langues du bourg.
Moi, j'ai mes visions,
fières et fulgurantes.
Ils me traitent de rêveur,
se moquent de mes rêves
et de mes ambitions.
Mais je connais le moyen
de leur répondre.
J'arriverai à les convaincre.

Balstrode

Avec ton nouvel apprenti?

Peter

Nous naviguerons ensemble.
Ces mauvaises langues du bourg
n'écoutent
que l'argent.
Je pêcherai tous les poissons de la mer
je vendrai plus que tout le monde.
Grimes,
ce riche commerçant,
s'établira et tiendra boutique.
Vous verrez!
J'épouserai Ellen!

Balstrode

Mon vieux, va le lui demander,
sans ton butin!
Elle acceptera tout de suite!

Peter

Non! Par pitié!

Balstrode

Alors la vieille tragédie
est toute prête.
Un nouveau départ avec un nouvel apprenti,
comme avant!

Peter

Ce que Peter Grimes décide
ne regarde que lui.

13

Peter

They listen to money.
These Borough gossips.
I have my visions,
Fiery visions.
They call me dreamer,
They scoff at my dreams
And my ambition,
But I know a way
To answer the Borough;
I'll win them over.

Balstrode

With the new prentice?

Peter

We'll sail together.
These Borough gossips
Listen to money
Only to money:
I'll fish the sea dry,
Sell the good catches –
That wealthy merchant
Grimes will set up
Household and shop.
You will all see it!
I'll marry Ellen!

Balstrode

Man – go and ask her.
Without your booty.
She'll have you now.

Peter

No – not for pity!

Balstrode

Then the old tragedy
Is in store:
New start with new prentice
Just as before.

Peter

What Peter Grimes decides
Is his affair.

Peter

Sie hören aufs Geld nur,
Die lieben Nachbarn!
Ich hab nur Kurasche,
Glaub an mein Schicksal.
Nennt mich nur Träumer!
Verhöhnt nur mein Wissen,
Meinen Ehrgeiz!
Es wird mir, es muß mir
Endlich gelingen!
Ich werd Euch zwingen!

Balstrode

Mit dem neuen Jungen?

Peter

Mit ihm zusammen.
Die lieben Nachbarn
Hören aufs Geld nur
Und auf Geschwätz nur.
Ich fisch die See leer,
Kauf mir die Schwätzer.
Der reiche Händler Grimes –
Ja, der schafft sich
Laden und Heim.
Ihr werdet sehn:
Ich heirat Ellen!

Balstrode

Mensch – geh und frag sie!
Auch ohne den Plunder
Nimmt sie dich gleich.

Peter

Nein – nicht aus Mitleid!

Balstrode

Dann steht die alte
Not dir bevor:
Es kommt mit dem Neuen
Ganz wie zuvor.

Peter

Was Peter Grimes beschließt,
Ist seine Sach!

Balstrode

Stolto che tu sei! Stolto che tu sei!
Nei guai, come prime,
t'impaccerai. Non vuoi sentir:
tanto vale ragionar con il mar,
con il mar quando infuria così!
Arriva l'uragan:
oh, vieni via di qui!
(*Balstrode lascia Peter ed entra nell'osteria del Cinghiale.*)
(*Peter solo. Scruta attentamente il mare e la tempesta che si avvicina.*)

Peter

Qual porto v'ha per me, lontano dal furor dell'uragan? –
Qual porto accoglierà le mie calamità?
Con lei non più procelle, con lei la pace avrò.
Il porto è nel suo sen, e lo raggiungerò.

Balstrode

Tu n'es qu'un insensé!
(*Le vent souffle maintenant en tempête et les deux hommes doivent crier pour se faire entendre.*)

Peter

Etes-vous ma conscience?

Balstrode

Autant essayer de calmer la tempête en criant que de nier la plus évidente vérité.

Peter

Gardez vos conseils,
avec votre argent!

Balstrode

Voici la tempête! Rentrez!

Peter

La tempête peut arriver, je reste!
(*Balstrode quitte Peter et entre au Sanglier.*)
Quel port abrite la paix,
loin des lames, loin des tempêtes?
Quel port peut protéger
des terreurs et des tragédies?
Près d'elle, pas de querelles,
près d'elle tout est calme,
c'est un havre éternel
où la nuit se fait jour.

Balstrode

You fool, man, fool!
(*The wind has risen, Balstrode is shouting above it. Peter faces him angrily.*)

Peter

Are you my conscience?

Balstrode

Might as well
Try shout the wind down as to tell
The obvious truth.

Peter

Take your advice –
Put it where your money is.

Balstrode

The storm is here. O come away.

Peter

The storm is here and I shall stay.
(*The storm is rising. Auntie comes out of 'The Boar' to fasten the shutters, in front of the windows. Balstrode goes to help her. He looks back towards Peter, then goes into the pub.*)
14 What harbour shelters peace,
Away from tidal waves, away from storms?
What harbour can embrace
Terrors and tragedies?
With her there'll be no quarrels,
With her the mood will stay,
A harbour evermore
Where night is turned to day.
(*The wind rises. He stands a moment as if leaning against the wind.*)

Curtain

Balstrode

Du Tor du, du Tor!
(*Der Wind ist zum Sturm geworden. Balstrode und Peter schreien zornig aufeinander ein.*)

Peter

Bist mein Gewissen?

Balstrode

Könnt grad so gut
In den Wind schrein wie
Die Wahrheit dir sagen,
Die Wahrheit, die
Doch sonnenklar ist!

Peter

Spar deinen Rat,
Leg ihn nur hübsch
Zu deinem Geld!

Balstrode

Der Sturm ist da,
Komm 'rein mit mir!

Peter

Der Sturm ist da,
Und ich bleib hier!
(*Der Sturm schwillt an. Balstrode wendet sich ab, blickt noch einmal nach Peter zurück und geht dann in den "Hai".*)
Welch Hafen steuer ich zu,
Weitab von Wetternot,
Von Sturmflut fern?
Welch Hafen bietet Ruh,
Wird Landung Grimes gewährt?
Zu ihr mich's trägt aus Wirrsal,
Bei ihr der Anker fällt,
Und sie wird Hafen sein,
Wo Nacht zu Tag sich hellt.
(*Der Sturm wird immer stärker. Peter steht wie gegen den Wind gestemmt.*)

Vorhang

Interludio II

Scena Seconda

Interno del "Cinghiale", la stessa sera. Auntie sta accogliendo la signora Sedley. Il vento ha ora la forza d'un uragano, e dall'interno si chiude la porta con difficoltà.

Auntie
Tardi si fal

Signora Sedley
Lui... lui... venire dovrà!

Auntie
Chi?

Signora Sedley
Mister Keene.

Auntie
Quello: con le donnel

Signora Sedley
Dite forse a me?

Auntie
No no no: proprio no!
Cosa vi va?

Signora Sedley
Rifugio...

Auntie
Grazie! è questo il metodo
per perdere i miei clienti.
Ficcatevi in quell'angolo!
(Entrano Balstrode ed alcuni pescatori e lottano per chiudere la porta.)

Balstrode
Che porca di tempesta c'è!

Auntie
Ssss!

Interlude II

Scene II

A l'intérieur du Sanglier, le même soir. Tantine fait entrer Mrs Sedley. La tempête est maintenant déchainée et elles ferment la porte avec difficulté.

Tantine
C'est fermé depuis un moment.

Mrs Sedley
Il m'a dit à dix heures et demie.

Tantine
Qui?

Mrs Sedley
Mr Keene.

Tantine
Lui et ses femmes!

Mrs Sedley
C'est de moi que vous parlez?

Tantine
Pas du tout, pas du tout!
Qu'est-ce que vous voulez?

Mrs Sedley
M'abriter de la tempête.

Tantine
C'est le genre de faiblesse que l'on a par politesse
et qui coûte ses clients à une patronne de pub.
Cachez-vous dans ce coin et ne bougez plus.
(Balstrode et un pêcheur entrent. Ils se battent avec la porte.)

Balstrode
Pouah! Quelle saloperie de tempête!

Tantine *(montrant de la tête Mrs Sedley)*
Chut!

15 Interlude II

Scene Two

(Interior of 'The Boar', typical main room of a country pub. No bar. Upright settles, tables, log fire. When the curtain rises Auntie is admitting Mrs Sedley. The gale has risen to hurricane force and Auntie holds the door with difficulty against the wind which rattles the windows and howls in the chimney. They both push the door closed.)

Auntie
10 Past time to close!

Mrs Sedley
He said half-past ten.

Auntie
Who?

Mrs Sedley
Mr Keene.

Auntie
Him and his women!

Mrs Sedley
You referring to me?

Auntie
Not at all, not at all.
What do you want?

Mrs Sedley
Room from the storm.

Auntie
That is the sort of weak politeness
Makes a publican lose her clients.
Keep in the corner out of sight.
(Balstrode and a Fisherman enter. They struggle with the door)

Balstrode
Phew, that's a bitch of a gale all right.

Auntie *(nods her head towards Mrs Sedley)*
Sh-h-h.

Interlude II

2. Bild

Trinkstube des "Hai". Typischer Hauptraum einer englischen Landschenke. Kein Schranktisch, Bänke mit hohen Lehnen, Tische, Stühle, Feuer im offenen Kamin. Tantjen läßt, wenn der Vorhang aufgeht, Mrs. Sedley ein. Der Sturm ist zum Orkan geworden, und beide haben Mühe, die Tür wieder zu schließen.

Tantjen
's ist kurz vor Schluß.

Mrs. Sedley
Er – er – er sagte, halb elf.

Tantjen
Wer?

Mrs. Sedley
Der Ap'theker.

Tantjen
Der und die Weiber!

Mrs. Sedley
Geht das etwa auf mich?

Tantjen
Keineswegs, keineswegs!
Was wünschen Sie?

Mrs. Sedley
Schutz vor dem Sturm –

Tantjen
Das ist die Art Gefälligkeit.
Mit der sich 'ne Wirtin die Gäste vertreibt.
Im Eck dort sind Sie nicht gesehn.
(Balstrode und ein Fischer treten ein und schließen mit Mühe die Tür hinter sich.)

Balstrode
Das is 'n Sauwetter heute nacht!

Tantjen *(mit einer Kopfbewegung auf Mrs. Sedley deutend)*
Sch-sch!

Balstrode
Oh, scusatemi, signora.
Qual caso avervi in mezzo a noi!

Auntie
Aspetta Ned.

Balstrode
Che Ned?

Auntie
Ned Keene.
Per quel suo solito mal di cuor.

Balstrode
Porta da ber.

Auntie
È tardi ormai.

Balstrode
Che cosa ti prende?

Auntie
Temi di che? L'uragano!
(Entrano Boles ed altri pescatori. Il vento sibila attraverso la porta.)

Boles
La tempesta ha rotto tutti gli argini verso il Nord!
(Si spalancano i battenti delle finestre.)

Balstrode
La finestral

Auntie
Oh!

Balstrode
Che cosa ti prende,
lasci le tue finestre aperte?

Auntie
Oh! oh!

Balstrode
Pardon, je ne vous avais pas vue, madame.
Quelle surprise pour les habitués!

Tantine
Elle a rendez-vous avec Ned.

Balstrode
Quel Ned?

Tantine
Le pharmacien.
Il prend soin de son cœur.

Balstrode
Apporte-moi une chope.

Tantine
C'est fermé.

Balstrode
Vieille femelle froussarde, qu'est-ce ça peut te faire?

Tantine
La tempête!
(Boles et d'autres pêcheurs entrent. Le vent mugit à travers la porte.)

Boles
Savez-vous que la marée a coupé la route au nord?
(Les volets s'ouvrent brutalement.)

Balstrode
Fermez ces volets!

Tantine
Oooh!

Balstrode
Vieille femelle froussarde,
pourquoi laisses-tu tes fenêtres nues!

Tantine
Ooooh!

Balstrode
Sorry. I didn't see you, missis.
You'll give the regulars a surprise.

Auntie
She's meeting Ned.

Balstrode
Which Ned?

Auntie
The quack.
He's looking after her heart attack.

Balstrode
Bring us a pint.

Auntie
It's closing time.

Balstrode
You fearful old female – why should you mind?

Auntie
The storm!
(Bob Boles and other Fishermen enter. The wind howls through the door and again there is difficulty in closing it)

Boles
Did you hear the tide
Has broken over the Northern Road?
(He leaves the door open too long with disastrous consequences. A sudden gust howls through the door, the shutters of the window fly open, a pane blows in)

Balstrode
Get those shutters.

Auntie
O-o-o-o-o!

Balstrode
You fearful old female, why do you
Leave your windows naked?

Auntie
O-o-o-o-o!

Balstrode
Pardon! Hab Sie nicht gesehn, Madame!
Da wer'n die Stammgäste Augen machen!

Tantjen
Sie trifft hier Ned.

Balstrode
Welchen Ned?

Tantjen
Den Pille!
Damit er ihren Herzanfall stille.

Balstrode
Bring uns 'ne Maß!

Tantjen
's ist Schluß für heut.

Balstrode
Du ängstliche Klukke, Wen kümmert das?

Tantjen
Der Sturm!
(Boles und mehrere Fischer und Frauen treten ein. Der Sturm reißt ihnen die Tür fast aus den Händen, als sie sie zu schließen versuchen.)

Boles
Habt ihr schon gehört?
Die Flut ist über die Nord-Chaussee!
(Boles läßt die Tür zu lange offen, der Sturm bläst herein und reißt die Fensterläden auf.)

Balstrode
Klampt die Laden!

Tantjen
Huh!

Balstrode
Du ängstliche Klukke!
Was läßt du deine Fenster nackicht?

Tantjen
Huh! Huh!

Balstrode

Tira giù le tue nipoti e chiudi i vetri!
(Le due nipoti scendono di corsa dai piani superiori, in camicia da notte.)

Nipoti

Oh! oh! oh!
 Le finestre ci spalancal
 Ci annegherà!

Balstrode

Chissà... nel gin!

Nipoti

Pazienza se non fischiasse così; ma non posso resistere,
 no! Sui nervi mi dà!

Balstrode

Credete che per voi si fermi l'uragan?
 Per i vostri lai e lamenti: oh! oh!
 Auntiel voglio altre donne!
(Auntie se n'ha a male.)

Auntie

Balstrode, un po' di civiltà!
 A me non piace chi disprezza
 ciò che gli piacquero un dì!
 Gli scherzi a tempo debito!
 Ma abbiate un po' di cortesia
 per chi già vi servi.

Nipoti

Per chi vi servi, per chi vi servi.

Signora Sedley

Qui non è luogo per me!

Balstrode

Mieux vaudrait déshabiller une nièce ou deux
 et bien habiller tes fenêtres!
(Les deux nièces descendent précipitamment de l'étage en vêtements de nuit.)

Les Nièces

Oh!
 Le vent a ouvert nos fenêtres!
 Oh! Nous allons tous périr noyés!

Balstrode

Dans le gin, peut-être!

Les Nièces

Si seulement il ne mugissait pas comme ça! Il nous porte sur
 les nerfs!

Balstrode

Vous croyez qu'on devrait
 arrêter notre tempête pour des filles comme vous?
 Et ça arrive tout effrayées! Oh! Oh!
 Tantine, c'est tout ce que tu as comme famille?

Tantine (le prenant mal)

Espèce de braillard, je n'ai jamais perdu mon temps
 avec ceux qui crachent dans leur vin!
 Qu'on plaisante, d'accord!
 Mais remerciez-nous et soyez polis après tout ce que nous
 avons fait pour vous.

Les nièces

Laisse-le tranquille!

Mrs Sedley

Ce n'est pas un endroit pour moi!

Balstrode

Better strip a niece or two
 And clamp your shutters.
(The two 'Nieces' run in. They are young, pretty enough though a little worn, conscious that they are the chief attraction of 'The Boar'. At the moment they are in mild hysterics, having run downstairs in their night clothes, though with their unusual instinct for precaution they have found time to don each a wrap. It is not clear whether they are sisters, friends or simply colleagues; but they behave like twins, as though each has only half a personality and they cling together always to sustain their self-esteem)

Nieces

Ool Ool
 It's blown our bedroom windows in.
 Ool we'll all be drowned.

Balstrode

Perhaps in gin.

Nieces

I wouldn't mind if it didn't howl.
 It gets on my nerves.

Balstrode

D'you think we
 Should stop our storm for such as you?
 Coming all over palpitations! – 'Ool Ool'
 Auntie, get some new relations.

Auntie (takes it ill)

¹⁷ Loud man, I never did have time
 For the kind of creature who spits in his wine.
 A joke's a joke and fun is fun.
 But say your grace and be polite for all that we have done.

Nieces

For his peace of mind.

Mrs Sedley

This is no place for me.

Balstrode

Laß lieber deine Nichten so
 Und klamp die Laden vor!
(Die beiden "Nichten" kommen die Treppe herabgelaufen. Sie sind jung und recht hübsch, aber ein wenig abgegriffen und wissen sehr gut, daß sie die Hauptattraktion des "Hai" bilden. Im Augenblick sind sie in fast hysterischer Aufregung und im Nachtgewand; doch mit sicherem Instinkt hat jede Zeit gefunden, einen Umhang überzuwerfen. Es ist nicht klar, ob sie Schwestern, Freundinnen oder einfach Berufsgenossinnen sind, aber sie benehmen sich wie Zwillinge, so als wäre jede nur eine Hälfte einer Person, und, wie um ihr Selbstgefühl zu stützen, stecken sie stets beieinander.)

Beide Nichten

Huh! Huh! Bi us sin alle Scheeben hin!
 Der Wind bloust us int Zimmer rin!
 Huh! Huh! Wi versaupen hier!

Balstrode

Vielleicht in Bier.

Beide Nichten

Mi wär't engal, awer dat Gehuhl,
 Dat makt mi ganz krank!

Balstrode

Ihr glaubt, wir stoppen unsern Sturm
 Solchen wie euch zu Dank?
 Blubbernd wie een Pfenniglichtjen!
 Huh! Huh!
 Tantjen, schaff dir andre Nichtjen!

Tantjen

Du Bär! Dat geit doch öwern Spaß!
 Ik estimier keen solches Tier,
 Dat speet in sin Glas.
 Een Spaß wie 'n Spaß, dor is niks dran,
 Doch sei honett und sag "Scheun' Dank!"
 För allens, wat wi hef don!

Beide Nichten

För sin Seelenheil!

Mrs. Sedley

Das ist kein Ort für mich!

Auntie

Balstrode, non vi dispiacque mai
di giocare una partita in questo locale.
Gli scherzi a tempo debito!
Ma abbiate un po' di cortesia
per chi vi servi.

Nipoti

Per chi vi servi, per chi vi servi!

Signora Sedley

Qui non è luogo per me!

Auntie

Balstrode...
(Entrano alcuni pescatori e donne. La solita lotta con la porta
che non vuol chiudersi.)

Un pescatore

Ci fu una frana sulla costa!

Boles (si alza malfermo):

Evviva! Viva!

Balstrode

Metodista del diavolo!

Boles (si avvanza barcollando verso una delle Nipoti):

Vostra nipote?

Auntie

Sì, sì.

Boles

A chi è figlia?

Auntie

Che ve ne fa?

Boles

Voglio pagar tributo
alla beltà e miseria del suo sesso.

Balstrode

Vecchio bigotto, faresti meglio ad intonar altre litanie!

Boles

La voglio! La voglio!

Tantine

Espèce de braillard, tu es bien content de venir
jouer aux cartes avec nous. Qu'on plaisante, d'accord!
Mais remerciez-nous et soyez polis apres tout ce que nous
avons fait pour vous!

Les nièces

Laisse-le tranquille!

Mrs Sedley

Ce n'est pas un endroit pour moi!

Tantine

Espèce de braillard!
(D'autres pêcheurs et d'autres femmes entrent – toujours en
luttant avec la porte.)

Un pêcheur

Il y a eu un glissement de terrain plus haut sur la côte.

Boles

Je suis saoul! Je suis saoul!

Balstrode

Vaurien de Méthodiste!

Boles (il se dirige en titubant vers l'une des nièces)

C'est l'une de vos nièces?

Tantine

Jusqu'à nouvel ordre...

Boles

Qui est leur père?

Tantine

Si on vous le demande...

Boles

Je veux présenter mes respectueux hommages
à la beauté et au triste sort de son sexe.

Balstrode

Vieux méthodiste, tu ferais mieux de chanter
ta piété dans un autre ton!

Boles

Je la veux!

Auntie

Loud man, you're glad enough to be
Playing your cards in our company.
A joke's a joke and fun is fun
But say your grace and be polite for all that we have done.

Nieces

For his peace of mind.

Mrs Sedley

This is no place for me.

Auntie

Loud man –!
(Some more Fishermen and Women come in. Usual struggle
with the door)

Fisherman

18 There's been a landslide up the coast.

Boles (rising unsteadily)

I'm drunk. Drunk!

Balstrode

You're a Methody wastrel.

Boles (staggers to one of the Nieces)

Is this a niece of yours?

Auntie

That's so.

Boles

Who's her father?

Auntie

Who wants to know?

Boles

I want to pay my best respects
To the beauty and misery of her sex.

Balstrode

Old Methody, you'd better tune
Your piety to another hymn.

Boles

I want her!

Tantjen

Du Bär! Du büst sonst froh genug,
Karten tau speelen un dinen Grog
Tau drinken hier in'n Krug.
Een Spaß wie 'n Spaß, dor is niks dran,
Doch sei honett und sag "Scheun' Dank!"
För allens, wat wi hef don!

Beide Nichten

Hei verdeent dat nich!

Mrs. Sedley

Das ist kein Ort für mich!

Tantjen

Du Bär –
(Zwei Fischer treten ein. Wieder der Kampf mit der Tür.)

Erster Fischer

Am grotn Eck wär 'n Erdrutsch!

Boles (erhebt sich schwankend)

Ik bün dun! Dun!

Balstrode

Du falscher Heiliger, du!

Boles (auf eine der Nichten zutorkelnd. Zu Tantjen)

Is dat 'ne Nichte von Jüch?

Tantjen

Dat's so.

Boles

Wer is ehr Vater?

Tantjen

Wen geit dat an?

Boles

Ik will dei Scheunheit un den Jammer von ehr Geschlecht mine
Verehrung dorbringen.

Balstrode

Sing leewer een annern Text tau dinen Lobgesang!

Boles

Ik möt se hebbn!

Balstrode
Sssss!

Auntie
Fuori di quil

Balstrode
È un predicatore,
e non sopporta per nulla il vino. Non fa del mal.

Boles
No, io l'amol

Balstrode
Sta buonol
(*La signora Sedley grida spaventata.*)
Così va il mondo, così: vivere e lasciar viver!
Questa è la norma da osservar parlando in osteria,
finchè lo scherzo non trascenda a bassa maldicenza.
Così va il mondo, così: vivere e lasciar viver!

Coro
Così va il mondo, così: vivere e lasciar viver!

Balstrode
Sh-h-h.

Tantine
Mettez cet homme dehors.

Balstrode
C'est notre sermonneur local!
Il a perdu l'habitude de l'alcool.
Il n'a ps de mauvaises intentions.

Boles
Non, je veux aimer!

Balstrode
Du calme, mon garçon.
(*Boles frappe Balstrode qui le maîtrise facilement.*)
Nous vivons et laissons vivre, et tâchons de ne pas porter la
main sur les autres. La conversation dans un pub devrait obéir
à cette morale éternelle, aussi longtemps que la blague n'en
vient pas aux jeux de mains et aux disputes. Nous vivons et
laissons vivre, et tâchons de ne pas porter la main sur les
autres.

Chœur
Nous vivons et laissons vivre et tâchons de ne pas porter la
main sur les autres.

Balstrode
Sh-h-h.

Auntie (*cold*)
Turn that man out.

Balstrode
He's the local preacher.
He's lost the way of carrying liquor.
He means no harm.

Boles
No, I mean love!

Balstrode
Come on, boy!
(*Boles hits him. Mrs Sedley screams. Balstrode quietly
overpowers Boles and sits him in a chair*)

Chorus
We live and let live,
And look, we keep our hands to ourselves.
(*Boles struggles to his feet, Balstrode sits him down again,
laying the law down*)

Balstrode
Pub conversation should depend
On this eternal moral;
So long as satire don't descend
To fisticuff or quarrel.
We live and let live, and look –
We keep our hands to ourselves.
(*And while Boles is being forced into his chair again the
bystanders comment:*)

Chorus
We live and let live, and look –
We keep our hands to ourselves.

Balstrode
Sch-schl!

Tantjen
Smeet em herut!

Balstrode
So ein Tugendprediger
verträgt sich nicht mit dem Alkohol –
braucht frische Luft.

Boles
Nee, ik bruk Liew!

