

The Waste Land

T.S. Eliot

Anthony Burgess

Score transcribed
by Rob Lea

Cue Line Musical score for the piano introduction, featuring complex rhythmic patterns and a key signature of one sharp (F#). Dynamics include *f* and *Ped.* (pedal). A box labeled 'Narrator :- THE WASTE LAND' is positioned above the staff.

Ob. Musical score for the oboe part, starting with a triplet of notes. Dynamics include *ppp*. The text 'Nam Sibyllam quidem Cumis ego ipse oculis meis vidi in ampulla pendere,' is written above the staff.

Cue Line Musical score for the cue line, showing the start of the phrase 'et cum illi pueri dicerent'. Dynamics include *cresc.* and *pp*. The text 'et cum illi pueri dicerent' is written above the staff.

Ob. Musical score for the oboe part, showing the start of the phrase 'et cum illi pueri dicerent'. Dynamics include *cresc.* and *pp*. The text 'et cum illi pueri dicerent' is written above the staff.

Σιβυλλα τι θελεις respondebat illa:

(Erasmian pronunciation:
Sibulla ti thel-ace)

Cue Line Musical score for the cue line, starting with the phrase 'αποθανειν θελω'. Dynamics include *ff*, *p*, and *p dim.*. The text 'αποθανειν θελω' is written above the staff.

Ob. Musical score for the oboe part, starting with the phrase 'αποθανειν θελω'. Dynamics include *pppp* and *ff*. The text 'αποθανειν θελω' is written above the staff.

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

(Vcl.)

(Pno.)

1. THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

Ob. 11 *Moderato* April is the cruellest month, breeding

Ob. 13 Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing Memory and desire, stirring

Ob. 15 *tr* Dull roots with spring rain. Winter kept us warm, Earth in forgetful snow, covering feeding

Cue Line 18 A little life with dried tubers

Cue Line 19 *Vivace* (Flt.) *p*

Ob. 23 Summer surprised us, coming over the Starnbergersee with a shower of rain we stopped in

Ob. 29 the colonnade, And went on in the sunlight, into the Hofgarten,

Detailed description of the musical score: The score is for Oboe (Ob.) and Cue Lines. It consists of seven systems of music. The first system (measures 11-13) is marked 'Moderato' and 'pp'. It features a melodic line with a fermata on the first measure and triplets in the second and third measures. The second system (measures 13-15) continues the melody with a fermata on the first measure and a quintuplet in the second measure. The third system (measures 15-18) includes a trill (tr) in the first measure and a fermata on the second measure. The fourth system (measures 18-19) is for a 'Cue Line' and is marked 'Vivace' and '(Flt.)'. The fifth system (measures 19-23) is for Oboe and marked 'p'. The sixth system (measures 23-29) is for Oboe and marked 'p'. The seventh system (measures 29-31) is for Oboe and marked 'p'. The lyrics are enclosed in boxes above the notes. Performance markings include accents, fermatas, trills, and dynamic markings (pp, p).

And drank coffee,
and talked
for an hour

34

Cue Line

Bin gar keine Russin, stamm'aus Litauen, echt deutsch.

35 **Wienerisch**

Ob.

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

39

Ob.

And I was frightened

He said, Marie, Marie, hold on tight.

43

Ob.

And down
we went.

45

Ob.

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

ad lib.

48

Cue Line

(Pno.)

(Vcl.)

f dim.

pp

rall.

What are the roots
that clutch, what

branches grow
Out of this
stony rubbish?

53 (Pno.)

Cue Line

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.

55 (Pno.)

Cue Line

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

Ob.

pp

shadow at morning
striding behind you Or your

shadow at evening
rising to meet you;

59

Cue Line

Ob.

pp

I will show you fear in a handful of dust.

