The Waste Land

T.S. Eliot

Anthony Burgess

Score transcribed by Rob Lea

Narrator: THE WASTE LAND

3

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

6

et cum illi puere dicent

7

* Σιβυλλα τι θελεις respondebat illa: [ἐποθανειν θέλω] (Erasmian pronunciation: Σιβυλλα τι θελ-ας)

7

* (Erasmian pronunciation: Σιβυλλα τι θελ-ας) (Erasmian pron: A-po-than-ien thel-o)

Pno.

10

(Vcl.)
1. THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

Narr.

THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

Moderato

April is the cruelest month, breeding

11

pp

Cue line

Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing Memory and desire, stirring

13

(Vcl.)

Dull roots with spring rain. Winter kept us warm, covering

15

pizz.

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

17

arco

(Vcl.)
Summer surprised us, coming over the Starnbergersee with a shower of rain.

we stopped in the colonnade,

And went on in the sunlight, into the Hofgarten,

And drank coffee, and talked for an hour.
And when we were children, staying at the archduke’s, my cousin’s, 
he took me out on a sled, and I was frightened.

He said, Marie, Marie, hold on tight.

And down we went.

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

What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow out of this stony rubbish?

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
shadow at morning striding behind you or your shadow at evening rising to meet you;
I will show you fear in a handful of dust.
Frisch weht der Wind der Heimat zu, Mein irisches Kind, wo weilst du?

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.

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.
Madame Sosostris, famous clairvoyante, had a bad cold, nevertheless is known to be the wisest woman in Europe with a wicked pack of cards.
Here, said she, is your card, the drowned Phoenician Sailor, (Those are pearls that were his eyes. Look!)

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

Here is the man with three staves, And here the wheel,

And here is the one-eyed merchant, and this card, which is blank, Which I am forbidden to see. I do not find the
Hanged Man.

Fear death by water.

I see crowds of people, walking round in a ring.

Thank you.

If you see dear Mrs. Equitone, Tell her I bring the horoscope myself: One must be so careful these days.
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, And each man fixed his eyes before his feet.

---

Flowed up the hill and down King William Street, To where Saint Mary Woolnoth kept the hours

With a dead sound on the final stroke of nine.
There I saw one I knew, and stopped him, crying: Stetson! ‘You who were with me in the ships at Mylae!

‘That corpse you planted last year in your garden, ‘Has it begun to sprout?

‘Will it bloom this year? ‘Or has the sudden frost disturbed its bed?

‘Oh keep the Dog far hence, that’s friend to men (Fl.) ‘Or with his nails he’ll dig it up again!
'You! hypocrite lecteur!
- mon semblable,
- mon frère!'
A GAME OF CHESS

II. A GAME OF CHESS

Cue line 143

with much panache, brilliance etc.

mf 143

ad lib.

Pno. 146

Pno. 147

Pno. 148

Narr. 13

con molto sentimo
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

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

Unstoppered, lurked her
strange synthetic perfumes,
Unguent, powdered, or liquid -
troubled, confused
And drowned the sense in odours;

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

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

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

Above the antique mantel
was displayed
As though a window gave upon
the sylvan scene
The change of Philomel, by the barbarous king so rudely forced; yet there the nightingale
Filled all the desert with inviolable voice
And still she cried,
and still the world pursues,

'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,
Under the firelight,
under the brush, her hair spread out in fiery points
Glowed into words,

then would be savagely still.

The change of Philomel,
by the barbarous king so rudely forced; yet there the nightingale
Filled all the desert with inviolable voice
And still she cried,
and still the world pursues,
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.'

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

What is that noise?
The wind under
the door.

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?'

I remember
Those are pearls that were his eyes.
'Are you alive, or not? Is there nothing in your head?'
"But O O O O that Shakespeherian Rag -
It's so elegant
So intelligent"

'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?'

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.

Attacca
'Let the Great Big World Keep Turning' (this music underscores the spoken text on the following page)

Narr.

Pno. 207
Slow

f  trem. ad lib

Pno. 210

8ve ad lib.

Pno. 213

8ve ad lib.

Pno. 216

Pno. 219

(8)

Pno. 221

1. RPT ad lib until
When Lil's husbands 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 don't want 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
HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME

(Piano discords start)

After last
'HURRY UP
PLEASE ITS TIME'


Pno. \( \textit{senza misura} \) Play ad lib, loud petulant chords, really discords till final 'Goonight'.
Good night, ladies, good night sweet ladies, good night, good night.
III. THE FIRE SERMON

THE FIRE SERMON

231

Moderato

Pno.

234

accel.

Pno.

237

a tempo

Cue line

237

(FL.)

(Ob.)

(Vcl.)

Pno.

240

Pno.

Narr. 23
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.

The nymphs are departed.

