

The Waste Land

T.S. Eliot

Anthony Burgess

Score transcribed
by Rob Lea

Cue Line

(Pno.) 8^{va} f 8^{va} $Red.$ Narrator :- THE WASTE LAND

Nam Sibyllam quidem Cumis ego ipse oculis meis vidi in ampulla pendere,

Fl. 3 ppp

et cum illi pueri dicerent Σιβυλλα τι θελεις

Cue Line 6 (Pno.) pp (Erasmian pronunciation: Sibulla ti thel-ace)

Fl. 12 $cresc.$ pp

respondebat illa:

αποθανειν θελω

Cue Line 8 (Erasmian pron: A-po-than-ien thel-o)

Fl. $pppp$ ff

Cue Line 10 (Vcl.) ff 5 (Pno.) p $p dim.$ 8^{va}

1. THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

11 **Moderato** April is the cruellest month, breeding Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing

Cue Line (Ob.) *pp*

Fl. *pp*

14 Memory and desire, stirring Dull roots with spring rain. Winter kept us warm, covering

Fl. *pp*

17 Earth in forgetful snow, feeding A little life with dried tubers

Cue Line (Ob.)

Fl.

19 **Vivace**

Fl. *p*

23 Summer surprised us, coming over the Starnbergersee with a shower of rain

Fl. *tr*

28 (tr) we stopped in the colonnade, And went on in the sunlight, into the Hofgarten,

Fl. *tr*

34 And drank coffee,
and talked
for an hour **Wienerisch** Bin gar keine Russin, stamm'aus Litauen, echt deutsch.

Cue Line

And when we were children, staying at the archduke's, My cousins, he took me out on a sled,

Fl.

43 And I was frightened He said, Marie, Marie, hold on tight.

Fl.

45 **accel.**

Fl.

47 And down we went. *ad lib.*

Cue Line

In the mountains, there you feel free. I read, much of the night, and go south in the winter.

Fl.

What are the roots that clutch, what	branches grow Out of this stony rubbish?	Son of man, You cannot say, or guess, for you know only A heap of broken images, where the sun beats, And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,	And the dry stone no sound of water.
---	--	---	---

53 (Pno.)

Cue Line

Fl.

Only
There is shadow under
this red rock

(Come in
under the shadow of
this red rock)

And I will show you
something different from either your

56

Fl.

pp

shadow at morning
striding behind you Or your

shadow at evening
rising to meet you;

59 (Pno.)

Cue Line

Fl.

pp

I will show you fear in a handful of dust.
(tktk)

ff

62 (Sop.)

Cue Line

65

Cue Line

Fl.

Frisch weht der Wind der heimat zu, Mein
I - risch Kind, wo weil - est du?

p dolce

'You gave me hyacinths first a year ago;
'They called me the hyacinth girl.'

Yet when we came back, late,
from the hyacinth garden,
your arms full and your hair wet

68

Cue Line

Fl.

Lento

p (Vcl.)

I could not speak,
and my eyes failed, I was neither

Living nor dead, and I knew
nothing,
Looking into the heart
of light the silence.

72 (Sop.)

Cue Line

Fl.

Oed' und leer das

77 *stile di salone*

Cue Line

Meer

84 **Vivace, sardonico**

Madame Sososttris, famous clairvoyante,

Cue Line

Had a bad cold,

nevertheless

is known to be the wisest woman in Europe

Cue Line

With a wicked pack of cards

93 **rapido**

13

13

Cue Line

(Pno.) *ad lib*

Here, said she, is your card the drowned Phoenician Sailor,

Cue Line

95 **Moderato**

Fl.

p

(Those are pearls that were his eyes. Look!)

Fl.

Here is Belladonna, the Lady of the Rocks, The lady of situations.

97 **Andante**

2

Cue Line

Here is the man with
three staves

And here the wheel

99 (Ob.)

Cue Line

p

And here is the one-eyed merchant,
and this card, which is blank,

is something he carries on his back

Which I am forbidden
to see. I do not find the

101

Fl.

p

Hanged Man.

Fear death by water.

104

Cue Line

(Pno.) **Vivace**

Fl.

p

f

I see crowds of people,
walking round in a ring

107

Cue Line

108

Fl.

mp

Thank you.

113

Cue Line

f (Pno.)

If you see dear Mrs.Equitone,
Tell her I bring the horoscope myself:

One must be so careful these days

114

Cue Line

Allegro

Unreal City

115

Fl.