61

Ob.

ff *niente*

62 (Sop.)
 Cue Line
 Frisch weht der Wind der hei³ mat zu, Mein I - risch Kind, wo

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

66 (Flt.)
 Cue Line
 weil - est du? *p dolce*

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

70
 Cue Line
 Ob.
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.) *stile di salone*
 Cue Line
 Ob.
 Oed' und leer das

Vivace, sardonico

Madame Sosostriis,

famous clairvoyante,

84
 Ob.
 2 3

is known to be the wisest woman
 in Europe

90
 Ob.
 Had a bad cold, nevertheless

With a wicked pack of cards

93 **rapido** **13** **13** **13**

Cue Line

(Pno.) *ad lib*

Ob.

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

94

Ob.

95 (Flt.) **Moderato**

Cue Line

p

Ob.

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

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

96 **Andante** **2**

Ob.

p

Here is the man with three staves

99 (Vcl.) pizz.
arco *mp*

And here the wheel

100 *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

Hanged Man.

104 (Pno.) **Vivace** *p*

Fear death by water.

I see crowds
of people,
walking
round in a ring

106 **Vivace** *p*

108 (Flt.)

Cue Line *mp*

Ob. *mp*

113 Thank you (Pno.)

Cue Line *f*

114 If you see dear Mrs. Equitone,
Tell her I bring the horoscope myself: One must be so careful these days

Cue Line

115 (Pno.) **Allegro** Unreal City

Cue Line *f* *p* *cresc.* *ff*

Ob. *f*

(Vcl.) *tr*

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.

119 **Agitato**

2

Ob.

Sighs, short and infrequent,
were exhaled,
And each man
fixed his eyes before his feet.

Flowed up the hill

122

Ob.

pp

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

125

Ob.

With a dead sound on the
final stroke of nine

128

Cue Line

pp

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,

129 (**Agitato**)

Ob.

pp *cresc.*

'Has it begun to sprout?

'Will it bloom this year?

133

Ob.

'Or has the sudden frost disturbed its bed?

Ob. 135 *f*

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

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

Cue Line (Pno.) 136

Ob. *pp* *cresc.* *pp*

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

Cue Line 139

Cue Line 140

Ob. *pp* solo

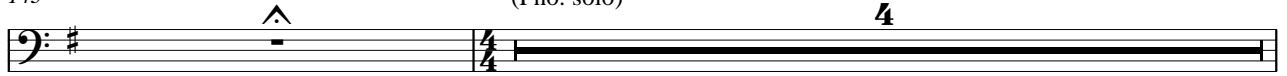
II. A GAME OF CHESS

A GAME OF CHESS

143

(Pno. solo)

Cue Line



148

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

Andante

(Flt.)

156

Cue Line

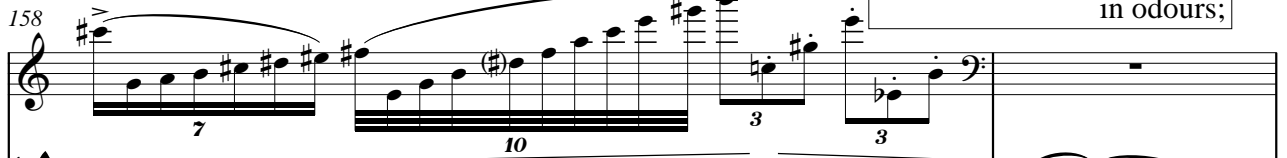


Unstoppered, lurked her
 strange synthetic perfumes

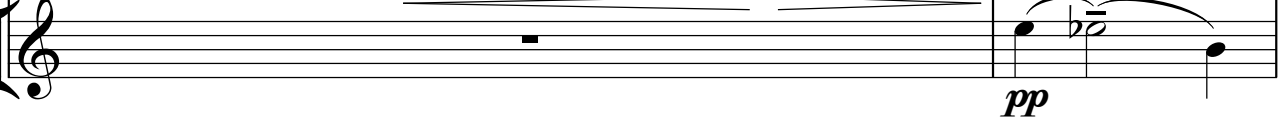
Unguent, powdered, or
 liquid - troubled, confused
 And drowned the sense
 in odours;

158

Cue Line



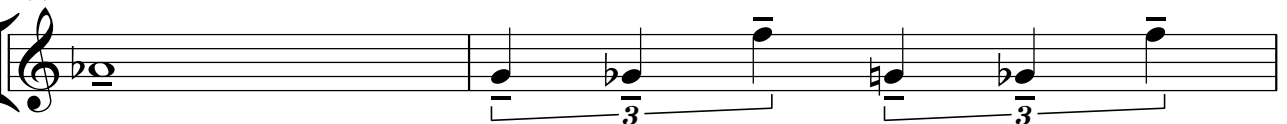
Ob.



