

Opera in a Prologue and two acts

Libretto:
Myfanwy Piper

Music:
Benjamin Britten

First performance:
14 September 1954, Teatro La Fenice,
Venice

Characters:

The Prologue
Tenor

The Governess
Soprano

Miles, young child in her charge
Treble

Flora, young child in her charge
Treble

Mrs. Grose, the housekeeper
Soprano

Quint, a former man-servant
Tenor

Miss Jessel, a former governess
Soprano

*The action takes place in and around Bly,
a country-house in the East of England,
in the middle of the nineteenth century.*

Òpera en un pròleg i dos actes

Liibret:
Myfanwy Piper

Música:
Benjamin Britten

Estrena:
14 setembre 1954, teatre La Fenice,
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Personatges:

El Pròleg
Tenor

La Institutriu
Soprano

Miles, xiquet al seu càrrec
Tiple

Flora, xiqueta al seu càrrec
Tiple

Mrs. Grose, majordoma
Soprano

Quint, antic criat
Tenor

Miss Jessel, anterior institutriu
Soprano

*L'acció té lloc a Bly i els seus voltants,
una casa de camp a l'est d'Anglaterra,
a mitjan segle XIX.*

ACT ONE

Prologue

*The Prologue is discovered
in front of a drop curtain.*

It is a curious story.
I have it written in faded ink,
a woman's hand,
governess to two children, long ago.
Untried, innocent, she had gone first
to see their guardian in London;
a Young man, bold, offhand and gay,
the children's only relative.
The children were in the country
with an old housekeeper.
There had been a governess,
but she had gone.
The boy, of course, was at school,
but there was the girl,
and the holidays, now begun.
This then would be her task.
But there was one condition:
he was so much engaged; affairs, travel,
friends, visits, always something,
no time at all for the poor little things.
She was to do everything, be responsible
for everything, not to worry him at all,
no, not to write, but to be silent,
and do her best.

ACTE I

Pròleg

*El pròleg es fa
davant del teló baixat.*

Aquesta és una història curiosa.
La tinc escrita en tinta borrosa,
escrita per la mà d'una dona,
que va ser institutriu de dos xiquets fa molt de temps.
Inexperta i innocent, primer va anar a veure
el seu tutor a Londres;
un home jove, desenfadat, franc i alegre...
L'únic parent viu dels xiquets.
Els xics vivien en el camp
amb una majordoma vella.
Havien tingut una altra institutriu,
però se n'havia anat.
El xic estava en el col·legi, per descomptat;
però també estava la xiqueta...
i les vacances, que començaven ja.
Aquestes serien les seues obligacions.
Però hi havia una condició:
ell estava molt ocupat: viatges, negocis,
amics, visites... Sempre tenia algun compromís,
sense temps per als menors.
Ella havia d'encarregar-se de tot,
responsabilitzar-se de tot, i no molestar-lo per res,
ni escriure-li per a res; només havia de guardar silenci
i apanyar-se-les tan bé com poguera.

She was full of doubts.
But she was carried away: that he,
so gallant and handsome,
so deep in the busy world,
should need her help.
At last

THEME

"I will ", she said.

*The lights fade and the drop curtain
rises in darkness.*

Ella era una mar de dubtes
però es va decidir, perquè ell,
un home tan galant i ben plantat,
tan entregat als negocis,
necessitava la seu ajuda.
I finalment...

Tema

...ella va dir: "Accepte".

*Els llums s'apaguen lentament
i s'alça el teló en la foscor.*

Scene I. *The Journey.*

GOVERNESS

Nearly there.
Very soon I shall know,
I shall know what's in store for me.
Who will greet me?
The children ... the children.
Will they be clever? Will they like me?
Poor babies, no father, no mother.
But I shall love them as I love my own,
all my dear ones left at home,
so far away and so different.
If things go wrong, what shall I do?
Who can I ask, with none of my kind to talk to?
Only the old housekeeper,
how will she welcome me?
I must not write to their guardian,
that is the hardest part of all.
Whatever happens, it is I, I must decide.
A strange world for a stranger's sake.
O why did I come?
No! I've said I will do it, and for him I will.
There's nothing to fear.
What could go wrong?
Be brave, be brave.
We're nearly there.
Very soon I shall know.
Very soon I shall know...

The lights fade.

Escena I. *El viatge.*

INSTITUTRIU

Ja quasi he arribat.
Molt prompte sabré
què és el que m'espera.
Qui em rebrà?
Els xiquets... els xiquets.
Seran llests? Els agradaré?
Pobres criatures, sense pare ni mare.
Però jo els voldré com vull els meus,
a tots els que he deixat en la meua llar,
tan llunyana i tan diferent.
Si les coses van malament, què faré llavors?
A qui podré preguntar sense ningú de la meua classe a prop?
Només la vella majordoma...
Com em rebrà?
No he d'escriure al tutor,
aquesta és la pitjor part de tot.
Passe el que passe, jo hauré de prendre la decisió.
Un món estrany per a un estrany!
Per què hauré vingut?
Però vaig dir que ho faria, i per ell ho faré.
No hi ha res a temer.
Què podria eixir malament?
Sigues valenta... sigues valenta.
Ja quasi estem.
Prompte ho sabré. Molt ràpid.
Molt prompte ho sabré...

Els llums es van apagant.

Variation I

Scene II. The Welcome.

*The lights go up on the porch at Bly.
Mrs. Grose, with the children dancing about.*

MILES, FLORA

Mrs. Grose! Will she be nice?
Mrs. Grose! Will she be cross?
Why doesn't she hurry? Why isn't she here?
Will she like us? Shall we like her?

Mrs. GROSE

Quiet, children!
Lord! How you do tease!
Will she be this, will she be that,
a dozen times I do declare.
You'll see soon enough.
Now quietly, do!
(she gives Flora a little good-natured
tidying shake, pats Mile's hair into place,
smooths down her own apron)
Miss Flora, your pinafore!
Master Miles, your hair!
Keep still dearie, or you'll wear me out.
Now show me how you bow.
(Miles bows)
How do you curtsey?
(Flora curtseys)
Bow!
(Miles bows)
Curtsey!
(Flora curtseys, and they continue bowing
and curtseying until Mrs. Grose stops them)
Here she is now.

Variació I

Escena II. La benvinguda.

*S'encenen els llums de Bly.
Mrs. Grose, ballant amb els xiquets.*

MILES, FLORA

Mrs. Grose, serà simpàtica?
Mrs. Grose, serà malcarada?
Per què no s'afanya? Per què no és ací?
Li agradarérem? Ens agradarà?

MRS. GROSE

Silenci, xiquets!
Senyor, que enfadosos sou!
Si serà això, si serà allò...
Dotze vegades ho he dit ja:
Prompte ho sabreu!
Ara, calleu d'una vegada!
(allisa el vestit amb afecte a Flora,
pentina els cabells a Miles
i s'arregla el davantal)
Senyoreta Flora, el seu davantal!
Senyoret Miles, els seus cabells!
Quiet, estimat, o m'egotaràs!
Vegem ara aquesta reverència...
(Miles fa una reverència)
i aquesta genuflexió.
(Flora fa la seua genuflexió)
Reverència!
(Miles fa una reverència)
Genuflexió!
(Flora fa una genuflexió, i segueixen així els dos
fins que Mrs. Grose els fa parar)
Ja és ací.

Enter Governess.

GOVERNESS

You must be Mrs. Grose?
I'm so happy to see you...
so happy to be here.

Mrs. GROSE

(curtseying)
How do you do, Miss. Welcome to Bly!

GOVERNESS

This must be Flora?
And Miles?
(*Flora curtseys, Miles bows*)
How charming they are, how beautiful too.
The house and park are so splendid,
far grander than I am used to.
I shall feel like a princess here.
Bly, I begin to love you.

Mrs. GROSE

I'm happy, so happy that you've come, Miss.
Miss Flora and Master Miles are happy,
so happy that you're here too.
They're good children,
yes, they are, they're good, Miss.
They're lively,
too lively for an ignorant old woman.
They wear me out, indeed they do.

Entra la institutriu.

INSTITUTRIU

Vosté deu ser Mrs. Grose.
M'alegra molt conéixer-la.
M'alegra molt estar ací.

MRS. GROSE

(fa una genuflexió)
Com està vostè, senyoreta? Benvinguda a Bly!

INSTITUTRIU

Aquesta deu ser Flora...
I aquest és Miles?
(*Flora fa la seu genuflexió, Miles la seu reverència*)
Que encantadors són... i que bonics.
La casa i el parc són esplèndids,
molt més grans d'allò a què estic acostumada.
Em sentiré com una princesa ací.
Bly, ja comence a voler-te.

MRS. GROSE

Estic feliç, molt feliç que haja vingut, senyoreta.
La senyoreta Flora i el senyoret Miles també estan contents,
molt contents que estiga ací.
Els xiquets són bons,
sí, són bons, senyoreta.
Són molt vius,
massa per a una vella ignorant.
M'esgoten..., la veritat.

My poor head isn't bright enough;
the things they think up!
I'm far too old a body for games,
Miss, far too old,
and now they'll do better with a young thing
as lively as they are themselves.
Master Miles is wonderful at lessons,
and Miss Flora's sharp too.
Yes, they're clever, they need their own kind,
they're far too clever for me!

GOVERNESS

Bly, I begin to love you.

MILES, FLORA

Come along! Come along! Do!
We want to show you the house.
We want to show you the park.
Don't stay talking here any more.

Mrs. GROSE

They'll do better now,
they'll do better with a young thing.
(Pardon the liberty Miss)
They'll do better now you're here!
Quiet, children!
Lord! How you do tease.
In a trice they'll be dragging you
all over the park.

GOVERNESS

No, they must show me everything!
For Bly is now my home.

El meu pobre cap no està molt desencaparrat;
i quines coses se'ls ocorren!
Jo ja sóc massa vella per als seus jocs,
senyoreta, massa vella,
i ara es portaran millor amb algú més jove,
i tan viu com ells.
El senyoret Miles és molt aplicat amb les seues lliçons,
i la senyoreta Flora també és intel·ligent.
Sí, són llests i necessiten algú de la seu classe,
són molt més llests que jo!

INSTITUTRIU

Bly, comence a estimar-te!

MILES, FLORA

Vinga, vinga, vinga!
Volem ensenyar-li la casa.
Volem ensenyar-li el parc!
No es quede ací xarrant!

MRS. GROSE

Es portaran millor ara,
amb algú més jove.
(Permeta'm la llibertat, senyoreta)
Es portaran millor ara que vostè està ací.
Silènci, xiquets!
Senyor, que enfadosos sou!
En un tres i no res
l'estaran arrossegant per tot el parc.

INSTITUTRIU

Han d'ensenyar-m'ho tot,
Bly és ara la meua llar!