Balstrode (*faßt ihn*)
Na, komm du!
(*Boles schlägt nach ihm. Mrs. Sedley schreit auf. Balstrode ringt
Boles zu Boden, kniet auf ihn und hält ihm die Hände auf der
Brust fest.*)

Chor
Man lewn un lewn latn
Un hübsch von Lüt'n de Hände man latn.
(*Boles versucht freizukommen, Balstrode zwingt ihn abermals
nieder.*)

Balstrode
Man lewn un lewn latn
Un hübsch von Lüt'n de Hände man latn.
Am Wirtshaustisch halt dich bestimmt
An diese goldne Regel.
Solang als eins sich nicht benimmt
Wie 'n Streithahn oder 'n Flegel!
Man lewn un lewn latn
Un hübsch von Lüt'n de Hände man latn.

Chor
Man lewn un lewn latn
Un hübsch von Lüt'n de Hände man latn.

Balstrode

Stiam qui a bere tutta la sera,
senza pensare al nostro destino...
e ci riempiam di vino!

Coro

Così va il mondo, così: vivere e lasciar viver!

Tutti e coro

Così va il mondo, così!
*(La porta s'apre di nuovo. La contesa con il vento è più aspra
che prima. Entrano Ned Keene ed alcuni pescatori.)*

Keene

Sentiste?

La collina è franata sotto casa di Grimes.

Auntie

Dov'è lui?

Signora Sedley

Siete giunto?

Keene

Certo. Che avvien?

Signora Sedley

Il conducente è in ritardo.

Keene

Eh! Io credo ben: sommersa è la strada.

Signora Sedley

Non sto più qui... non sto più!

Keene

Dovete star: le vostre pillole...

Signora Sedley

Con donne ebbre a rissar!

Keene

Son le nipoti della padrona:
meglio di voi pei baci, ah!

Balstrode

Nous passons la soirée à boire,
sans penser une seconde
à ce que nous ruminons dans la journée,
payant chacun notre tournée.

Tous

Nous vivons et laissons vivre et tâchons...
*(La porte s'ouvre encore. Lutter contre le vent est encore plus
difficile. Ned Keene et quelques pêcheurs entrent.)*

Keene

Savez-vous que la falaise s'est éboulée du côté de chez
Grimes?

Tantine

Où est-il?

Mrs Sedley

Grâce à ciel vous voici!

Keene

Le vent ne vous aurait pas emportée!

Mrs Sedley

Le charretier a plus d'une demi heure de retard!

Keene

Il tardera encore plus ça: la route est inondée.

Mrs Sedley

Je refuse de rester plus longtemps ici!

Keene

Il faudra bien que vous restiez si vous voulez vos pilules.

Mrs Sedley

Avec des femmes saoules et des hommes qui se battent!

Keene

Ce sont les nièces de Tantine, c'est tout, et plus agréables à
embrasser que vous, madame! Attention à la porte!

Balstrode

We sit and drink the evening through
Not deigning to devote a
Thought to the daily cud we chew
But buying drinks by rota.

All

We live and let live, and look –
We keep our hands to ourselves.
*(Door opens. The struggle with the wind is worse than
before as Ned Keene gets through)*

Ned

²¹ Have you heard the cliff is down
Up by Grimes's hut?

Auntie

Where is he?

Mrs Sedley

Thank God you've come!

Ned

You won't blow away.

Mrs Sedley

The carter's over half an hour late.

Ned

He'll be later still: the road's under flood.

Mrs Sedley

I can't stay longer. I refuse.

Ned

You'll have to stay if you want your pills.

Mrs Sedley

With drunken females and in brawls!

Ned

They're Auntie's nieces, that's what they are
And better than you for kissing, ma.
Mind that door!

Balstrode

Wir sitzen hier beim Bier vereint,
Und läßt sich eener mal een
Spaß nich gefalln, der gut gemeint.
Muß er 'ne Runde zahlen.
Man lewn un lewn latn
Un hübsch von Lütn de Hände man latn.

Chor

(Wie vorher.)
*(Balstrode hat dem ruhig gewordenen Boles auf- und zu dessen
früherem Sitzplatz geholfen. Die Tür öffnet sich. Der Kampf mit
dem Wind ist ärger als zuvor, und Ned Keene schlüpft herein.)*

Keene

Hewt ji hort? Dat Kliff is ab,
Babn bi Grimes sin Kat!

Tantjen

Wo ist er?

Mrs. Sedley

Gott sei Dank, Ihr seid hier!

Keene

Die bläst's nich davon!

Mrs. Sedley

Der Fuhrmann kam noch immer nicht.

Keene

Wird noch lange nicht kommen. Die Straße ist überschwemmt.

Mrs. Sedley

Ich kann nicht länger bleiben. Ausgeschlossen!

Keene

Sie werden müssen, sonst gibt's keine Pillen!

Mrs. Sedley

Bei betrunkenen Weibern und Gerauf!

Keene

's sind Tantjens Nichten, ich sag's ohne Scham,
Und besser zum Küssen als Sie, Madame,
He, die Tür!

Keene, Balstrode e Coro

Chi c'è là?
(La porta s'apre di nuovo. Grimes si ferma sulla soglia, con aspetto stravolto; quindi avanza nel locale. La signora Sedley sviene e Keene la sorregge. Balstrode ed altri si dan da fare per chiudere la porta.)

Keene
Fuori il whisky, Aunt!

Auntie
Chi paga?

Keene
Lei: mettilo in conto.

Coro
Parli del diavolo, ed eccolo!
(*Man mano che Grimes avanza, gli altri retrocedono.*)
Ed un diavolo è!
Un diavolo è!
Grimes aspetta il nuovo mozzo.

Keene
La vedova è forte come
due pescatori insieme.
Calma, calma, amici miei!

Peter
Ora l'Orsa e le Pleiadi
sollevan
le nubi
dell'umane lacrime.
Chiamano l'anima nella cupa oscurità.

Chi può mai scorgere
in nubi o in stelle
l'impronta incognita
del destino suo,
quando il cielo sconvolge terra e mar?

Tous

Attention à la porte!
(*La porte s'ouvre encore et Grimes paraît, l'air égaré. Il pénètre dans la pièce. Mrs Sedley s'évanouit et Keene la soutient. Balstrode et d'autres referment la porte.*)

Keene
Du cognac Tantine!

Tantine
Qui va payer?

Keene
Elle, je lui donnerai l'addition!

Chœur
Quand on parle du diable on en voit la queue.
Et c'est un vrai diable! C'est un vrai diable!
Grimes est venu attendre son apprenti.
(*Peter s'avance et les autres s'écartent.*)

Keene
La veuve est aussi forte que deux
pêcheurs réunis.
Comme tout le monde est calme maintenant!

Peter
Voici que la Grande Ourse et les Pléiades
où se meut la terre
écartent les nuages
de la douleur humaine,
humant la solennité de la nuit profonde.
Qui peut décripter
dans la tempête ou dans le scintillement des étoiles
les traces
d'un destin favorable –
tandis que le ciel fait basculer l'univers qui change pour nous?

All

Mind that door!
(*The door opens again. Peter Grimes has come in. Unlike the rest he wears no oilskins. His hair looks wild. He advances into the room shaking off the raindrops from his hair. Mrs Sedley faints. Ned Keene catches her as she falls.*)

Ned
Get the brandy, aunt.

Auntie
Who'll pay?

Ned
Her. I'll charge her for it.
(*As Peter moves forward, the others shrink back.*)

Chorus
Talk of the devil and there he is
And a devil he is, and a devil he is.
Grimes is waiting his apprentice.

Ned
This widow's as strong as any two
Fishermen I have met.
Everybody's very quiet.
(*No-one answers. Silence is broken by Peter, as if thinking aloud.*)

Peter
Now the Great Bear and Pleiades
where earth moves
Are drawing up the clouds
of human grief
Breathing solemnity in the deep night.

Who can decipher
In storm or starlight
The written character
of a friendly fate –
As the sky turns, the world for us to change?

Balstrode
Tau, de Dör!

Chor
De Dör taul
(*Wieder öffnet sich die Tür. Peter tritt ein und blickt verstört um sich. Seine Haare sind zerzaust, und er, als einziger, trägt keinen Mantel aus Ölleinwand. Nach einigen Augenblicken geht er bis in die Mitte des Raumes vor. Mrs. Sedley wird ohnmächtig, und Keene fängt sie auf.*)

Keene
Bring den Kognak, Tantjen!

Tantjen
Wer zahlt?

Keene
Sie! Ich Schlag's auf die Pillen.

Chor
Nenn du den Düwel, un hier hei is!
Un een Düwel hei is, een Düwel hei is!
Grimes holt sik den Jung gewiß.
(*Peter setzt sich an einen Tisch. – Die andern rücken von ihm ab.*)

Keene
Gewicht het de Witfru, fast wie twee
Fischer. Probier's wer will!
's is mit eenmol gor so still!
(*Niemand antwortet. Die Stille wird von Peter unterbrochen, der laut vor sich hin denkt.*)

Peter
Nun ziehn die Siebenschwestern und der große Bär
Wolken irdischen Leids
zu sich auf.
Hauchen sie feierlich
in die tiefe Nacht.

Oh, wer entziffert aus
Himmels Sternschrift,
Welch Los ihm das Schicksal
hat zugebracht?
Wie der Himmel sich dreht, verwandelt sich's für uns.

Ma se confuso
è l'oroscopo
come un banco
d'aringhe brulicante,
chi può fare un cielo nuovo e da capo cominciar?
(*mormorando sottovoce*)

Coro
Fors'ebbro egli è! O matto egli è
Che vuole qui? Che vuole?

Nipoti
Quel canto sui nervi mi dà! E di spavento mi riempie il cuor!

Coro
Non può più star; scacciatelo!
Scacciatelo via di qua.
Sembra stravolto di terror...

Coro
Ebbro o matto?

Boles (*si avvicina barcollando a Peter*):
Dannato sei, Grimes!

Balstrode
Piäntalal!

Boles
Via quella man da me!

Balstrode
Làscialo sol, beone!

Coro
Che vuole qui?
Scacciatelo via di qua.

Boles
La luce del Vangelo
davanti agli occhi suoi solleverò.

Peter
Va fuori!

Mais si l'horoscope
est aussi déroutant
que le tourbillon lumineux
d'un banc de harengs,
qui peut renverser à nouveau les cieux et repartir du
commencement?

Chœur
Il est fou ou il est saoul!
Que fait-il ici?

Les nièces
Rien que sa chanson ferait tourner la bière!

Chœur
Il est fou de colère.
Jetez-le dehors!

Les nièces
Si seulement il ne hurlait pas!

Chœur
Il a l'air à moitié noyé!

Boles
Vous avez vendu votre âme, Grimes!

Balstrode
Laissez-le!

Boles
Satan n'a pas de prise sur moi.

Balstrode
Fichez-lui la paix, ivrogne!

Boles
Je brandirai la lumière de l'évangile
devant la cataracte qui l'aveugle.

Peter
Sors d'ici!

But if the horoscope's
bewildering
Like a flashing turmoil
of a shoal of herring
Who can turn skies back and begin again?
(*Silence again. Then muttering in undertones*)

Chorus
He's mad or drunk,
Why's that man here?

Nieces
His song alone would sour the beer.

Chorus
His temper's up.
Oh, chuck him out.

Nieces
I wouldn't mind if he didn't howl.

Chorus
He looks as though he's nearly drowned.

Boles (*staggers up to Grimes*):
You've sold your soul, Grimes.

Balstrode
Come away.

Boles
Satan's got no hold on me.

Balstrode
Leave him alone, you drunkard.
(*Goes to get hold of Boles*)

Boles
I'll hold the gospel light before
The cataract that blinds his eyes.

Peter (*as the drunk stumbles up to him*):
Get out.
(*Grimes thrusts Boles aside roughly and turns away*)

Doch wenn das Horoskop
verwirrend ist
Wie das blinkende, schnellende Durcheinander
eines großen Heringschwarms –
Wer – wer – wer dreht den Himmel zurück und beginnt aufs
neu?

Chor
Is hei dol or dun?
Wat will hei hier?

Beide Nichten
Sin Singen, dat versauert's Bier.

Chor
Herut mit em!
Smet em herut!

Beide Nichten
Mi wär't engal,
Awer sin Gehuhl...!

Chor
Wie 'n half Versupner
Sücht hei ut.

Boles (*torkelt auf Peter zu*):
Din Seel hest verkauft, Grimes.

Balstrode
Komm doch fort!

Boles
Ik bün nich in Satans Klauen.

Balstrode
Lat em in Freeden, Saufbold!
(*Balstrode bemüht sich, Boles zurückzuhalten.*)

Boles
Dat Lücht von 't Evangelium will ik vor sine Blindheet halln.

Peter
Pack dich!
(*Peter stößt Boles beiseite und wendet sich ab.*)

Boles

Quest'uccisor di bimbi
l'ha da far con me!

(Boles sta per calare un colpo sulla testa a Peter con una bottiglia, ma Balstrode glielà fa cader di mano e la manda a spezzarsi sul pavimento.)

Auntie

Signori, per pietà di me!
O mi volete rovinar?

Balstrode

Orsù, intoniamo una canzon!
(Ned Keene attacca un ritornello.)

Tutti

Andiamo a pescare,
voi andate a pescare,
essi vanno a pescare
in mezzo del mar!
I pesci in padella
tu scodella,
li sbudella.
Pesce salato
porta al mercato
sarai pagato
e fortunato.

Oh ohè! Oh ohè! Oh ohè!

(L'entrata di Peter rompe il corso del ritornello.)

Peter

Se andassi a pescare,
se andasse a pescare,
se andate a pescare,
trovate Davy Jones!
Pesce insanguinato!
Pesce avvelenato!
Portatelo al mercato!

Oh ohè! Oh ohè! Oh ohè!

(La porta si apre e lascia entrare Ellen, Hobson e un ragazzo: il nuovo mozzo di Grimes. Sono fradici e infangati.)

Boles

Ce n'est pas un homme,
c'est un tueur d'enfants!

(Boles est sur le point de casser une bouteille sur la tête de Peter, mais Balstrode la fait tomber d'un coup de main et elle se brise par terre.)

Tantine

Pour l'amour de Dieu, aidez-moi à rétablir le calme. Vouz
voulez m'envoyer aux Assises?

Balstrode

Pour calmer tout le monde, il n'y a qu'à chanter.

Tous

Le vieux Joe est allé pêcher,
le petit Joe est allé pêcher
et qui vous savez est allé pêcher
et leur a déniché un banc entier.
Ils en ont ramassé à pleines mains,
à pleins bidons,
à pleines poêlées.
L'ont apporté tranquillement,
vidé complètement,
emballé soigneusement,
vendu discrètement!
Oh! Hissel!

(Peter se mêle à eux et perturbe leur ensemble.)

Peter

Quand je suis allé pêcher,
et quand il est allé pêcher,
et quand qui vous savez est allé pêcher,
nous avons rencontré la mort.
Ramenée avec horreur,
ramenée avec terreur
et ramenée avec douleur!
Oh Hissel!

(La porte s'ouvre et entrent Ellen, Hobson et le gamin, le nouvel apprenti de Grimes. Ils sont trempés, crottés, couverts de boue.)

Boles

His exercise

Is not with men but killing boys.

(Boles picks up a bottle and is about to bring it down on Grimes's head when Balstrode knocks it out of his hand and it crashes on the floor)

Auntie

For God's sake, help me keep the peace.
D'you want me up at the next Assize?

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Balstrode

For peace sake, someone start a song.
(Keene starts a round. 'That's right, Ned!' says Auntie. The round is:)

All

Old Joe has gone fishing and
Young Joe has gone fishing and
You Know has gone fishing and
Found them a shoal.
Pull them in in handfuls,
And in canfuls,
And in panfuls.
Bring them in sweetly,
Gut them completely,
Pack them up neatly,
Sell them discreetly,
O, haul a-way.

(Peter comes into the round: the others stop)

Peter

When I had gone fishing
When he had gone fishing
When You Know'd gone fishing
We found us Davy Jones.
Bring him in with horror,
Bring him in with terror,
And bring him in with sorrow!
Oh, haul a-way!

*(This breaks the round, but the others recover in a repeat)
(At the climax of the round the door opens to admit Ellen Orford, the Boy and the Carrier. All three are soaking, muddy and bedraggled)*

Boles

Manslüt geit hei nie nich an,
Hei trut sik blouß an Jugens ran.

(Boles ergreift eine Flasche und will sie auf Peters Kopf niedersausen lassen, als Balstrode sie ihm aus der Hand schlägt.)

Tantjen

Um Gottes willen, Frieden doch!
Sonst komm ich vors Gerichte noch!

Balstrode

Zum Dunnerwetter, singt doch eins!

Alle (eines nach dem andern in den Rundgesang einfallend)

O! Jan, de güng fischen, un
Jung Jan, de güng fischen, un
Wer kann, de güng fischen – de
Härrig is dor!
Hol em in mit Hannen
Un mit Kannen
Un mit Wannen,
Bring em in reenlich,
Nimm em ut peenlich,
Stau em bequemlich,
Markt em nich kleenlich!
O hol! O hol!

(Peter fällt in den Gesang ein.)

Peter

As ik letzt güng fischen,
As hei letzt güng fischen,
As wi letzt güng fischen,
Dor wär de blanke Hans.
Hol em in mit Grauen,
Hol em in mit Schauern
Un hol em in mit Trauern!
O hol! O hol!

(Der Gesang der andern geht weiter, und als er auf dem Höhepunkt ist, treten Ellen Orford, der Junge und Fuhrmann Hobson durch die Tür ein. Alle drei sind durchnäßt, zerzaust und erschöpft.)

Hobson
Sommerso è il ponte: quasi ci si passa a nuoto.

Keene
E il vostro carro è anfibio?

Ellen
Siamo fradici all'osso.

Boles
State comoda.

Auntie
Per voi, bevete:
brandy ed acqua bollente.

Nipoti
L'acquisto vediam!

Ellen
Vieni qua.

Nipoti
Carino!

Ellen
Ma non è per voi.

Peter
Andiam; sei pronto?

Auntie
Lasciateli scaldar:
sono mezzi annegati.

Peter
Tempo d'andar.

Auntie
Hai ancora una casa?

Peter
Certo che l'ho.
Ragazzo, vieni.
(Il ragazzo esita, ma Ellen lo conduce a Peter presso la porta).

Hobson
Le pont s'est effondré. Nous avons traversé à nage.

Keene
Et ta charrette, elle flotte?

Ellen
Nous sommes transis jusqu'aux os.

Boles
C'est bien fait pour vous!

Tantine
Ma petite, il reste du cognac et de l'eau chaude!

Les nièces
Regardons le garçon!

Ellen
Laissez-le tranquille.

Les nièces
Qu'il est mignon!

Ellen
Il n'est pas pour vous.

Peter
Allons-nous en. Tu es prêt?

Tantine
Laissez-les se réchauffer,
ils ont failli se noyer.

Peter
Il faut partir.

Tantine
Votre cabane a été emportée.

Peter
La falaise seulement.
Apprenti, suis-moi!

Hobson
24 The bridge is down, we half swam over.

Ned
And your cart? Is it seaworthy?
(The Women go to Ellen and the Boy. Auntie fusses over him. Boles reproaches)

Ellen
We're chilled to the bone.

Boles (to Ellen)
Serves you right, woman.

Auntie
My dear,
There's brandy and hot water to spare.

Nieces
Let's look at the boy.

Ellen (rising)
Let him be.

Nieces (admiring)
Nice sweet thing.

Ellen (protecting him)
Not for such as you.

Peter
Let's go. You ready?

Auntie
Let them warm up.
They've been half drowned.

Peter
Time to get off.

Auntie
You hut's washed away.

Peter
Only the cliff.
Young prentice, come.
(The Boy hesitates, Ellen leads him to Peter)

Hobson
De Brück is dahl; wi hebbt fast swommen.

Keene
Und dein Wagen? Ist er seetüchtig?
(Die Frauen sammeln sich um Ellen und den Jungen. Tantjen bemüht sich um die beiden.)

Ellen
Es fror uns durch und durch.

Boles
Das ist Gottes Straf!

Tantjen
Ihr Armen! Hier 's Kognak und heißes Wasser genug.

Beide Nichten
Laß dich mal ansehen!

Ellen
Laßt ihn sein!

Beide Nichten
Süßer Jung!

Ellen (sie wegdrängend)
Der ist nichts für euch.

Peter
's ist spät. Bist fertig?

Tantjen
Laß ihn sich wärmen!
Er ist fast ertrunken.

Peter
Zeit, daß wir gehn.

Tantjen
Deine Kate is weg.

Peter
Nein, nur das Kliff.
Los, Junge, komm!
(Der Junge zögert. Ellen führt ihn zu Peter.)

Ellen
Addio, mio caro, addio.
Va' con Peter a casa.

Tutti
Casa! la chiamate casa!
(Peter tira il ragazzo fuori della porta, nella tempesta che infuria mugghiando.)
Sipario

ATTO SECONDO

Interludio III

La strada del villaggio e la spiaggia, come prima. È un bel mattino, pieno di sole; suonano le campane della chiesa. Alcuni degli abitanti stanno in piedi, in gruppo, fuori la porta della chiesa.
(Ellen e John, il nuovo mozzo di Grimes, vengono avanti in senso contrario alla corrente degli abitanti che si dirigono alla chiesa.)

Scena prima

Ellen
Scherzano l'onde
nel bacio del sole,
l'anima vuol
levarsi in alto a volo.

L'uomo ha
un'anima da salvar
e in chiesa rëcasi
a celebrar la santa festa.
(Viene dalla chiesa il suono dell'organo.)
Vuoi che stiamo in riva al mare
tranquillamente a lavorar?
Vuoi chiacchierar con me?
(In chiesa l'inno attaccano.)

Ellen
Au revoir, mon petit. Dieu te bénisse.
Peter va t'emmener à la maison.

Tous
A la maison! Vous appelez ça une maison!
(Peter entraîne le gamin dehors dans la tempête.)

Fin de l'Acte I

ACTE II

Interlude III

La rue du village et le bord de mer comme au premier tableau de l'acte I. Un beau matin ensoleillé. C'est dimanche et l'on entend sonner des cloches. Certains villageois forment un groupe devant la porte de l'église. Ellen et le nouvel apprenti de Grimes (John) entrent en croisant ceux qui vont à l'église.

Scène I

Ellen
Eclat des vagues et
éclat du soleil,
donnez-vous la joie
et réchauffez nos cœurs.

Seul l'homme
a une âme à sauver
et il va prier
à l'église le dimanche.
(On entend l'orgue dans l'église.)
Si au lieu d'aller à l'église
nous restions à tricoter au bord de la mer?
Je travaillerai, tu parleras.

Ellen
Goodbye, my dear, God bless you.
Peter will take you home.

Omnes
Home? Do you call that home?
(Peter takes the Boy out of the door into the howling storm)

Curtain

ACT TWO

25 Interlude III

(Scene as in Act One. The Street.
A fine sunny morning, some weeks later, with church bells ringing. Some of the villagers are standing outside the church door. Ellen and the Boy, John, come in against the stream of villagers crossing towards the church. Ellen is carrying a work-basket. She sits down between a boat and a breakwater and takes her knitting from the basket. One or two late-comers cross and hurry into the church)

Scene One

26 **Ellen**
Glitter of waves
And glitter of sunlight
Bid us rejoice
And lift our hearts on high.

Man alone
Has a soul to save.
And goes to church
To worship on a Sunday.
(The organ starts a voluntary in church, offstage)
Shall we not go to church this Sunday
But do our knitting by the sea?
I'll do the work, you talk.
(Hymn starts in church)

Ellen
Leb wohl, mein Kind, Gott segne dich!
Peter nimmt dich jetzt heim.

Alle
Heem! Neumst du dat een Heem?
(Peter führt den Jungen zur Tür und hinaus in den Sturm.)

Vorhang

ZWEITER AKT

Interlude III

Der Hafenplatz wie im 1. Akt. Schöner, sonniger Vormittag, einige Wochen später. Kirchenglocken läuten. Der Platz liegt verlassen, bis Ellen und der Junge auftreten. Ellen trägt ein Nähkörbchen. Sie setzt sich auf einen der Wellenbrecher und nimmt eine Strickarbeit aus dem Körbchen, während der Junge sich ihr zu Füßen hinkauert. Einige Nachzügler eilen über den Platz in die Kirche.

1. Bild

Ellen
Glitzerndes Meer
und glitzernder Sonnenschein
Heißen uns hoch
die Herzen erheben heut;

Nur der Mensch,
er gedenkt des Sturms und geht
Zur Kirche schuldbewußt
und voller Dankbarkeit.
(Die Orgel preludiert in der Kirche.)
Was meinst du, lassen wir den Kirchgang
Und du erzählst mir was von dir?
Dieweil ich strick, sprich du!
(In der Kirche beginnt die Gemeinde zu singen.)

Coro (*in chiesa*)

Ora che il giorno è sorto
leviamo i cuori a Dio;
lungi da male o torto
ce renda il cuore pio.