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.



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 carved dolphin swam

162

Ob.



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

164

Ob. 

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

168


Cue Line 

'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

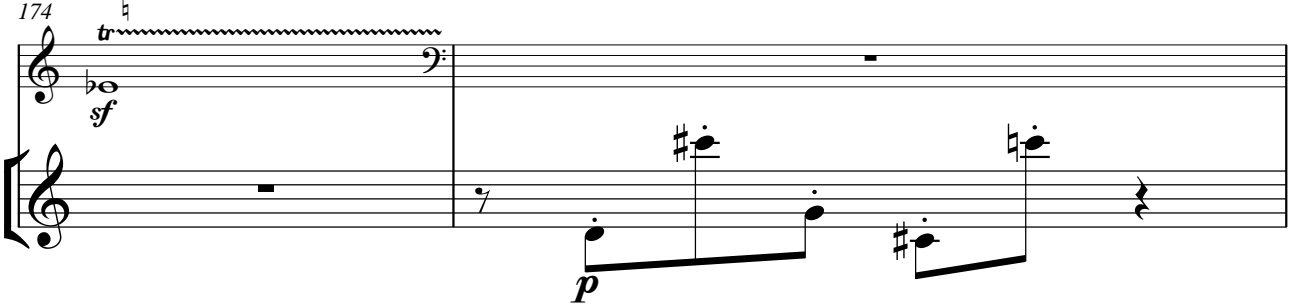
Footsteps
shuffled on the stair

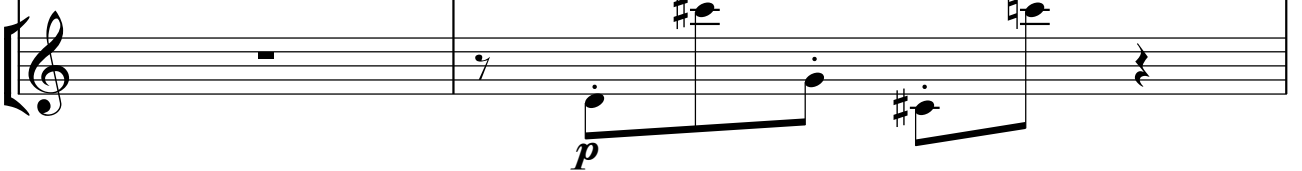
169

Ob. 

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


174

Cue Line 

Ob. 


Glowed into words,

176


Cue Line 


then would be savagely still


178


Cue Line 

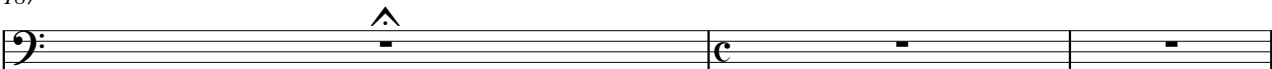
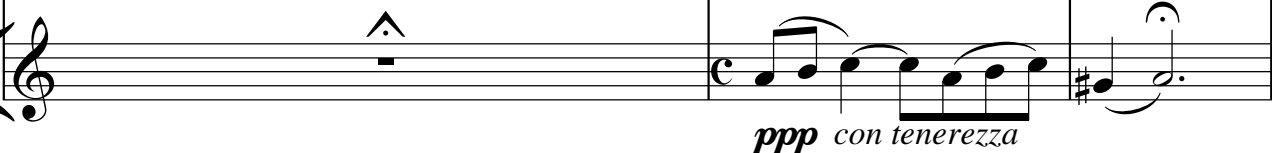
'My nerves are bad tonight. Yes, bad. Stay with me.
 'Speak to me. Why do you never speak? Speak.
 'What are you thinking of ? What thinking? What?
 'I never know what you are thinking. Think.'