Variation II

The lights fade as the children lead the Governess off.

Scene III. The Letter.

The lights fade in again on the porch at Bly, to the side of which more of the house is now visible, including a low window.

Mrs. GROSE

(entering)

Miss! Miss!

a letter for you.

(the Governess comes out of the house)

Here!

(handing her a letter; the Governess takes the letter and reads it quietly. Aside)

A good young lady, I'll be bound,

and a pretty one too.

Now all will be well,

we were far too long alone!

GOVERNESS

Mrs. Grose!

He's dismissed his school.

Mrs. GROSE

Who?

GOVERNESS

Little Miles.

Variació II

Els llums s'apaguen mentre els xiquets s'emporten la institutriu.

Escena III. La carta.

Els llums s'encenen sobre el porxo de Bly, al costat del qual es veu una part més gran de la casa, incloent-hi una finestra baixa.

MRS. GROSE

(entrant)

Senyoreta!

Una carta per a vosté!

(la institutriu ix de la casa)

Prenga!

(li entrega en mà una carta, la institutriu l'agafa i la llig amb atenció. A part)

És una jove bona, sens dubte,

i a més molt bonica.

Ara ja tot anirà bé.

Portàvem massa temps sols!

INSTITUTRIU

Mrs. Grose!

L'han expulsat del col·legi!

MRS. GROSE

A qui?

INSTITUTRIU

Al xicotet Miles.

Mrs. GROSE

Miles?

GOVERNESS

What can it mean? Never go back?

Mrs. GROSE

Never?

GOVERNESS

Never!

O, but for that he must be bad!

Mrs. GROSE

Him bad?

GOVERNESS

An injury to his friends.

Mrs. GROSE

Him an injury? I won't believe it!

GOVERNESS

Tell me, Mrs Grose,
have you ever known Miles to be bad?

Mrs. GROSE

A boy is no boy for me if he is never wild.
But bad, no, no!

MRS. GROSE

A Miles?

LA INSTITUTRIU

Què significa això? Ja mai podrà tornar.

MRS. GROSE

Mai...?

INSTITUTRIU

Mai!

Ha degut ser molt roí!

MRS. GROSE

Ell, roí...?

INSTITUTRIU

Un perill per als seus amics.

MRS. GROSE

Ell, un perill? Això no m'ho crec!

INSTITUTRIU

Diga'm, Mrs. Grose,
ha vist vosté que Miles fóra roí?

MRS. GROSE

Un xiquet no és un xiquet si alguna vegada no ha sigut entremaliat.
Però roí, no... No!

GOVERNESS

I cannot think him really bad, not Miles.
Never!

Mrs. GROSE

Never! Not Master Miles.
He can be wild, but not bad.

*The children are seen at the window,
quietly playing together.*

MILES, FLORA

Lavender's blue, diddle, diddle,
lavender's green,
when I am King, diddle, diddle,
you shall be Queen.
Call up your men, diddle, diddle,
set them to work,
some to the plough, diddle, diddle,
some to the cart.
Some to make hay, diddle, diddle,
some to cut corn,
while you and I, diddle, diddle...

GOVERNESS, Mrs. GROSE

See how sweetly he plays,
and with how gentle a look
he turns to his sister.
Yes! The Child is an angel!
it is nonsense! Never a word of truth.
it is all a wicked lie.

The window fades.

INSTITUTRIU

No puc creure que siga roí de debò, Miles no.
Mai!

MRS. GROSE

Mai! El senyoret Miles no.
Un poc entremaliat potser, però roí no.

*Es veuen els xiquets a través de la finestra,
jugant en silenci.*

MILES, FLORA

Espíglol blau, dindon,
espíglol verd
rei jo seré, dindon,
quan sigues reina.
crida els teus homes, dindon,
i posa't a treballar,
un amb l'arada, dindon,
i uns altres amb la carreta.
Uns a segar, dindon
uns altres a tallar la dacsa,
i tu i jo fent dindon.

INSTITUTRIU I MRS. GROSE

Mire amb quina dolçor juga,
amb quant d'afecte
mira la seu germana...
Sí, el xiquet és un àngel,
és tot un contrasentit; no hi ha una paraula de veritat,
tot això és una mentida perversa.

El llum s'apaga.

Mrs. GROSE

What shall you do then?

GOVERNESS

I shall do nothing.

Mrs. GROSE

And what shall you say to him?

GOVERNESS

I shall say nothing.

Mrs. GROSE

Bravo! And I'll stand by you.
O miss,
may I take the liberty?

Mrs. Grose kisses her. The scene fades.

MRS. GROSE

Què pensa fer llavors?

INSTITUTRIU

No pense fer res.

MRS. GROSE

I què li dirà a ell?

INSTITUTRIU

No li diré res.

MRS. GROSE

Molt bé! I jo estaré al seu costat!
Senyoreta,
puc prendre'm la llibertat?

Mrs. Grose la besa. L'escena s'enfosqueix.

Variation III

Scene IV. The Tower.

*The lights fade in again on the house.
The tower is now visible. It is evening.
Sweet summer. Enter the Governess, strolling.*

GOVERNESS

How beautiful it is.
Each day it seems more beautiful to me.
And my darling children
enchant me more and more.
My first foolish fears are all vanished now,
those fluttering fears
when I could not forget the letter,
when I heard a far off cry in the night
and once a faint footstep passed my door.
Only one thing I wish,
that I could see him
and that he could see
how well I do his bidding.
The birds fly home to these great trees,
here too I am at home.
Alone, tranquil, serene.
(Quint becomes visible on the tower)
Ha! 'Tis he!
(he looks steadily at her
then turns and vanishes)

Variació III

Escena IV. La torre.

*El llum s'encén i il·luminen la casa.
La torre queda a la vista. És de nit, dolç estiu.
Entra la institutriu, passejant.*

INSTITUTRIU

Que bonic és.
Ho trobe més bell cada dia que passa.
I els meus xiquets preciosos
em captiven cada vegada més.
Les meues estúpides pors inicials ja s'han esvaït,
aqueells temors sobtats
quan no podia oblidar la carta,
quan sentia gemecs llunyans a la nit...
Quan va creuar davant de la meua porta el rumor
d'uns passos lleus. Només desitge una cosa:
poder veure'l, a ell,
i que ell vera
com complisc de bé el seu mandat.
Els ocells volen a la seu llar en aquells arbres grans.
Jo també estic en la meua llar ací,
sola, en pau, serena.
(Quint es fa visible en la torre)
Ah... És ell!
(la mira fixament
i després es gira i desapareix)

No! Who is it?
Who? Who can it be?
Some servant... no! I know them all!
Who is it who?
Who can it be?
Some curious stranger?
But how did he get in?
Who is it, who?
Some fearful madman locked away there?
Adventurer? Intruder?
Who is it, who?
Who can it be?

No! Qui és aquest?
Qui? Qui pot ser?
Deu ser algun criat... No, els coneix a tots.
Qui és aquest, qui?
Qui pot ser?
Algun foraster curiós?
Però, com haurà entrat?
Qui és aquest, qui?
Algun boig temible que està tancat ací?
Un aventurer? Un intrús?
Qui és aquest, qui?
Qui pot ser?

Variation IV

Scene V. *The Window.*

*The lights fade in on the interior
of the hall at Bly;
Flora and Miles ride in on a hobby horse.*

MILES, FLORA

Tom, Tom, the piper's son
Stole a pig and away he run.
Pig was eat and Tom was beat,
Tom ran howling down the street.

MILES

Now I'll steal the pig!

FLORA

Go on then, go on!

MILES, FLORA

Tom, Tom, the piper's son!
Stole a pig and away he run...

MILES

Now chase me, chase me.

FLORA

I'll catch you!

MILES, FLORA

Pig was eat and Tom was beat,
Tom ran howling down the street.

Variació IV

Escena V. *La finestra.*

*Els llums s'encenen a l'interior
del vestíbul de Bly;
Flora i Miles munten un cavall de fusta.*

MILES, FLORA

Tom, el fill del gaiter,
va robar un porc i es va escapar.
El porc es van menjar i van apallissar Tom,
i Tom, cridant, carrer a baix va córrer.

MILES

Ara vaig a robar el porc!

FLORA

Vinga, roba'l!

MILES, FLORA

Tom, el fill del gaiter
va robar un porc i es va escapar...

MILES

Ara, persegueix-me!

FLORA

Què t'hi jugues que t'agafe!

MILES, FLORA

El porc es van menjar i van apallissar Tom,
i Tom, cridant, carrer avall va córrer.

FLORA

Let's do it again.

GOVERNESS

(*off*)

Children! Are you ready? Run along then.

MILES, FLORA

Tom, Tom, the piper's son.

(they ride out as the Governess comes in)

GOVERNESS

I'll follow!

MILES, FLORA

(*off*)

Stole a pig and away he run...!

The Governess looks about for a moment, picks up a pair of gloves and is about to go out when she looks up and sees Quint appear suddenly in the window. They gaze at each other. He disappears. The Governess runs out and looks through the window as Quint had done. Mrs. Grose enters as the Governess rushes back into the room.

Mrs. GROSE

Ah! My dear! You look so white and queer. What's ha happened?

GOVERNESS

I have been frightened.

Mrs. GROSE

What was it?

FLORA

Anem a fer-ho una altra vegada!

INSTITUTRIU

(*intern*)

Xics, esteu preparats? A córrer!

MILES, FLORA

Tom, el fill del gaiter.

(*ixen corrent quan la institutriu entra*)

INSTITUTRIU

Vaig darrere de vosaltres!

MILES, FLORA

(*intern*)

Va robar un porc i es va escapar...

La institutriu observa al seu voltant un moment, agafa un parell de guants i es disposa a eixir quan alça la vista i veu Quint, que apareix de sobte en la finestra. Es miren els dos. Ell desapareix. La institutriu escapa i mira per la finestra, com havia fet Quint. Mrs. Grose entra en el moment en què la institutriu torna a l'interior a tot córrer)

MRS. GROSE

Estimada, està vosté pàl·lida i desencaixada! Què ha passat?

INSTITUTRIU

M'he espantat.

MRS. GROSE

I això com ha sigut?

GOVERNESS

A man looked through the window,
a strange man.
But I saw him before, on the tower.

Mrs. GROSE

No one from the village?

GOVERNESS

No.

Mrs. GROSE

A gentleman then?

GOVERNESS

No! Indeed no!

Mrs. GROSE

What was he like?

GOVERNESS

His hair was red, close-curling,
a long, pale face, small eyes.
His look was sharp, fixed and strange.
He was tall, clean-shaven, yes, even handsome.
But a horror!

Mrs. GROSE

Quint! Peter Quint!
Dear God, is there no end to his dreadful ways?