Ellen

Non mi racconti nulla?
Nulla? Ma la tua vita
io so come passò...
Vediamo un po'. L'asilo
amavi, nonostante
la severità,
e forse conoscevi un poco di felicità.
Dapprima nella scuola
la vita mi sembrava scialba e vuota;
ma presto intesi l'anima dei bimbi.
Sì, i mali dei piccini
son più forti, ma più semplici.

Coro

Ci guardi dalla collera,
allontani l'empietà,
e ci distolga vigile
dalle mondane vanità!

Ellen

John, la storia avrai sentita
di quell'altro mozzo ch'era qui:

Coro

Quando faran ritorno
le ombre della sera...
Amen!

Ellen

Con te dovrà
il padron
su nuova via ricominciar.
Prego sempre che così sia.

Chœur

Maintenant que le jour emplit le ciel,
élevons nos cœurs vers le Seigneur tout puissant
pour qu'il nous protège aujourd'hui
du mal dans nos paroles et tous nos actes.

Ellen

Rien à me raconter,
rien à me dire? Alors, si j'essayais
d'imaginer ce qu'était ta vie?
Tu me diras si je me trompe.
Je crois que tu aimais l'asile,
son aspect sévère, dépouillé.
Peut-être n'étais-tu pas si malheureux dans ta solitude?
Quand j'ai commencé à faire la classe,
la vie à l'école m'a semblé sinistre et vide...
Mais vite, j'ai trouvé le moyen de connaître les enfants,
j'ai compris que les malheurs des petits font plus mal,
mais sont plus simples.

Chœur

Puisse-t-il empêcher nos langues de médire,
protéger nos vies du tumulte et de la colère
et garder soigneusement nos yeux
des absorbantes vanités terrestres.

Ellen

John, tu as peut-être entendu l'histoire
de l'ancien apprenti de Peter.

Chœur

Et quand le travail de la journée est fini
et que reviennent les ombres de la nuit, puissions-nous dire
Amen!

Ellen

Mais quand tu es venu, j'ai dit:
c'est le moment de prendre
un nouveau départ.
Chaque jour je prie pour que cela se réalise.

Chorus (*off*)

Now that the daylight fills the sky
We lift our hearts to God on high
That he in all we do or say
Would keep us free from harm to-day.

Ellen

Nothing to tell me,
Nothing to say? Then shall I
Tell you what your life was like?
See if I'm right. I think
You liked your workhouse with its grave
Empty look. Perhaps you weren't
So unhappy in your loneliness?
When first I started teaching
The life at school to me seemed bleak and empty
But soon I found a way of knowing children –
Found the woes of little people
Hurt more, but are more simple.
(She goes on with her work. John says nothing)

Chorus (*off*)

May he restrain our tongues from strife
And shield from anger's din our life
And guard with watchful care our eyes
From earth's absorbing vanities.

Ellen

John, you may have heard the story
Of the apprentice Peter had before.

Chorus (*off*)

So we, when this day's work is done
And shades of night return once more
... Amen.

Ellen

But when you came, I said,
Now this is where we
Make a new start. Every day
I pray it may be so.

(Morning prayer begins and the Rector's voice is heard
from the church)

Chor

Nun uns vom Himmel strahlt Sein Licht,
Sich unser Herz zu Gott aufricht';
Gefällig sei ihm diesen Tag,
Was Mund und Hand beginnen mag!

Ellen

Gar nichts zu sagen,
nichts zu erzählen?
Soll ich dir sagen, wie dein Leben war?
Sieh, ob es stimmt! Ich glaub,
Du liebtest fast das ernste,
kahle Armenhaus.
Du fühltest dich am Ende gar nicht elend und allein?
Als Lehrerin, im Anfang,
Da schien das Leben in der Schule freudlos;
Doch fand ich bald den Weg zu Kinderherzen; fand,
Daß ihre Leiden stärker schmerzen zwar,
Doch leichter heilen.
(Der Junge schweigt. Ellen strickt weiter.)

Chor

Vor Zornes Regung im Gemüt,
Vor raschem Wort Er uns behüt,
Und unsere Augen schirm Er heut
Vor aller irdschen Eitelkeit!

Ellen

Kind, du hast vielleicht gehört,
Wie das mit Peters erstem Jungen war?

Chor

Daß wir, wenn's Tagewerk getan
Und wiederum die Nacht fängt an
...Amen.

Ellen

Doch als du kamst, da sagt ich:
Es darf nicht wieder werden, wie's war!
Alle Tage is das mein Gebet.
(In der Kirche beginnt das Morgengebet.)

Il Rettore

Perciò, quanti qui siete,
vi prego e vi scongiuro
d'accompagnarmi in purità di cuore
e con umile voce, dicendo con me:

Coro

Pietoso e onnipotente Padre, abbiamo errato e deviato dalle tue
strade di carità...

Ellen

Il vestito hai strappato.
Come hai fatto e quando fu?
Fa veder...
(La signora Sedley, diretta verso la chiesa, si ferma per ascoltare.)
È recentissimo.
Togli quella man.
Che cos'hai?
John, che mi nascondi lì?

Rettore e Coro

Schiudi a noi le labbra Tu...
Perché innalzino gli Inni a Te.
Signor, salvaci presto!
Signor, salvaci tosto!
(Ellen slaccia il colletto della camicia al ragazzo.)

Ellen

Un livido!
Oh! ricomincial

Rettore e coro

Gloria al Padre ed al Figlio, gloria...
E allo Spirito Santo.
Com'era nel principio dei secoli...

Ellen

Bimbo, tu già conosci
che cosa sia il dolore.
Piccolo, tu sai già capire:
vita è tormento!

Le Recteur

Et je vous prie et vous implore,
vous tous qui êtes ici présents,
de m'accompagner d'un cœur pur
et d'une voix humble, en disant après moi...

Chœur

Père tout puissant et très miséricordieux, nous nous sommes
égarés et avons erré loin de tes sentiers comme des brebis
perdues. Et nous avons fait ce qu'il ne fallait pas faire.
Accorde-nous, O Père très miséricordieux...

Ellen

Il y a un accroc à ta veste.
L'as-tu fait avant de venir ici?
Comme c'est déchiré!
C'est tout récent.
Fais voir ton cou?
John, qu'est-ce que
tu essayes de cacher?

Le Recteur et le chœur

O Seigneur, ouvre nos bouches.
Qu'elles proclament ta louange.
O hâte-toi de nous secourir.
O Seigneur hâte-toi de nous sauver.

Ellen

Une blessure...
ça recommencel

Le Recteur et le chœur

Gloire au Père et au Fils.
Et au Saint-Esprit.
Comme il était au commencement et maintenant.

Ellen

Petit, tu n'es pas trop jeune pour connaître
les racines de la souffrance.
Innocent, tu sais déjà
combien la vie est proche d'une torture!

Rector

Wherefore I pray and beseech you,
as many as are here present, to
accompany me with a pure heart and
humble voice, saying after me,
Almighty...

Congregation

Almighty and most merciful Father;
We have erred and strayed from thy
ways like lost sheep.
(The church service continues through the ensuing scene)

Ellen

There's a tear in your coat. Was that done
Before you came?
Badly torn.
(Mrs Sedley stops to listen on her way to church)
That was done recently.
Take your hand away.
Your neck, is it? John, what
Are you trying to hide?

Rector and Choir (in church)

O Lord, open Thou our lips;
And our mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.
O God make speed to save us;
O Lord make haste to help us.
(Undoes the neck of the boy's shirt)

Ellen

A bruise.
Well... It's begun.

Rector and Choir

Glory be to the Father and to the Son
and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now...

Ellen

²⁸ Child you're not too young to know
Where roots of sorrow are;
Innocent, you've learned how near
Life is to torture.

P. Adams

Darum ersuche und bitte ich euch alle,
die ihr hier zugegen seid,
begleitet mich mit reinem Herzen
und demütiger Stimme und sprecht mir nach:

P. Adams und Chor

(in der Kirche)
Allmächtiger und allbarmherziger Vater, wir irrten und wichen
von Deinen Wegen ab wie verlorene Schafe...

Ellen

Hier dein Rock hat 'nen Riß. War der schon
Bevor du kamst?
Der ist böß!
*(Mrs. Sedley bleibt auf dem Weg zur Kirche einen Augenblick
stehn und horcht.)*
Das geschah neulich erst.
Halt die Hand nicht vor!
Am Hals, nicht wahr?
Was verheimlichst du mir da?

P. Adams und Chor

O Herr, tu unsre Lippen auf!
Und unser Mund soll Deinen Ruhm verkünden.
O Gott, eil, uns zu retten!
O Gott, eil, uns zu helfen!
(Ellen öffnet das Hemd des Jungen am Hals.)

Ellen

'ne Schramme!
Oh, es begann!

P. Adams und Chor

Ehre sei dem Vater und dem Sohne
Und dem heil'gen Geiste,
Wie es war von Anfang, nun ist und immer...

Ellen

Kind, du weißt, so jung du bist,
Von Leid und Kummer schon,
Mußttest schuldlos schon erfahren,
Daß das Leben Qual bringt.

Rettore e coro
Lode al Signor!
Lodate il Signor!

Ellen
Goditi questo giorno
di riposo e di piacer:
sembra che l'onde traditrici
splendano d'amore.

Qual tempesta è più fatal
che del cuore l'afflizion?
Ma poi la pace ritornerà,
in fondo al mar, in fondo al cuor!

Coro
Le creature di Dio lodino Lui;
anche il Sole e la Luna lodino Lui;
anche i venti del cielo lodino Lui.
Lode e gloria a Lui in eterno.
(Peter Grimes entra in scena eccitato, arrivando dal porto.)
E la luce e le tenebre lodino Lui;
ed i giorni e le notti lodino Lui;
ed i lampi e le nubi lodino Lui;
Lode e gloria a Lui in eterno.

Peter
Su, John!

Ellen
Peter, che c'è?

Coro
L'universo lodi il Signor;
ed i mari ed i flutti lodino Lui;
le balene ed i pesci che popolan le acque.
Lode e gloria a Lui in eterno.

Peter
C'è un banco in vista, devo andar.

Ellen
Ma allor, perché non vanno
tutti gli altri anch'essi?

Peter
Posso scorgere
ciò che non vedon gli altri!

Le Recteur et le chœur
Béni soit le Seigneur.
Loué soit le nom du Seigneur!

Ellen
Que ce soit un jour de fête,
plein de paix et de calme,
tandis que les vagues trompeuses
scintillent comme l'amour.

La tempête et toutes ses terreurs
ne sont rien pour en cœur désespéré.
Après la tempête viendra le sommeil,
profond comme l'océan.

Chœur
Vous, toutes ses œuvres, bénissez le Seigneur.
Soleil et lune, bénissez le seigneur.
Tous les vents, bénissez le Seigneur.
Louez-le et glorifiez-le pour toujours.
(Peter arrive du port, tout excité.)
Vous, lumières et ténèbres, bénissez le Seigneur.
Vous, nuits et jours bénissez le Seigneur.
Vous, éclairs et nuages, bénissez le Seigneur.
Louez-le et glorifiez-le pour toujours.

Peter
Viens, petit.

Ellen
Et pourquoi, Peter?

Chœur
Vous, eaux souterraines, bénissez le Seigneur.
Vous, les baleines
et tous les habitants de la mer,
louez-le et glorifiez-le pour toujours.

Peter
J'ai vu un banc. J'ai besoin de son aide.

Ellen
Mais s'il y en avait un, tous les bateaux
seraient à la mer!

Peter
Je peux voir
les bancs auxquels tous les autres sont aveugles

Rector and Congregation
Praise ye the Lord;
The Lord's name be praised.

Ellen
Let this be a holiday,
Full of peace and quietness
While the treason of the waves
Glitters like love.

Storm and all its terrors are
Nothing to the heart's despair.
After the storm will come a sleep
Like oceans deep.

Choir
O all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord,
O ye Sun and Moon, bless ye the Lord,
O ye Winds of God, bless ye the Lord,
Praise Him and magnify Him for ever.
(Peter Grimes comes in excitedly from the harbour)
O ye Light and Darkness, bless ye the Lord
O ye Nights and Days, bless ye the Lord
O ye Lightnings and Clouds, bless ye the Lord
Praise Him and magnify Him for ever.

Peter
Come boy.

Ellen
Peter – what for?

Choir
O ye Wells, bless ye the Lord
O ye Seas and Floods, bless the Lord,
O ye Whales and all that move in the waters,
Praise Him and magnify Him for ever.

Peter
I've seen a shoal. I need his help.

Ellen
But if there were then all the boats
Would fast be launching.

Peter
I can see
The shoals to which the rest are blind.

P. Adams und Chor
Lobet den Herrn!
Sein Name sei gelobt!

Ellen
Doch heute hab du Feiertag,
Voller Frieden und Sicherheit.
Birgt auch das Glitzern der Wellen
Tücke und Betrug –

Sturm und seine Schrecken sind
Nichts, wenn nicht das Herz verzagt.
Und nach dem Sturm, da kommt ein Schlaf,
Wie's Meer so tief, wie's Meer so tief.

Chor
O all ihr Werke des Herrn, lobet den Herrn,
O ihr Sterne am Himmel, lobet den Herrn,
O ihr Winde vom Himmel, lobet den Herrn,
Preist ihn und rühmt seinen Namen auf ewig!
(Peter tritt auf.)
O du Licht und du Finsternis, lobet den Herrn,
O ihr Nächte und Tage, lobet den Herrn,
O ihr Blitze und Wolken, lobet den Herrn,
Preist ihn und rühmt seinen Namen auf ewig!

Peter
Komm, Jung!

Ellen
Peter – wozu?

Chor
O ihr Quellen, lobet den Herrn,
O ihr Meere und Fluten, lobet den Herrn,
O ihr Fische und alles, was lebt in Gewässern,
Preist ihn und rühmt seinen Namen auf ewig!

Peter
Der Fisch is dor! Der Jung muß mit!

Ellen
Wär'n Fische da,
Dann machten andre Boote auch klar.

Peter
Ich find den Fisch,
Wo andre blind und dumm sind.

Coro

Anche gli uccelli dell'aria lodino Lui;
tutte le bestie e le piante lodino Lui.
Ed i figli dell'uomo lodino Lui.
Lode e gloria a Lui in eterno.

Ellen

Oggi è il suo giorno di riposo.

Peter

È un giorno come un altro. Domenica!
Su, John! Su, John!

Ellen

Tutti i giorni lavorar,
senza posa faticar:
lava qui, spazza là, porta qua.
Tregua gli dà.

Peter

Su, John!

Ellen

Ma il contratto?

Peter

Contratto?

Ellen

I vostri patti.

Peter

Lo pago o no? Lascialo star, è mio!
E così sia in eterno.
Amen!

Ellen

Hush! hush, Peter! Peter!

Coro

Ed i servi di Dio lodino Lui;
ed i ricchi ed i poveri lodino Lui;
Anania, Azaria, Misael lodino Lui.
Lode e gloria a Lui in eterno.
Gloria eterna al Padre ed al Figlio e allo Spirito Santo.

Chœur

Vous, tous les oiseaux des airs, bénissez le Seigneur.
Vous, animaux sauvages et domestiques, bénissez le Seigneur.
Louez-le et glorifiez-le pour toujours.

Ellen

C'est dimanche, c'est son jour de repos.

Peter

C'est le jour que je veux!
Viens, petit!

Ellen

Vous avez pêché tous les deux la semaine entière,
nuit et jour, sans arrêt,
repeignant le bateau, réparant les filets, nettoyant le poisson.
Maintenant, laissez-le se reposer.

Peter

Viens, petit!

Ellen

Mais ce qui a été convenu...

Peter

Convenu?

Ellen

Son repos hebdomadaire.

Peter

C'est pour moi qu'il travaille. Laissez-le, il est à moi!

Ellen

Assez! Peter!

Chœur

Vous tous, serviteurs du Seigneur, bénissez le Seigneur.
Vous, les Saints et les humbles, bénissez le Seigneur.
Anasias, Azarias, Misael, bénissez le Seigneur.
Louez-le et glorifiez-le pour toujours.
Gloire au Père et au Fils et au Saint-Esprit, comme il était au commencement, maintenant et toujours, pour les siècles des siècles. Amen.

Choir

O all ye Fowls of the Air, bless ye the Lord,
O all ye Beasts and Cattle, bless ye the Lord,
O ye Children of Men, bless ye the Lord,
Praise Him and magnify Him for ever.

Ellen

This is a Sunday, his day of rest.

Peter

This is whatever day I say it is!
Come boy!

Ellen

You and John have fished all week,
Night and day without a break,
Painting boat, mending nets, cleaning fish,
Now let him rest.

Peter

Come boy!

Ellen

But your bargain...

Peter

My bargain?

Ellen

His weekly rest.

Peter

He works for me, leave him alone, he's mine.

Ellen

Hush, Peter, hush!

Choir

O ye Servants of the Lord, bless ye the Lord,
O ye holy and humble, bless ye the Lord,
Ananias, Azarias and Misael, bless ye the Lord,
Praise Him and magnify Him for ever.
As it was in the beginning is now and ever shall be,
World without end. Amen.
(The sound dies down. In church the lesson is being read)
(Ellen speaks to Peter, away from the boy)

Chor

O all ihr Vögel der Luft, lobet den Herrn,
O all ihr Tiere der Erde, lobet den Herrn,
O ihr Menschenkinder, lobet den Herrn,
Preist ihn und rühmt seinen Namen auf ewig!

Ellen

Heut ist ein Sonntag, sein Tag der Ruhe.

Peter

Was für ein Tag heut ist, bestimme ich!
Komm, Jung!

Ellen

Warst mit ihm die Woche durch
Fischen ohne Unterlaß –
Boot geteert, Netz geflickt, Tau gespleißt –
Nun laß ihn ruhn!

Peter

Komm, Jung!

Ellen

Doch dein Versprechen?

Peter

Versprechen?

Ellen

Sein Ruhetag.

Peter

Er werkt für mich, scher du dich nicht! Er ist mein!

Ellen

Ah! Still, Peter, still!

Chor

O ihr Knechte des Herrn, lobet den Herrn,
O ihr Heiligen und Demütigen, lobet den Herrn,
Ananias, Azarias, Misael, lobet den Herrn,
Preist ihn und rühmt seinen Namen auf ewig!
Ehre sei dem Vater und dem Sohne und dem heiligen Geiste,
wie es im Anfang war, jetzt ist und sein wird, vVon Ewigkeit zu
Ewigkeit. Amen!
*(In der Kirche verstummt der Chor, und es wird der
Bibelabschnitt gelesen. Ellen spricht, abseits des Jungen, mit
Peter.)*

Ellen
Quest'opra senza fin,
lavoro infaticabile,
qual premio ti promette
al tuo lungo penar?

Peter
Comprar per noi pace ed onor,
e libertà dal tormento
della calunnia.
Oh, credi in me: ci riuscirem!

Coro
Credo in Dio padre onnipotente,
creatore del cielo e della terra,
e in Gesù Cristo suo unico figliuolo concepito...

Ellen
Peter, dimmi una cosa:
come John s'è fatto questo livido?

Peter
E che ne ho da sapere?

Ellen
Oh, sei stato
troppo rigido con lui!
Peter, mi domando: si potranno i nostri sogni attuar?
Si potrà? Si potrà?

Peter
Non toccarmi così!
Non spero in altro amor che in te;
se mi mancassi tu... Ahimè!
(Ellen si scosta da lui con disperazione.)

Ellen
C'ingannavamo quando sognavamo
d'abitare insiem?

Peter
Che sognar!
che tentar!
vivere a che?
Solo morir!

Ellen
Ce travail incessant,
cette activité sombre, sans repos,
quel but, quel futur, quelle paix
acheterez-vous avec un profit si durement gagné?

Peter
Ils nous paieront un foyer, le respect,
ils nous libèreront
des sourires narquois, des racontars.
Faites-moi confiance, nous serons libres!

Chœur
Je crois en Dieu, le Père tout puissant,
qui a fait le ciel et la terre,
et en Jésus-Christ son fils unique notre Seigneur,
qui a été conçu...

Ellen
Peter, dites-moi un peu.
Où cet enfant s'est-il fait cette blessure?

Peter
Dans tout ce remue-ménage.

Ellen
Vous êtes trop dur
et trop brutal pour son âge!
Peter, avons-nous eu raison de faire tous ces projets?
Avons-nous eu raison?

Peter
Retirez votre main.
Mon seul espoir est en vous.
Si vous me l'enlevez, que me reste-t-il?

Ellen
Avons-nous eu tort de penser
donner un sens à votre vie par ce travail solitaire?

Peter
Tort de faire des projets!
Tort d'essayer!
Tort de vivre!
Raison de mourir!

Ellen
29 This unrelenting work,
This grey, unresting industry,
What aim, what future, what peace
Will your hard profits buy?

Peter
Buy us a home, buy us respect
And buy us freedom from pain
Of grinning at gossip's tales.
Believe in me, we shall be free!

Choir
I believe in God the Father Almighty,
Maker of heaven and earth:
And in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord,
Who was conceived...
(fades into background)

Ellen
Peter, tell me one thing, where
The youngster got that ugly bruise?

Peter
Out of the hurly burly!

Ellen
Oh, your ways
Are hard and rough beyond his days.
Peter, were we right in what we planned
To do? Were we right, were we right?

Peter
(roughly) Take away your hand.
(then quietly)
My only hope depends on you.
If you – take it away – what's left?
(Ellen moves unhappily away from him)

Ellen
Were we mistaken when we schemed
To solve your life by lonely toil?

Peter (In anger)
Wrong to plan?
Wrong to try?
Wrong to live?
Right to die?

Ellen
Die unabläßige Müß,
Die ruhelose Arbeitswut,
Wieviel Frieden, wieviel Glück
Kauft, was so du gewinnst?

Peter
Kauft uns ein Heim, kauft uns Respekt,
Und kauft uns los von dem Zwang.
Mit Schandmäulern freundlich zu tun.
Glaub du an mich! Wir werden frei!

Chor
Ich glaube an Gott, den Vater allmächtigen
Schöpfer des Himmels und der Erden,
Und an Jesum Christum, seinen Sohn,
Unsern Herrn, der empfangen...

Ellen
Peter, sag mir eins nur –
Wie der Junge zu der Schramme kam?

Peter
's gibt oft ein Holterpolter.

Ellen
Oh, du bist
zu hart und rau für seine Jahr!
Peter, war es recht, war es recht
Von uns, was wir geplant?

Peter
Nimm die Hand hinweg!
(Dann ruhiger.)
Die einzige Hoffnung ruht auf dir,
Nimmst du selbst sie mir nun – was bleibt?
(Ellen wendet sich traurig ab.)

Ellen
War's doch nur Täuschung, dir geläng's,
Durch harte Müß dich zu befreien?

Peter
Falsch der Plan?
Falsch das Ziel?
Falsch mein Leben?
Recht der Tod?

Ellen
C'ingannavamo quando speravamo un
limpido avvenir?

Peter
Che vincere!
che sperar!
Sempre il mondo
è contro noi!

Ellen
Peter, ahimè! Non si può...
Non v'è ricchezza al mondo
che alla calunnia metta fin.
C'ingannavamo quando abbiam... Peter!
Ahimè!... non si può...
(Peter, con un urlo come d'agonia, dà uno schiaffo ad Ellen, il
cui cesto da lavoro cade a terra.)

Coro (dalla chiesa)
Amen!

Peter
E va ben! Iddio abbia pietà!
(Peter spinge via il ragazzo, davanti a sè, furiosamente. Ellen
s'avvia nella direzione opposta, piangendo. Auntie, Ned Keene e
Boles, che sono stati a guardare, saltano fuori ad uno ad uno.)

Auntie
Oh! a tanto giungere!
Pietà sciupata per colui!

Keene
Che scintille negli occhi suoi!
Grimes svolge il suo compito!

Boles
Perchè teme che un giorno il Signor
lo castighi nel suo furor.

Auntie
Voi vedete tutto così.

Auntie, Boles e Keene
Grimes svolge il suo compito!

Ellen
Nous sommes-nous trompés quand nous avons rêvé
de nous en sortir tous ensemble?

Peter
Tort de combattre!
Tort d'espérer!
Et c'est encore le bourg
qui a raison!

Ellen
Peter! Vous ne pouvez pas acheter votre tranquillité,
tout le poisson de la mer
n'empêchera pas les commérages.
Nous avons eu tort de rêver...
Peter! C'est raté, c'est raté!
(Peter pousse un cri de douleur. Il frappe Ellen dont le panier
tombe à terre.)

Chœur
Amen.

Peter
Ainsi soit-il et Dieu ait pitié de moi.
(Peter fait sortir le gamin brutalement en le poussant, Ellen part
de l'autre côté en pleurant. Tantine, Ned Keene et Boles qui ont
regardé toute la scène, apparaissent un à un.)