180
 Cue Line 

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

183 (Flt.)  'What is that noise?' (Pno.) The wind under
 the door
colla voce

185 'What is that noise now? What is the wind doing?' (Vcl.) pizz. *colla voce*
 Nothing again nothing.
 Ob. 

187 'Do You know nothing? Do you see nothing?
 Do you remember nothing?'
 Cue Line 
 Ob.  *ppp con tenerezza*

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

(Pno.)

190

Cue
Line

192 **Vivo**

But O O O O that Shakespeherian Rag -

Cue
Line

It's so elegant So intelligent

197

Cue
Line

'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, And we shall play Pressing lidless eyes and
 a closed car at four a game of chess, waiting for a knock upon
 the door

200 Cue Line (Pno.)

204 Ob. *Attacca*

(" Let the great big world keep turning")

(this music underscores the spoken text on the following page)

207 (Pno.) *Slow*

f trem. ad lib

Throughout this section oboe may improvise quietly on the following trope

Ob. *p*

209 Ob. **2**

213 Ob. **10** 1. RPT ad lib until

After last
 'HURRY UP
 PLEASE ITS TIME'

224 Ob. Goonight Bill. Goonight Lou. Goonight May. Goonight. Ta ta. Goonight. Goonight

senza misura

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

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

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

225 **Moderato**

Cue Line

Ob.

(Pno.)

senza misura

ppp

228

Cue Line

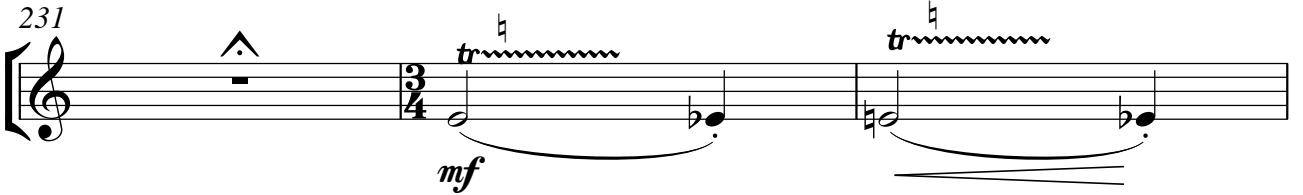
allo silenzio totale

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III. THE FIRE SERMON

THE FIRE SERMON

Moderato

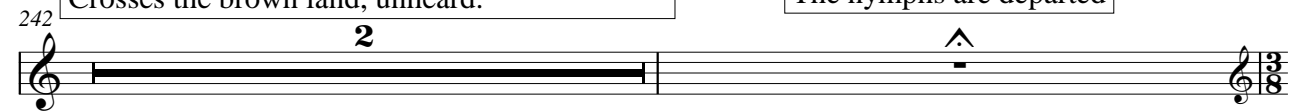
Ob. 231 

Ob. 234 

Ob. 237 **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.

The nymphs are departed

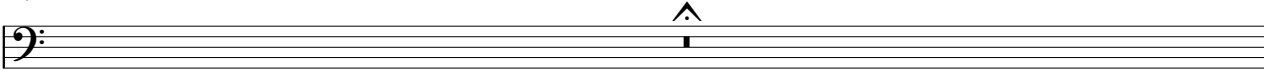
Cue Line 242 

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

Cue Line 245 (Flt.) **Andantino** 

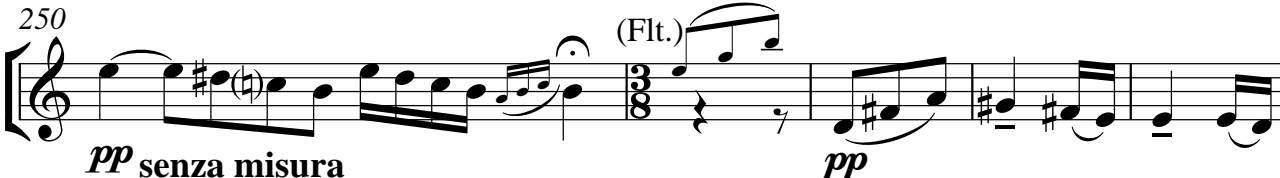
Ob. 