GOVERNESS

Peter Quint - who is that?
Tell me, Mrs. Grose!
Do you know him then?

INSTITUTRIU

He vist un home mirant per la finestra,
un home estrany...
Però ja l'havia vist abans, en la torre.

MRS. GROSE

No serà algú del poble?

INSTITUTRIU

No.

MRS. GROSE

Algun cavaller...

INSTITUTRIU

No... Segur que no!

MRS. GROSE

I com era?

INSTITUTRIU

Els seus cabells eren rojos i arrissats;
la cara pàl·lida i allargada. Els ulls xicotets,
i la seua mirada era penetrant i estranya.
Alt i ben afaitat, sí fins i tot diria que era guapo...
Però era un horror!

MRS. GROSE

Quint, és Peter Quint!
Déu meu! No tindran fi els seus espantosos manejos?

INSTITUTRIU

Peter Quint, qui és aquest?
Diga-m'ho, Mrs. Grose!
Per ventura el coneix?

Mrs. GROSE

Dear God! Is there no end
to his dreadful ways?
Dear God!
(she weeps)

GOVERNESS

Mrs. Grose, what has happened here,
in this house?

Mrs. GROSE

Quint, Peter Quint, the master's valet.
Left here in charge.
It was not for me to say, miss, no indeed,
I had only to see to the house.
But I saw things elsewhere I did not like.
When Quint was free with everyone,
with little Master Miles.

GOVERNESS

Miles?

Mrs. GROSE

Hours they spent together.
Yes, miss, he made free with her too,
with lovely Miss Jessel,
governess to those pets, those angels,
those innocent babes.
And she a lady, so far above him.
Dear God! Is there no end!
But he had ways to twist them round
his little finger.
He liked them pretty I can tell you, miss,
and he had his will, morning and night.

MRS. GROSE

Déu meu! No tindran fi
els seus espantosos manejos?
Déu meu!
(plora)

INSTITUTRIU

Mrs. Grose, què ha passat ací,
en aquesta casa?

MRS. GROSE

Quint, Peter Quint, el majordom del senyor;
ell manava ací.
Jo no podia dir res, per descomptat,
jo només havia d'ocupar-me de la casa.
Però jo veia coses, de totes maneres, que no m'agradaven.
Quint es prenia llibertats amb tots,
amb el senyoret Miles.

INSTITUTRIU

Amb Miles?

MRS. GROSE

Es passaven les hores junts.
Sí, senyoreta, també amb ella,
la dolça Miss Jessel,
la institutriu d'aquestes criatures,
d'aquests àngels innocents.
Ella, que era una dama, molt per sobre d'ell.
Déu meu! No hi haurà un final!
Però ell tenia les seues manyes
per a emportar-se'ls al seu terreny.
a ell li agradava molt, senyoreta, això li ho assegure jo...
i feia la seua santa voluntat, de nit o de dia.

GOVERNESS

But why did you not tell your master?
Write to him?
Send for him to come?

Mrs. GROSE

I dursn't. He never liked worries.
'Twas not my place.
They were not in my charge.
Quint was too clever I feared him,
feared what he could do.
No, Mr. Quint, I did not like your ways!
And then she went.
She couldn't stay, not then.
She went away to die.

GOVERNESS

To die? And Quint?

Mrs. GROSE

He died too.

GOVERNESS

Died?

Mrs. GROSE

Fell on the icy road, struck his head,
lay there till morning, dead!
Dear God, is there no end to his dreadful ways?

GOVERNESS

I know nothing of these things.
Is this sheltered place the wicked world
where things unspoken can be?

INSTITUTRIU

Però, per què no ho va dir al senyor?
No li va escriure perquè vinguera?
No li va dir que vinguera?

MRS. GROSE

No em vaig atrevir. Mai li han agradat les preocupacions.
No era de la meua incumbència.
Ells no estaven al meu càrec.
Quint era massa astut. Jo el temia,
temia el que poguera fer.
No, senyor Quint, no m'agradaven els seus embolics!
I llavors, ella se'n va anar.
Ja no podia quedar-se... ja no.
Se'n va anar, però per a morir-se.

INSTITUTRIU

Per a morir-se? I Quint?

MRS. GROSE

Ell també va morir.

INSTITUTRIU

Va morir?

MRS. GROSE

Va caure en el camí gelat, es va colpejar al cap...
Va estar allí tirat fins a l'alba, mort!
Déu meu! No tindran fi els seus espantosos manejos?

INSTITUTRIU

No sé res d'aquestes coses.
Per ventura és aquest plàcid refugi el malèvol món
on han ocorregut tan innomenables successos?

Mrs. GROSE

Dear God!

GOVERNESS

Only this much I know;
things have been done here that are not good,
and have left a taste behind them.
That man: impudent, spoiled, depraved.
Mrs. Grose, I am afraid, not for me, for Miles.
He came to look for Miles, I'm sure of that,
and he will come again.

Mrs. GROSE

I don't understand.

GOVERNESS

But I see it now,
I must protect the children,
I must guard their quiet,
and their guardian's too.
See that I see, know what I know,
that they may see and know nothing.

Mrs. GROSE

Lord, Miss!
Don't understand a word of what you say.
But I'll stand by you,
Lord, Miss, indeed I will.

The lights fade.

MRS. GROSE

Déu meu!

INSTITUTRIU

Jo només sé una cosa:
ací s'han fet coses que no són bones,
que han deixat un rastre darrere de si.
Aquest home groller, malcriat i depravat.
Mrs. Grose, tinc por, no per mi sinó per Miles.
Ell ve a buscar Miles, estic segura,
i tornarà!

MRS. GROSE

No ho entenc.

INSTITUTRIU

Ara ho veig clar:
he de protegir els xiquets,
he de vetlar per la seu pau,
i per la pau del seu tutor.
Veja jo el que veja, sàpia el que sàpia;
ells no veuran res, no sabran res.

MRS. GROSE

Per l'amor de Déu, senyoreta!
No entenc una paraula del que diu.
Però estaré amb vosté;
per caritat, senyoreta, jo estaré al seu costat.

S'apaga el llum.

Variation V

Scene VI. The Lesson.

*The lights fade in on the schoolroom.
The Governess is hearing Miles his Latin lesson.
Flora is "helping".*

MILES, FLORA

(echoing)

Many nouns it is we find
to the masculine are assigned:
Amnis, axis, caulis, collis,
Clunis, crinis, fascis, follis,
Fustis, ignis, orbis, ensis.
Panis, piscis, postis, mensis,
Torris, unguis and canalis,
Vectis, vermis, and natalis,
Sanguis, pulvis, cucumis,
Lapis, casses, manes, glis.
Many nouns it is we find
to the masculine are assigned.

GOVERNESS

That's good, Miles,
you've learned that well!
Now say for me...

FLORA

Can't we stop now?
Let's do history!
(frisking around)
Boadicea on her chariot! Look at me!

Variació V

Escena VI. La lliçó.

*El llum s'encén en la cambra d'estudi.
La institutriu dóna la lliçó de llatí a Miles.
Flora està "ajudant".*

MILES, FLORA

(en eco)

Molts noms acaben en "is"
i són de gènere masculí:
amnis, axis, caulis, collis,
clunis, crinis, fascis, follis,
fustis, ignis, orbis, ensis,
panis, piscis, postis, mensis,
torris, unguis, i canalis,
vectis, vermis, i natalis,
sanguis, pulvis, cucumis,
lapis, casses, manes, glis.
Molts noms acaben en "is"
i són de gènere masculí.

INSTITUTRIU

Molt bé, Miles,
t'ho has aprés molt bé.
Ara dis-me...

FLORA

Podem deixar-ho ja?
Estudiem història!
(renouejant al voltant)
Boadicea en el seu carro! Mireu-me!

GOVERNESS

Don't tease, dear!
We must do Miles' Latin.
Come now!
What else do you remember? Now think.

MILES

(*to himself hesitating*)
Malo: I would rather be.
Malo: in an apple-tree.
Malo: than a naughty boy.
Malo: in adversity.

GOVERNESS

Why, Miles, what a funny song!
Did I teach you that?

MILES

No, I found it. I like it. Do you?
Malo, Malo, Malo...

The scene fades.

INSTITUTRIU

No molests, estimada!
Seguim amb el llatí de Miles.
Vinga!
De quin més et recordes? Pensa.

MILES

(*dubitatiu*)
Malo... abans voldria estar
Malo... dalt d'una pomera,
Malo... abans que ser un xiquet entremaliat
Malo... que es fica en embolics.

INSTITUTRIU

Vaja, Miles, quina cançó més curiosa.
Te l'he ensenyada jo?

MILES

No, me l'he inventada jo. M'agrada. A vostè li agrada?
Malo... Malo... Malo...

Els llums s'apaguen.

Variation VI

Scene VII. The Lake.

*The lights fade in on the lake in the park.
A sunny morning. Flora and the Governess
wander in, the Governess with a book,
Flora with a doll.*

FLORA

O rivers and seas and lakes!
Is this lake in my book?

GOVERNESS

No dear, it's far too small.

FLORA

Small? It's huge!
It's a great wide sea!

GOVERNESS

Then you must name it.
Come Flora, what seas do you know?

FLORA

Adriatic and Aegean.

GOVERNESS

Yes!

FLORA

Baltic, Bosnian and the Caspian.

GOVERNESS

Good!

Variació VI

Escena VII. El Llac.

*El llum s'encén en el llac del parc.
Un matí de sol Flora i la institutriu passegen.
La institutriu porta un llibre
i Flora una nina.*

FLORA

Oh, rius i mars i llacs!
Està aquest llac en el meu llibre?

INSTITUTRIU

No, estimada; és massa xicotet.

FLORA

Xicotet? És immens!
És un mar extens!

INSTITUTRIU

Llavors, n'has de saber el nom.
A veure, Flora, quins mars et saps?

FLORA

Adriàtic i Egeu.

INSTITUTRIU

Sí.

FLORA

Bàltic, Jònic i Caspi.

INSTITUTRIU

Bé!

FLORA

Black and Red and White and Yellow.

GOVERNESS

And?

FLORA

Medi-medi-terra-nean!

GOVERNESS

Go on!

FLORA

And... the Dead Sea.

GOVERNESS

And this one?

FLORA

Is the Dead Sea.

How can a sea be dead?

GOVERNESS

They call it dead because nothing can live in it.

FLORA

Then I wouldn't go in it,
and neither would Miles.

(*they settle down, Flora on the ground,
with her doll, the Governess on a bench,
with her book*)

Go to sleep, my dolly dear. Go to sleep.

GOVERNESS

Sing to her dear,
dolly must sleep wherever you choose.

FLORA

Negre i Roig, Blanc, i Groc.