Tantine
Quelle sottise d'en arriver là!
Gâcher sa compassion gaspiller ses larmes.

Keene
Vous avez vu cette lueur dans ses yeux!
Grimes recommence!

Boles
Ce qu'il craint, c'est que Dieu
le poursuive avec un glaive de feu!

Tantine
Encore une vision de fou...

Tous les trois
Grimes recommence!

Ellen
Were we mistaken when we dreamed
That we'd come through and all be well?

Peter
Wrong to struggle?
Wrong to hope?
Then the Borough's
Right again?

Ellen
Peter! You cannot buy your peace
You'll never stop the gossips' talk,
With all the fish from out the sea.
We were mistaken to have dreamed...
Peter! We've failed. We've failed.
(He cries out as if in agony, then strikes her. The basket
falls)

Choir (in church)
Amen.

Peter
So be it! – And God have mercy upon me!
(The boy runs from him. Peter follows. Ellen watches, then
goes out the other way)

(Behind closed doors and half-open windows neighbours
have been watching. Three now emerge. First Auntie, then
Ned Keene, finally Boles)

Auntie
Fool to let it come to this!
Wasting pity, squandering tears.

Ned
See the glitter in his eyes!
Grimes is at his exercise.

Boles
What he fears is that the Lord
Follows with a flaming sword.

Auntie
You see all through crazy eyes.

All
Grimes is at his exercise.

Ellen
War er nur Täuschung, unser Traum,
Es würde endlich alles gut?

Peter
Falsch, zu kämpfen?
Falsch, zu hoffen?
Hat der Ort
am Ende recht?

Ellen
Peter! Du kaufst dir Frieden nicht,
Die bösen Zungen schweigen nie,
Und fischtest du die See auch leer!
Er war nur Täuschung, unser Traum.
Peter! 's war falsch, 's war falsch!
(Peter schreit gequält auf und schlägt nach Ellen, deren
Nähkörbchen zu Boden fällt.)

(Tantjen, Keene und Boles tauchen nacheinander auf.)

Tantjen
Oh, nun hat sie das davon!
Mitleid, Tränen – welch ein Hohn!

Keene
Sitt de Düwel em in'n Leib,
Braucht hei sinen Zeitvertreib.

Boles
Fürchten muß er, daß ihn Gott
Mit dem Flammenschwert bedroht.

Tantjen
Prophezei du noch so viel –

Alle
Grimes treibt doch sein altes Spiel!

Boles

Questo gregge senza fren
non possiede più un pastor?

Auntie, Boles e Keene

Preti e guardie, tutti i chiesal
*(Il servizio sacro è finito e la gente si raccoglie a poco a poco
fuori la porta della chiesa.)*

Eccoli che arrivano.

Tutti quanti in procession,
pieni di compunzion.
Tutti al loro compito.

Auntie

Dottore!

Keene

Lasciatelo star!

Signora Sedley

Che c'è?

Keene

Niente, niente!

Signora Sedley

Durante il salmo udii vociar:
era Grimes e un altro ancor.

Boles

Mentre Dio state a adorar,
il diavolo qui viene a trescar!

Signora Sedley

Quel bimbo ancor maltrattò!

Balstrode

Grimes è un bravo pescator,
ed esperto del mestier.
Così è. Dimentichiamo
le calunnie e il mal.

Coro

Cosa c'è? Cosa c'è?

Boles

Où est le pasteur de ce troupeau?
Où est la houlette du berger?

Tous les trois

Le clergé, la justice, tous à l'église!
*(L'office est terminé et tout le monde se rassemble peu à peu
devant la porte de l'église.)*

Keene, Boles, Tantine

Maintenant c'est la parade dominicale.
On se prépare pour des péchés tout neufs.
Avec des airs pleins d'onction,
chacun retrouve sa vraie nature.

Tantine

Docteur!

Keene

Ne le mettez pas dans le coupl

Mrs Sedley

Qu'est-ce qui se passe?

Keene

Rien qui vous concerne!

Mrs Sedley

J'ai entendu deux voix pendant les psaumes.
Celle de Grimes et une autre, plus calme.

Boles

Pendant que vous adoriez vos idoles là-dedans,
le diable tenait son Sabbath dehors!

Mrs Sedley

Il a encore maltraité ce pauvre gamin!

Balstrode

Grimes sait prédire le temps et
connaît bien son métier.
Laissons-le tranquille.
Oublions ce que la calomnie peut inventer!

Chœur

Que se passe-t-il?

Boles

Where's the pastor of this flock?
Where's the guardian shepherd's hook?

All

Parson, lawyer, all at prayers.
*(The service is over and people gradually collect outside
the church door)*

Ned, Boles and Auntie

Now the church parade begins,
Fresh beginnings for fresh sins.
Ogling with a pious gaze,
Each one's at his exercise.
(Dr Crabbe comes first)

Auntie

Doctor!

Ned

Leave him out of it.

Mrs Sedley (coming from church)

What is it?

Ned

Private business.

Mrs Sedley

I heard two voices during psalms;
One was Grimes, and one more calm.

Boles

While you worshipped idols there
The Devil had his Sabbath here.

Mrs Sedley

Maltreating that poor boy again.

Balstrode

Grimes is weatherwise and skilled
In the practice of his trade.
Let him be, let us forget
What slander can invent.

Chorus

What is it?

Boles

Wo ist dieser Herde Hirt?
Wo der Mann, der hier regiert?
*(In der Kirche wird der Segen erteilt. Die Leute beginnen aus
der Kirche zu kommen und sammeln sich auf dem Platz.)*

Tantjen, Boles und Keene

Kaum der Segen ist erteilt,
Alles auf den Bummel eilt.
Gleich zu neuer Sünd bereit,
Äugelnd voller Frömmigkeit,
Find't ein jedes Zeitvertreib.
(Dr. Crabbe kommt als einer der ersten aus der Kirche.)

Tantjen

Doktor!

Keene

Laß ihn! Laß ihn man!

Mrs. Sedley (aus der Kirche kommend)

Was gib't's da?

Keene

Das geht uns nur an.

Mrs. Sedley

Mir war ganz so, als stritten zwei,
Grimes und auch 'ne Frau dabei.

Boles

Als beim Götzendienste ihr,
Hielt der Teufel Sabbat hier.

Mrs. Sedley

Mißhandelt wohl den armen Jung?

Balstrode

Grimes is 'n wetterkundger Mann
Und als Fischer wohlerfahrn.
Laßt ihn man! Vergessen sei,
Was nur Verleumdung war!

Chor

Wat is'n los?

Auntie, Boles e Keene
Che credete voi?
Grimes svolge il suo compito.

Coro
Che c'è? Che c'è? Che credete voi?
Grimes svolge il suo compito.

Un Avvocato
Sempre i gonzi hanno da far
a inventare crudeltà.

Swallow
E la legge appunto
va con cautela ad accusar.

Moglie d'un pescatore
Fatica il pescator,
né un uom solo basta.

Le Nipoti
Quando un uom non sa fare il suo mestier,
stia a cucinar.

Coro
Che c'è? Che c'è? Che credete voi?
Grimes svolge il suo compito.

Rettore
Ah, figli miei, qual peso è questo
del mio ministero pastoral.

Signora Sedley
Ma qual pericoloso articolo di fede,
l'anime uguali far!

Balstrode
Se i sussurri intorno van,
guai a chi ci casca.

Tantine, Boles, Keene
Qu'est-ce que vous croyez?
Grimes recommence!

Chœur
Que se passe-t-il? Qu'est-ce que vous croyez?
Grimes recommence!

Un homme de loi
Les faibles se justifient à leurs propres yeux
en inventant des actes cruels.

Swallow
Pourtant la loi
arrête ceux qui vont trop loin.

Une femme de pêcheur
Pêcher est un travail très solitaire.
Les hommes seuls n'ont pas la vie facile.

Les nièces
Si un homme ne peut pas travailler décentement
qu'il reste à terre.

Chœur
Que se passe-t-il? Qu'est-ce que vous croyez?
Grimes recommence!

Le Recteur
Mon troupeau! Ah! Qu'il me pèse
ce fardeau pastoral!

Mrs Sedley
Mais qu'elle est dangereux cette croyance qui prêche l'égalité
des âmes!

Balstrode
Si le bourg se met à jaser, quelqu'un en pâtira!

Auntie, Boles and Ned
What do you suppose?
Grimes is at his exercise.
*(As people come out two by two they circulate the village
green, singing their couplets as they reach the centre. First
come Swallow and a fellow lawyer)*

Chorus
What is it? What do you suppose?
Grimes is at his exercise.

Fellow Lawyer
Dullards build their self-esteem
By inventing cruelties.

Swallow
Even so, the law restrains
Too impetuous enterprise.

Fisherwoman
Fishing's a lonely trade
Single men have much to bear.

1st & 2nd Nieces
If a man's work cannot be made
Decent, let him stay ashore.

Chorus (overall)
What is it? What do you suppose?
Grimes is at his Exercise.
(Balstrode pauses by Ned as he walks round)

Rector
My flock – oh what a weight is this
My burden pastoral.

Mrs Sedley
But what a dangerous faith is this
That gives souls equality!

Balstrode
When the Borough gossip starts
Somebody will suffer.

Tantjen, Boles und Keene
Na, was glaubt ihr woll?
Grimes treibt's wieder einmal toll!
*(Immer mehr Leute kommen aus der Kirche und vergrößern die
Gruppe. – Zunächst Swallow und ein Berufskollege.)*

Chor
Wat is et? Na, wat glöwt ji wol?
Grimes, de driwt's man gor tau doll!

Zweiter Rechtsanwalt
Tröpfe stolz sind und sich freun,
Greuelmärchen auszustreun.

Swallow
Doch das Recht beschränkt bewußt
Zuviel Unternehmungslust.

Eine Fischersfrau
Hart gehts beim Fischen her,
Junggesellen haben's oft schwer.

Erste und zweite Nichte
So ein Mann, der nicht menschlich ist dabei,
Laß die Fischerei!

Chor
Wat is et? Na, wat glöwt ji wol?
Grimes, de driwt's man gor tau doll!

P. Adams
Gott weiß, wie drückend schwer
Mein Seelsorgamt oft auf mir liegt.

Mrs. Sedley
Gefährlich ist der Glaube,
Daß jede Seele gleich viel wiegt.

Balstrode
Wird das Klatschnest aufgestört,
Bleibt Vernunft ganz ungehört.

Coro
Che c'è? Che c'è? Che credete voi?
Grimes svolge il suo compito.

Boles
Ascoltatel... Nol... lo devo parlare!
Interessa a tutti voi.

Coro (*Gli abitanti del villaggio fanno cerchio intorno a Boles*)
Chi ne ha colpa, pagherà.
Il Borgo osserva la virtù. Eh?

Balstrode
Sciochezze!

Boles
Questo sistema dei mozzi
è barbaro, non cristiano.

Balstrode
Pure è quello che ci vuol
per i figli di nessun.

Boles
Dov'è il prete? dove andò?
È presente, oppur non c'è?
Il gregge suo abbandonò.

Coro
Dov'è il prete? Il prete?

Rettore
Ciò mi riguarda?

Boles
Vi riguarda?
ignorare che i peccati crescono,
salgono, vincono tutto?

Coro
Certo.

Chœur
Qu'y a-t-il? Qu'est-ce que vous croyez?
Grimes recommence! Grimes! Grimes!

Boles
Holà!... Non! Je parlerai!...
Cela vous concerne tous.

Chœur (*se rassemblant autour de Boles*)
Que le coupable soit puni!
Le bourg a des principes.

Balstrode
Orateur de carrefour!

Boles
Ce système des apprentis
n'est ni chrétien, ni civilisé.

Balstrode
C'est pourtant ce qui convient
à ces petits bâtards.

Boles
Où est le pasteur, tout de noir vêtu?
Est-il là? N'y est-il pas?
Pour guider son troupeau de pécheurs égarés?

Chœur
Où est le pasteur? Où est-il?

Le Recteur
Est-ce là mon affaire?

Boles
Votre affaire?
Vous laisseriez pousser le mal à votre porte
comme les fleurs de votre jardin?

Chœur
Le Mall

Chorus (*overall*)
What is it? What do you suppose?
Grimes is at his Exercise.
(*Balstrode pauses by Ned as he walks round*)
(*During the hubbub Boles climbs a little way up the steps of the Moot Hall*)

Boles
31 People –...No! I will speak!...
This thing here concerns you all.

Chorus (*crowding round Boles*)
Whoever's guilty gets the rap.
The Borough keeps its standards up

Balstrode
Tub-thumping.

Boles
This prentice system's
Uncivilised and unchristian.

Balstrode
Something of the sort befits
Brats conceived outside the sheets.

Boles
Where's the parson in his black?
Is he here or is he not,
To guide a sinful straying flock?

Chorus
Where's the parson?

Rector
Is it my business?

Boles
Your business to ignore
Growing at your door
Evils, like your fancy flowers?

Chorus
Evils!

Chor
Wat is et? Na, wat glöwt ji wol?
Grimes, de driwt's man gor tau doll!

Boles
Hört mich! Nein, ich schweig nicht!
Die Sach geht euch alle an.

Chor (*Die Menge sammelt sich um ihn.*)
Wer jümmer schuldich, kreicht sin Dank,
Dat Städtchen holt sin Wappen blank!

Balstrode
Hetzpredger!

Boles
Kinder so auszubeuten,
Ist unmenschlich, ist unchristlich!

Balstrode
Schon so lang die Welt besteht,
Bankerten 's nicht besser geht.

Boles
Holt den Pastor, holt ihn schnell!
Warum ist er nicht zur Stell,
Den Wolf zu weisen von der Schwell?

Chor
Wo 's de Paster? De Paster?

P. Adams
Ist's etwa meines Amts?

Boles
Ob's Eures Amts,
Ruhig zuzusehn,
Wie im Garten Euch
Bunt und geil die Sünde blüht?

Chor
Sündel

Rettore

Calma! ditemi che fu.
(Arriva Ellen, a raccogliere le sue cose.)

Auntie

Ellen, di', ho raccolto tutto qui.
Vieni da me.

Boles e coro

Ella può dir, Ellen Orford, Ellen Orford, Ellen Orford.
Lei lo sa, lei che l'aiutò!

Rettore

Ellen, di'!

Ellen

Cosa debbo dir?

Boles e coro

Parla in nome del Signor!

Le Recteur

Du calme, maintenant, et dites-mois ce dont il s'agit.
(Ellen vient ramasser ses affaires.)

Tantine

Ellen, mon enfant, j'ai ramassé vos affaires.
Entrez vous reposer.

Boles et le chœur

Elle peut vous le dire, Ellen Orford.
Elle l'a aidé dans ses jeux cruels!

Le Recteur

Ellen, je vous en prie!

Ellen

Que dois-je faire?

Boles et le chœur

Racontez tout, au nom du Seigneur!

Rector

Calm now! Tell me what it is.
(Ellen comes in. She is met by Auntie who has picked up
Ellen's abandoned basket and its contents)

Auntie

Ellen dear, see I've gathered
All your things. Come rest inside.

Boles and Chorus

She can tell you, Ellen Orford.
She helped him in his cruel games.

Rector (holding his hand up for silence)

Ellen, please.

Ellen

What am I to do?

Boles and Chorus

Speak out in the name of the Lord.

P. Adams

Still nun! Sagt mir, was es gibt!
(Ellen ist zurückgekommen, um ihr Nähkörbchen zu holen.
Tantjen, die es aufgelesen hat, geht ihr damit entgegen.)

Tantjen

Ellen, sieh, ich las deine Sachen auf.
Komm 'rein, ruh aus!

Boles und Chor

Sie kann's sagen, Ellen Orford,
Sie hilft bei seinem Zeitvertreib!

P. Adams (mit erhobener Hand Stille gebietend)

Ellen, bitte!

Ellen

Was nur soll ich tun?

Boles und Chor

Gesteh's uns im Namen des Herrn!

COMPACT DISC TWO**Ellen**

We planned that their lives should
Have a new start.
That I, as a friend could
Make the plan work
By bringing comfort where
Their lives were stark.

Rector

You planned to be worldly-wise
But your souls were dark.

Ellen

We planned this time to
Care for the boy;
To save him from danger
And hardship sore, and
Mending his clothes and giving him
Regular meals.

Ellen

Ganz neu beginnen
sollten die Zwei,
Und ich wollt ihnen
helfen so gern –
Ein wenig lindern ihr Leben
der Müh und Gefahr.

P. Adams

Vergeblich ist's, weltklug zu sein,
Wenn die Seele nicht rein.

Ellen

Dem Jung sollt's diesmal
besser ergehn.
Daß allzuviel Härte
ihm bliebe erspart –
Und wärmende Kleidung
Und reichliche Nahrung er hätt.

Ellen

La vita volemmo
ricominciar,
ed io aiutarli
nel nuovo cammin,
portando il conforto
d'un po' di bontà e d'amor.

Rettore

Se l'anima è nera,
saggezza mondana non val.

Ellen

Volemmo il ragazzo
curar con pietà.
Da rischi e malanni
tenerlo lontan.
Cucire i suoi panni, nutrirlo
come a un bimbo convien.

Ellen

Nous avions l'intention de leur faire prendre
un nouveau départ,
moi, amicalement,
j'y aurais contribué
en apportant un peu de réconfort
dans le désert de leur vie.

Le Recteur

Vos intentions étaient sages,
mais vos âmes bien noires!

Ellen

Nous devions cette fois
veiller sur le gamin...
Pour lui épargner le danger
et les peines...
Et raccommoder ses vêtements
et lui donner à manger régulièrement.

Signora Sedley
Per quel che importa a voi
del povero ragazzo!

Boles
Ma che rischi, che malanni:
assassinio!

Keene
E allora il farmacista
che starebbe a fare?

Nipoti
Voi altri lo curate
con le bastonate.

Auntie
Voleste tenerlo lontano
dai rischi e dal mal.

Balstrode
Pensate ai fatti vostri
e a quel che vi riguarda.

Hobson
Pietà per lui!

Swallow
La cura del corpo non val,
se nell'anima è il mal!

Ellen
Abbiate pietà di chi volle portar
un'anima oscura alla luce del sol.

Ellen, Auntie, Balstrode
O cuori di sasso.

Coro
Chi ci svergogna pagherà.
Il Borgo osserva la virtù.

Tutti e coro (meno Ellen, Auntie e Balstrode):
Ah, ah! Ah, ah! Ah, ah! Che carità!
Bottel! Ah, ah! Ah, ah! Ah, ah!
Che gentilezza e pietà!
Bottel!

Mrs Sedley
Comme si l'apprenti
et son bien-être vous importaient!

Boles
Appelez ça danger, ou peine,
et pourquoi pas meurtre, tout simplement?

Keene
mais grâce à certains cœurs durs,
même les charlatans peuvent s'enrichir!

Les nièces
Vous recommandiez peut-être ses vêtements,
mais il travaillait tant qu'il n'avait plus que la peau sur les os!

Tantine
Vous agissiez seulement par gentillesse,
pour chasser la peur.

Balstrode
De quoi vous mêlez-vous, mauvaises langues?
Cela ne vous regarde pas!

Hobson
Ayez pitié du gamin!

Swallow
Vous vouliez guérir des âmes malades
en soignant des corps!

Ellen
Ayez pitié de ceux qui tentent de conduire à la lumière
une vie de ténébres.

Ellen, Tantine, Balstrode
Cœur de pierre!

Chœur
Qui n'est pas avec nous sera puni,
le bourg à ses principes!

Tous (sauf Ellen, Tantine et Balstrode)
Ah! Ah! Par gentillesse!
Assassins!
Ah! Ah! par gentillesse et pour rendre service!
Assassins!

Mrs Sedley
O little care you for the prentice
Or his welfare!

Boles
Call it danger, call it hardship
Or plain murder!

Ned
But thanks to flinty hearts
Even quacks can make a profit!

Nieces
Perhaps his clothes you mended
But you work his bones bare!

Auntie
You meant just to be kind
And avert fear!

Balstrode
You interfering gossips, this
Is not your business!

Hobson
Pity the boy!

Swallow
You planned to heal sick souls
With bodily care.

Ellen
O pity those who try to bring
A shadowed life into the sun.

Ellen, Auntie and Balstrode
O Lord, hard hearts!

Chorus
Who lets us down must take the rap;
The Borough keeps its standards up.

Omnes (without Ellen, Auntie and Balstrode)
Tried to be kind!
Murder!
Tried to be kind and to help!
Murder!

Mrs. Sedley
Ach, wenig lag euch an
des Jungen Wohlfahrt.

Boles
Schweigt von Mühe, von Gefahr!
Er ist ein Mörder!

Keene
Wenn's Herz versteint, dann macht
Draus Gold der Apotheker.

Erste und zweite Nichte
Den Rock geflickt vielleicht,
Dafür den Leib geschunden.

Tantjen
Du meinstest's gut
Und wolltest gewiß nur das Best.

Balstrode
Was mischt ihr euch
In fremde Angelegenheiten!
Was geht es euch an?
Kehrt lieber erst vor eurer Türe!

Hobson
Mitleid mit ihm!
Habt Mitleid mit dem Jung!

Swallow
Den Leib gepflegt vielleicht,
Doch die Seele blieb krank.

Ellen
Habt Mitleid mit ihm, der's ehrlich versucht
Und strebt aus dem Dunkel ins Sonnenlicht.

Ellen, Auntie und Balstrode
O harte Herzen.

Chor
Wer jümmer schuldich, kreicht sin Dank,
Dat Städtchen holt sin Wappen blank!

Alle (außer Ellen, Tantjen und Balstrode)
Hat's gut gemeint!
Mörder!
Het's gaut gemeent un holp
een Mörder!

Rettore
Swallow, qui bisogna andare su da Grimes!

Swallow
S'agita già la gente!

Rettore
Balstrode, anche voi vogliam.

Balstrode
Per me, è tempo perso.

Rettore
Vorrei che voi veniste.

Signora Sedley
A che serve dubitar, se la prova abbiám?
Io ce l'ho!

Nipoti, Keene, Hobson e Coro
Il peggio ancora è da scoprir!

Swallow
(respigando le Nipoti):
Vi prego, le donne e i bimbi no!

Boles *(respigando le Nipoti rozzamente):*
Restate a casa, ciò non è per voi!

Rettore
Mister Swallow! Dunque andiam.

Swallow
Col tamburo da' il segnal:
convoca il Borgo a andar da Grimes.

Coro
Andiam da Grimes!
Da Grimes andiam!
(Hobson suona il tamburo e gli uomini si allineano dietro Swallow e il Rettore. Ellen, Auntie e le Nipoti rimangono in disparte e Balstrode esita.)

Signora Sedley, Boles, Rettore, Swallow e Coro
Ora saprem la verità,
ora la prova si farà.
La calunnia svanirà.
solo il vero splenderà.

Le Recteur
Swallow, si nous allons trouver Grimes dans sa cabane?

Swallow
La foule s'échauffe.

Le Recteur
Balstrode, j'aimerais que vous veniez!

Balstrode
Je vous préviens, nous perdons notre temps.

Le Recteur
Je souhaite quand même votre présence.

Mrs Sedley
Les suspects sont loin de se douter
que j'ai des preuves, des indices!

Le chœur
Nous allons maintenant découvrir le pire!

Swallow *(s'adressant rudement aux nièces)*
Pas de nattes ni de jupons, s'il vous plaît!

Boles *(repoussant les nièces)*
Retournez dans le ruisseau! Ne vous mêlez pas de ça!

Le Recteur
Seulement les hommes, les femmes restent.

Swallow
Hobson, allez chercher le tambour!
Rassemblez tout le bourg et en route pour la cabane de Grimes.

Le chœur
A la cabane de Grimes!
A la cabane de Grimes!
(Hobson bat du tambour et les hommes se rangent derrière Swallow et le Recteur. Ellen, Tantine et les Nièces restent de côté, et Balstrode s'attarde, hésite.)

Maintenant les ragots vont être à l'épreuve de la vérité.
Maintenant les rumeurs vont s'écrouler,
ou bien, portées par le vent,
elles vont balayer tout le pays de leurs cris et de leur fureur.

Rector
2 Swallow – shall we go and see Grimes in his hut?

Swallow
Popular feeling's rising.

Rector
Balstrode, I'd like you to come.

Balstrode
I warn you we shall waste our time.

Rector
I'd like your presence just the same.

Mrs Sedley
Little do the suspects know,
I've the evidence. I've a clue.

Chorus
Now we will find out the worst.

Swallow *(points to the Nieces who join the crowd)*
No ragtail no bobtail if you please.

Boles *(pushes them away)*
Back to the gutter – and keep out of this.

Rector
Only the men, the women stay.

Swallow
Carter Hobson, fetch the drum.
Summon the Borough to Grimes's hut.