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 


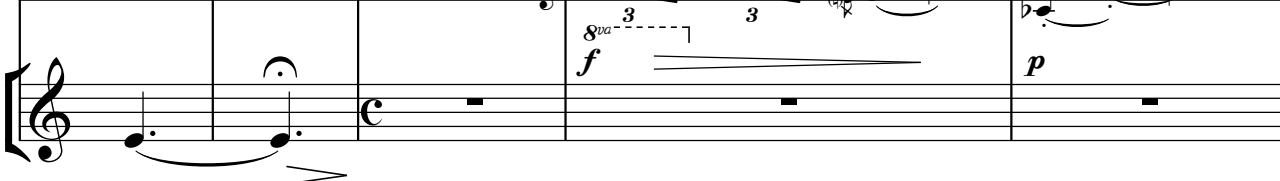
By the waters of Leman
 I sat down and wept.....

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

250
 Ob. 

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

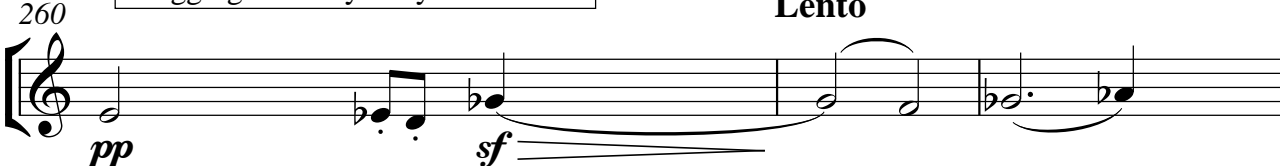
A rat crept softly
 through the vegetation

255
 Cue Line 
 Ob. 

Dragging its slimy belly on the bank

While I was
 fishing in the dull
 canal

On a winter evening
 round behind
 the gashouse

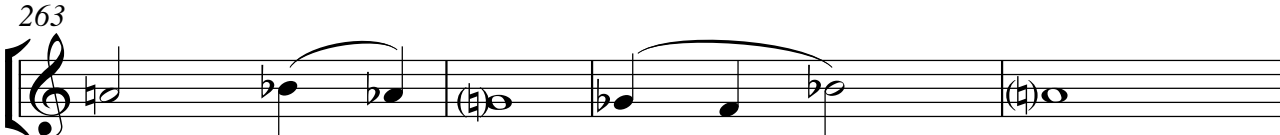
260
 Ob. 

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,

263
 Ob. 

Rattled by the rat's foot only, year to year.

267
 Ob. 

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 **p**

Cue Line

Poco Lento solenne

Ob.

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

Twit twit twit Jug jug jug jug jug jug

So

283

Cue Line

rudely forc'd.

Unreal City

285

Cue Line

sf niente

f

Under the brown fog of a winter noon

Mr. Eugenides, the Smyrna merchant

289 pizz.

Cue Line

Unshaven, with a pocket full of currants

C. i. f. London: documents at sight

291

Ob.

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

293

Cue Line

At the violet hour, when the eyes and back Turn upward from the desk,	when the human engine waits like a taxi throbbing waiting,
--	---

294

Cue Line

Ob.

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,

297

Ob.

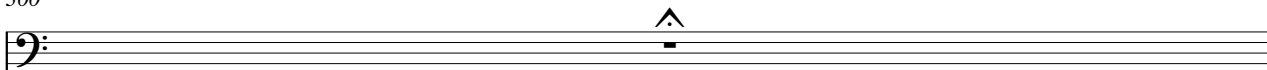
The typist home at teatime, clears her breakfast,
lights her stove, and lays out food in tins.
Out of the window perilously spread
Her drying combinations touched by the sun's last rays,
On the divan are piled (at night her bed)
Stockings, slippers, camisoles, and stays.