INSTITUTRIU

I?

FLORA

Midi-Medi-terra-ni!

INSTITUTRIU

Segueix!

FLORA

I... el mar Mort.

INSTITUTRIU

I aquest?

FLORA

És el mar Mort.

Com pot un mar estar mort?

INSTITUTRIU

Es diu així perquè no hi pot viure res.

FLORA

Doncs llavors no hi entraria,
i tampoc hi entraria Miles.

(*seuen les dues. Flora a terra,
amb la seua nina, i la institutriu en un banc,
amb el seu llibre*)

Vinga, a dormir, nineta estimada, a dormir.

INSTITUTRIU

Canta-li, estimada,
la nineta ha d'adormir-se on tu vulgues.

FLORA

Dolly must sleep wherever I choose.
(*she rocks her doll*)
Today by the dead salt sea,
tomorrow her waxen lids may close
on the plains of Muscovy.
And now like a Queen of the East she lies,
with a Turk to guard her bed,
But next, when her short-lived daylight dies,
she's a shepherdess instead.
But sleep dear dolly, O sleep
and when you are lost
in your journeying dream
the sea may change to a palace again,
for nothing shall stay the same.
(*she goes on rustling and patting the doll,*
pulling the coverlet on,
arranging reeds over her head)
That's right, my darling.
How good you are. Go to sleep.

*She turns round deliberately to face
the audience as Miss Jessel appears
at the other side of the lake. The Governess
looks up from her reading
and sees Miss Jessel who disappears.*

GOVERNESS

(*getting up*)
Flora! Come along!
We must go now, go, and find Miles.

MILES

(*shouting off*)
Hullo! Where are you, you two?

FLORA

La nineta ha d'adormir-se on jo vulga.
(*bressola la nina*)
Avui a la vora del mar Mort i salat,
demà les seues parpelles de cera es podran tancar
a les planes de Moscou.
I ara, com les reines orientals,
dormirà amb un turc que guarda el seu llit,
però després, quan la llum de la seu vida breu muira,
es convertirà en pastora.
Dorm, nineta estimada, dorm,
i quan et perdes
en el viatge dels teus somnis,
el mar es convertirà una altra vegada en palau,
perquè res serà el mateix d'abans.
(*gita i acaricia la nina,*
i la tapa amb la manta,
i li posa jonscs al cap)
Així m'agrada, estimada.
Que bona ets! Vinga, a dormir!

*Dirigeix la mirada al públic deliberadament
mentre Miss Jessel apareix
a l'altre costat del llac.
La institutriu alça la vista del llibre
i veu Miss Jessel, que desapareix.*

INSTITUTRIU

(*alçant-se*)
Flora, anem-nos-en!
Hem d'anar-nos-en ja mateix a buscar Miles!

MILES

(*cridant*)
Hola! On esteu vosaltres dos?

GOVERNESS

There he is! Go to him! Go to him!

MILES

(*off*)

Hullo!

Flora runs out.

GOVERNESS

Miss Jessel! It was Miss Jessel!
She returns too, she too, she too,
and Flora saw, I know she saw,
and said nothing.
They are lost! Lost!
I neither save nor shield them.
I keep nothing from them.
O, I am useless, useless.
What can I do?
It is far worse than I dreamed.
They are lost! Lost! Lost!

The lights fade.

INSTITUTRIU

Allí està! Vés amb ell! Vés amb ell...

MILES

(*intern*)

Hola!

Flora ix corrent.

LA INSTITUTRIU

Miss Jessel! Era Miss Jessel!
Que també torna, ella també,
i Flora l'ha vista, sé que l'ha vista
i no ha dit res.
Estan perduts, perduts!
Ni els salve ni els defense!
No els he evitat res!
Sóc una inútil, una inútil...
Què puc fer?
És molt pitjor del que vaig poder somiar.
Estan perduts! Perduts! Perduts!

S'apaguen els llums.

Variation VII

Scene VIII. At Night.

QUINT

(*unseen*)

Miles! Ah, Miles!

*The lights fade in on the front of the house
and the tower. Quint is on the tower.
Miles in the garden below him
in his night things.*

MILES

(*calling*)

I'm here... O, I'm here!

QUINT

I am all things strange and bold,
The riderless horse
snorting, stamping on the hard sea sand,
the hero-highwayman plundering the land.
I am King Midas with gold in his hand.

MILES

Gold, O yes, gold!

QUINT

I am the smooth world's double face,
Mercury's heels feathered with mischief
and a God's deceit.
The brittle blandishment of counterfeit.
In me secrets, and half-formed desires meet.

Variació VII

Escena VIII. De nit.

QUINT

(*invisible*)

Miles! Ah, Miles!

*La llum il·lumina la façana de la casa
i la torre. Quint està en la torre.
Miles en el jardí, sota ell,
vestit per a dormir.*

MILES

(*cridant*)

Sóc ací! Oh, sóc ací!

QUINT

Jo sóc totes aquelles coses rares i agosarades,
el cavall sense genet,
panteixant a l'estampida per les rudes arenes del mar,
l'heroic assaltador de camins que assola la comarca,
jo sóc el rei Mides amb l'or a la mà.

MILES

Or! Oh, sí, or!

QUINT

Jo sóc la doble cara de l'indolent món,
els talons emplomallats de malícia de Mercuri
i la mentida de Déu.
El subtil afalac de la falsedad.
En mi tindràs secrets i desitjos a mitges pensats.

MILES

Secrets, O secrets!

QUINT

I am the hidden life that stirs
when the candle is out;
upstairs and down, the footsteps barely heard.
The unknown gesture,
and the soft, persistent word,
the long sighing light of the night-winged bird.

MILES

Bird!

QUINT

Miles!

MILES

I'm listening.

QUINT

Miles!

MILES

I'm here.

QUINT

Miles!

Miss JESSEL

(*unseen*)
Flora! Come!
(*the lights come up on Flora at the window
and Miss Jessel by the lake*)

MILES

Secrets! Oh, secrets!

QUINT

Jo sóc la vida oculta que es desempereseix
quan s'apaga el ciri.
A dalt i a baix, els meus passos amb prou faenes sentits.
El gest desconegut,
la suau paraula suau tenaç.
El llarg sospir en fugir l'alat ocell nocturn.

MILES

Ocell!

QUINT

Miles!

MILES

T'escolte!

QUINT

Miles!

MILES

Sóc ací!

QUINT

Miles!

MISS JESSEL

(*invisible*)
Flora! Vine!
(*els llums il·luminen Flora a la finestra
i Miss Jessel al costat del llac*)

FLORA

I'm here... O I'm here...

Miss JESSEL

Come!

MILES

I'm listening, I'm here.

QUINT

Miles!

Miss JESSEL

Their dreams and ours can never be one,
They will forsake us.
O come to me! Come!

FLORA

Tell me, what shall I see there?

QUINT

(*to Miles*)

What goes on in your head, what questions?
Ask, for I answer all.

Miss JESSEL

All those we have wept for together;
beauty forsaken in the beast's demesne,
the little mermaid weeping on the sill,
Gerda and Psyche seeking
their loves again Pandora,
with her dreadful box, as well.

FLORA

Sóc ací! Oh, sóc ací!

MISS JESSEL

Vine!

MILES

T'escolte, sóc ací.

QUINT

Miles!

MISS JESSEL

Els seus somnis i els nostres mai poden ser un,
ells ens abandonaran.
Oh, vine a mi! Vine!

FLORA

Dis-me, què veuré allí?

QUINT

(*a Miles*)

Què et passa pel cap? Què penses?
Pregunta, que jo ho conteste tot.

MISS JESSEL

A tots els que plorem junts,
la bellesa abandonada a l'instint animal,
la xicoteta sirena que plora en la finestra,
Gerda i Psique
cercant de nou el seu amor,
Pandora i la seua aterradora caixa.

QUINT

(*to Miles*)

What goes on in your dreams?
Keep silent! I know, and answer that too.

Miss JESSEL

Their knowledge and ours can never be one,
they will despise us.
O come to me, come!

QUINT, Miss JESSEL

On the paths, in the woods,
on the banks, by the walls,
in the long, lush grass,
or the winter leaves,
fallen leaves, I wait
on the paths, in the woods,
on the banks, by the walls,
in the long, lush grass
or the winter leaves,
I shall be there, you must not fail.

Mrs. GROSE

(*approaching*)
Flora! Are you there?

GOVERNESS

(*approaching*)
Miles! Where are you?

QUINT

Come! Miles!

QUINT

(*a Miles*)

Què passa en els teus somnis?
Guarda silenci! Ho sé, i et contestaré també.

MISS JESSEL

La seuva saviesa i la nostra no pot ser una,
ells ens menysprearan.
Oh, vine a mi, vine!

QUINT, MISS JESSEL

Per sendes i boscos,
per murs i riberes,
en les altes males herbes,
en les fulles hivernals,
en les fulles caigudes, jo espere.
Per sendes i boscos,
per murs i riberes,
entre les males herbes,
en les fulles hivernals,
jo estaré allí, no has de faltar!

MRS. GROSE

(*acostant-se*)
Flora! Ets ací?

INSTITUTRIU

(*acostant-se*)
Miles! On ets?

QUINT

Vine, Miles!

Miss JESSEL

Flora! Come to me!

*The Governess appears in the porch.
Mrs. Grose appears in the window.
Quint and Miss Jessel disappear.
The Governess runs to Miles.*

GOVERNESS

Mrs. Grose, go to Flora!

Mrs. GROSE

Why, whatever's going on?
Miss Flora out of bed!

GOVERNESS

Miles! What are you doing here?

Mrs. Grose takes Flora away.

MILES

You see, I am bad...
I am bad, aren't I?

*Miles goes into house followed by the Governess
as the lights fade.*

MISS JESSEL

Flora! Vine a mi!

*La institutriu apareix en el porxo.
Mrs. Grose apareix en la finestra.
Quint i Miss Jessel desapareixen.
La institutriu corre cap a Miles.*

INSTITUTRIU

Sra. Grose, vaja a per Flora!

MRS. GROSE

Per què? Què passa?
La senyoreta Flora està fora del seu llit!

INSTITUTRIU

Miles! Què fas ací?

Mrs. Grose agafa Flora.

MILES

Ja veu... Sóc roí.
Sóc roí, no és així?

*Miles entra a casa seguit per la institutriu.
S'apaguen els llums.*

ACT TWO

Variation VIII

Scene 1. *Colloquy and Soliloquy*

The lights fade in on Quint and Miss Jessel - nowhere.

Miss JESSEL

Why did you call me
from my schoolroom dreams?

QUINT

I call? Not I!
You heard the terrible sound
of the wild swan's wings.

Miss JESSEL

Cruel!
Why did you beckon me to your side?