Under the brown fog of
a winter dawn,

A crowd flowed over
London Bridge,

so many,
I had not thought death
had undone so many.

Sighs, short and
infrequent, were
exhaled,

(Vcl.) **Agitato**

119

Cue Line

And each man fixed his eyes before his feet.

Flowed up the hill and down
King William Street, To where

123

Fl.

Saint Mary Woolnoth kept the hours

126

Fl.

With a dead sound on the
final stroke of nine

128

Cue Line

There I saw one I knew,
and stopped him, crying: Stetson!

'You who were with me in the ships
at Mylae!

129 (Agitato)
Cue Line *pp* (Vcl.) *cresc.*

'That corpse you planted last year
in your garden,

132
Cue Line

'Has it begun to sprout? 'Will it bloom this year?

'Or has the sudden frost
disturbed its bed?

133 (Sop.) *p* *cresc.*
Cue Line Ah
Fl. *p* *f*

'Oh keep the Dog
far hence,
that's friend to men

'Or with his
nails he'll
dig it up again!

136 (Pno.)
Cue Line
Fl. *pp* *cresc.* *pp*

'You! hypocrite lecteur!
- mon semblable,
- mon frère!'

139
Cue Line

140 (Ob.) solo
Cue Line *pp*
Fl. *pp*

II. A GAME OF CHESS

A GAME OF CHESS

143 (Pno.Solo.) **4**

Cue Line

148 **6**

Cue Line

The chair she sat in, like a burnished throne,
 Glowed on the marble, where the glass
 Held up by standards wrought with fruited vines
 From which a golden Cupidon peeped out
 (Another hid his eyes behind his wing)
 Doubled the flames of sevenbranched candelabra

155

Cue Line

Reflecting light upon the table as
 The glitter of her jewels rose to meet it,

From satin cases poured in rich profusion;
 In vials of ivory and coloured glass

156 **Andante**

Fl. *pp*

Unstoppered, lurked her
 strange synthetic perfumes

Unguent, powdered, or liquid -
 troubled, confused
 And drowned the sense in odours;

158

Fl.

pp dim. a niente

stirred by the air That freshened from the window,
 these ascended in fattening the prolonged candle-flames
 Flung their smoke into the laquearia

160 (Ob.)

Cue Line

Stirring the pattern on the coffered ceiling.
Huge sea-wood fed with copper

Fl. 162 *pp* 6 6 10

Burned green and orange, framed by the coloured stone,
In which sad light a carved dolphin swam

Above the antique mantel was displayed
As though a window gave
upon the sylvan scene

Fl. 163 2

The change of Philomel by the barbarous king so rudely forced;

yet there the nightingale

Fl. 166 *mp*

Filled all the desert with inviolable voice And still she cried, and still the world pursues,

Fl. 168 *f* *senza misura* *tr*

'Jug Jug' to dirty ears

And other withered stumps of time
were told upon the walls; staring forms leaned out,
leaning, hushing the room enclosed

Footsteps
shuffled on the stair

Cue Line 169 (Vcl.) pizz. *p* 2

Under the firelight, under the brush, her hair spread out in fiery points

Fl. 174 *sf* *tr* *sf* *sf*


Glowed into words,

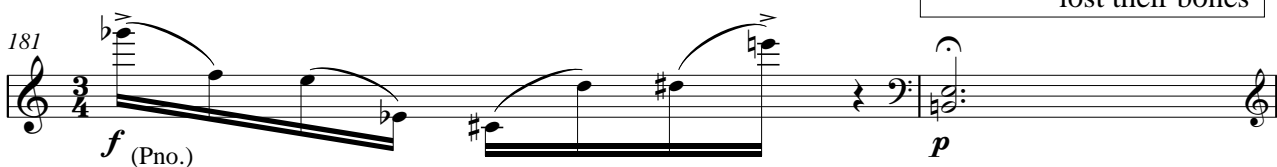
Cue Line 176 2

then would be savagely still

Cue Line 178 *f* *senza misura* *8va*

'My nerves are bad tonight. Yes, bad. Stay with me.
 'Speak to me. Why do you never speak? Speak.
 'What are you thinking of ? What thinking? What?
 'I never know what you are thinking. Think.'