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 unproved, 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 stirs unlit.....

300

Cue
Line



301

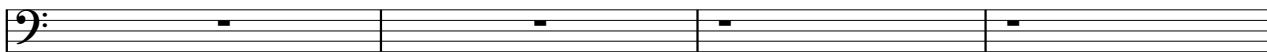
Cue
Line

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.'



When lovely woman
stoops to folly and

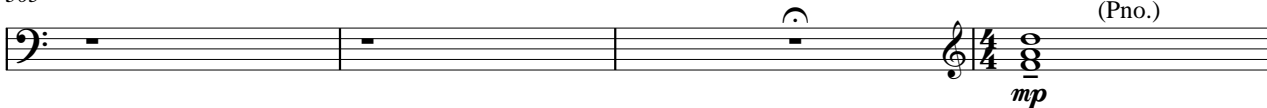
Paces about her room
again, alone,

She smooths her hair
with automatic hand,
and puts a record on
the gramo-

- phone.

305

Cue
Line



309

Cue
Line



'This music crept
by me upon the
waters'

and along the Strand
up Queen Victoria Street

O City city, I can
sometimes hear

Cue Line 311

Beside a public bar
in Lower Thames Street,

The pleasant
whining of a
mandoline and a
clatter and

a chatter from within
where

fishermen lounge at noon;

Cue Line 314

where
the walls

of Mag nus

Mar tyr hold

Inexplicable splendour of
Ionian white and gold

Cue Line 318 rit.

A tempo

(Sop.)

Cue Line 320

The riv - er sweats

Cue Line 322

oil and tar, the bar - ges drift with the tur - ning tide

325

Ob.

p

334

Ob.

pp *ppp*

338 (Sop.)

Cue Line

Ob.

p

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

Ob.

colla voce

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

Ob.

351 (Pno.) The peal of bells White towers (Sop.)

Cue Line

Ob.

p

Wa - ga - la we - ia

355

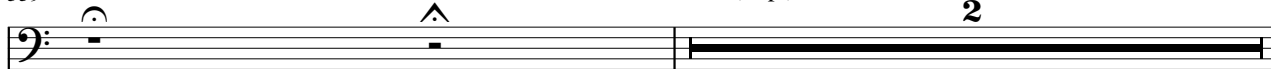
Cue Line

colla voce

Wa - ga - la we - ia Wal - la - la we - ia - la We - ia.

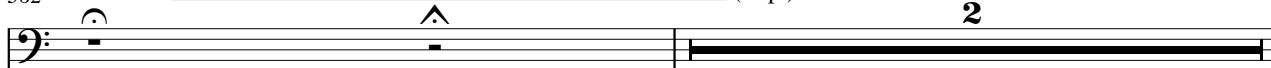
'Trams and dusty trees,
Highbury bore me. Richmond and Kew
Undid me. By Richmond I raised my knees
Supine on the floor of a narrow canoe.'

359 (Pno.) (Sop.)

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.)

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.)

Cue Line 

Allargando
sul pont.

To Carthage then I came

368



Cue Line 

Burning burning burning burning

O Lord Thou pluckest me out

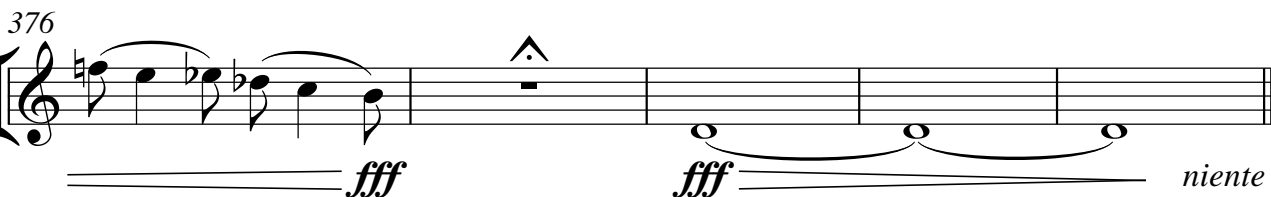
Allargando molto

372 *f* *f*

Cue Line 
Ob. 