Chorus
To Grimes's hut!
To Grimes's hut!
(Hobson sounds the drum and the men line up behind Swallow, Rector and Mrs. Sedley. Balstrode lags behind. Behind them come the rest of the crowd)

Chorus
3 Now is gossip put on trial,
Now the rumours either fail
Or are shouted in the wind
Sweeping furious through the land.

P. Adams
Swallow, gehn wir hin und fragen wir Grimes selbst?

Swallow
Sicherlich gärt's bedenklich.

P. Adams
Balstrode, ich wollt, Ihr kämt mit.

Balstrode
Ich sag's euch, 's ist verlorne Müh.

P. Adams
Wär mir doch lieb, Ihr kämt mit uns.

Mrs. Sedley
Ahnten die Verbrecher nur,
Ich hab Beweise hier, hab 'ne Spur!

Chor
Nu warn wi sülm sehn, wat dor is!

Swallow *(die Nichten zurückweisend, die sich der Menge anschließen wollen)*
Nicht Krethi und Plethi, wohlgemerkt!

Boles *(die Nichten grob zurückstoßend)*
Zurück in die Gosse! Ihr bleibt hier von wegl!

P. Adams
Nur die Männer, die Frauen nicht!

Swallow
Hobson, holt die Trommel her!
Trommelt im Ort aus: Es geht zu Grimes!

Chor
Tau Grimes sin Kat!
(Hobson schlägt die Trommel, und hinter ihm ordnen sich die Männer zu einem Zug, dem Balstrode sich zögernd anschließt.)

Chor
Jetzt wird bald sich's offenbarn,
Jetzt soll es die Welt erfahren,
Wenn die Schwätzer sind im Recht;
Sind sie's nicht, geht's ihnen schlecht!

Chi incauto chiacchierò,
tremi, chè scoperto si vedrà!
Noi saremo senza pietà
per qualunque peccator!

Ora la cruda realtà
il colpevol ci dirà,
e d'eterno disonor
portò un marchio il peccator.
Ora...

(Ellen, Auntie e le Nipoti rimangono sconolate sulla scena vuota.)

Nipoti
Qui a casa... Ma sì, che vadano!
Vadano solo uomini!

Auntie
Torneranno da noi,
perchè non sanno star senza donne.

Tutti
Vuoi sorridere o vuoi piangere,
o aspettar che dormano?

Auntie
Si rifugiano da noi quando stanchi son,
per dimenticare e dormire!

Nipoti
Poi la mattina se ne van,
sì, fischiano un canzon.
Da quel dì, chi li rivede più?

Ellen
Nell'uom del nostro cuor
scorgiamo sol l'aspetto eroico!

Tutti
Vuoi sorridere o vuoi piangere,
o aspettar che dormano?

Ellen
Son fanciulli nel soffrir,
e le madri dobbiam far,
e conservare
nel cuore il tesoro del loro amor.

C'est maintenant que les menteurs vont trembler,
car nous allons savoir s'ils nous trompent!
Nous allons frapper, et frapper à mort,
la calomnie ou le péché!

Maintenant nous allons connaître les médisants,
face à la vérité.
Apportez fer rouge et couteau,
nous allons en décider pour toujours!
(Tantine, les nièces et Ellen demeurent.)

Les nièces
Dans le ruisseau! Pourquoi
prêter l'oreille à ces grossièretés?

Tantine
Devrions-nous avoir honte
de consoler les hommes de la laideur du monde?

Tous
Faut-il rire? Faut-il pleurer?
ou attendre tranquillement qu'ils s'endorment?

Tantine
Quand souffle la tempête, ils viennent s'abriter ici
et nous apaisons leurs craintes.

Les nièces
Nous savons qu'ils partiront en sifflant le beau temps venu
et qu'ils prendront la mer!

Ellen
Sur l'agenda des hommes,
nous ne figurons qu'aux jours sombres!

Toutes
Faut-il rire? Faut-il pleurer?
ou attendre tranquillement qu'ils s'endorment?

Ellen
Ce sont des enfants quand ils pleurent,
nous sommes leurs mères dans le chagrin.
Il faut apprendre à nos cœurs à conserver
l'amer trésor de leur amour.

Now the liars shiver, for
Now if they've cheated we shall know:
We shall strike and strike to kill
At the slander or the sin.

Now the whisperers stand out
Now confronted by the fact.
Bring the branding iron and knife:
What's done now is done for life.
(The crowd has gone. Auntie, Nieces and Ellen remain)

Nieces
4 From the gutter, why should we
Trouble at their ribaldries?

Auntie
And shall we be ashamed because
We comfort men from ugliness?

All
Do we smile or do we weep
Or wait quietly till they sleep?

Auntie
When in storm they shelter here
And we soothe their fears away.

Nieces
We know they'll whistle their good-byes
Next fine day and put to sea.

Ellen
On the manly calendar
We only mark heroic days.

All
Do we smile or do we weep
Or wait quietly till they sleep?

Ellen
They are children when they weep;
We are mothers when they strive.
Schooling our own hearts to keep
The bitter treasure of their love.

Jetzt wird den Verleumdern bang,
Jetzt verziehen wir nicht lang,
Schlagen Sünde in den Grund,
Schlagen Lüge auf den Mund!

Jetzt den Sündern gnade Gott,
Jetzt den Lügner Schand und Spott!
Brandstock bringt und Messer her,
Ihre Spur vergeht nie mehr!
(Der Zug verläßt die Bühne. Ellen, Tanten und die Nichten bleiben niedergeschlagen zurück.)

Beide Nichten
Aus der Gosse wir, was sollt uns
Grämen ihre Ruppigkeit?

Tanten
Und ist's uns denn zur Schand, daß wir
Ihr Trost in all der Häßlichkeit?

Alle vier
Lächeln wir, weinen wir nun
Oder warten wir, bis sie ruhn?

Tanten
Bergen sie vorm Sturm sich hier,
Um von Angst sich zu befreien,

Beide Nichten
Allzugut dann wissen wir,
Schon beim ersten Sonnenschein werden wir verlassen sein.

Ellen
Auf dem Mannskalender sehn
Wir immer nur die Heldentag.

Alle
Lächeln wir, weinen wir nun
Oder warten wir, bis sie ruhn?

Ellen
Packt sie Ehrgeiz, sind sie Kind,
Wir sind Mütter, fühl'n sie Leid,
Schulen das törichte Herz,
Wie's den bitteren Schatz ihrer Liebe bewahr.

Tutti

Vuoi sorridere o vuoi piangere,
o aspettar che dormano?

Sipario lentamente

Interludio IV

Scena Seconda

La capanna di Grimes (un'imbarcazione rovesciata, con un uscio aperto, a sinistra, verso il sentiero che viene dal Borgo, e un altro, verso il fondo, aperto sopra il dirupo, con un sentiero che scende al mare), un po' più tardi in quella stessa mattina. Il ragazzo incespica attraverso l'uscio di sinistra, come se fosse stato proiettato dall'interno. Segue Peter, furibondo.)

Peter

Va' va'! Filal! Va'! Va'!

Gli stivali!

Leva via quei fermagli dai tuoi piè!

(Getta al ragazzo gli stivaloni da marinaio.)

To' il mantello, il berretto! Sveglia, su!

Si deve andare.

Il maglione che lei fece,
con quest'ancora su, vedi?

(getta gli abiti al ragazzo; essi cadono in terra attorno a lui. (il ragazzo piange in silenzio, e Peter lo scrolla)

Ti strapperò di dosso i panni!

Forza! Non temere! Basta!

(Peter va alla porta sul precipizio, l'apre e guarda fuori)

Sul! Ora tocca a te! Ribolle il mare!

Piglia le reti!

Vieni!

Badate al denaro,

voi maldicenti!

Sempre denaro,

sole denaro!

Vo' il mare asciugar,

inondare il mercato.

Non lasceremo

Toutes

Faut-il rire? Faut-il pleurer?

ou attendre tranquillement qu'ils s'endorment?

Interlude IV

Scène II

La cabane de Peter Grimes: un bateau retourné. Une porte à gauche ouvre sur le chemin du bourg, et une autre, au fond et au centre, donne sur la falaise qui surplombe la mer. Plus tard, le même matin. Le gamin entre par la porte du sentier, en titubant, comme si on l'avait poussé. Peter le suit, en fureur.

Peter

Allez!

Voilà tes bottes! Enlève-moi

ces chaussures à boucles ridicules!

Voilà ton ciré et ton suroît!

Grouille toi, on se prépare!

Voilà le pull qu'elle t'a tricoté,

avec l'ancre qu'elle a brodée!

(Il jette les vêtements à l'enfant. Ils jonchent le sol. Le gamin

pleure en silence et Peter le secoue.)

J'arracherai ce sol de ton cou.

Calme-toi, n'aie pas peur, petit, arrête!

(Il va ouvrir la porte qui donne sur la falaise et regarde dehors)

Regarde, voilà notre chance!

Toute la mer bouillonne! Prends les filets!

Allez! petit!

Elles n'écoutent que l'argent,

ces mauvaises langues du bourg,

rien que

l'argent.

Je vais raffer tous les poissons

et inonder le marché.

Voilà notre chance de faire une grosse pêche,

de gagner assez d'argent

All

Do we smile or do we weep

Or wait quietly till they sleep?

Curtain

5 Interlude IV

Scene Two

(Grimes's hut is an upturned boat. It is on the whole shipshape, though bare and forbidding. Ropes coiled, nets, kegs and casks furnish the place. It is lighted by a skylight. There are two doors, one (back centre) opens on the cliff, the other (downstage) opens on the road. The Boy staggers into the room as if thrust from behind. Peter follows, in a towering rage. He pulls down the Boy's fishing clothes which are neatly stacked on a shelf)

Peter

6 Go there!

Here's your sea boots. Take those bright

And fancy buckles off your feet.

(He throws the sea boots down in front of the boy)

There's your oilskin and sou-wester.

Stir your pins, we must get ready!

There's the jersey that she knitted,

With the anchor that she patterned.

(He throws the clothes to the Boy. They fall on the floor around him. The Boy is crying silently. Peter shakes his shoulder)

I'll tear the collar off your neck.

Steady. Don't take fright, boy. Stop.

(Peter opens the cliff-side door and looks out)

Look! Now is our chance!

The whole sea's boiling. Get the nets.

Come, boy!

7 They listen to money,

These Borough gossips,

Listen to money,

Only to money,

I'll fish the sea dry,

Flood the market.

Alle

Lächeln wir, weinen wir nun

Oder warten wir bis sie ruhn?

Vorhang

Interlude IV

2. Bild

Peters Hütte ist ein umgestürztes großes Boot, im ganzen ordentlich und sauber gehalten, aber kahl und düster. Die Einrichtung besteht zumeist aus Tauwerksrollen, Netzen, Heringsfäßchen und Tonnen. Zwei Türen, die eine (Mitte hinten), zu der zwei oder drei Holzstufen hinaufführen, ist aus der Bordwand geschnitten und geht auf den Klippenrand, die andere (rechts hinten), im Heck des Boots, auf den Weg, der vom Städtchen heraufführt. Der Junge stolpert durch die Türe rechts herein, als hätte er einen Stoß erhalten. Peter folgt ihm, in höchstem Zorn, und reißt die Fischerkleidung des Jungen von einem Wandbord herab, auf dem sie säuberlich geschichtet lag.

Peter

Man taul! Man taul!

Hier sünt de Stiebl! Weg de Schuh,

De Tändelschuh und dummen Schalln!

(Er wirft dem Jungen die Seestiefel hin.)

Hier 's din Oiltüch un Südwester!

Nu man tau, wi hebbt dat ihlig!

Hier 's din Jumper, den sie stricke,

Mit dem Anker, den sie stickte.

(Er wirft dem Jungen Kleidungsstücke zu; sie fallen rings um ihn zu Boden. Der Junge weint still vor sich hin, Peter faßt ihn an der Schulter und schüttelt ihn heftig.)

Ik riet di noch den Rock von 'n Lief!

Stetig! So 'ne Bangbüx! Stopp!

(Peter geht zur hintern Tür, öffnet sie und sieht hinaus.)

Kuk! Nu 's unse Schanz!

De See is voll Fisch.

Bring de Netz! Komm, Jung!

Sie achten das Geld nur,

Die lieben Nachbarn

Achten das Geld nur,

Einzig das Geld nur.

Ich fisch die See leer.

De wärn kuken!

un pesce nel mar!
Denaro, se è questo che ci vuol...
Poi mi farò la casa
e la bottega.
Sposerò Ellen, sì, sposerò Ellen.
Sì... Vial...

(Si volta a vedere il ragazzo che siede timidamente sul rotolo di cordami, gli strappa di dosso la giacca e gli getta il maglione)
Prendi su, ragazzo.
Scendiamo in mar!
(Peter dà al ragazzo una spinta, che lo sbatte per terra. Egli resta a giacere, singhiozzando pietosamente.)

In sogno ho visto la nostra casa,
calda e sicura in una calma d'oro.
Non più timore là, non più uragan.

In quella casa lei riposerà,
I giorni duri dimenticherà,
tutta dolcezza di felicità.

L'intera sapienza di tutti i libri
non vale la saggezza
del nostro amor. Ricchezza ugual il mondo non ebbe mai.

Io vidi in ciel la nostra vita un dì.
Frutta nel giardino, bimbi nel cortil,
la bianca soglia della casa e d'una donna l'amor!

Ma il sogno stesso uccide ciò che creò.
Già morte dita avanzano a stracciarlo.
Ah! quelle voci che non voglion tacer!

Senti: la terra
non ha rifugio per noi,
per abitarvi noi, soltanto noi.
(Si ode molto distante il tamburo di Hobson, alla testa del corteo del Borgo, che avanza verso la capanna. Peter non vi fa caso.)
(A volte vedo quel ragazzo qui.
Eccolo!... Lo vedo!... È qui!
I suoi occhi stanno su di me; come in quel dì.

Smetti di piangere! Acqua?
Non c'è più acqua! L'ultima te l'ho data ieri.

pour étouffer les rumeurs dans leurs gosiers!
Je m'établirai
avec une maison et un foyer,
j'épouserai
Ellen, je...
(Il se retourne et voit le gamin toujours assis sur le rouleau de cordes, lui arrache sa veste et lui lance le tricot)
Ote ta veste! Enfile ton tricot!
Nous levons l'ancre, mon petit!
(Il donne une bourrade au gamin qui tombe par terre et y reste, sanglotant, misérable)

En rêve, j'ai construit une maison plus chaleureuse,
chaude à mon cœur et toute dorée de quiétude,
où il n'y aura plus ni frayer ni tempêtes.

Et elle oubliera vite ses manières de maîtresse d'école,
elle oubliera le travail de ces jours épuisants
car je l'envelopperai de tendresse comme la brume de
septembre.

Les savants ne peuvent pas trouver dans les livres qu'ils lisent
plus de sagesse que nous n'en amasserons derrière notre
porte.
À côté de nous, le riche paraîtra pauvre.

J'ai vu dans les étoiles, la vie que nous pourrions mener
ensemble:
un jardin plein de fruits, des enfants sur la rive,
un seuil tout peint en blanc, et la tendresse d'une femme.

Mais le rêve échaffaude ce que le rêve peut détruire.
Des doigts de mort se tendent et détruisent tout.
J'entends ces voix, que rien ne peut faire taire.

Elles crient: il n'est pas pierre
au cœur de la terre qui puisse te bâtir une maison
où tu trouverais la paix.
(On entend le tambour de Hobson dans le lointain, mais Peter ne remarque encore rien.)

Parfois, je vois ce gamin dans cette cabane,
les yeux fixés sur moi comme en ce jour de malheur,
dans le port tranquille et profond.

Now is our chance to get a good catch,
Get money to choke
Down rumour's throat.
I will set up
With house and home and shop.
I'll marry Ellen,
I'll...
(He turns to see the Boy sitting on the rope coil, weeping.
He tears off his coat and throws the jersey at him)
Coat off! Jersey on! My boy,
We're going to sea!
(The Boy is still weeping)
(He gives the Boy a shove, which knocks him over; he lies sobbing miserably. Peter changes tone and breaks into another song)

In dreams I've built myself some kindlier home,
Warm in my heart and in a golden calm,
Where there'll be no more fear and no more storm.

And she will soon forget her schoolhouse ways,
Forget the labour of those weary days,
Wrapped round in kindness like September haze.

The learned at their books have no more store
Of wisdom than we'd close behind our door.
Compared with us the rich man would be poor.

I've seen in stars the life that we might share:
Fruit in the garden, children by the shore.
A whitened doorstep, and a woman's care.

But dreaming builds what dreaming can disown.
Dead fingers stretch themselves to tear it down.
I hear those voices that will not be drowned

Calling, there is no stone
In earth's thickness to make a home,
That you can build with and remain alone.
(Hobson's drum, at the head of the Borough procession, can be heard very distantly coming towards the hut. Peter doesn't notice)

Sometimes I see that boy here in this hut.
He's there now, I can see him, he is there!
His eyes are on me as they were that evil day.

Nu 's unse Schanz! Dat wärt mal een Fang!
Nu stopf ich den Schwätzer
Endlich 's Maul.
Grimes, der schafft's doch!
Mit Haus und Heim und Lad'n
Ich heirat Ellen,
Ich...
(Er wendet sich um und sieht den Jungen noch immer weinend auf einer Tauwerksrolle sitzen, zerrt ihm den Rock von den Schultern und greift nach dem zu Boden gefallen Jumper.)
Rock aus! Jumper an!
Min Jung, wi gahn in See!
(In seinem Eifer gibt Peter dem Jungen einen gutgemeinten Schubbs, der aber viel zu kräftig ausfällt, so daß der Junge stürzt und kläglich schluchzend liegen bleibt.)

Im Traume baut' ich mir ein schöner's Heim,
Voll Wärme, voll Zufriedenheit und Ruh;
Dort gib't's dann keine Furcht und keinen Sturm.

Von ihrer Schulmanier ließ' sie dort bald,
Und sie vergaß alle Müh und Plag,
Umhüllt von Güte wie von Spätherbsthauch.

In Büchern gib't's an Weisheit auch nicht mehr,
Als unter unserm Dach zu finden wär,
Und gegen uns wär'n alle Reichen arm.

Die Sterne zeigten mir, wie's könnte sein:
Obstbaum im Garten, Kinder auf dem Strand,
Und drin die Sorgfalt einer Frauenhand.

Doch Träumen baut, was Träumen kann zerstörn,
Und Totenfinger strecken sich danach,
Und immer muß ich Stimmen rufen hörn:

Es gibt, so rufen sie, nicht einen Stein
Im ganzen Erdenrund, mit dem ein Heim
Du bauen könntest, wo du bliebst allein!
(Man hört ganz fern den Klang von Hobsons Trommel, hinter der sich der Zug aus dem Städtchen der Hütte nähert. Peter jedoch vernimmt sie noch nicht.)

Manchmal seh ich den andern Jung vor mir –
Hier in der Hütte – auch jetzt – er ist da!
Und seine Augen sehn mich an, ganz so wie an dem Tag!

Saremo presto a casa!
Nel porto calm e profondo.
(il tamburo suona più forte.)

Coro (fuori scena):
Ora! Ora!
(Peter si alza e va rapidamente alla porta.)

Peter
Quale procession vien su?
Keene e Swallow vengon qui.
Ahl maledett!
Con le dannate chiacchiere!
Menzogne su menzogne.
Il Borgo intero sale qui.
Mi cerca, mi vuole! me! me! me!
Oh, non le temo, li farò
tutti quanti scappar.
Vedremo, vedremo: Grimes, olà! Grimes, olà!

Coro (fuori scena):
La calunnia svanirà,
solo il vero splenderà,

Peter
E tu stai lì a guardar,
e sei la causa del mio mal.
Questi occhi tuoi mi fissano
con lo sguardo di quel morto!
Via di lì!
o ti farò danzar!
Su, svelto! Su, svelto! Svelto!
(Il ragazzo salta su e comincia a transinare reti e cordami
attraverso la porta che dà sul precipizio.)

Coro
Ora! il colpevol ci dirà...
E d'eterno disonor
porti un marchio il peccator!

Cesse de gémir, petit! de l'eau?
Il n'y a plus d'eau... Tu as bu le reste hier.
Bientôt, tu seras à la maison.
Dans un port tranquille et profond.

Chœur
C'est maintenant! C'est maintenant!
(Il se lève et va précipitamment vers la porte)

Peter
Quelle est cette étrange procession?
Le pasteur et Swallow qui approchent!
Attends! Tu auras parlé!
Toi et cette putain auront parlé!
Quels mensonges avez-vous dits?
Tout le bourg escalade la falaise
pour m'avoir! Mo! Mais je n'ai pas peur!
Je les renverrai d'une chiquenaude!
Je vais leur faire voir. Grimes ohè! Grimes ohè!

Chœur
... ou portées, par le vent, balayer tout le pays de leurs cris et
de leur fureur! C'est maintenant!

Peter
Tu restes là assis à me regarder,
et tout est de ta faute.
Tes yeux, comme les siens,
me fixent comme ceux d'un idiot!
Vas-tu bouger,
ou faut-il que je te fasse danser?
(Le gamin saute sur ses pieds et se met à ramasser des filets
qu'il traîne par la porte qui donne sur la falaise.)

Chœur
Maintenant face à la vérité.
Apportez fer rouge et couteau,
nous allons en décider pour toujours.

Stop moaning boy. Water?
There's no more water. You had the last yesterday.
You'll soon be home
In harbour still and deep.
*In the distance can be heard the song of the neighbours
coming up the hill)*

Chorus (off)
Now! Now!...
(Peter rises, goes quickly to the street door and looks out)

Peter
There's an odd procession here,
Parson and Swallow coming near,
(Suddenly he turns on the Boy, who doesn't move)
Wait! You've been talking.
You and that bitch were gossiping.
What lies have you been telling?
The Borough's climbing up the hill,
To get me. Me! Oh, I'm not scared!
I'll send them off with a flea in their ear.
I'll show them. Grimes ahoy!

Chorus (off)
... Or are shouted in the wind
Sweeping furious through the land.

Peter
You sit there watching me
And you're the cause of everything.
Your eyes, like his are watching me
With an idiot's drooling gaze.
Will you move
Or, must I make you dance?
(The Boy jumps up and begins dragging nets and other
tackle up through the cliff door)

Chorus (off)
Now confronted by the fact.
Bring the branding iron and knife:
What's done now is done for life.

Stöhn nicht so, Jung! Wasser?
's ist keins mehr da. Das letzte hast gestern 'trunken.
Bist jetzt bald daheim –
Im Hafen, still und tief.
(Die Trommel ist lauter geworden; auch Gesang wird
vernehmbar.)

Chor
Jetzt! – Jetzt!
(Peter geht schnell zur Tür und sieht auf die Straße hinaus.)

Peter
Was will der sonderbare Zug?
Der Pastor und Swallow sind schon nah.
(Peter wendet sich jäh gegen den Jungen.)
Wart! Hast geplappert!
Du und das Weibsbild habst getratscht!
Wer weiß, was du erzählt hast?
Der ganz Ort den Weg herauf –
Mich fangen, mich, mich? Oh! Ich fürcht mich nicht!
Ich schick sie heim mit een Floh in' Ohr.
Na wartet! Na wartet! Grimes ahoy!

Chor (hinter der Szene)
... Schlagen Sünde in den Grund,
Schlagen Lüge auf den Mund...

Peter
Da sitzt du – starrst mich an!
Und du der Grund von alledem!
Genau wie er, so siehst mich an,
Mit denselben blöden Oogn.
Wird's nu bald?
Muß ich dir Beine machen?
(Der Junge springt auf und beginnt, Netze und anderes Zeug
herbeizuschleppen und an der Hintertür aufzuhäufen.)

Chor (hinter der Szene)
Jetzt den Lügner Schand und Spott!
Brandstock bringt und Messer her!
Ihre Spur vergeht nie mehr.

Peter

Di qua è la vie per il mar.
Scendi il colle e non tardar:
la barca è là,
legata in riva al mar.
(Il corteo è ora vicinissimo; il ragazzo si inerpica attraverso la porta sul ciglio del precipizio.)

Coro *(fuori scena):*

Chi incauto chiaccherò...
...tremi, chè scoperto si vedrà!
Noi sarei senza pietà per qualunque peccator.

Peter

Guarda dove metti il piè!
Giù dal colle fino al mar: fai attenzione.
Sù... chiudi gli occhi e scendi giù!
(Si sente bussare alla porta che dà sul sentiero del Borgo. Peter si volge ad essa, poi se ne scosta. Mentre Peter è tra le due porte, il ragazzo perde la presa, lancia un grido e precipita. Peter corre alla porta che dà sul precipizio e s'arrampica rapidamente fuori. Il Rettore sporge il capo dalla porta ed entre. Poi vengono Swallow, Keene e Balstrode, seguiti da altri della folla.)

Rettore

Peter Grimes! Peter Grimes! Non c'è nessun?