180
 Cue Line 

181  *f* (Pno.) *p*

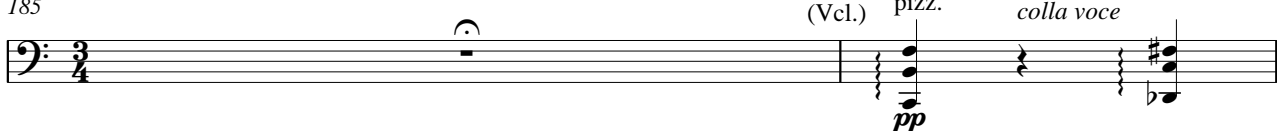
I think we are in rats' alley
 Where the dead men
 lost their bones

183
 Cue Line  *colla voce* (Pno.)

Fl.  *pp*

'What is that noise?'

The wind under
 the door

185
 Cue Line  (Vcl.) *pizz.* *colla voce* *pp*

'What is that noise now? What is the wind doing?'

Nothing again nothing.

'Do You know nothing? Do you see nothing?
Do you remember nothing?'

187

Cue Line

I remember
Those are pearls that were his eyes.
'Are you alive, or not?
Is there nothing in your head?'

188 (Ob.)

Cue Line

Fl. *ppp con tenerezza*

(Pno.)

But O O O O that Shakespeherian Rag -

192 **Vivo** (Pno.solo)

Cue Line

It's so elegant
So intelligent

197

Cue Line

(Pno.)

'What shall I do now? What shall I do?
'I shall rush out as I am, and walk the street
'With my hair down, so. What shall we do tomorrow?
What shall we ever do?'

199

Cue Line

The hot water at ten. And if it rains, a closed car at four And we shall play a game of chess, Pressing lidless eyes and waiting for a knock upon the door

200 Cue Line

204 Fl. *Attacca*

(" Let the great big world keep turning")

207 (Pno.) **Slow** (this music underscores the spoken text on the following page)

Cue Line *f* trem. ad lib

Fl. *p*

Throughout this section FLT. may improvise quietly on the following trope

209 Cue Line

3

213 Cue Line

10

1. RPT ad lib until...

After last 'HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME' *senza misura*

224 Cue Line

Goonight Bill. Goonight Lou. Goonight May. Goonight. Ta ta. Goonight. Goonight.

Piano plays ad lib, loud petulant chords really discords till final 'Goonight.'

225 Cue Line

Moderato

Good night, ladies, good night sweet ladies, good night, good night.

(Pno.) *senza misura*

Fl. *ppp*

228 Cue Line

(8)

allo silenzio totale

When Lil's husband got demobbed, I said--
 I didn't mince my words, I said to her myself,
 HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME

Now Albert's coming back, make yourself a bit smart.
 He'll want to know what you done with that money he gave you
 To get yourself some teeth. He did, I was there.
 You have them all out, Lil, and get a nice set,
 He said, I swear, I can't bear to look at you.
 And no more can't I, I said, and think of poor Albert,
 He's been in the army four years, he wants a good time,
 And if you don't give it him, there's others will, I said.
 Oh is there, she said. Something o' that, I said.
 Then I'll know who to thank, she said, and give me a straight look.
 HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME

If you don't like it you can get on with it, I said,
 Others can pick and choose if you can't.
 But if Albert makes off, it won't be for lack of telling.
 You ought to be ashamed, I said, to look so antique.
 (And her only thirty-one.)
 I can't help it, she said, pulling a long face,
 It's them pills I took, to bring it off, she said.
 (She's had five already, and nearly died of young George.)
 The chemist said it would be alright, but I've never been the same.
 You *are* a proper fool, I said.
 Well, if Albert won't leave you alone, there it is, I said,
 What you get married for if you don't want to have children?
 HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME

Well that Sunday Albert was home, they had a hot gammon,
 And they asked me in to dinner, to get the beauty of it hot--
 HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME
 HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME

(piano discords start)

Goonight Bill. Goonight Lou. Goonight May. Goonight.
 Ta ta. Goonight. Goonight

III. THE FIRE SERMON

THE FIRE SERMON

231 **Moderato** *mf* *tr* *tr* *tr*

235 *sf* *accel.* *a tempo*

The river's tent is broken: the last fingers of leaf
Clutch and sink into the wet bank. The wind
Crosses the brown land, unheard.

238 **3** flutter *a niente*

The nymphs are departed

244 Cue Line

Sweet Thames, run softly,
till I end my song.