QUINT

I beckon? No, not I!
Your beating heart to your own
passions lied.

Miss JESSEL

Betrayer! Where were you
when in the abyss I fell?

QUINT

Betrayer? No, not I!
I waited for the sound
of my own last bell.

ACTE II

Variació VIII

Escena I. *Col·loqui i soliloqui*

*Els llums cauen sobre Quint
i Miss Jessel. Enllloc.*

MISS JESSEL

Per què em vas cridar
i vas fer que deixara de somiar amb les meues classes?

QUINT

Et vaig cridar? Jo no!
Vas escoltar el terrible so
de les ales del cigne salvatge.

MISS JESSEL

Cruel!
Per què em vas indicar que vinguera al teu costat?

QUINT

T'ho vaig indicar? No, jo no!
El teu cor palpitant
mentia a les teues pròpies passions.

MISS JESSEL

Traïdor! On estaves
quan vaig caure a l'abisme?

QUINT

Traïdor? No, jo no!
Esperava el so
de la meua última campanada.

Miss JESSEL

And now what do you seek?

QUINT

I seek a friend.

Miss JESSEL

She is here!

QUINT

(laughing)

No! - self-deceiver!

Miss JESSEL

Ah! Quint, Quint, do you forget?

QUINT

I seek a friend -
Obedient to follow where I lead,
slick as a juggler's mate
to catch my thought,
proud, curious, agile, he shall feed
my mounting power.
Then to his bright subservience
I'll expound
the desperate passions
of a haunted heart,
and in that hour
"The ceremony
of innocence is drowned"

MISS JESSEL

I què busques ara?

QUINT

Busque un amic.

MISS JESSEL

Ella està ací!

QUINT

(rient)

No! Tu mateixa t'enganyes!

MISS JESSEL

Ah! Quint, Quint, ho oblide?

QUINT

Busque un amic
obedient, que em seguisca allà on vaig,
hàbil com l'ajudant d'un malabarista
per a entendre el meu pensament,
orgullós, curiós, àgil, ha d'alimentar
el meu poder en ascens.
Davant del seu meravellós servilisme
exposaré
les passions desesperades
d'un cor encusat,
i en aquesta hora
"La cerimònia
de la innocència queda ofegada".

Miss JESSEL

I too must have a soul to share my woe.
Despised, betrayed,
unwanted she must go
forever to my joyless spirit bound,
"The ceremony
of innocence is drowned"

The Ghosts come together.

QUINT, Miss JESSEL

Day by day the bars we break,
break the love that laps them round,
cheat the careful watching eyes,
"The ceremony
of innocence is drowned"

*The lights slowly fade on the Ghosts
and fade in on the Governess.*

GOVERNESS

Lost in my labyrinth
I see no truth,
only the foggy walls
of evil press upon me.
Lost in my labyrinth
I see no truth.
O innocence, you have corrupted me,
which way shall I turn?
I know nothing of evil,
yet I feel it, I fear it,
worse - imagine it.
Lost in my labyrinth
which way shall I turn?

The lights fade.

MISS JESSEL

Jo també necessite algú amb qui compartir la meua aflicció.
Menyspreada, traïda,
no desitjada he d'anar
per sempre unida al meu trist esperit,
"La cerimònia
de la innocència queda ofegada".

Els fantasmes s'acosten.

QUINT, MISS JESSEL

Dia a dia trenquem les barreres,
trenquem l'amor que els envolta,
enganyem els ulls que vigilen gelosos,
"la cerimònia
de la innocència queda ofegada".

*Lentament els llums dels fantasmes desapareixen
i il·luminen la institutriu.*

INSTITUTRIU

Perduda en el meu laberint
no trobe cap veritat,
només murs boirosos
de pressió maligna sobre mi.
Perduda en el meu laberint
no trobe cap veritat.
Innocència, m'has corromput,
quin camí he de seguir?
No sé res del mal,
no obstant això el pressent, el tem,
pitjor, l'imagine.
Perduda en el meu laberint
quin camí he de seguir?

Els llums s'apaguen.

Variation IX

Scene 2. *The Bells*

*The lights fade in on the churchyard
with a table-tomb and an indication
of a church.*

MILES, FLORA

(chanting off)

O sing unto them a new song:
Let the congregation praise him.
O ye works and days:
Bless ye the Lord.
(they walk in like choir boys)
O ye rivers and seas and lakes:
Bless ye the Lord.
O amnis, axis, caulis, collis,
clunis, crinis, fascis, follis:
Bless ye the Lord.
Praise him and magnify him for ever.

*The children settle themselves
on the tomb as the Governess
and Mrs. Grose enter.*

Mrs. GROSE

O Miss, a bright morning... to be sure.

GOVERNESS

(absently)

Yes.

Variació IX

Escena II. *Les campanes*

*Els llums il·luminen el pati de l'església
on es veu un monument funerari
i la indicació d'una església.*

MILES, FLORA

(cantant fora)

Oh, canta'ls una nova cançó:
Que la congregació el lloue.
Oh, obres i dies:
lloeu el Senyor.
(entren com si fóra un cor de xiquets)
Oh, rius i mars i llacs:
lloeu el Senyor.
Oh amnis, axis, caulis, collis,
clunis, crinis, fascis, follis:
lloeu el Senyor.
Lloeu-lo i magnifiqueu-lo per sempre.

*Els xiquets seuen sobre la tomba
mentre la institutriu
i Mrs. Grose entren.*

Mrs. GROSE

Senyoreta, quin matí tan bell.. per cert.

INSTITUTRIU

(absent)

Sí.

MILES, FLORA

O ye tombstones and trees:
Praise him.

Mrs. GROSE

Bright as the Sunday morning bells,
how I love the sound.

GOVERNESS

Yes.

MILES, FLORA

O ye bells and towers:
Praise him.

Mrs. GROSE

And the dear children,
how sweet they are together.

GOVERNESS

Yes.

MILES, FLORA

O ye paths and woods:
Praise him.
O ye frosts and fallen leaves:
Praise him.
O ye dragons and snakes,
worms and feathered fowl:
Rejoice in the Lord.

Mrs. GROSE

Come Miss, don't worry
It will pass I'm sure.
They're so happy with you.
You're so good to them.
We all love you, miss.

MILES, FLORA

Oh, mausoleus i arbres:
Lloeu-lo.

Mrs. GROSE

Bell com les campanes del matí de diumenge,
m'encanta el so.

INSTITUTRIU

Sí.

MILES, FLORA

Oh, campanes i torres:
lloeu-lo.

Mrs. GROSE

I els xiquets,
que bonic és veure'ls junts.

INSTITUTRIU

Sí.

MILES, FLORA

Oh, senders i boscos:
lloeu-lo.
Oh, gebre i fulles caigudes:
lloeu-lo.
Oh, dracs i serps,
cucs i aus amb plomes:
alegreu-vos en el Senyor.

Mrs. GROSE

Vinga, senyoreta, no es preocupe,
passarà, n'estic segura.
Estan molt contents amb vosté.
És tan bona amb ells.
Tots la volem, senyoreta.

MILES, FLORA

O Mrs. Grose, bless ye the Lord:
May she never be confounded.

GOVERNESS

(*taking Mrs. Grose aside*)
Dear good Mrs. Grose -
They are not playing,
they are talking horrors.

Mrs. GROSE

Oh! Never!

GOVERNESS

Why are they so charming?
Why so unnaturally good?
I tell you they are not with us,
but with the others.

Mrs. GROSE

With Quint - and that woman?

GOVERNESS

With Quint and that woman.

Mrs. GROSE

But what could they do?

GOVERNESS

Do! They could destroy them.

Mrs. GROSE

Miss! You must write to their uncle.

MILES, FLORA

Oh, Mrs. Grose, Déu la beneïsca:
que mai es veja confusa.

INSTITUTRIU

(*portant Mrs. Grose a part*)
Estimada Mrs. Grose.
No estan jugant,
estan dient atrocitats.

Mrs. GROSE

Oh! Mai!

INSTITUTRIU

Per què són tan encantadors?
Per què són estranyament bons?
Li dic que no estan amb nosaltres,
estan amb els altres.

Mrs. GROSE

Amb Quint i amb aquella senyora?

INSTITUTRIU

Amb Quint i amb aquella senyora.

Mrs. GROSE

Però, què podrien fer?

INSTITUTRIU

Fer! Podrien destruir-los.

Mrs. GROSE

Senyoreta! Ha d'escriure al seu oncle.

GOVERNESS

That his house is poisoned,
the children mad -
or that I am?
I was changed not to worry him.

Mrs. GROSE

Yes. He do hate worry.

GOVERNESS

I shall never write to him.
Can you not feel them
round about you?
They are here, there, everywhere.
And the children are with them,
they are not with us.

Mrs. GROSE

Come Miss, don't worry.
It will pass I'm sure.
They're so happy with you,
you're so good to them.
We all love you so.
Never you mind,
well be all right, you'll see.

MILES, FLORA

O ye paths and woods:
Bless ye the Lord.
O ye walls and towers:
Bless ye the Lord.
O ye moon and stars,
windows and lakes:
Praise him and magnify him for ever.

INSTITUTRIU

Que la seu casa està enverinada,
que els xiquets estan bojos,
o que ho estic jo?
Se'm va encarregar no molestar-lo.

Mrs. GROSE

Sí. Odia les preocupacions.

INSTITUTRIU

Mai li escriuré.
No els nota
al seu al voltant?
Estan ací, allí, pertot arreu.
I els xiquets estan amb ells,
no estan amb nosaltres.

Mrs. GROSE

Vinga, senyoreta, no es preocupe.
Passarà, n'estic segura.
Estan molt contents amb vosté,
és molt bona amb ells.
Tots la volem.
No s'inquiete,
estarem bé, ja ho veurà.

MILES, FLORA

Oh, senders i boscos:
lloeu el Senyor.
Oh, murs i torres:
lloeu el Senyor.
Oh, lluna i estels,
finestres i llacs:
lloeu-lo i magnifiqueu-lo per sempre.

Mrs. GROSE

Come Miss!
It is time we went in.
Come to church, my dear,
it will do you good.
Flora!
Miles!
Come along, dears.

*She takes the children off towards
the church and goes in with Flora.
Miles hangs back
and then comes up to the Governess.*

MILES

Do you like the bells?
I do.
They're not half finished yet.

GOVERNESS

No.

MILES

Then we can talk
and you can tell me when
I'm going back to school.

GOVERNESS

Are you not happy here?

MILES

I'm growing up, you know.
I want my own kind.

GOVERNESS

Yes, you're growing up.

Mrs. GROSE

Vinga, senyoreta!
És hora d'entrar.
Vinga a l'església, estimada;
li farà bé.
Flora!
Miles!
Veniu, estimats.