Swallow

E dall'altra porta?
(Swallow e il Rettore guardano fuori della porta che dà sul precipizio, ma non cercano di inerpicarsi fuori.)

Rettore

Ma qui ci fu una frana?

Swallow

Sì.

Rettore

Forma un gran precipizio.
Quant'è?

Swallow

Quaranta piedi.

Peter

Avance sans crainte, c'est le chemin de la mer.
En bas de la falaise se trouve le banc
qui fait bouillonner la mer.
Fais attention de ne pas te casser le cou!
Descends la falaise jusqu'au bateau.

Chœur

C'est maintenant que les menteurs vont trembler
car nous allons savoir s'ils nous ont trompé.
Nous allons frapper et frapper à mort.
la calomnie ou le péché.

Peter

Je lancerai le reste en bas.
Allez!
Ferre les yeux et descends!
(On frappe à la porte qui donne sur le sentier. Peter se retourne vers elle, puis recule. Tandis que Peter est entre les deux portes, le gamin perd l'équilibre, pousse un cri et tombe dans le vide. Peter se précipite et sort rapidement par la porte de la falaise. Le Recteur passe la tête par la porte. Puis c'est le tour de Swallow, de Keene et de Balstrode et une partie de la foule les suit à l'intérieur.)

Le Recteur

Peter Grimes! Il n'y a personne?

Swallow

Et cette autre porte?
(Ils vont regarder.)

Le Recteur

Le glissement de terrain est-il récent?

Swallow

Oui.

Le Recteur

Cela fait presque un précipice.
Est-ce profond?

Swallow

Quarante pieds environ.

Peter

Step boldly. For here's the way we go to sea
Down to the cliff to find that shoal
That's boiling in the sea.
Careful, or you'll break your neck
Down the cliff-side to the deck.
(Rope in hand he drives the Boy towards the cliff door)

Chorus *(off)*

Now the liars shiver, for
Now if they've cheated we shall know:
We shall strike and strike to kill
At the slander or the sin.

Peter

I'll pitch the stuff down. Come on!
(He pitches ropes and nets)
Now...
Shut your eyes and down you go.
(There is a knock at the other door. Peter turns towards it, then retreats. Meanwhile the Boy climbs out. When Peter is between the two doors the Boy screams and falls out of sight. Peter runs to the cliff door, feels for his grip and then swings quickly after him. The cliff-side door is open. The street door still resounds with the Rector's knock. Then it opens and the Rector puts his head round the door)

Rector

Peter Grimes! Nobody here?

Swallow

What about the other door?
(They go and look out. Silence for a moment)

Rector

Was this a recent landslide?

Swallow

Yes.

Rector

It makes almost a precipice.
How deep?

Swallow

Say forty feet.

Peter

Beeil dich! Beeil dich! Denn diesen Weg gehn wir in See –
'runter hier – und hol'n den Fisch,
Der wimmelt in der See.
Vorsicht! Brich dir nich 's Genick!
Am Kliff hinab auf Deck!
(Der Junge klettert durch die Hintertür auf den Klippenrand.)

Chor *(hinter der Szene)*

Jetzt wird den Verleumdern bang,
Jetzt verziehen wir nicht lang,
Schlagen Sünde in den Grund,
Schlagen Lüge auf den Mund. Jetzt...
(Peter wendet sich wieder jäh gegen den Jungen.)

Peter

Dat Tüch smee ik nach. Nu los!
Oogen tou und 'runter dann!
(Ein Klopfen an der Tür rechts. Peter geht hin, dann aber ein paar Schritte rückwärts und steht so, halb unschlüssig, halb lauernd, zwischen den beiden Türen. Währenddessen ist der Junge hinausgeklettert, verliert den Halt und stürzt mit einem gellenden Schrei ab. Peter eilt zur Hintertür und steigt schnell hinaus. Pastor Adams späht zur Tür herein und tritt dann ein. Ihm folgen Swallow, Keene und Balstrode und nacheinander einige Männer aus der Menge.)

P. Adams

Peter Grimes! Ist niemand hier?

Swallow

Was ist's mit der andern Tür?
(Swallow und Pastor Adams gehn zur Hintertür und halten Ausschau, steigen jedoch nicht hinaus.)

P. Adams

Ist das ein neuer Erdrutsch?

Swallow

Ja.

P. Adams

Vor der Tür fast der Abgrund schon!
Ist's tief?

Swallow

Gut vierzig Fuß.

Rettore
Male lasciar questa porta aperta!

Keene
Laggiù tener la barca e i suol:
forse son fuori a pesca.

Rettore
Pure qui è tutto ben tenuto:
pulito, a posto.
(*Swallow trae la morale della storia.*)

Swallow
Insomma, tutta questa storia è una montatura.
Qui veniamo alla rinfusa
per trovar chissà che cosa: Ma perchè?
Cosa c'è che non va ben?
Riferite alle consorti che bádino piuttosto ai fatti lor.

Rettore
Non v'è motivo di restare qui,
e chiuda l'ultimo la porta.
(*Tutti escono, salvo Balstrode, che esita, guarda intorno nella capanna, vede gli abiti festivi del ragazzo sparsi per terra, li esamina, poi va alla porta sul sentiero del Borgo e la chiude. Esce attraverso la porta che dà sul precipizio, guarda fuori, e rapidamente s'inerpica giù per la via seguita da Peter e dal ragazzo.*)

Sipario rapidamente

ATTO TERZO

Interludio V

Scena Prima
La strada del villaggio e la spiaggia, poche sere dopo. È notte, ma illuminata dalla luna. Un ballo si sta svolgendo nel Moot Hall, e si può sentire la banda che suona una Barn Dance, forte e distintamente. C'è un continuo va e vieni, maschile, tra la Moot Hall e il "Cinghiale". Si sente uno strillo, e la prima delle Nipoti scappa giù per lo scalone della Moot Hall, inseguita da Swallow.

Le Recteur
C'est dangereux de laisser la porte ouverte.

Keene
Il laissait son bateau en bas.
Sans doute sont-ils partis pêcher.

Le Recteur
Sa cabane est tout de même bien tenue.
C'est en ordre; c'est soigné.

Swallow
Toute cette affaire remet les ragots du bourg,
comment dire, à leur place! Nous arrivons ici en range serrés,
pensant trouver on en sait quoi.
Mais tout ce que nous trouvons est une cabane proprette et vide:
messieurs, dites-le à vos femmes,
qu'elles se mêlent moins de nos affaires.

Le Recteur
Plus rien, certainement ne nous retient ici. Que le dernier parti
pense à fermer la porte.
(*Ils partent tous, sauf Balstrode. Il hésite, regarde autour de lui, voit les vêtements du dimanche du gamin éparés sur le sol, les examine, puis se dirige vers la porte qui donne sur le sentier pour la fermer. Il monte jusqu'à la porte de la falaise, regarde dehors et emprunte précipitamment le même chemin que Peter et que le gamin.*)

Fin de l'Acte II

ACTE III

Interlude V

Scène I
*Même décor qu'à l'acte I. Quelques jours plus tard. Une soirée d'été. Il y a un bal au Moot Hall qui est brillamment illuminé, et l'on entend jouer l'orchestre. Le sanglier aussi est tout éclairé, et, tandis que se déroule le bal, on voit un va et vient constant – d'hommes essentiellement – entre le Moot Hall et l'auberge.
La scène est vide quand le rideau se lève, mais on entend bientôt un cri perçant et l'une des nièces descend hâtivement*

Rector
Dangerous to leave the door open.

Ned
He used to keep his boat down there.
Maybe they've both gone fishing.

Rector
Yet
His hut is reasonably kept
Here's order. Here's skill.
(*Swallow draws the moral*)

Swallow
The whole affair gives Borough talk its – shall
I say quietus? Here we come pell-mell,
Expecting to find out – we know not what.
But all we find is a neat and empty hut.
Gentlemen, take this to your wives:
Less interference in our private lives.

Rector
There's no point certainly in staying here,
And will the last to go please close the door.
(*They go out – all save Balstrode who hesitates, looks round the hut, sees the Boy's Sunday clothes lying around, examines them, then goes to the path door to shut it. He goes up to the cliff-side door, looks out, and hurriedly climbs down the way Peter and the Boy went*)

Curtain

ACT THREE

10 Interlude V

11 Scene One
(*Scene as in Act one, a few days later.
The time is summer evening. One of the season's subscription dances is taking place in the Moot Hall which is brightly lit and from which we can hear the band playing a polka and the rhythm of the dancers' feet. 'The Boar' too is brightly lit and, as the dance goes on, there will be a regular passage – of the males at any rate – from the*

P. Adams
Gefährlich, die Tür nicht zu schließen!

Keene
Gewöhnlich liegt sein Boot hier un'n.
Vielleicht sind sie beide fischen.

P. Adams
Alles hier ist leidlich nett gehalten,
Zeugt von Tüchtigkeit und Fleiß.

Swallow
Das setzt doch wohl dem Ortsgeklatsch
Sein, laßt uns sagen, Punktum!
Hier marschieren wir auf, erwarten, Gott weiß was,
Und siehe da, wir finden nichts
Als 'ne saubre leere Kat.
Meine Herrn, sagt dies euern Fraun;
Auf Hörensagen ist schlecht Häuser baun.

P. Adams
's wär sinnlos, daß wir uns verweilen hier.
Und wer als letzter geht, der schließ die Tür!
(*Alle ab, außer Balstrode, der zögert, sich in der Hütte umsieht, die Sonntagskleider des Jungen gewahrt, sie genau betrachtet, dann zur Hintertür geht, wie um sie zu schließen, jedoch hinaussteigt und über den Klippenrand hinabspäht und plötzlich eilig, auf demselben Weg wie vorher der Junge und Peter, hinunterzuklettern beginnt. – Schnell fallender.*)

Vorhang

DRITTER AKT

Interlude V

1. Bild
*Der Hafenplatz, einige Abende später. Schwaches Mondlicht. Im Stadthaus ist eine Tanzunterhaltung in Gang, und man hört die Streich- und Blasmusik laut und deutlich eine Bauernpolka spielen.
Beständiges Hin und Her (besonders der Männer) zwischen dem Stadthaus und dem "Hai".
Mit einem Aufkreischen kommt die 1. Nichte die Stufen vom*

Swallow

Assegna a me la tua beltà,
sigillerò il contrato, amor;
e testimonio a noi sarà
la compiacente oscurità.

Nipoti

Insieme unite stiam
e non ci abbandoniam:
l'unione fa la forza
per te e per me.
Un uomo è più galante, simpatico, brillante,
purché il colloquio avvenga almeno in tre!

Swallow

Assegna a me la tua beltà;
non è che un cambio di proprietà.
La tua sorella non può vantare
alcun diritto all'eredità!

Nipoti

Un uomo quando è sol
è una disperazion:
noioso ed importuno
ti sta nel piè.
Diventa più brillante, simpatico, galante,
purché il colloquio avvenga almeno in tre!

Swallow

Farò le legge intervenire,
sul tuo cuor pongo un'opzione.
Se il mio appello resta vano
vado fino in Cassazion!

l'escalier du Moot Hall, serrée de près par Swallow. Ils ont à peine fait quelques pas que l'autre nièce apparaît en haut de l'escalier. On joue une danse paysanne dans la salle du Moot Hall.

Swallow (A la première nièce)

Assignez-moi votre beauté,
je scellerai l'acte sans honoraires.
ma signature et l'empreinte de votre grâce
auront pour seul témoin l'obscurité complice.

Les nièces

Ensemble, nous sommes aussi en sécurité
qu'une femme mariée.
L'union nous protège
et un homme est toujours plus agréable
et sa conversation plus brillante
si le tête-à-tête se déroule à trois.

Swallow

Assignez-moi votre beauté,
j'en ferai un bien immobilier.
Votre sœur ne réclamera pas
son droit à surseoir.

Les nièces

Préservez-nous des célibataires.
Ils sont comme des poules couveuses,
avec des habitudes mais pas d'idées.
Mais si on leur propose du plaisir,
ils montrent leurs plus belles plumes,
si le tête-à-tête se déroule à trois.

Swallow

J'engagerai une action pour lui faire changer d'avis.
Elle a une option prioritaire sur mon amour.
Si mon appel est rejeté,
j'en référerais à la Chambre des Lords.

Moot Hall to the Inn.

The stage is empty when the curtain rises but presently there is a little squeal and the Nieces scamper down the exterior staircase of Moot Hall, closely followed by Swallow.

A barn dance is being played in the Moot Hall)

Swallow (to Niece 1)

Assign your prettiness to me,
I'll seal the deed and take no fee,
My signature, your graceful mark,
Are witnessed by the abetting dark.

Both Nieces

Together we are safe
As any wedded wife,
For safety in number lies.
A man is always lighter,
His conversation's brighter,
Provided that the tête-à-tête's in threes.

Swallow

Assign your prettiness to me
I'll call it real property:
Your sister shan't insist upon
Her stay of execution.

Nieces

Save us from lonely men,
They're like a broody hen,
With habits but with no ideas;
But in their choice of pleasures
They show their coloured feathers,
Provided that the tête-à-tête's in threes.

Swallow

I shall take steps to change her mind;
She has first option on my love.
If my appeal should be ignored
I'll take it to the House of Lords.

Stadthaus herabgelaufen. Swallow folgt ihr dicht auf den Fersen, und gleich darauf erscheint die 2. Nichte oben auf den Stufen.

Swallow

Verschreib doch deine Reize mir,
Die Urkund siegl' ich gratis dir;
Und daß sie echt, 's Testat beweist,
Des Dunkels, das uns Vorschub leist't.

Beide Nichten

Vereint zu scharmutziern,
So kann uns nichts passiern,
Die Zahl schon hindert jeden falschen Schritt;
Ein Mann ist nicht so läppisch,
Sein Reden nicht so läppisch,
Vorausgesetzt das Tête-à-tête zu dritt.

Swallow

Verschreib doch deine Reize mir,
Daß ich sie gleich realisier;
Die Schwester nehme Abstand von
Dem Einspruch gegen Exekution.

Beide Nichten

So 'n liebesüchtger Mann
Ist wie 'n Gockelhahn,
Er kräht dasselbe stets bei jedem Tritt;
Doch heißt's ent- oder wedern,
Zeigt er die bunten Federn,
Vorausgesetzt das Tête-à-tête zu dritt.

Swallow

Und sagst du doch noch immer nein,
Leit ich 's Rekursverfahren ein;
Und, abgewiesen höhern Orts,
Geht mein Appell ans Haus der Lords.

Nipoti

Da soli non sta ben,
a coppie non convien,
e quei sospiri e pianti ai nostri
sarebbero evitati
se fossimo abituati
a fare sempre i colloqui in tre!

Swallow

Assegna a me la tua beltà
facciamo il contratto definir:
un atto di proprietà,
mandando tua sorella a farsi benedir!

2° Nipote

Ned Keene mi molestò: sempre così!

Swallow

Allora non devi star con noi,
che ce n'andiamo dov'è lui,
all'albergo a bere un buon bicchier.

1° Nipote

Ci guardan tutti. Se ci vede zia, che dirà?
*(La 1° Nipote sfugge a Swallow e corre fino a metà degli scalini
del Moot Hall, lasciando Swallow solo davanti alla porta del
"Cinghiale".)*

Swallow

Bahl
*(Egli ha un'esclamazione di dispetto, poi entra nell'osteria da
solo. Applausi dal ballo del Moot Hall. Ne esce Ned Keene, e le
Nipoti fuggono ridendo e si nascondono dietro una delle
barche.)*

Les nièces

La notion de couple est la cause de cette gêne
et de cette honte,
et des soupirs et des pleurs
de tant d'hommes qui seraient épargnés
si les gens voulaient bien
que les tête-à-tête se déroulent à trois.

Swallow

Assignez-moi votre beauté.
Nous passerons un décret nous obligeant
à des divertissements bien doux et vous l'accepterez
en envoyant votre sœur autre part.

La deuxième nièce

Ned Keene me poursuit. Il ne me laisse pas une seconde tranquille.

Swallow

Il est allé prendre un verre au Sanglier.
Votre sœur et moi-même allons le rejoindre.
Si vous ne voulez pas le voir, mieux vaut rester ici.
*(Il ouvre la porte de l'auberge. La nièce est sur le point d'entrer
quand...)*

La première nièce

Tout le monde nous regarde.
Il faut que j'attende que Tantine tourne le dos.
(Elle se sauve et rejoint sa sœur.)

Swallow

Bahl
*(Il entre seul au Sanglier. Les sœurs ont à moitié gravi l'escalier
quand Ned Keene sort du Moot Hall. Elles s'enfuient en
poussant des petits cris et se cachent derrière l'un des bateaux
au bord de l'eau.)*

Nieces

Oh, pairing's all to blame
For awkwardness and shame,
And all these manly sighs and tears,
Which wouldn't be expended
If people condescended
Always to have their tête-à-tête's in threes.

Swallow

Assign your prettiness to me.
We'll make an absolute decree
Of quiet enjoyment, which you'll bless
By sending sister somewhere else.

Niece 2

Ned Keene is chasing me, gives me no peace.

Swallow

He went to The Boar to have a glass.
Sister and I will join him there.
If you don't want Ned you'd better stay here.
(He opens the Inn door. Niece is about to enter when...)

Niece 1

They're all watching. I must wait
Till Auntie's turned her back.
*(She runs away to join her Sister and leaves Swallow
holding the door open)*

Swallow

Bahl
*(He goes in 'The Boar' alone.
The Barn Dance stops – applause.
The sisters are half-way upstairs when Ned Keene comes
out of the Moot Hall at the top of the stairs. They fly,
giggling, and hide behind one of the boats on the shore.
Three boats can be seen as at the end of Act One)*

Beide Nichten

Was schafft doch so 'n Zuzweit
Für Ungelegenheit
Mit all dem männlich Seufzen und Gebitt;
Viel wen'ger Tränen flössen,
Wenn alle sich entschlossen
Und hätten stets ihr Tête-à-tête zu dritt.

Swallow

Verschreib doch deine Reize mir,
Und den Genuß, dann garantier
Uns ungestört ein einzig Wort.
Mit dem du schickst die Schwester fort!

2. Nichte

Ned Keene verfolgt mich, läßt mir nicht Ruh!

Swallow

Er ging in den "Hai" just auf ein Glas –
Schwester und ich, wir halten ihn dort.
Wenn du Ned nicht magst, dann bleib vom "Hai" fort!
(Swallow öffnet die Tür zum "Hai" für die 1. Nichte.)

1. Nichte

Die Tante sieht her.
Warten wir, bis sie den Rücken kehrt.
*(Sie entwischt, läuft halben Wegs die Stufen zum Stadthaus
hinauf und läßt Swallow dastehn, wie er die Tür zum "Hai"
offenhält.)*

Swallow

Pahl
*(Er geht allein in den "Hai". Der Tanz im Stadthaus endet.
Applaus. Keene tritt aus der Tür des Stadthauses. Die Nichten
fliehen kichernd und verstecken sich hinter einem der drei
sichtbaren Boote.)*

Keene
Ohé! ohé! Ohé!
Keene le chiama, ed è a mezza strada dal loro nascondiglio, quando la Signora Sedley scende dalle scale del Moot Hall e lo ferma.)

Signora Sedley
Mister Keene! Mister Keene! Avete tempo?
Qualcosa urgentissima da dirvi!
Riguardo a quel mozzo di Grimes.
Mancano dal villaggio da ieri.
Non è più sospetto ormai: realtà!
Il mozzo spari.

Keene
Ma vi credete ch'io faccia
l'agente o il poliziotto?

Signora Sedley
Potreste degnarvi sentir
quel che v'ho da dir!
Son due giorni
che in ascolto sto:
osservo, spio e taccio.
Raccolgo indizi e li confronto:
ho ricostruito il delitto ormai.
Tutto accusa Peter Grimes;
è l'assassino!

Keene
Voi fate ben presto
a dire: è l'assassino!
Ficcare il naso negli affari della gente...
no!... a me non va,
sappiate, e non credetemi con voi.
Per esempio, dov'è il corpo?

Signora Sedley
E' nel mar:
là il mozzo sta, che non si vide più!
Delitto orribile,
atto fatale!
Mi corre un brivido
mi sento male!
Pur nelle tenebre

Keene
Ohé!
(Il est a demi parvenu là où elles se cachent quand une voix péremptoire l'arrête dans sa progression. Mrs Sedley est en haut des marches)

Mrs Sedley
Mr Keene, pouvez-vous m'accorder un instant?
J'ai à vous dire une chose très urgente
sur Peter Grimes et le gamin.
(Elle est arrivée au bas de l'escalier et le retient par un revers)
Hier, personne ne les a revus, ni l'un ni l'autre.
Ce n'est plus un soupçon, maintenant c'est un fait:
le gamin a disparu.

Keene
Vous me prenez
pour un détective ou pour un policier?

Mrs Sedley
Vous pouvez au moins prendre la peine d'écouter
ce que j'ai à dire.
Pendant deux jours j'ai ouvert tout grands les yeux
et pendant deux jours je n'ai rien dit.
J'ai seulement regardé et retenu.
J'ai assemblé toutes les pièces,
toutes les preuves une à une pour reconstituer le crime.
Tout désigne Peter Grimes:
c'est un assassin!

Keene
Ma vieille, vous êtes trop prompte
à crier au meurtre!
Quand on fourre son nez dans les affaires des autres –
Non! je ne les aiderai pas –
Ils verront ce qui leur en coûtera!
Dites-moi seulement où est le corps.

Mrs Sedley
L'apprenti est au fond de la mer,
c'est pourquoi personne ne l'a vu depuis plusieurs jours.
C'est un meurtre ignoble.
J'en frissonne,
j'en ai la chair de poule
et mon sang se glace!
Dans la solitude de mes nuits,

Ned *(calls after them)*
Ahoi!
(He is half-way to their hiding place when a peremptory voice stops him in mid career. Mrs Sedley is at the top of the Moot Hall stairs. A slow waltz starts from the Moot Hall)

Mrs Sedley
Mr Keene! Can you spare a moment?
I've something to say that's more than urgent,
About Peter Grimes and that boy.
(She is downstairs by now and has him buttonholed)
Neither of them was seen yesterday.
It's more than suspicion now, it's fact.
The boy's disappeared.

Ned
Do you expect me to act
Like a Bow Street runner or a constable?

Mrs Sedley
At least you can trouble to hear what
I've got to say.
For two days I've kept my eyes open;
For two days I've said nothing,
Only watched and taken notes.
Pieced clue to clue and bit by bit
Reconstructed all the crime.
Everything points to Peter Grimes:
He is a murderer.

Ned
Old woman, you're far too ready
To yell blue murder.
If people poke their noses into others' business –
No! They won't get me to help them –
They'll find there's merry hell to pay!
You just tell me where's the body?

Mrs Sedley
In the sea the apprentice lies
Whom nobody has seen for days.
[12] Murder most foul it is,
Eerie I find it;
My skin's a prickly heat,
Blood cold behind it!
In midnight's loneliness

Keene *(ihnen nachrufend)*
Ahoi! Ahoi!
(Er hat das Versteck der beiden fast erreicht, da läßt ihn die gebieterische Stimme Mrs. Sedleys, die oben auf den Stufen erschienen ist, innehalten. Im Stadthaus beginnt die Musik einen langsamen Walzer zu spielen.)

Mrs. Sedley
Mister Keene! Einen Augenblick nur!
Was ich ihm zu sagen hab, ist dringend –
Betrifft Peter Grimes und den Jung.
(Sie steht jetzt unten an den Stufen und hält Keene am Rockknopf.)
Seit vorgestern hat man sie nicht gesehn.
's ist mehr als Verdacht nun, 's ist klar:
Der Jung ist verschwunden.

Keene
Da soll wohl ich den Gerichtsdiener machen
Oder den Konstabler?

Mrs. Sedley
So hör Er doch wenigstens,
Was ich zu sagen hab!
Zwei Tage schon halt ich die Augen offen,
Zwei Tage schon schweig ich,
Sammle nur still Indizienbeweise,
Und Stück für Stück und Glied um Glied
Schließt sich die Kette um den Verbrecher.
Alles weist auf Peter Grimes:
Er muß der Mörder sein!

Keene
Madame, Sie hat's zu eilig,
Gleich Mord zu schreien.
In andrer Leute ihren Kram mich einzumischen,
Nein, da such Sie man 'nen andern,
Der sich die Finger gern verbrennt!
Sag Sie mir bloß: wo ist die Leiche?

Mrs. Sedley
In der See der Junge liegt.
Seit Tagen ward er nicht gesehn.
Daß hier ein Mord geschah,
Kalten Blut's sag ich's,
Juckt doch mein linkes Bein,
Kaum noch ertrag ich's.
Kann ich in stiller Nacht

di quel mistero
avanzo impavida
e scopro il vero.
Delitto orribile! delitto orribile!
ed io lo scoprol

Keene
Diventate matta:
prendete troppo laudano!

