T.S. Eliot

Narrator -

THE WASTE LAND

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

et cum illi pueri dicent: Σιβυλλα τι θελεις; respondebat illa:

* (Erasmian pronunciation: Sibulla ti thel-ace)
* (Erasmian pron.
A-po-than-i-en thel-e-o)
1. THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

April is the cruellest month,
Mixing
Lilacs out of the dead land,
Breeding

Memory and desire,
Stirring
Dull roots with spring rain.

Winter kept us warm,
Covering
Earth in forgetful snow,
Feeding
A little life with dried tubers

THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

Moderato 11

Pno.

Fl.

Ob.

Vc.

14

16
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

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

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.
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.

Oed' und leer das Meer

stile di salone

or 8ve lower ad. lib
Madame Sosostris, famous clairvoyante, had a bad cold, nevertheless is known to be the wisest woman in Europe with a wicked pack of cards.

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, is something he carries on his back 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

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

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


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)

Throughout this section FLT. OB. & CELLO may improvise quietly on
the following tropes

After last ‘HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME’

Play 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 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)

Ta ta. Goonight. Goonight.
Good night, ladies, good night sweet ladies, 
good night, good night.
III. THE FIRE SERMON
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.

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.

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

Ah
Ah
Ah
Ah
men

Poco Lento solenne

Poco Lento solenne

Poco Lento solenne

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

Twit twit twit Jug jug jug jug jug jug jug

So rudely forc'd.

Unreal City

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,
At the violet hour, 
when the eyes and back 
Turn upward from the desk,
when the human 
gine waits like 
throbbing between 
two lives, old man 
with wrinkled female 
breasts, can see

I Tiresias, though blind, 
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.......

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, 
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And walked among the lowest of the dead.) 
Bestows one final patronising kiss, 
And gropes his way, finding the stairs unlit.......

Asked me in demotic French 
To luncheon at the Cannon Street Hotel 
Followed by a weekend at the Metropole.
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 faces 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 a chatter from within where fishermen lounge at noon: where the walls of Magnus 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 - on the heavy

The barges wash drifting logs down Greenwich Reach past the
gilded shell

Red and gold the brisk swell

Rippled both shores

Southwest wind Carried down stream

The peal of bells

White towers

Wa-ga-la-i-ia

Wa-ga-la-weia

Wa-ga-la-la-weia-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.'

'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.'
Allargando

To Carthage then I came

Pno.

Allargando
sul pont.

Vc.

p cresc.

(арко)

pizz.
Allargando molto

Burning  burning  burning  burning  O Lord Thou pluckest me out

372

Pno.

f
cresc.

S.

Ah  Ah  Ah  Ah

Allargando molto

376

Pno.

fff

S.

Ah

O Lord Thou pluckest  burning

fff

niente

fff

niente

fff

niente

fff

niente

fff

niente
IV. DEATH BY WATER

DEATH BY WATER

Andantino

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

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.

Pno. 412

Fl. 412

Ob.

Vc.

Pno. 416

Fl.

Ob. arco

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

What is the city over the mountains
Cracks and reforms and bursts in the violet air
Falling towers

Jerusalem Athens Alexandria
Vienna London
Unreal
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.

Adagio tranquillo

It has no windows, and the door swings.
Dry bones can harm no one.
Only a cock stood on the rooftree
Co co 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 beneficent spider
Or under seals broken by the lean solicitor
In our empty rooms

473
Pno. fff

ff niente ad lib.

Spoken

476
Pno.

477
Pno.

ff ad lib.

Spoken

Da yadh - vam
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

Rpt. as often as necessary
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
These fragments I have shored against my ruins

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

Dattar Dayadhvam Damyata
Shanth Shanth Shanth

500 Molto Lento

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Ah Ah men

Shanth Shanth Shanth

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