*Fa que els xiquets es dirigisquen
a l'església i entra amb Flora.
Miles s'espera
i s'acosta a la institutriu.*

MILES

T'agraden les campanes?
A mi sí.
Encara no han tocat ni la meitat.

INSTITUTRIU

No.

MILES

Llavors podem parlar
i m'expliques
quan he de tornar a l'escola.

INSTITUTRIU

No ets feliç ací?

MILES

Estic creixent, saps?
Vull ajuntar-me amb els de la meua edat.

INSTITUTRIU

Sí, estàs creixent.

MILES

So much I want to do,
so much I might do...

GOVERNESS

But I trust you, Miles.

MILES

You trust me, my dear,
but you think and think...
of us, and of the others.
Does my uncle think what you think?

He goes off in to the church.

Mrs. GROSE, FLORA, MILES

(from the church)

Praise him and magnify him for ever!

GOVERNESS

It was a challenge!
He knows what I know,
and dares me to act.
But who would believe my story?
Mrs. Grose?
No - she's no good.
She has doubts.
I am alone, alone.
I must go away now,
while they are at church;
away from those false little lovely eyes;
away from my fears,
away from the horrors;
away from this poisoned place;
away, away!

The lights fade as she runs away.

MILES

Vull fer molt,
he de fer molt...

INSTITUTRIU

Però jo confie en tu, Miles.

MILES

Tu confies en mi, estimada,
però penses massa...
en nosaltres, i en els altres.
Pensa el meu oncle el que tu penses?

Se'n va i entra en l'església.

Mrs. GROSE, FLORA, MILES

(des de l'església)

Lloeu-lo i magnificeu-lo per sempre!

INSTITUTRIU

M'estava reptant!
Sap el que sé,
i vol que jo actue.
Però, qui creurà la meua història?
Mrs. Grose?
No, no és bona.
Té dubtes.
Etic sola, sola.
He d'anar-me'n ara,
mentre són en l'església;
lluny d'aquests falsos ulls encantadors;
lluny de les meues pors,
lluny de les atrocitats;
lluny d'aquest lloc enverinat;
lluny, lluny!

Els llums s'apaguen mentre ella se'n va corrent.

Variation X

Scene 3. Miss Jessel

The light fades in on the school-room, with desk. The Governess enters immediately. Miss Jessel is sitting at the desk.

GOVERNESS

She is here!
Here, in my own room!

Miss JESSEL

Here my tragedy began,
here revenge begins.

GOVERNESS

Nearer and nearer she comes,
from the lake, from the stair.

Miss JESSEL

Ah, here I suffered,
here I must find my peace.

GOVERNESS

From the stair, from the passage.

Miss JESSEL

Peace did I say?
Not peace but the fierce imparting
of my woe.

Variació X

Escena III. Miss Jessel

*La llum il·lumina l'estudi, amb el pupitre.
La institutriu entra immediatament.
Miss Jessel està asseguda en el pupitre.*

INSTITUTRIU

És ací!
Ací, en la meua habitació!

Miss JESSEL

Ací va començar la meua tragèdia,
ací comença la venjança.

INSTITUTRIU

S'acosta cada vegada més,
des del llac, des de l'escala.

Miss JESSEL

Ah, ací vaig patir,
aci he de trobar la pau.

INSTITUTRIU

Des de l'escala, des del passadís.

Miss JESSEL

He dit pau?
Pau, no; sinó la violenta transmissió
de la meua aflicció.

GOVERNESS

From the passage,
into the very heart of my kingdom.

Miss JESSEL

I shall come closer, closer,
and more often.

GOVERNESS

There she sheds
her ghastly influence.
She shall not!
She shall not!
I won't bear it!

Miss JESSEL

So I shall be waiting,
waiting for the child.

*The Governess braces herself
to speak directly to her.*

GOVERNESS

Why are you here?

Miss JESSEL

(*rising*)
Alas! Alas!

GOVERNESS

It is mine, mine, the desk.

Miss JESSEL

Alas! Alas!

INSTITUTRIU

Des del passadís,
al centre mateix del meu regne.

Miss JESSEL

He d'acostar-me més,
i més sovint.

INSTITUTRIU

Acf vessa
la seuà pèssima influència.
No ho farà!
No ho farà!
No ho suportaré!

Miss JESSEL

Així que esperaré,
esperaré el xiquet.

*La institutriu respira profund
per a parlar amb ella.*

INSTITUTRIU

Per què és ací?

Miss JESSEL

(*alçant-se*)
Vaja! Vaja!

INSTITUTRIU

És meu, meu, és el meu pupitre.

Miss JESSEL

Vaja! Vaja!

GOVERNESS

They are mine, mine, the children.
I will never abandon them.

Miss JESSEL

Alas! Alas!
I cannot rest.
I am weary and I cannot rest.

GOVERNESS

Begone!
Begone!
You horrible, terrible woman!

Miss JESSEL

Alas!

She disappears.

GOVERNESS

I can't go - I can't.
But I can no longer support it alone.
I must write to him,
write to him now.

She goes to the desk and writes.

Sir - dear Sir -
my dear Sir -
I have not forgotten
your charge of silence,
but there are things that you must know,
and I must see you,
must see and tell you, at once.
Forgive me. That is all.

The scene fades.

INSTITUTRIU

Són meus, meus, els xiquets.
Mai els abandonaré.

Miss JESSEL

Vaja! Vaja!
No puc descansar.
Estic esgotada i no puc descansar.

INSTITUTRIU

Fora!
Fora!
Dona horrible, terrible!

Miss JESSEL

Vaja!

Desapareix.

INSTITUTRIU

No puc anar-me'n, no puc.
Però no puc suportar-ho més temps sola.
He d'escriure-li,
li escriuré ara.

Se'n va al pupitre i escriu.

Senyor, estimat senyor,
apreciat senyor,
no he oblidat
la seuva petició de silènci,
però hi ha coses que vosté ha de saber,
i jo he de veure'l,
he de veure'l i explicar-li-ho de seguida.
Li demane perdó. Això és tot.

L'escena s'enfosqueix.

Variation XI

Scene 4. The Bedroom

*The lights fade in on Miles
sitting restlessly on the edge of his bed,
with his jacket and shoes off.
The room is lit by a candle.*

MILES

Malo: than a naughty boy...
Malo: in...

*The Governess is seen
approaching the room.*

I say, what are you waiting for?

GOVERNESS

(comes in)
Why Miles, not yet in bed?
Not even undressed.

MILES

O I've been sitting,
sitting and thinking.

GOVERNESS

Thinking?
Of what were you thinking?

Variació XI

Escena IV. L'habitació

*La llum mostra Miles
assegut inquiet a la vora del seu llit,
sense la jaqueta ni les sabates.
Un ciri il·lumina l'habitació.*

MILES

Malo: abans que un xiquet entremaliat...
Malo: en...

*Es veu la institutriu
acostar-se a l'habitació.*

Pregunte, a què esperes?

INSTITUTRIU

(entra)
Per què no ets en el llit, Miles?
Ni tan sols t'has desvestit.

MILES

He estat assegut,
assegut i pensant.

INSTITUTRIU

Pensant?
En què pensaves?

MILES

Of this queer life,
the life we've been living.

GOVERNESS

What do you mean by that?
What life?

MILES

My dear, you know.
You're always watching.

GOVERNESS

I don't know, Miles,
for you've never told me,
you've told me nothing,
nothing of what happened before I came.
I thought till today
that you were quite happy.

MILES

I am, I am.
I'm always thinking, thinking.

GOVERNESS

Miles, I've just written to your guardian.

MILES

What a lot you'll have to tell him.

GOVERNESS

So will You, Miles.

*Miles changes his position,
but does not answer.*

MILES

En aquesta vida tan estranya,
la vida que hem estat vivint.

INSTITUTRIU

A què et refereixes?
Quina vida?

MILES

Estimada, ja ho saps.
Sempre estàs mirant.

INSTITUTRIU

No ho sé, Miles,
perquè mai m'ho has dit,
no m'has explicat res,
res del que va ocórrer abans que jo arribara.
Fins hui pensava
que eres bastant feliç.

MILES

Ho sóc, ho sóc.
Sempre estic pensant, pensant.

INSTITUTRIU

Miles, acabe d'escriure al teu tutor.

MILES

Deus tindre molt a explicar-li.

INSTITUTRIU

Tu també, Miles.

*Miles canvia de postura,
però no respon.*

Miles - dear little Miles,
is there nothing you want to tell me?

Miles shifts again.

QUINT
(*unseen*)
Miles - are you listening?

GOVERNESS
Miles, what happened at school?
What happened here?

Miles turns away from her.

QUINT
(*unseen*)
Miles - I am here.

GOVERNESS
Miles,
if you knew how
I want to help you,
how I want you to help me save you.

QUINT
(*unseen*)
Miles - I'm waiting, I'm waiting,
waiting, Miles.

The candle goes out.

MILES
Ah!

Miles, estimat Miles,
no hi ha res que vulgues explicar-me?

(Miles torna a canviar de postura)

QUINT
(*sense ser vist*)
Miles, em sents?

INSTITUTRIU
Miles, què va passar en l'escola?
Què va passar ací?

Miles li dóna l'esquena.

QUINT
(*sense ser vist*)
Miles, estic ací.

INSTITUTRIU
Miles,
si saberes
quant desitge ajudar-te,
quant desitge que m'ajudes a salvar-te.

QUINT
(*sense ser vist*)
Miles, estic esperant, estic esperant,
esperant, Miles.

El ciri s'apaga.

MILES
Ah!

GOVERNESS

Oh, what is it?
What is it?
Why, the candle's out!

MILES

Twas I who blew it,
who blew it, dear!

The scene fades.

INSTITUTRIU

Oh, què passa?
Què passa?
El ciri s'ha apagat!

MILES

He sigut jo qui l'ha apagat,
l'he apagat jo, estimada.

L'escena s'enfosqueix.

Variation XII

*In the first production,
throughout this Variation and the following
Scene, Quint appeared as a silhouette.*

QUINT

(*unseen*)

So! She has written.
What has she written?
What has she written?
What has she written?
She has told all she knows.
What does she know?
What does she know?
What does she know?
It is there on the desk,
there on the desk.
Easy to take!
Easy to take!
Easy to take!

Scene 5. Quint

*Miles is seen hesitating in his room.
He then creeps across the stage
to the desk.*

QUINT

(*unseen*)

Take it!
Take it!
Take it!

*Miles takes the Governess's
letter across to his bedroom.
The lights fade.*

Variació XII

*En la primera producció,
en aquesta variació i en l'escena següent,
Quint apareixia com una silueta.*

QUINT

(*sense ser vist*)

Bé! Ha escrit.
Què ha escrit?
Què ha escrit?
Què ha escrit?
Ha dit tot el que sap.
Què sap?
Què sap?
Què sap?
Està en el pupitre,
allí, en el pupitre.
És facil agafar-la!
És facil agafar-la!
És facil agafar-la!