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

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.

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

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

V.S.
But at my back in a cold blast I hear
The rattle of bones, and chuckle spread
from ear to ear.

A rat crept softly
through the vegetation

Dragging its slimy belly on the bank

While I was fishing
in the dull canal

On a winter evening
round behind
the gashouse.

Musing upon the
king my brother's
wreck

And on the
king my father's
death before him.

White bodies naked
on the low damp ground
And bones cast in a little
low dry garret,

Rattled by the rat's foot only, year to year.
But at my back from time to time I hear
The sound of horns and motors, which shall bring Sweeney to Mrs. Porter in the spring.

Moderato

O the moon shone bright on Mrs. Porter
And on her daughter
They wash their feet in soda water
Et, O ces voix d'enfants, chantant dans la coupole!

Twit twit twit Jug jug jug jug jug jug

So rudely forc'd.

Under the brown fog of a winter noon

Mr. Eugenides, the Smyrna merchant

Unshaven, with a pocket full of currants

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.
At the violet hour, when the human engine waits like a taxi throbbing waiting,
when the eyes and back turn upward from the desk,
I Tiresias, though blind, throbbing between two lives, old man with wrinkled female breasts, can see and brings the sailor home from sea.

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 unreproved, 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 the stairs unlit.........

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.’

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.
'This music crept by me upon the waters' and along the Strand, up Queen Victoria Street.

O City city, I can sometimes hear
Beside a public bar in Lower Thames Street,
The pleasant whining of a mandoline and a clatter and where
fishermen lounge at noon:
where the walls of Magnus Martyr hold
Inexplicable splendour of Ionian white and gold.
The river sweats oil and tar, the barges drift with the turning tide

Red sails wide to leeward swing smoothly

on the heavy spar

The barges wash

Narr. 320
drifting - logs down Greenwich Reach past the Isle of Dogs

W-a-ga-la we - ia Wal-la-la we - ia-la, we - ia.

Elizabeth and Leicester

Bea - ting oars the stern was formed a gild - ed shell

([Fl.])
Red and gold the brisk swell
Rippled both shores Southwest wind Carried down stream

The peal of bells White towers

We ia. - - - - - -
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.'

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

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Cue

Pno.

(Sop.)

Cue

Pno.

Wal - la - la we - ia - la wei.
To Carthage then I came

O Lord Thou pluckest me out

O Lord Thou pluckest
IV. DEATH BY WATER

Phlebas the Phoenician, a fortnight dead,
Forgot the cry of gulls,
and the deep sea swell

And the profit and loss.
A current under the sea
picked his bones in whispers.

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

Gentile or Jew
O you who turn the wheel and look to windward,
Consider Phlebas,
who was once handsome and tall
as you.
V. WHAT THE THUNDER SAID

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

After the agony in stony places
The shouting and the crying

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

Narr. 37
He who was living is now dead
We who were living are now dying
With a little patience
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 we should stop and drink

Amongst the rock one cannot stop or think
Sweat is dry and feet are in the sand
If there were only water amongst the rock

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
There is not even solitude in the mountains

But red sullen faces sneer and snarl From doors of mudcracked houses
If there were water And no rock If there were rock

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

Where the hermit-thrush sings in the pine trees

Drip drop drip drop drop drop drop

But there is no water

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?
What is that sound high in the air
Murmur of maternal lamentation

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

Play 3 times

What is the city over the mountains

Cracks and reforms and bursts in the violet air
Falling towers

Jerusalem  Athens  Alexandria
Vienna  London
Unreal

V.S.
A woman drew her long black hair out tight And fiddled whisper music on those strings

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

Play 3 times.
Over total duration
go from pp --ff

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.

In this decayed hole among the mountains
In the faint moonlight, the grass is singing
Over the tumbled graves, about the chapel
There is the empty chapel, only the wind’s home.

It has no windows, and the door swings.
Dry bones can harm no one.
Only a cock stood on the rooftree
Co co rico
coco rico

In a flash of lightning.

Then a damp gust

Bringing rain

Ganga was sunken, and the limp leaves

Waited for rain, while the black clouds
Gathered far distant, over Himavant.
The jungle crouched, humped in silence.

Then spoke the thunder
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 benificent spider
Or under seals broken by the lean solicitor
In our empty rooms
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

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
I sat upon the shore  Fishing, with the arid plain behind me  Shall I at least set my lands in order?

London Bridge is falling down  falling down  falling down

Poi s’ ascose nel foco  che gli affina

Quando fiam ceu chelidon - O swallow swallow
Le prince d’Aquitaine à la tour abolie  | These fragments I have shored against my ruins

Why then Ile fit you. Hieronymo's mad againe.  | Dattar Dayadhvam Damyata

Shantih  | Shantih  | Shantih

Molto Lento

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