Signora Sedley
S'è visto Peter Grimes?

Keene
No, non c'è.

Signora Sedley
Ed il mozzo?

Keene
Saranno in mare.

Signora Sedley
Il battello ov'è?

Keene
Perché?

Signora Sedley
La capanna è vuota.

Keene
Ne ho basta ormai.
(Applauso dal ballo. Ned Keene si libera dalla stretta della Signora Sedley, entra al "Cinghiale" e sbatte la porta. Dall'osteria emerge invece il Dottor Thorpe. La Signora Sedley lo abborda, ma egli saluta con fermezza e tira via.)
(Nel Moot Hall si attacca una danza alla Hornpipe. Il Rettore ed altri abitanti scendono le scale del Moot Hall.)

dans ce calme inquiétant,
j'ai reconstitué l'histoire,
trouvé l'étouffant secret.
C'est un meurtre ignoble
et je vais le proclamer.

Keene *(qui a envie d'aller boire et commence à s'énervier)*
Vous êtes cingliée, la vieille,
ou alors c'est l'excès de laudanum!

Mrs Sedley
A-t-on vu Peter Grimes?

Keene
Il est parti.

Mrs Sedley
Et le gamin?

Keene
Ils pêchent, probablement.

Mrs Sedley
A-t-on vu son bateau?

Keene
Pourquoi l'aurait-on vu?

Mrs Sedley
Sa cabane est abandonnée.

Keene
Je meurs de soif. Bonne nuit!
(Il lui échappe, entre au Sanglier et claque la porte derrière lui. Le docteur Crabbe sort du Sanglier. Mrs Sedley se dissimule derrière un bateau. On joue une musette dans le Moot hall. Le Recteur et d'autres villageois descendent l'escalier.)

And thrilling quiet
The history I trace,
The stifling secret.
Murder most foul it is,
And I'll declare it.

Ned *(who is getting bored, thirsty and angry)*
Are you mad, old woman,
Or is it too much laudanum?

Mrs Sedley
Has Peter Grimes been seen?

Ned
He's away.

Mrs Sedley
And the boy?

Ned
They're fishing, likely.

Mrs Sedley *(like a cross-examining counsel)*
Has his boat been seen?

Ned
Why should it?

Mrs Sedley
His hut's abandoned.

Ned
I'm dry. Goodnight.
(The waltz stops. He breaks away from her grasp, goes into 'The Boar' and bangs the door after him. Dr Crabbe emerges from 'The Boar'. Mrs Sedley retires into the shadow of the boats. A Hornpipe starts from the Moot Hall. The Rector and other burgesses come down the Moot Hall stairs)

Schlummer nicht finden,
Such ich Indizien auf,
Sie zu verbinden.
Daß hier ein Mord geschah,
Nun will ich's künden.

Keene
Ist Sie toll, Madame?
Oder ist's das Laudanum?

Mrs. Sedley
Ward Peter Grimes gesehen?

Keene
Er ist auf See.

Mrs. Sedley
Und der Jung?

Keene
Sind beide fischen.

Mrs. Sedley
Ward sein Boot gesehen?

Keene
Warum auch?

Mrs. Sedley
Seine Kate ist verlassen.

Keene
Hab Durst! Git' Nacht!
(Keene macht sich von ihr los, geht in den "Hai" und schlägt die Tür hinter sich zu. Die Tür öffnet sich wieder, und Dr. Crabbe tritt heraus. Mrs. Sedley macht sich an ihn heran, er aber lüpf mit Entschiedenheit den Hut und entfernt sich. Mrs. Sedley ihm nach, das Spiel wiederholt sich, und diesmal begegnet Dr. Crabbe dem Pastor und mehreren Bürgern, die aus dem Stadthaus herabkommen. Drinnen beginnt ein Hornpipe.)

Coro degli Abitanti

Meglio andar, Dottor!
Non è posto per i vecch!
Andiam!
Si va a dormir...
Andiam! Andiam!
Si va a dormir!

Rettore

guardai un momento la lieta brigata
di vaghi garzoni, di giovani fior.
Somiglian le rose del mio giardin;
ma simili rose non son più per noi!

Coro

Andiam! andiam! Signori, andiamo a dormir!

Rettore

Buona notte, Dottor; amici, buona notte.
Non fate tardi, andate a dormir! E queste fanciulle lasciatele star!
Tra voi, belle bimbe, io lascio il mio cuor!
ma simili rose non son più per me!
(Il Rettore, il Dottor Crabbe e gli altri Abitanti a poco a poco si disperdono nelle loro case.)

Rettore e Coro

Andiam, signori, andiamo a dormir.
Andiam! Andiam!
Signori, andiamo a dormir!
(Il suono del ballo diminuisce, e la Signora Sedley continua le sue elucubrazioni nell'ombra delle imbarcazioni.)

Signora Sedley

Per questo crimine
non ho più pace;
la voce vindice
mai non si tace.
Ombre colpevoli,
fantasmi orrendi,
che m'ossessionano...

Un villageois

Venez, docteur. (il montre le Sanglier)
On ne veut as de nous ici. Nous sommes trop vieux.

Des villageois

Bonne nuit. Il est temps d'aller se coucher.
Bonne nuit, braves gens, bonne nuit!

Le Recteur

J'ai jeté un coup d'œil à l'intérieur. La compagnie est pleine d'entrain,
avec toutes ces jolies femmes et ces jeunes gens,
assoiffés comme mes roses, mais maintenant que le soleil est couché,
je vais arroser mes rosiers et je vous laisse le vin.

Des villageois

Bonne nuit! Bonne nuit! braves gens! Bonne nuit!

Le Recteur

Bonne nuit, docteur Crabbe, mes bons amis, bonne nuit,
et que ces dames ne bavardent pas trop tard!
Amitiés aux jeunes filles, mon bon souvenir aux jeunes gens!
Je vais arroser mes rosiers, je vous laisse le vin!
(Le Recteur, le docteur Crabbe et les villageois se dispersent peu à peu et rentrent chez eux.)

Les villageois

Bonne nuit! Bonne nuit! braves gens, bonne nuit!
(Le son de la musette s'estompe.)
(toujours à l'ombre du bateau, elle continue à ruminer ses pensées.)

Mrs Sedley

Le crime, c'est ma passion,
il calme mon imagination.
Tous ces hommes qui peuvent troubler la paix
et tuer les conventions –
tous ces fantômes de coupables
qui viennent furtivement
troubler mes rêves nocturnes...

Burgess

14 Come along, Doctor – (indicates 'The Boar')
We're not wanted here, we oldsters.

Burgesses

Good night – it's time for bed.
Good night! Good night! Good night, good people, good night!

Rector

I looked in a moment, the company's gay,
With pretty young women and youths on the spree;
So parched like my roses, but now the sun's down
I'll water my roses and leave you the wine.

Burgesses

Good night! Good night! Good night, good people, good night!

Rector

Good night, Dr Crabbe, all good friends, good night.
Don't let the ladies keep company too late!
My love to the maidens, wish luck to the men!
I'll water my roses and leave you the wine.
(The Rector, Dr Crabbe and the Burgesses gradually disperse to their houses)

Burgesses

Good night! Good night! Good night, good people, good night!
(The Hornpipe fades out)
(still in the boat shadow, goes on with her brooding)

Mrs Sedley

Crime, which my hobby is,
Sweetens my thinking.
Men who can breach the peace
And kill convention –
So many guilty ghosts
With stealthy body
Trouble my midnight thoughts...

1. Bürger

Kommt mit uns, Doktor!
Überlassen wir's den Jünger'n!

Chor der Bürger

Gut' Nacht! 's ist Schlafenszeit.
Gut' Nacht, gut' Nacht! Gut' Nacht, ihr Herrn!

P. Adams

Gern hab ich ein Weilchen dem Tanz zugesehn,
Wie eifrig die Jugend beim Schwenken und Drehn.
Nun laßt euch nicht stören, wünsch gut' Amüsemang,
Ich gieß meine Rosen, die warten schon lang.

Chor der Bürger

Gut' Nacht, gut' Nacht!
Gut' Nacht, Herr Pastor, gut' Nacht!

P. Adams

Gut' Nacht, Doktor Crabbe! Ihr Freunde, gut' Nacht!
Und nur die Damen nicht spät heimgebracht!
Bin selber zwar durstig, doch geh ich jetzt heim
Und gieß meine Rosen, Ich laß euch den Wein.
(Pastor Adams, Dr. Crabbe und die Bürger nacheinander ab.)

Chor

Gut' Nacht, gut' Nacht!
Gut' Nacht mit'nander, gut' Nacht!
(Der Hornpipe im Stadthaus verklingt.)
(verliert sich im Schatten des Kirchenportikos weiter in ihr düsteres Brüten)

Mrs. Sedley

Ach, wie mich fasziniern
Alle Verbrechen,
Männer, die stark und kühn
Gesetze brechen!
Schon der Gedanke macht
Seltsam mich schauern,
In stiller Mitternacht könnt einer lauern.

(Ellen e Balstrode avanzano lentamente dalla spiaggia e discorrono gravemente. La Signora Sedley resta ad ascoltare, ma non si mostra.)

Ellen
C'è la barca?

Balstrode
Sì, da più di un'ora.
Peter sembra scomparso.
Nella barca non c'è. Nemmeno in casa.

Ellen
Questo ho trovato:
giù sulla riva.
(Balstrode getta la luce della sua lanterna sul maglione del ragazzo, che Ellen gli porge.)

Balstrode
Del mozzo!

Ellen
Con l'ancora che avevo ricamata.

Ricamol! Quand'ero una bambina,
era un lusso ed una vanità.
Bastava un rotolo di seta a far sognare
una vita di delizie
e di ricchezza tra la seta e gli ori.
Ora il mio ricamo porta prove di funesto suon!

La mia mano ricordò
la sua antica abilità.
Mi rammento i miei sogni
e le fantasie puerili
di ricondurre nelle loro vite
un raggio di bellezza e di amor.
Ora il mio ricamo
porta prove di funesto suon.

Balstrode
Eppure lo troveremo.

(Ellen et Balstrode remontent lentement de la plage. On voit qu'ils viennent de discuter violemment. Comme ils approchent, Balstrode lève sa lanterne et éclaire le bateau le plus proche: Boy Billy. Mrs Sedley ne se montre pas.)

Ellen
Son bateau est là?

Balstrode
Où! Depuis plus d'une heure.
Peter semble avoir disparu?
Il n'est ni dans sa cabane ni dans son bateau.

Ellen (tenant le tricot du gamin)
J'ai trouvé ça
sur la lisse de haute mer.
(Il commence à faire vraiment sombre.)

Balstrode
C'est au gamin?

Ellen
Avec l'ancre que j'ai brodée sur le devant.

Broder, dans mon enfance,
était un luxe de l'oisiveté,
une bobine de soie faisant rêver
à une vie de soie et de satin.
Aujourd'hui, ma broderie est cet indice
dont nous craignons de voir le sens.

Ma main avait retrouvé son ancienne dextérité –
ces points ont une curieuse histoire.
Je me rappelle que je songeais
aux désirs des enfants
et je rêvais que mon souhait
pût à lui seul leur donner une vie aussi douce que la soie.
Aujourd'hui, ma broderie est un indice
dont nous craignons de voir le sens.

Balstrode
Nous allons le trouver, et peut-être l'aider.

(Ellen and Balstrode come up slowly from the beach. It is clear they have been in earnest talk. As they approach Balstrode shines his lantern on the name of the nearest boat: Boy Billy. Mrs Sedley doesn't show herself)

Ellen
Is the boat in?

Balstrode
Yes! For more than an hour.
Peter seems to have disappeared.
Not in his boat, not in his hut.

Ellen (holds out the Boy's jersey)
This I found
Down by the tide-mark.
(It is getting dark. To see the garment properly Balstrode holds it to his lantern.)

Balstrode
The boy's?

Ellen
My brodered anchor on the chest.
(Meditative)
Embroidery in childhood was
A luxury of idleness,
A coil of silken thread giving
Dreams of a silk and satin life.
Now my broderie affords
The clue whose meaning we avoid.

My hand remembered its old skill –
These stitches tell a curious tale.
I remember I was brooding
On the fantasies of children
And dreamt that only by wishing I
Could bring some silk into their lives.
Now my broderie affords
The clue whose meaning we avoid.
(The jersey is wet. Balstrode wrings the water out)

Balstrode
We'll find him, maybe give him a hand.

(Ellen und Balstrode sind langsam vom Strand heraufgekommen; sie waren offenbar in ernstem Gespräch. Balstrode läßt das Licht seiner Laterne auf die Namen der Boote fallen; einer davon ist "Little Billy". Mrs. Sedley bleibt in ihrem Versteck und horcht.)

Ellen
Ist das Boot da?

Balstrode
Ja, schon mehr als 'ne Stund.
Peter scheint verschwunden zu sein,
Ist nicht im Boot und nicht daheim.

Ellen
Dies fand ich
unten am Flutrand.

Balstrode
Des Jungen –?

Ellen
Den Anker hier hab' ich gestickt.

Solch Seidenstickerei war einst dem Kind
Ein köstlich lieber Müßiggang.
Ein kleiner Seidenknäul versprach, es wär
Das Leben auch so bunt und seidenweich.
Und nun wird meine Stickerei die Spur,
Vor deren End uns graut.

Als wie im Traum, so stickte ich;
Mir war ganz seltsam froh dabei.
Ich erinnre mich, ja, ich dachte an
Die Phantasien von Kindern
Und träumte wohl,
Mein Wunsch schon brächte in ihr Leben seidenen Trost.
Und nun wird meine Stickerei die Spur,
Vor deren End uns graut.

Balstrode
Wir finden ihn und helfen vielleicht noch.

Ellen
Non c'è modo d'aiutarlo. Non si può più.

Balstrode
E tempo ancor.

Non si può, vero?
abbandonar l'uomo
quando più soffre.
Sarebbe crudeltà.
Se un cuore soffre,
tutti, tutti soffron...

Ellen e Balstrode
Saremo accanto a lui, sì, saremo con lui...

Balstrode
E per ora aspettar;
la soluzione
non spetta a noi,
è in mano del destino.
(Riattacca la musica da ballo, fuori scena, con un Galop. La signora Sedley va in fretta alla porta del "Cinghiale".)

Signora Sedley *(chiamando trafelata):*
Mister Swallow! Mister Swallow! Mister Swallow!
L'avvocato Swallow!

Auntie
Che cosa c'è?

Signora Sedley
L'avvocato Swallow!

Auntie
Ha da fare.

Signora Sedley
Per favor, devo parlargli.
Porto le prove di un delitto.
Su, fatemi entrare.

Auntie
I miei clienti vengono qui
per stare in pace,
lungi dalle noie.

Ellen
Nous ne pouvons plus l'aider maintenant.

Balstrode
Nous le pouvons! Nous le pouvons!

Aux instants les plus sombres,
quand l'ami est dans la peine
et souffre des tourments inhumains,
on ne lui tourne pas le dos.
Quand l'horreur brise un cœur,
ce sont tous les cœurs qui sont détruits.

Ellen et Balstrode
Nous resterons auprès de lui.

Balstrode
Que faire d'autre sinon attendre,
puisque la solution
est au-delà de la vie – au-delà
de la dissolution.
(Ils sortent ensemble. Dès qu'ils ont disparu, Mrs Sedley se précipite vers la porte de l'auberge.)

Mrs Sedley *(appelant à travers la porte de l'auberge)*
Mr Swallow! Mr Swallow!
Je veux le juge Swallow!

Tantine *(venant à la porte)*
Qu'est-ce que vous voulez?

Mrs Sedley
Je veux le juge Swallow.

Tantine
Il est occupé.

Mrs Sedley
Allez le chercher, je vous en prie, c'est une démarche officielle.
Il s'agit de l'assassin du bourg. Faites, s'il vous plaît, ce que je
vous demande.

Tantine
Mes clients viennent ici pour avoir la paix,
pour être tranquilles, à l'abri
de tous les raseurs de votre espèce.

Ellen
We have no power to help him now.

Balstrode
We have the power. We have the power.

In the black moment
When your friend suffers
Unearthly torment
We cannot turn our backs.
When horror breaks one heart
All hearts are broken.

Ellen and Balstrode
We shall be there with him.

Balstrode
Nothing to do but wait,
Since the solution
Is beyond life – beyond
Dissolution.
(They go out together. The dance music starts up again. When they have gone Mrs Sedley goes quickly to the inn door)

Mrs Sedley *(calling through to door)*
Mr Swallow, Mr Swallow.
I want the lawyer Swallow.

Auntie *(coming to the door)*
What do you want?

Mrs Sedley
I want the lawyer Swallow.

Auntie
He's busy.

Mrs Sedley
Fetch him, please, this is official.
Business about the Borough criminal.
Please do as I tell you.

Auntie
My customers come here for peace,
For quiet, away from you
And all such nuisances.

Ellen
Wir können ihm nun nicht mehr helfen – Wir können's nicht.

Balstrode
Wir können's doch!

In der bösen Stunde, wenn der Freund
Leidet, unsäglich leidet,
Da braucht er unsre Hilfe.
Wenn Grauen ein Herz bricht,
Dann bricht es alle, bricht es alle.
Wir werden bei ihm sein in seiner Not.

Ellen
Wir werden bei ihm sein in seiner Not.

Balstrode
Können nichts tun als warten.
Nun liegt die Lösung nicht mehr im Leben.
Nicht mehr in dieser Welt.
(Sie gehen langsam miteinander ab. Die Tanzmusik hinter der Szene beginnt einen Galopp zu spielen. Mrs. Sedley eilt zum "Hai" und klopft an die Tür.)

Mrs. Sedley *(atemlos rufend)*
Mister Swallow! Mister Swallow!
Ruft Bürgermeister Swallow!

Tantjen *(erscheint in der Tür des "Hai")*
Was ist den los?

Mrs. Sedley
Ruft Bürgermeister Swallow!

Tantjen
Hat keine Zeit.

Mrs. Sedley
Holt ihn doch! Dies geht sein Amt an.
Sagt ihm, ich hab ein Verbrechen aufgedeckt.
Tut, was ich Euch sage!

Tantjen
Bei mir hat der Gast ein Recht auf Ruh
Und Schutz davor,
daß er von Euch belästigt wird!

Signora Sedley
Questo è un insulto!

Auntie
Perchè, perchè tanto furor?
Io dico così quel che ho nel cuor.

Signora Sedley
Io vi farò pentirvi voi, strega!

Auntie
I miei clienti cercano qui la tranquillità.
Perchè tanto furor? Io dico così quel che ho nel cuor.

Swallow
Ih! Che succede? Ditemi che avviene.
Cos'è questo gridar? Ih!

Auntie (*Rientra nell'osteria e sbatte la porta..*)
Buon dì!

Signora Sedley
Là!

Swallow
Non ci vedo lontan.

Signora Sedley
Là! La barca è là! Grimes tornò!

Swallow
Perbacco! Eh!
C'è Hobson là?

Hobson (*comparendo*)
Son qua, sir. Son qua.

Signora Sedley
Oh! ora vedremo: era tempo ormai!

Mrs Sedley
C'est une insulte!

Tantine
Tant que je serai de ce monde,
je dirai ce que je pense!

Mrs Sedley
Je vous ferai remettre à votre place,
effrontée!

Tantine
Mes clients viennent ici pour avoir la paix,
ils viennent boire et se détendre!

Swallow
Qu'est-ce qui se passe?

Tantine (*Elle rentre et claque la porte*)
Bonne nuit!

Mrs Sedley
Regardez!

Swallow
Je suis myope, vous savez.

Mrs Sedley
C'est le bateau de Grimes, enfin de retour!

Swallow
Ça change tout. Hè!
Hobson est là?

Hobson
Ouais, ouais, monsieur.

Mrs Sedley
Enfin! Tout se met en route! Il était temps!

Mrs Sedley
This is an insult.

Auntie
As long as I am here, you'll find
That I always speak my mind.

Mrs Sedley
I'll have you know your place.
You baggage!

Auntie
My customers come here,
They take their drink, they take their ease!

Swallow (*coming out*)
What's the matter?

Auntie (*goes in and bangs door*)
Good night!

Mrs Sedley (*points dramatically*)
Look!

Swallow
I'm short-sighted, you know.

Mrs Sedley
Look! It's Grimes's boat, back at last!

Swallow
That's different. Hey!
(*Shouts into 'The Boar'*)
Is Hobson there?

Hobson (*appearing*)
Ay, Ay, sir.

Mrs Sedley
Good, now things are moving: and about time too!
(*Hobson appears*)

Mrs. Sedley
Das ist 'ne Frechheit! 'ne Frechheit!

Tantjen
Solang als ich hier Wirtin bin
Solang nehm ich mir kein Blatt vorn Mund.

Mrs. Sedley
Das ist 'ne Frechheit!
'ne Frechheit!

Tantjen
Bei mir hat jeder Gast sein Recht auf Ruh,
Sein Recht auf Ruh!

Swallow
He! Was, zum Henker –!
Sagt doch, was hier vorgeht!
Was soll der ganze Lärm?

Tantjen (*Tantjen geht in den "Hai" zurück und schlägt die Tür hinter sich zu.*)
Die Wirtin hier bin ich
Und nehme mir kein Blatt vorn Mund. Gut' Nacht!

Mrs. Sedley
Ich werd Sie Mores lehrn! Sie Schlampe!

Swallow
Ich bin kurzsichtig, Ihr wißt ja.

Mrs. Sedley
Dort! 's ist Grimes sein Boot, endlich heim.

Swallow
Das ist was anders!
He! Ist Hobson hier?

Hobson (*im Auftreten*)
Jawoll, Herr! Jawoll, Herr!

Mrs. Sedley
Gut! Nun kommt's ins Rollen – War schon höchste Zeit.

Swallow
Voi siete la guardia del villaggio,
caro Hobson.

Hobson
Sì, sì, sir.

Swallow
Io v'ingiungo, perciò,
di trovar Peter Grimes.
Con l'aiuto che vi par.

Hobson
Ma, signor, Grimes ora
è fuori in mar.

Swallow
La barca è là.

Hobson
Oh! lo cercheremo in casa, allora.

Swallow
Se là non c'è, cercate ancor,
di qua, di là, in ogni luogo.

Hobson
Sì, sì, sir!
Eh! voil Eh! Venite quà!
Grimes ritornò! Eh! Eh! voil Orsù! Orsù!

Signora Sedley
Un sì bel crimine
non è frequente
tra questa rustica
povera gente.
Ma appena l'unico
caso s'è offerto,
con occhio vigile
io l'ho scoperto!
(Mentre svaniscono i suoni del ballo, i ballerini escono dal Moot
Hall e i bevitori dal "Cinghiale", e si radunano in piazza.)

Swallow
C'est vous le policier du bourg,
Hobson!

Hobson
Ouais, ouais, monsieur.

Swallow
En tant que maire,
je vous demande de trouver Peter Grimes.
Prenez toute l'aide dont vous aurez besoin.

Hobson
Pour ce que j'en sais,
il est en mer.

Swallow
Mais son bateau est ici.

Hobson
Bon. Nous enverrons des hommes chez lui.

Swallow
S'il n'est pas là, vous fouillerez le rivage,
le marais, les champs, les rues, le bourg.

Hobson
Ouais, ouais, monsieur.
Hè, les gars! Venez m'aider!
Grimes fait des siennes! Venez! Venez!

Mrs Sedley
Le crime – c'est ma passion – est
l'enfant des villes.
Il est rare qu'à la campagne
on aille jusqu'au meurtre,
le plus beau des crimes,
ma plus grande passion.
Et voici que nous en avons,
et que je suis toute prête!
(Hobson sort avec Boles et d'autres pêcheurs. Les gens se
rassemblent sur la pelouse en sourtant du Moot Hall et du
Sangler.)

Swallow
You're constable of the Borough,
Carter Hobson.

Hobson
Ay, Ay, sir.
(He goes into 'The Boar' hailing)

Swallow
As the mayor,
I ask you to find Peter Grimes.
Take whatever help you need.

Hobson
Now what I claims
Is, he's out at sea.

Swallow (points)
But here's his boat.

Hobson
Oh! We'll send a posse to his hut.

Swallow
If he's not there you'll search the shore,
The marsh, the fields, the streets, the Borough.

Hobson
Ay, Ay, sir.
Hey, Here! Come out and help!
Grimes is around! Come on! Come on!

Mrs Sedley
Crime – that's my hobby – is
By cities hoarded.
Rarely are country minds
Lifted to murder.
The noblest of the crimes
Which are my study.
And now the crime is here
And I am ready.
(Hobson comes out with Boles and other Fishermen. As the
dance band fades out, the people crowd out of the Moot
Hall and 'The Boar' and congregate on the green)

Swallow
Er ist Konstabler der Gemeinde,
Fuhrmann Hobson, –

Hobson
Jawoll, Herr! Jawoll, Herr!