Escena V - Quint

*Miles titubeja en la seua habitació.
Llavors, s'arrosegua per l'escena
fins al pupitre.*

QUINT

(*sense ser vist*)

Agafa-la!
Agafa-la!
Agafa-la!

*Miles agafa la carta de la institutriu
i se l'emporta a la seua habitació.
El llum s'apaga.*

Variation XIII

Scene 6. *The Piano*

Miles is seen sitting at the piano, playing. The Governess and Mrs. Grose are hovering about listening to him. Flora is sitting on the floor, playing at 'cat 's cradle'.

GOVERNESS, Mrs. GROSE

O what a clever boy; why,
he must have practised very hard.

Mrs. GROSE

I never knew a little boy so good.

GOVERNESS

Yes, there is no mistake,
he is clever, they both are.

Mrs. GROSE

They've come on wonderfully
well with you, Miss.

GOVERNESS

My dear,
with such children anything is possible.

She takes Mrs. Grose aside.

Variació XIII

Escena VI. *El piano*

Es veu Miles assegut al piano, tocant. La institutriu i Mrs. Grose ronden escoltant-lo. Flora, asseguda a terra, jugant a fer bressolets amb un fil.

INSTITUTRIU, Mrs. GROSE

Quin xic més llest!
Deu haver practicat molt.

Mrs. GROSE

Mai he conegut un xiquet tan bo.

INSTITUTRIU

Sí, sens dubte,
és llest, tots dos ho són.

Mrs. GROSE

Han encaixat meravellosament bé
amb vosté, senyoreta.

INSTITUTRIU

Estimada,
amb xiquets així, qualsevol cosa és possible.

Porta Mrs. Grose a part.

I've done it!
I've written it!
It's ready for the post.

Mrs. GROSE
That's right, Miss.
I'm sure that's right.

GOVERNESS
(aloud to Miles)
Go on, dear.
Mrs. Grose is enjoying it.
We're all enjoying it.

GOVERNESS, Mrs. GROSE
O what a clever boy!
I never knew a little boy so good.

*The Governess stays by the piano
hanging over Miles. He finishes
his first piece and turns the pages
for the second.*

Mrs. GROSE
(walks over to watch Flora playing)
And Miss Flora, playing at cat's cradle.
There's a nimble-fingered little girl.

She settles down near Flora.

Mrs. GROSE, FLORA
(echoing)
Cradles for cats
Are string and air.
If you let go
there's nothing there.

Ho he fet!
He escrit!
Està preparada per a enviar per correu.

Mrs. GROSE
És el correcte, senyoreta.
Estic segura que sí.

INSTITUTRIU
(en veu alta a Miles)
Vinga, estimat.
A Mrs. Grose li agrada
A tots ens agrada.

INSTITUTRIU, Mrs. GROSE
Quin xiquet més llest!
Mai he coneugut un xic tan bo.

*La institutriu, dempeus al costat del piano,
s'inclina sobre Miles. Ell acaba
la primera obra i passa les pàgines
per a la segona.*

Mrs. GROSE
(camina per a observar com juga Flora)
I la senyoreta Flora, fent bressolets amb el fil.
És una xiqueta amb dits molt hàbils.

Seu al costat de Flora.

Mrs. GROSE, FLORA
(en eco)
Bressolets per a gats
són de fil i aire.
Si ho soltes,
no hi ha res.

But if we are neat
and nimble and clever
pussy-cat's cradle will
go on for ever.

FLORA

Mrs. Grose, are you tired?

*During this conversation
Miles begins showing off at the piano.*

Mrs. GROSE

Well, my head do keep nodding.
It's this warm room.

GOVERNESS

(softly)

Ah, Miles!

Miles!

FLORA

Shut your eyes
then and you shall have a cradle,
Mrs. Grose's cradle -

Mrs. GROSE

And Master Miles' playing.

FLORA

(to Mrs. Grose)

Go to sleep!

Go to sleep!

Flora slips away unnoticed.

Però si ets manyós
hàbil i espavilat
el bressol del gatet
es mantindrà per sempre.

FLORA

Mrs. Grose, està cansada?

*Durant aquesta conversa,
Miles comença a presumir al piano.*

Mrs. GROSE

Bé, el cap em cau.
Fa calor en aquesta habitació.

INSTITUTRIU

(amb suavitat)

Ah, Miles!

Miles!

FLORA

Tanque els ulls;
llavors tindrà un bressol,
el bressol de Mrs. Grose.

Mrs. GROSE

I la manera de tocar del senyoret Miles.

FLORA

(a Mrs. Grose)

Vaja a dormir!

Vaja a dormir!

Flora ix sense que se n'adonen.

GOVERNESS

(softly)
Ah, Miles!
Miles!

She stops him suddenly.

Flora!
Flora!
Mrs. Grose!
Wake up!
She is gone.

Mrs. GROSE

What? Who, Miss?

GOVERNESS

Flora's gone, gone out to her.
Come, we must go and find her!

Mrs. GROSE

Lord, Miss!
But you'll leave the boy?

GOVERNESS

O I don't mind that now,
he's with Quint!
He's found the most divine little
way to keep me quiet while she went.
Come! Come!

*They rush off. Miles plays triumphantly on
as the scene slowly fades.*

INSTITUTRIU

(amb suavitat)
Ah, Miles!
Miles!

De sobte, el fa parar.

Flora!
Flora!
Mrs. Grose!
Desperte!
Se n'ha anat.

Mrs. GROSE

Què? Qui, senyoreta?

INSTITUTRIU

Flora se n'ha anat, se n'ha anat amb ella.
Vinga, hem de trobar-la!

Mrs. GROSE

Per Déu, senyoreta!
I deixarà sol el xiquet?

INSTITUTRIU

Això ara és igual,
està amb Quint!
Ha trobat la millor manera
de distraure'm perquè ella se n'anara.
Vinga! vinga!

*Ixen corrent. Miles segueix tocant amb
aire triomfant mentre l'escena s'enfosqueix.*

Variation XIV

Scene 7. Flora

The scene fades in on Flora by the side of the lake, watching. The Governess and Mrs. Grose are heard, calling off-stage.

Mrs. GROSE, GOVERNESS

(off)

Flora!

They rush in and see the girl by the lake.

Mrs. GROSE

There she is!

She runs over to Flora.

Fancy running off like that,
and such a long
way, too, without your hat and coat.

The Governess slowly walks over to them.

You are a naughty girl,
whatever made you leave us all?

GOVERNESS

And where, my pet, is Miss Jessel?

Miss Jessel appears on the other side of the lake.

Variació XIV

Escena VII. Flora

L'escena mostra Flora al costat del llac, observant. S'escolta la institutriu i Mrs. Grose cridar-la des de dins.

Mrs. GROSE, INSTITUTRIU

(intern)

Flora!

Irrumpen en l'escena i veuen la xiqueta al costat del llac.

Mrs. GROSE

És ací!

Corre cap a Flora.

Mira que anar-te'n així sense més ni més, i, damunt, tan lluny, sense el barret i sense l'abric.

La institutriu camina lentament cap a elles.

Ets molt entremaliada;
per què te n'has anat del nostre costat?

INSTITUTRIU

I on, preciosa, és Miss Jessel?

Miss Jessel apareix a l'altre costat del llac.

Miss JESSEL

Flora!

GOVERNESS

Ah! She is there!
Look! She is there!
(*pointing*)
Look! You little unhappy thing!
Look! Mrs. Grose!
She is there!

Miss JESSEL

Flora! Do not fall me!

Mrs. GROSE

Indeed Miss, there's nothing there.

GOVERNESS

Only look, dearest woman,
don't you see, now, now!

Miss JESSEL

Nothing shall they know.

Mrs. GROSE

(*to Flora*)
She isn't there, little lady,
nobody is there.

GOVERNESS

But look!

Miss JESSEL

Flora!

INSTITUTRIU

Ah! És allí!
Mira! És allí!
(*assenyalant*)
Mira! Pobreta desgraciada!
Mire! Mrs. Grose!
És allí!

Miss JESSEL

Flora! No em falles!

Mrs. GROSE

Senyoreta, allí no hi ha res.

INSTITUTRIU

Mire, bona dona,
no la veu? Ara, ara!

Miss JESSEL

No han de saber res.

Mrs. GROSE

(*a Flora*)
No és allí, senyoreta;
allí no hi ha ningú.

INSTITUTRIU

Però, mire!

FLORA

I can't see anybody, can't see anything,
nobody, nothing, nobody, nothing;
I don't know what you mean.

Mrs. GROSE

(comforting)
There's nobody there. -

Miss JESSEL

We know all things,
they know nothing,
don't betray me.
Silence!
Silence!

Mrs. GROSE

She isn't there.
Why, poor Miss Jessel's
dead and buried,
we know that, love.
It's all a mistake.

FLORA

No veig ningú, no veig res,
ningú, res, ningú, res;
no sé a què es refereix.

Mrs. GROSE

(reconfortant-la)
Allí no hi ha ningú.

Miss JESSEL

Nosaltres ho sabem tot,
elles no saben res,
no em traïsques.
Silenci!
Silenci!

Mrs. GROSE

No és allí.
La pobla Miss Jessel
està morta i enterrada;
ho sabem, estimada.
Tot és un error.

FLORA

You're cruel, horrible,
hateful, nasty.
Why did you come here?
I don't know what you mean.
Take me away!
Take me away!
(pointing at the Governess)
I don't like her!
I hate her!

GOVERNESS

(with horror)
Me!

Mrs. GROSE

Yes, it's all a mistake,
and we'll get home
as fast as we can.
There, there, dearie,
we'll get home as fast as we can.

GOVERNESS

Yes! Go! Go! Go!

Miss JESSEL

Ah! Flora, Flora,
do not fail me! Flora!

FLORA

Ets cruel, terrible,
odiosa, menyspreable.
Per què has vingut ací?
No sé què vol dir.
Traga'm d'ací!
Traga'm d'ací!
(assenyalant la institutriu)
No m'agrada!
L'odie!

INSTITUTRIU

(horroritzada)
A mi!

Mrs. GROSE

Sí, es tracta d'un error,
i ens n'anirem a casa
tan ràpidament com puguem.
Calma, calma, estimada,
ens n'anirem a casa tan ràpidament com puguem.

INSTITUTRIU

Sí! Vagen-se'n!

Miss JESSEL.

Ah! Flora, Flora,
no em falles! Flora!