245 **Andantino** *p*

The river bears no empty bottles, sandwich papers,
Silk handkerchiefs, cardboard boxes, cigarette ends
Or other testimony of summer nights. The nymphs are
departed.
And their friends, the loitering heirs of city directors;
Departed, have left no addresses.

249 Cue Line

By the waters of Leman
I sat down and wept.....

Cue Line

250 (Ob.)
pp senza misura

Sweet Thames, run softly till I end my song,
Sweet Thames, run softly, for I speak not loud
or long

Fl.

But at my back from time to time I hear

269

Cue Line

The sound of horns and motors, which shall bring Sweeney to Mrs. Porter in the spring.

O the moon shone bright on Mrs. Porter And on her daughter They wash their feet in soda water

270 **Moderato**

Cue Line

277 **Poco Lento solenne**

Cue Line

Et O ces voix d'enfants, chantant dans la coupole!

282

Fl.

Twit twit twit Jug jug jug jug jug jug

So rudely forc'd.

Tereu

284

Cue Line

Agitato

286 (Vcl.)

Cue Line

f

Unreal City

Under the brown fog of a winter noon

pizz. *p*

Mr. Eugenides, the Smyrna merchant

Unshaven, with a pocket full of currants

290

Fl.

p

C. i. f. London: documents at sight

Asked me in demotic French
To luncheon at the Cannon Street Hotel
Followed by a weekend at the Metropole.

292

Fl.

3 3 3 3

294 (Pno.)

Cue Line

f

At the violet hour,
when the
eyes and back
Turn upward
from the desk,

when the human
engine waits like
a taxi throbbing
waiting,

I Tiresias,
though blind,
throbbing between
two lives, old man
with wrinkled female
breasts, can see

At the violet hour,
the evening hour
that strives
homeward,

and brings the
sailor home
from sea,

295

Cue Line

Fl.

pp *ppp*

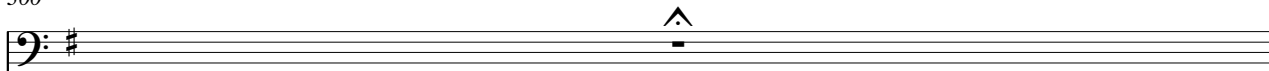
The typist home at teatime, clears her breakfast,
 lights her stove, and lays out food in tins.
 Out of the window perilously spread
 Her drying combinations touched by the sun's last rays,
 On the divan are piled (at night her bed)
 Stockings, slippers, camisoles, and stays.

I Tiresias, old man with wrinkled dugs
 perceived the scene, and foretold the rest --
 I too awaited the expected guest.
 He, the young man carbuncular, arrives,
 A small house agent's clerk, with one bold stare,
 One of the low on whom assurance sits
 As a silk hat on a Bradford millionaire.
 The time is now propitious, as he guesses,
 The meal is ended, she is bored and tired,
 Endeavours to engage her in caresses
 Which still are unreprieved, if undesired.

Flushed and decided, he assaults at once;
 Exploring hands encounter no defence;
 His vanity requires no response,
 And makes a welcome of indifference.
 (And I Tiresias have foresuffered all
 Enacted on this same divan or bed;
 I who have sat by Thebes below the wall
 And walked among the lowest of the dead.)
 Bestows one final patronising kiss,
 And gropes his way, finding stairs unlit.....

300

Cue Line



She turns and looks
 a moment in the glass

Hardly aware of
 her departed lover;

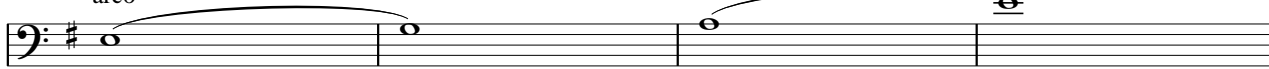
Her brain allows one
 half-formed thought
 to pass:

'Well now that's done:
 and I'm glad it's over.'

301

arco

Cue Line



(Vcl.) *p* con sentimento

When lovely woman
 stoops to folly and

Paces about her room
 again, alone,

She smooths her hair
 with automatic hand,
 and puts a record on
 the gramophone.

305

Cue Line



Moderato
(Pno.)

mp

'This music crept
by me upon the
waters'

and along
the Strand
up Queen
Victoria Street

Cue Line 309

O City city, I can sometimes hear

Beside a public bar in Lower Thames Street,

Cue Line 313 (Pno.)