Swallow
Ich, als Bürgermeister, befehl Ihm;
Such Er Peter Grimes!
Nehm Er, wen Er braucht, hinzu!

Hobson
Ich denk man bloß,
Er 's immer noch auf See.

Swallow
Dort liegt sein Boot!

Hobson
Oh! Da schick ich gleich zu seiner Kat.

Swallow
Ist er nicht dort, sucht überall,
Am Strand, im Ort, in jedem Winkel.

Hobson
Jawoll, Herr!
Heda, he! Her da und helf!t!
Grimes treibt sich um! He, heda! Herbei, herbei, herbei!

Mrs. Sedley
Mord, der mein Steckenpferd,
In Städten blüht er;
Selten nur heben sich
Provinzgemüter
Aus ihrer Kleinlichkeit
Ins Kriminelle;
Doch nun es hier geschah,
Bin ich zur Stelle!
(Die Tanzmusik verstummt, und aus dem Stadthaus und dem
"Hai" sammeln sich immer mehr Leute um Hobson.)

Coro

Quei che in disparte sta per orgoglio,
quei che in disparte sta pien di dispetto, noi lo schiacciam!
Non v'è pietà per gente simil, non v'è pietà.
Chi ci disprezza, noi lo schiacciam!

Nipoti, Signora Sedley, Boles, Keene, Swallow e Coro

Su lui cadrà la maledizion.
Domeremo il suo orgoglio!
Quei che in disparte sta,
per orgoglio...
Per gente simile non v'è pietà.
La maledizion sopra lui cadrà.
Chi ci disprezza, noi lo schiacciam!
Glie la farem pagar!
Sì! dovrà pagar! pagherà!
Peter Grimes! Peter Grimes!
(Mentre la folla si disperde rapidamente per la caccia in tutte le
direzioni, cala velocemente il Sipario.)

Sipario**Interludio VI****Scena Seconda**

La stessa scena, poche ore più tardi. La scena è vuota. Una fitta
nebbia. Si sentono in distanza i segnali dei corni contro la
nebbia e le grida di coloro che cercano Peter. Questi entra in
scena, stanco e sconvolto.

Coro

(esterno):
Grimes! Grimes!

Peter

Piano! Eccoci presso a casa.
La casa? calma profonda.
La casa? per me è nell'onda.
Il mar berrà gli affanni
e li coprirà.

Coro

Grimes!

Chœur

Celui qui se tient à l'écart
laisse croître son orgueil.
Nous détruirons
celui qui nous mépris.

Il recherche

la cruauté,
nous détruirons
celui qui nous méprise.
Notre malédiction l'accablera dans son malheur. Nous vaincrons
son arrogance.
Nous ferons payer son crime au meurtrier.

Peter Grimes! Peter Grimes!

(En criant, ils se dispersent dans toutes les
directions.)

Interlude VI**Scène II**

Même décor que pour la scène I, quelques heures plus tard.
Épais brouillard. On entend la corne de brume et les cris de
ceux qui cherchent dans la distance.

Voix

Grimes!
(Peter entre, épuisé et comme fou.)

Peter

Du calme. Ça y est. Presque chez toi.
Où est-ce, chez toi? Le calme des eaux profondes.
Où est ma demeure, au fond de la mer calme,
de la mer qui boira tous mes tourments,
et puis la marée changera.

Voix

Grimes!

Chorus

17 Who holds himself apart
Lets his pride rise.
Him who despises us
We'll destroy.

And cruelty becomes

His enterprise.
Him who despises us
We'll destroy.
(with two Nieces, Mrs Sedley, Boles, Keene, Swallow,
Hobson)
Our curse shall fall upon his evil day. We shall
Tame his arrogance.
We'll make the murderer pay for his crime.

Peter Grimes! Grimes!

(The people (still shouting) scatter in all directions)

Curtain**Interlude VI****Scene Two**

(Scene as in Scene one, some hours later. The stage is
quite empty – a thick fog. Fog horn and the cries of the
searchers can be heard distantly)

Voices

19 Grimes!
(Peter comes in weary and demented)

Peter

Steady. There you are. Nearly home.
What is home? Calm as deep water.
Where's my home? Deep in calm water,
Water will drink my sorrows dry
And the tide will turn.

Voices

Grimes!

Chor

Wer stolz sich überhebt,
Wer uns fernbleibt,
Und uns veracht't,
Dem gehn wir zu Leib, und er wird zu Fall gebracht.

Alle

Was er auch versuch,
Treff ihn unser Fluch,
Strafe seinem Übermut!
Der Mörder seinen Lohn einheims!

Peter Grimes! Peter Grimes!

(Die Menge, die sich mit Knüppeln versehen hat, zerstreut sich,
rufend, nach allen Seiten.)

Vorhang**Interlude VI****2. Bild**

Der Hafenplatz, wie im 1. Bild, einige Stunden später. Die
Bühne ist leer. Nebel. Man hört aus der Ferne wiederholt ein
Nebelhorn und die Rufe der Suchenden:

Stimmen

Grimes! Grimes!
(Peter kommt auf die Bühne getaumelt, erschöpft und dem
Wahnsinn nahe.)

Peter

Stetig! Bist schon da! Bald daheim!
Was mein Heim? Schweigendes Wasser.
Wo daheim? Tief, tief im Wasser.
Wasser trinkt meinen Kummer leer,
Und die Tid schlägt um.

Stimmen

Grimes!

Peter

Piano! Eccoci presso a casa!
Quello morì... morì.
L'altro cadde... morì...
ed il terzo...
"Circostanze accidentali".
Il mar berrà il suo pianto, il mio dolor,
e lo coprirà.

Coro

Grimes! Grimes! Peter Grimes!

Peter

Peter Grimes! Eccoli! Eccomi!
Presto! presto! presto!
"Or saprem la verità..."
E d'eterno disonor
portò un marchio il peccatore!"
Vien qua! vieni!
"Fermi il corso del sol e comincia ancor!"

Coro

Peter Grimes!

Peter

"Andiamo a pescare,
voi andante a pescare,
essi vanno a pescare..."
Sul! la pesca a sbarcar!

Coro

Peter Grimes! Grimes!

Peter

Ellen! Ellen! La tua mano, Ellen.
Lo sai... La mia speranza è in te.
Se tu m'abbandonerai, se tu...
Oh, ma lasciami star!
E' tutto finito,
non c'è più nè l'amicizia,
nè l'amor.

Coro

Peter Grimes!

Peter

Du calme. Ça y est. Presque chez toi.
Le premier est mort, tout simplement.
Le second a glissé et il s'est tué...
Et le troisième...
Accidentellement...
La mer boiera ses tourments, mes tourments,
jusqu'au dernier et puis la marée changera.

Voix

Peter Grimes! Peter Grimes!

Peter

Peter Grimes! Voilà! Ici!
Vite! vite!
C'est maintenant que les commérages sont à l'épreuve.
Qu'on apporte le rouge et le couteau.
Nous allons en décider pour toujours...
Allez! Ramenez-moi à terre!
Faites tourner les cieux à l'envers et repartons à zéro.

Voix

Peter Grimes!

Peter

Le vieux Joe est allé pêcher,
le petit Joe est allé pêcher
et vous saurez qui d'autre est allé pêcher quand vous
débarquerez le banc suivant.

Voix

Peter Grimes!

Peter

Ellen. Donnez-moi votre main.
Voilà, tout mon espoir est en vous,
si vous m'abandonnez...
Retirez votre main!
La dispute est finie,
l'amitié perdue,
les racontars deviennent assourdissants,
tout est dit.

Voix

Peter Grimes!

Peter

Steady. There you are. Nearly home.
The first one died, just died...
The other slipped, and died...
And the third will...
'Accidental circumstances'...
Water will drink his sorrows – my sorrows – dry
And the tide will turn.

Voices

Peter Grimes, Peter Grimes!

Peter

Peter Grimes! Here you are! Here I am!
Hurry, hurry!
Now is gossip put on trial,
Bring the branding iron and knife,
For what's done now is done for life...
Come on! Land me!
'Turn the skies back and begin again.'

Voices

Peter Grimes!

Peter

Old Joe has gone fishing and
Young Joe has gone fishing and
You'll know who's gone fishing when
You land the next shoal.

Voices

Peter Grimes!

Peter

Ellen! Give me your hand.
There now – my hope is held by you,
If you leave me alone...
Take away your hand!
The argument's finished,
Friendship lost,
Gossip is shouting,
Everything's said.

Voices

Peter Grimes!

Peter

Stetig! Bist schon da! Bald daheim.
Der erste starb – starb hin.
Der zweite fiel – und starb...
Und der dritte...
"Eines zufälligen Todes..."
Wasser stillt allen Kummer, trinkt Kummer leer,
Und die Tid schlägt um.

Stimmen

Peter Grimes! Peter Grimes!

Peter

Seid ihr da? Ich bin hier!
Hurtig, hurtig, hurtig!
Wenn die Schwätzer sind im Recht,
Brandstock bringt und Messer her,
Was jetzt geschieht, stört keinen mehr.
Kommt nur! Holt ein!
Dreh den Himmel zurück und beginn aufs neu!

Stimmen

Peter Grimes!

Peter

Ol Jan, de güng fischen, un
Jung Jan, de güng fischen, ji
Wart wätn, we'n güng fischen,
Wan ji holt de nekt Fang!

Stimmen

Peter Grimes! Peter Grimes!

Peter

Ellen! Ellen! Gib mir die Hand!
Die einzige Hoffnung bist nun du...
Und wenn du mich verläßt...
Nimm die Hand hinweg!
's gibt nichts mehr zu sagen –
Alles aus –
Freundschaft zu Ende –
Alles verloren!

Stimmen

Peter Grimes!

Peter

Non voglio compassione!
Non voglio più pietà!
Ma Dio mi protegga!

Coro

Peter Grimes! Peter Grimes!

Peter

Li sentite chiamarmi così?
Chiamano! Chiamano!
E Davy Jones risponde:
ritorna! ritorna! vien qui a casa!

Coro (Le voci sono ora vicinissime e molto distinte.)

Peter Grimes! Peter Grimes!

Peter (Imitando le grida, per scherno)

Peter Grimes! Peter Grimes!

(Ellen e Balstrode entrano in scena e rimangono in piedi ad aspettare che Peter si sia calmato.)

Ellen

Peter, a casa vien con noi.
Vien con noi, fuori di questo orrore!
Qui c'è Balstrode. Peter, non mi senti?
(Peter non s'accorge di lei. Le voci sono ora molto distanti.)

Peter

Qual porto v'ha per me,
lontano dal furor dell'uragano?
Qual porto accoglierà
le mie calamità?
e lo raggiungerò!
(Balstrode attraversa la scena per dare una mano a Peter.)

Balstrode (parlato):

Su, t'aiuterò io a spinger la barca.

Ellen

No!

Peter

Allez au diable avec votre pitié!
Allez au diable avec votre vengeance!
Et que Dieu ait pitié de vous!

Voix

Peter Grimes! Peter Grimes!

Peter

Est-ce que tu les entends tous crier mon nom?
Est-ce que tu les entends?
La mort répondra:
à la maison, à la maison!

Voix

Peter Grimes!

Peter

Peter Grimes! Peter Grimes!

(Ellen e Balstrode entrano in scena e rimangono in piedi ad aspettare che Peter si sia calmato.)

Ellen

Peter, nous sommes venus pour vous ramener à la maison.
Venez. Sortez de cette horrible nuit.
Regardez, Balstrode est avec moi. Peter, ne m'entendez-vous pas?
(Peter ne la voit pas et chante comme dans un sanglot. Les voix qui criaient Peter Grimes faiblissent et s'éloignent.)

Peter

Quel port abrite la paix,
loin des lames,
loin des tempêtes!
Quel port peut nous abriter
des terreurs et des tragédies!
Son cœur aussi est un port –
où la nuit se change en jour.

Balstrode

Viens, je vais t'aider à pousser le bateau.

Ellen

Non!

Peter

To hell with all your mercy
To hell with your revenge.
And God have mercy upon you.

Voices

Peter Grimes, Peter Grimes!

Peter

Do you hear them all shouting my name?
D'you hear them?
Old Davy Jones shall answer:
Come home, come home!

Voices (close at hand)

Peter Grimes!

Peter (roars back at them)

Peter Grimes! Peter Grimes!

(Ellen and Balstrode have come in and stand watching. Then Ellen goes up to Peter)

Ellen

Peter, we've come to take you home.
O come home out of this dreadful night.
See, here's Balstrode. Peter, don't you hear me?
(Peter does not notice her and sings a tone almost like prolonged sobbing. The voices shouting 'Peter Grimes' can still be heard but more distantly and more sweetly)

Peter

What harbour shelters peace
Away from tidal waves,
Away from storms!
What harbour can embrace
Terrors and tragedies?
Her breast is harbour too –
Where night is turned to day.

Balstrode (goes up to Peter and speaks)

Come on, I'll help you with the boat.

Ellen

No.

Peter

Zur Höl! mit eurem Mitleid!
Zur Höl! mit eurem Recht!
Und Gott erbarm sich euer!

Stimmen

Peter Grimes! Peter Grimes!

Peter

Hörst du, wie sie deinen Namen schrein?
Hörst du sie? Hörst du sie?
De blanke Hans gef. Antwort:
Komm heim, komm heim!

Stimmen (näher und deutlich)

Peter Grimes! Peter Grimes!

Peter (zurückschreiend)

Peter Grimes! Peter Grimes! Peter Grimes!

(Ellen und Balstrode sind aus einer Gasse auf den Platz gekommen, und Ellen tritt zu Peter hin, der neben seinem Boot zusammengebrochen ist.)

Ellen

Peter, laß uns nach Hause gehn!
O komm heim aus dieser grausen Nacht!
Sieh, hier 's Balstrode! Peter, hörst nicht?
(Peter achtet nicht auf sie. Die Stimmen haben sich wieder entfernt und klingen nun immer leiser.)

Peter

Dem Hafen geht's nun zu,
Weitab von Wetternot,
Von Sturmflut fern.
Der Hafen beitet Ruh,
Wird Landung Grimes gewährt,
In ihm ich landen mag.
Dort wird die Nacht zu Tag.

Balstrode (tritt zu Peter)

Komm, ich helf dir mit dem Boot!

Ellen

Nicht!

Balstrode

Naviga al largo, finchè tu perda di vista il villaggio. Poi affonda la barca.

Capisci? Affondala. Addio, Peter.

(Uno scricchiolio di ciottoli quando Balstrode conduce Peter verso la sua imbarcazione e lo aiuta a spingerla in acqua. Dopo una breve pausa egli ritorna, prende Ellen per il braccio e la conduce via.)

(L'aurora si affaccia a poco a poco e il Borgo ritorna lentamente alla vita. Alcuni abitanti che hanno abbandonato la caccia all'uomo attraversano la strada dirigendosi alle loro case. Si aprono imposte e porte.)

Coro

Si leva un nuovo giorno sopra il mar,
ed esce con le reti il pescator.

Dell'onda il ritmico, lieve pulsar desta
le case immerse nel sopor.

(Swallow entra in scena e parla con alcuni pescatori.)

Swallow

Una barca naufraga
laggiù in alto mar.

Un pescatore

Si può salvar?

Swallow

No.

Pescatore

Vediam col cannocchiale.

Balstrode *(parlant)*

Eloigne-toi jusqu'à ce que tu ne vois plus la côte, et alors coule le bateau.

Tu m'entends? Coule-le! Adieu Peter.

(Ils poussent ensemble le bateau vers le bas de la rive.

Balstrode revient et lui dit adieu d'un signe de main. Il prend par le bras Ellen qui sanglote doucement et la mène vers sa maison, au bas de la grandrue. C'est l'aube. Le bourg s'anime peu à peu. Certains membres de la chasse à l'homme rentrent chez eux. On ouvre des volets.)

Chœur

A ceux qui traversent le bourg, tous ces bruits annoncent
qu'un jour nouveau commence.

Les maisons assoupies au bord de l'eau
s'éveillent au léger frémissement des vagues.

(Mr Swallow sort et parle avec des pêcheurs.)

Swallow

Un bateau coule, au large,
les garde-côtes l'ont vu.

Un pêcheur

Regardons à la jumelle.

Swallow

Non.

Un pêcheur

Regardons à la jumelle.

(Les pêcheurs vont jusqu'à la grève avec Swallow et regardent. L'un d'eux a des jumelles.)

Balstrode *(speaking)*

Sail out till you lose sight of the Moot Hall, then sink the boat.

D'you hear? Sink her! Good-bye, Peter.

(Together they push the boat down the slope of the shore. Balstrode comes back and waves goodbye. He takes Ellen, who is sobbing quietly, calms her and leads her carefully down the main street home.

Dawn comes to the Borough by a gentle sequence of sights and sounds.

A candle is lighted and shines through a bare window. A shutter is drawn back.

Hobson and his posse meet severally on the green by the Moot Hall. They gossip together, shake their heads, indicate the hopelessness of the search, extinguish their lanterns, and while some turn home, others go to the boats.

Nets are brought down from the houses by Fisherwomen. Cleaners open the front door of the Inn and begin to scrub the steps.

Dr Crabbe comes from a confinement case with his black bag. He yawns and stretches. Nods to the cleaners. The Rector comes to early morning prayer.

Mrs Sedley follows.

Ned Keene draws the shutters of his shop)

Chorus

²¹ To those who pass the Borough, sounds betray.

The cold beginning of another day.

And houses sleeping by the waterside

Wake to the measured ripple of the tide;

(Mr Swallow comes out and speaks to the fishermen)

Swallow

There's a boat sinking out at sea,
Coastguard reports.

Fisherman

Within reach?

Swallow

No.

Fisherman

Let's have a look through the glasses.

(Fishermen go with Swallow to the beach and look out.

One of them has a glass)

Balstrode

Fahr aus, bis außer Sicht vom Stadthaus, und dann versenk das Boot!

Hörst du? Sauf's ab! Leb wohl, Peter!

(Er hilft Peter das Boot ins Wasser schieben, und wenn die beiden verschwunden sind, hört man es über die Kiesel knirschen. Nach einer kurzen Weile kommt Balstrode zurück und führt die still vor sich hinschluchzende Ellen über den Platz und in eine Gasse.)

(Allmählich bricht der Tag an, und das Städtchen erwacht zum Leben. Einige Nachzügler der nächtlichen Suche kommen zurück und verlieren sich in ihre Häuser. Licht erscheint in einzelnen Fenstern. Fensterladen werden zurückgeschlagen.)

(Fischerfrauen tragen Netze aus den Häusern zum Strand hinunter. Immer mehr der Einwohner beginnen ihrem Tagwerk nachzugehn. Dr. Crabbe kommt mit seiner schwarzen Handtasche von einer Entbindung; er gähnt und streckt sich, nickt den Leuten zu. Der Pastor kommt zur Morgenandacht. Ihm folgt Mrs. Sedley. Keene nimmt die Laden von den Fenstern seiner Apotheke. Swallow kommt und spricht zu einigen Fischern.)

Chor

Geht ihr vorbei, zeigt manch ein Klang euch an,

Im Städtchen abermals ein Tag begann,

Und Haus an Haus hier an des Meeres Rand

Wacht auf zum Sang der Wellen auf dem Strand,

Swallow

Dort ist ein Boot weit draußen im Sinken,
Meldet die Wache.

Ein Fischer

Langt die Zeit?

Swallow

Nein.

Fischer

Sehn wir's uns mal durchs Glas an!

(Swallow geht mit einigen Fischern an den Strand hinunter.)

Coro
Nell'aria che più chiara ognor si fa
dei remi il cadenzato colpo va.
Saluta una campana col suo suon
lo spirito di quei che più non son.

Auntie
Cosa c'è?

Boles
Non si può veder.

Auntie
Cos'è accaduto?

Tutti e Coro
In sempiterno moto ondeggia il mar
e la marea risale entro il canal.
Poi si ritira col suo lento andar,
e va, sempre terribile ed ugual.

Sipario lentamente

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Chœur
A notre portée? ... ou à la cadence régulière
de ceux qui halent une barque pour l'amarrer à sa place,
ou au son creux de la clochette
qui passe et dit adieu à l'âme qui s'envole.

Tantine
Que se passe-t-il?

Boles
Je ne vois rien.

Tantine
Encore une fausse nouvelle.
(*Les nièces sortent et commencent à astiquer les cuivres de la
façade du Sanglier.*)

Tous
Le va et vient de la marée ne cesse jamais;
en montant elle emplît à ras bord le chenal,
puis elle se retire majestueusement,
en rouleaux terribles et sans fond.

Fin de l'Opéra

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Chorus
Or measured cadence of the lads who tow
Some entered hoy to fix her in her row,
Or hollow sound that from the passing bell
To some departed spirit bids farewell.

Auntie
What is it?

Boles
Nothing I can see.

Auntie
One of those rumours.
(*Nieces emerge and begin to polish the brasses outside
'The Boar'*)

Omnes
In ceaseless motion comes and goes the tide,
Flowing it fills the channel broad and wide;
Then back to sea with strong majestic sweep
It rolls in ebb yet terrible and deep.

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Chor
Und wetterharter Männer, die dabei
Die volle Schmach bugsieren in die Reih,
Indes das Züenglöcklein hallend hohl
'ner abgeschiednen Seele ruft "Fahrwohl!"

Tantjen
Was gibt es?

Boles
Ich kann gar nichts sehn.

Tantjen
Wieder 'n Gerücht wohl.
(*Die Nichten erscheinen, Butterbrote kauend, aus dem "Hai".*)

Chor
So wechselt unaufhörlich die Gezeit,
Flutend jetzt deckt sie Strand und Ufer weit,
Rollt dann zurück, so wie herein sie lief,
Auch ebbend noch voll Urgewalt und tief.

Vorhang

ENDE

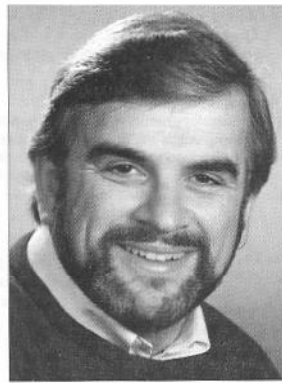
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Philip Langridge



Janice Watson
Hanya Chlala



Alan Opie
Robert Carpenter Turner



Ameral Gunson



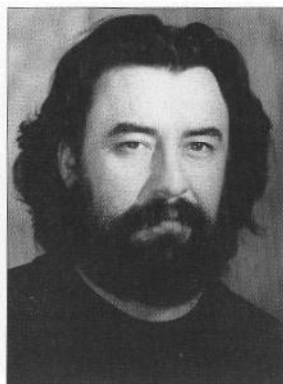
Yvonne Barclay



Pamela Helen Stephen
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John Graham Hall



John Connell



Anne Collins



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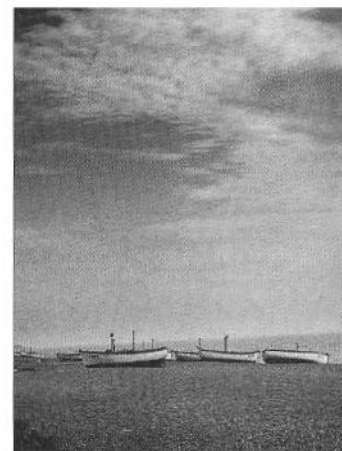
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Matthew Best



Richard Hickox
Nigel Luckhurst



Aldburgh Beach
Nigel Luckhurst

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Britten: Peter Grimes

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Benjamin Britten (1913–1976)

Peter Grimes

An opera in three acts and a prologue derived from the poem of George Crabbe
Libretto: Montagu Slater

Peter Grimes, a fisherman Philip Langridge *tenor*
Boy (John), his apprentice Ned Harrison
Ellen Orford, a widow, schoolmistress of the Borough Janice Watson *soprano*
Captain Balstrode, retired merchant skipper Alan Opie *baritone*
Auntie, landlady of 'The Boar' Ameral Gunson *contralto*
Niece 1 } the main attractions of 'The Boar' { Yvonne Barclay *soprano*
Niece 2 } Pamela Helen Stephen *soprano*
Bob Boles, fisherman and Methodist John Graham Hall *tenor*
Swallow, a lawyer John Connell *bass*
Mrs (Nabob) Sedley, a rentier widow of an
 East India Company's factor Anne Collins *mezzo-soprano*
Rev. Horace Adams, the rector John Fryatt *tenor*
Ned Keene, apothecary and quack Roderick Williams *baritone*
Hobson, carrier Matthew Best *bass*

Opera London
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COMPACT DISC ONE

Prologue

Act I, Scenes 1 & 2

Act II, Scene 1 (first part)

TT 76:33

COMPACT DISC TWO

Act II, Scene 1 (conc.) &

Scene 2

Act III, Scenes 1 & 2

TT 70:38

(DDD)

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