FLORA

I can't see anybody,
can't see anything,
nobody, nothing.
I don't know what she means.
Cruel, horrible,
hateful, nasty!
We don't want you!
We don't want you!
Take me away, take me away from her!
Hateful, cruel,
nasty, horrible!

*Flora and Mrs. Grose go off
comforting one another.
The Governess watches them go
while Miss Jessel slowly disappears.*

GOVERNESS

Ah! my friend, you have forsaken me!
At last you have forsaken me.
Flora, I have lost you,
she has taught you how to hate me.
Am I then horrible?
No! No!
But I have failed, most miserably failed,
and there is no more innocence in me.
And now she hates me!
Hates me!
Hates me!

The lights quickly fade.

FLORA

No veig ningú,
no veig res,
ningú, res.
No sé a què es refereix.
Cruel, terrible,
odiosa, menyspreable!
No et volem!
No et volem!
Allunya'm, allunya'm d'ella!
Odiosa, cruel,
menyspreable, terrible!

*Flora i Mrs. Grose se'n van
consolant-se l'una a l'altra.
La institutriu contempla com se'n van
mentre Miss Jessel apareix lentament.*

INSTITUTRIU

Ah! Amiga meua, m'ha abandonat!
Per fi m'ha abandonat.
Flora, t'he perdit,
t'ha ensenyat a odiar-me.
Sóc temible, llavors?
No! No!
Però he fallat, he fallat miserablement,
i ja no hi ha innocència per a mi.
I ara ella m'odia!
M'odia!
M'odia!

Els llums s'apaguen ràpidament.

Variation XV

Scene 8. Miles

The house and grounds.
As the lights fade in Mrs. Grose and Flora appear in the porch, dressed for travelling, Flora with doll and little bag.
The Governess walks towards them, Flora deliberately turns her back.

GOVERNESS

Mrs. G rose -

Mrs. GROSE

O Miss,
you were quite right,
I must take her away.
Such a night as I have spent -
(she cries)
No, don't ask me.
What that child has poured out
in her dreams -
things I never knew nor hope to know,
nor dare remember.

GOVERNESS

My dear,
I thought I had lost you,
thought you couldn't believe me,
my dear -

Mrs. GROSE

I must take her away.

Variació XV

Escena VIII. Miles

La casa i els voltants.
A mesura que s'encenen els llums, Mrs. Grose i Flora apareixen en el porxo, amb roba de viatge, Flora porta una nina i una bossa xicoteta. La institutriu camina cap a elles, Flora li dóna l'esquena deliberadament.

INSTITUTRIU

Mrs. Grose...

Mrs. GROSE

Senyoreta,
vosté tenia raó,
he d'emportar-me-la d'ací.
Quina nit he passat.
(plora)
No, no em pregunte.
El que aquesta xiqueta s'ha soltat
en somni...
coses que jo no sabia, que no esperava saber,
i que no gose recordar.

INSTITUTRIU

Estimada,
pensava que l'havia perduda,
pensava que no em creia,
estimada...

Mrs. GROSE

He d'emportar-me-la.

GOVERNESS

Yes, go to their uncle.
He knows now that all is not well,
he has had my letter.

Mrs. GROSE

My dear, your letter never went,
it wasn't where you put it.

GOVERNESS

Miles?

Mrs. GROSE

Miles must have taken it.

GOVERNESS

All the same, go,
and I shall stay and face what
I have to face with the boy.

*Mrs. Grose goes quickly
to Flora and takes her off.*

O Miles -
I cannot bear to lose you!
You shall be mine, and I shall save you.

Miles saunters on.

MILES

So, my dear, we are alone.

GOVERNESS

Are we alone?

INSTITUTRIU

Sí, porte-la amb el seu oncle.
Ara sap que les coses no van bé,
va rebre la meua carta.

Mrs. GROSE

Estimada, la seua carta mai va eixir,
no estava on vosté la va deixar.

INSTITUTRIU

Miles?

Mrs. GROSE

La deu haver agafada Miles.

INSTITUTRIU

És igual, vagen-se'n;
jo em quedaré i m'enfrontaré
al que m'haja d'enfrontar amb el xiquet.

*Mrs. Grose va ràpidament cap a Flora
i se l'emporta.*

Oh Miles,
no suporte perdre't!
Seràs meu i et salvaré.

Miles entra tranquil·lament.

MILES

Bé, estimada, estem sols.

INSTITUTRIU

Estem sols?

MILES

Oh, I'm afraid so.

GOVERNESS

Do you mind?

Do you mind being left alone?

MILES

Do you?

GOVERNESS

Dearest Miles,

I love to be with you -

what else should I stay for?

MILES

So, my dear,

for me you stay?

GOVERNESS

I stay as your friend,

I stay as your friend.

Miles, there is nothing

I would not do for you, remember -

MILES

Yes, yes.

If I'll do something now

for you.

GOVERNESS

Do tell me what it is then

you have on your mind.

MILES

Tem que sí.

INSTITUTRIU

Et preocupa?

Et preocupa que et deixen sol?

MILES

I a tu?

INSTITUTRIU

Estimat Miles,

adore estar amb tu,

per què, si no, m'hauria quedat?

MILES

Llavors, estimada,

et quedes per mi?

INSTITUTRIU

Em quede com a amiga teua,

em quede com a amiga teua.

Miles, no hi ha res

que no faria per tu, ho recordes?

MILES

Sí, sí.

Si jo ara faig alguna cosa

per tu.

INSTITUTRIU

Dis-me què és

el que tens en ment.

QUINT

(*unseen*)

Miles!

*Miles looks desperately round,
but cannot see Quint.*

GOVERNESS

I still want you to tell me.

MILES

Now?

GOVERNESS

Yes - it would be best, you know.

QUINT

(*unseen*)

Beware of her!

Miles looks about again.

GOVERNESS

What is it, Miles?
Do you want to go and play?

MILES

Awfully!
I will tell you everything.
I will!

QUINT

(*unseen*)

No!

QUINT

(*sense ser vist*)

Miles!

*Miles mira al seu voltant amb desesperació,
però no pot veure Quint.*

INSTITUTRIU

Així i tot vull que m'ho digues.

MILES

Ara?

INSTITUTRIU

Sí, seria el millor, saps?

QUINT

(*sense ser vist*)

No et fies d'ella!

Miles torna a mirar al seu al voltant.

INSTITUTRIU

Què passa, Miles?
Vols anar a jugar?

MILES

Em muir de ganes!
T'ho contaré tot.
T'ho contaré!

QUINT

(*sense ser vist*)

No!

MILES

But not now.

GOVERNESS

Miles, did you steal my letter?

QUINT

(appears on the tower)

Miles! I am waiting,
watching for you now.

*The Governess sees Quint
and pushes Miles round
so that he cannot see him.*

GOVERNESS

Did you?

Did you?

MILES

No. Yes.

I took it.

Quint turns away.

GOVERNESS

Why did you take it?

Quint descends the tower.

MILES

To see what you said about us.

QUINT

Be silent!

MILES

Però ara no.

INSTITUTRIU

Miles, vas robar la meua carta?

QUINT

(apareix en la torre)

Miles! Estic esperant,
i vigilant.

*La institutriu veu Quint
i aparta Miles
perquè no el veja.*

INSTITUTRIU

La vas agafar?

La vas agafar?

MILES

No. Sí.

La vaig agafar.

Quint s'aparta.

INSTITUTRIU

Per què la vas agafar?

Quint baixa de la torre.

MILES

Per a veure el que contaves de nosaltres.

QUINT

No digues res!

GOVERNESS

Miles, dear little Miles,
who is it you see?
Who do you wait for, watch for?

QUINT

Do not betray our secrets.
Beware, beware of her!

MILES

I don't know what you mean.

GOVERNESS

Who is it, who?
Say - for my sake -
look at me, Miles!

QUINT

Miles, you're mine!
You must be free.

MILES

Is he there, is he there?

GOVERNESS

Is who there, Miles?
Say it!

INSTITUTRIU

Miles, estimadíssim Miles,
a qui veus?
A qui esperes, a qui perceps?

QUINT

No desvetles els nostres secrets.
No et fies d'ella!

MILES

No entenc què vol dir.

INSTITUTRIU

Qui és, qui?
Dis-ho, per caritat,
mira'm, Miles!

QUINT

Miles, ets meu!
Has de ser lliure.

MILES

És ací, és ací?

INSTITUTRIU

Qui és ací, Miles?
Dis-ho!

QUINT

Don't betray us, Miles!

MILES

Nobody, nothing.

GOVERNESS

Who? Who?

Who made you take the letter?
Who do you wait for, watch for?
Only say the name
and he will go for ever, for ever.

QUINT

On the banks, by the walls,
remember Quint.
At the window, on the tower,
when the candle is out,
remember, Quint.
He leads, he watches,
he waits, he waits.

MILES

Peter Quint, you devil.

He runs into the Governess's arms.

GOVERNESS

Ah, Miles, you are saved,
now all will be well.
Together we have destroyed him.

QUINT

No ens delates, Miles!

MILES

Ningú, res.

INSTITUTRIU

Qui? Qui?

Qui et va fer agafar la carta?
A qui esperes, a qui perceps?
Simplement digues el nom
i se n'anirà per sempre, per sempre.

QUINT

En els vessants, en els murs,
recorda Quint.
En la finestra, en la torre,
quan el ciri s'apague,
recorda, Quint.
Ell ordena, ell observa,
ell espera, ell espera.

MILES

Peter Quint, maleït.

Corre als braços de la institutriu.

INSTITUTRIU

Ah, Miles, estàs fora de perill,
ara tot anirà bé.
Junts l'hem destruït.

QUINT

Ah Miles, we have failed.
Now I must go.
Farewell.
Farewell, Miles, farewell.

Quint slowly disappears.

GOVERNESS

Ah! What is it?
What is it?
Miles, speak to me, speak to me.
Why don't you answer?

She realises that the boy is dead.

Miles, Miles, Miles!
Ah. ah, don't leave me now!

She lays him down on the ground.

Ah! Miles!
Malo, Malo!
Malo than a naughty boy.
Malo, Malo in adversity.
What have we done between us?
Malo, Malo, Malo, Malo, Malo...

End of Opera

QUINT

Ah Miles, hem fallat.
He d'anar-me'n.
Adéu.
Adéu, Miles, adéu.

Quint desapareix a poc a poc.

INSTITUTRIU

Ah! Què ocorre?
Què passa?
Miles, parla, dis-me alguna cosa.
Per què no contestes?

S'adona que el xiquet està mort.

Miles, Miles, Miles!
Ah, no m'abandones ara!

El deixa a terra.

Ah! Miles!
Malo, Malo!
Malo abans que un xiquet entremaliat.
Malo, Malo que es fica en embolics.
Què hem fet?
Malo, Malo, Malo, Malo, Malo...

Fi de l'òpera