O Lord Thou pluckest

burning

Ob. 

IV. DEATH BY WATER

DEATH BY WATER

381

Cue Line

Andantino

ppp (Flt.)

383

Cue Line

ppp (Vcl.)

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.

2

387

Cue Line

(Pno.)

pp

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,

390

Cue Line

pp

Ob.

pp

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

2

2

V. WHAT THE THUNDER SAID

WHAT THE THUNDER SAID **Allegro** After the torchlight red on sweaty faces After the agony in stony places
The shouting and the crying
After the frosty silence in the gardens

393 (Pno./Vcl.) 2

Cue Line

Prison and palace and reverberation of thunder of spring over distant mountains He who was living is now dead We who were living are now dying With a little patience

398 (Pno./Vcl.) 2

Cue Line

Agitato Here is no water but only rock Rock and no water and the sandy road

402 (Pno.) pp

Cue Line

The road winding above among the mountains If there were water we should stop and drink

406 p

Ob.

Amongst the rock one cannot stop or think Sweat is dry

410

Ob.

and feet are in
the sand

If there were only water
amongst the rock

Ob. 413

pp ————— *sf* *pp* ————— *sf*

Dead mountain mouth of carious teeth that cannot spit Here one can neither stand nor lie nor sit

Cue Line 416 *arco* (Vcl.)

f 3 3

There is not even silence
in the mountains

But dry sterile
thunder without
rain

There is not even solitude
in the mountains

Ob. 418

f

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

If there were water
And no rock
If there were rock

Ob. 421

mf

Allegretto
freely (Flt.)

And also water and water a spring

A pool among
the rock

If there were the
sound of water only

Cue Line 425

p 2

Not the cicada

And dry grass singing

But sound of water
over a rock

Where the hermit-thrush
sings in the pine trees

Cue Line 429

mf 3

Drip drop drip drop drop drop drop

Cue Line 435 (Flt.)

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**

Ob.

What is that sound high in the air

Murmur of maternal lamentation

(Sop.)

Cue Line

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

447 **Play 3 times**

Ob.

What is the city over the mountains

448 **Lento**

Cue Line

Cracks and reforms and bursts in the violet air

Falling towers

Ob.

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

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

452

Ob.

pp

Play 3 times.
Over total duration
go from *pp* to *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.

454

Ob.

pp *ff* G.P.

In this decayed hole among
the mountains

In the faint moonlight,
the grass is singing

456 **Adagio tranquillo**

Cue Line

p (Vcl.)

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,

458

Ob.

pp

Dry bones
can harm
no one.

Only a cock stood
on the rooftree
Co co rico
co co rico

In a flash of
lightning.

Then a damp gust

461

Cue Line

(Vcl.) *ppp*

Ob.

ppp V.S.

Bringing rain

Cue Line 465

G.P.

Ganga was sunken,
and the limp leaves

Waited for rain,
while the black clouds

Ob. 467

p

Gathered far distant,
over Himavant.

The jungle crouched,
humped in silence.

Then spoke
the thunder

Ob. 470

(Sop.)

Cue Line 473

ff Spoken *niente* *ad lib.*

DA DAT - - TA

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

Ob.

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

ff *ad lib.*

DA Dam - ya - ta

Ob.

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

Ob.

Rpt. as often as necessary

ppp G.P.

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

Shall I at least set my lands in order?

486

Cue Line

London Bridge is falling down
falling down falling down

Poi s' ascose nel foco
che gli affina

490 (Flt.)

Cue Line

Ob.

Quando fiam ceu chelidon- - O swallow swallow

492

Ob.

Le prince d'Aquitaine à la tour abolie

These fragments I have shored against my ruins

494

Ob.

Why then Ile fit you. Hieronymo's mad againe.

Dattar Dayadhvam Damyata

498

Ob.

Shantih Shantih Shantih

500 **Molto Lento**

Ob.