The pleasant
whining of a
mandoline and a
clatter and

a chatter from within
where

fishermen lounge at noon;

Cue Line 315

where
the walls

of Mag nus

Martyr hold

Inexplicable splendour
of Ionian white and gold

Cue Line 318 rit. f Fl. f

A tempo

320 (Pno.) (Sop.)

4

Cue Line

324 (Sop.)
 Cue Line
 Fl. Red sails wide to lee-ward swing on the hea - vy

329
 Cue Line
 Fl. spar The

333
 Fl. pp ppp

337 (Sop.) p
 Cue Line
 Fl. Wa - ga - la we - ia Wal - la - la we - ia - la, we - ia.

342 Elizabeth and Leicester Beating oars the stern was formed a gilded shell
 colla voce
 Fl.

346 Red and gold the brisk swell Rippled both shores Southwest wind Carried down stream
 Fl.

351 (Pno.) The peal of bells White towers
 Cue Line
 Fl. p

'Trams and dusty trees,
Highbury bore me. Richmond and Kew
Undid me. By Richmond I raised my knees
Supine on the floor of a narrow canoe.'

359 (Pno.) (Sop.) **2**

Cue Line

'My feet are at Moorgate, and my heart
Under my feet. After the event
He wept. He promised " a new start. "
I made no comment. What should I resent?'

362 (Pno.) (Sop.) **2**

Cue Line

'On Margate Sands. I can connect
nothing with nothing. The broken finger nails of
dirty hands. My people humble people who expect nothing.'

365 (Pno.) (Sop.) **2**

Cue Line

Allargando

To Carthage then I came

368 (Vcl.) **3**

Cue Line

sul pont. *p* *cresc.*

Burning burning burning burning

O Lord
Thou pluckest me out

Allargando molto

372 (Ob.) *f* *cresc.*

Cue Line

Fl. *f*

tr *tr*

O Lord
Thou pluckest

burning

376 *tr*

Fl. *fff* *fff* niente

IV. DEATH BY WATER

DEATH BY WATER

Andantino

381

Fl.

ppp

Phlebas the Phoenician, a fortnight dead,

Forgot the cry of gulls,
and the deep sea swell

383

Cue Line

con sord. (Vcl.)

ppp

Fl.

And the profit and loss.

A current under the sea
picked his bones in whispers.

385

Fl.

As he rose and fell
He passed the stages of his age and youth

Entering the whirlpool.

387

Fl.

Gentile or Jew
O you who turn the
wheel and look to
windward,

Consider Phlebas,
who was once
handsome and tall
as you.

389

Cue Line

pp (Pno.)

(Ob.)

pp

391

Fl.

ppp

niente

V. WHAT THE THUNDER SAID

393

WHAT THE THUNDER SAID

Allegro (Pno /Vcl.)

2

After the torchlight red
on sweaty faces
After the frosty silence
in the gardens

Cue Line

397

After the agony in stony places
The shouting and the crying

Prison and palace and reverberation
Of thunder of spring
over distant mountains

2

Cue Line

401

He who was living is now dead
We who were living are now dying
With a little patience

Cue Line

Here is no water but only rock
 Rock and no water
 and the sandy road
 The road winding above among the mountains
 If there were water

Agitato

402 Cue Line (Vcl.) *pp* **6**

we should stop and drink Amongst the rock

409 Cue Line (Ob.) *tr*

one cannot stop or think Sweat is dry

411 Cue Line

and feet are in the sand If there were only water amongst the rock

413 Cue Line Fl. *pp* *sf* *pp* *sf*

Dead mountain mouth of carious teeth that cannot spit Here one can neither stand nor lie nor sit There is not even silence in the mountains But dry sterile thunder without rain

416 Fl. *f* 3 3

There is not even solitude in the mountains

420 Fl.

But red sullen faces sneer and snarl From doors of mudcracked houses

422 Cue Line *ff*

If there were water
And no rock
If there were rock

424
Cue Line

Allegretto
freely
And also water
and water a spring
A pool among the rock

425
Fl.

If there were the
sound of water only
Not the cicada
And dry grass singing
But sound of water
over a rock

428
Fl.

Where the hermit-thrush sings in the pine trees

432
Fl.

Drip drop drip drop drop drop drop

435
Fl.

But there is no water

438
Cue Line

Who is the third who walks always beside you?
 When I count, there are only you and I together
 But when I look ahead up the white road
 There is always another one walking beside you

Gliding wrapt in a brown mantle, hooded
 I do not know whether a man or a woman
 --- But who is that on the other side of you?

439 **Slow**

Cue Line

443 *p* (Sop.)

Cue Line

Fl.

What is that sound high in the air

Murmur of maternal lamentation

Ah

Ah

Ah

p

Who are those hooded hordes swarming over endless plains, stumbling in cracked earth
 Ringed by the flat horizon only

447 **Play 3 times**

Fl.

p

What is the city over the mountains

Cracks and reforms and bursts
 in the violet air

Falling towers

448 **Lento**

Fl.

f

Jerusalem Athens Alexandria Vienna London Unreal

451

Cue Line

A woman drew her long black hair out tight

And fiddled whisper music on those strings

452 sul D

Cue Line

(Vcl.) *pp* 13 13 13 13

And bats with baby faces in the violet light
Whistled, and beat their wings

And crawled head downward down a blackened wall
And upside down in air were towers
Tolling reminiscent bells, that kept the hours
And voices singing out of empty cisterns and
exhausted wells.

Play 3 times.

Over total duration
go from *pp* --- *ff*

453

Fl.

pp *pp* *ff*

455

Fl.

G.P.

Then spoke
the thunder

472

Cue
Line

473

Cue
Line

ff Spoken *niente* *ad lib.*

DA

DAT - - TA

Fl.

ff *niente*

What have we given?
My friend, blood shaking my heart
The awful daring of a moment's surrender
Which an age of prudence can never retract

By this, and this only, we have existed
Which is not to be found in our obituaries
Or in memories draped by the beneficent spider
Or under seals broken by the lean solicitor
In our empty rooms

476

Cue
Line

477

Cue
Line

ff *ad lib.*

DA

Da - yadh - vam

Fl.

ff

I have heard the key
 Turn in the door once and turn once only
 We think of the key, each in his prison
 Thinking of the key, each confirms a prison

Only at nightfall, aethereal rumours
 Revive for a moment a broken Coriolanus

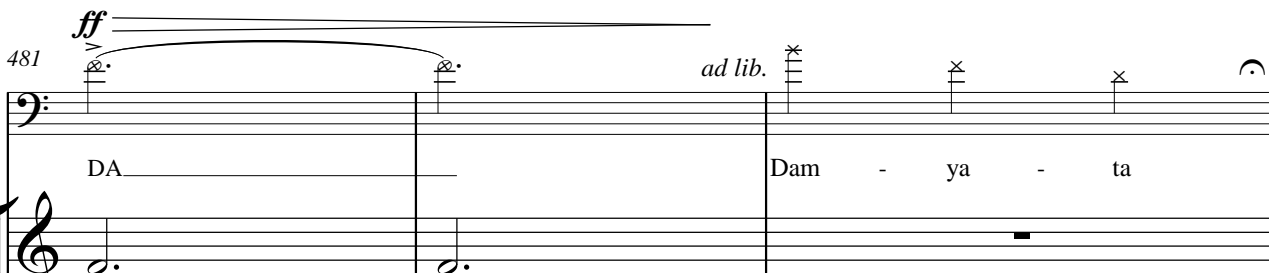
480

Cue Line



481

Cue Line



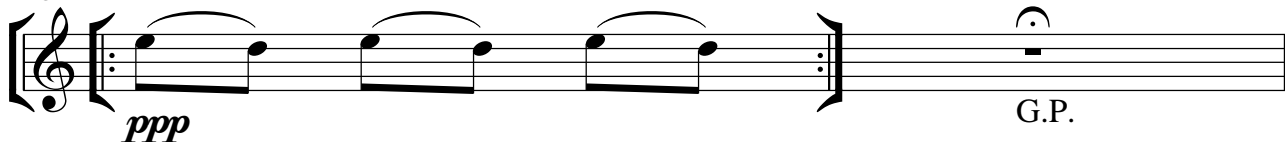
Fl.

The boat responded Gaily, to the hand expert with sail and oar
 The sea was calm, your heart would have responded
 Gaily, when invited, beating obedient To controlling hands

484

Rpt. as often as necessary

Fl.



I sat upon the shore
 Fishing, with the arid plain behind me

Shall I at least set my lands in order?

486 (Pno.)

Cue Line



