

The Waste Land

T.S. Eliot

Anthony Burgess

Score transcribed
by Rob Lea

Narrator :-

THE WASTE LAND

Musical score for the Narrator's introduction. The piece begins with a piano accompaniment in G major, marked *f*. The melody is written in the treble clef, with an *8va* marking above the first few notes. The bass line is in the bass clef, with an *8vb* marking below the final notes. The score concludes with a double bar line and a fermata over the final notes.

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

Piano accompaniment for the first line of Latin text. The score is marked *Pno.* and *C*. It consists of three measures, each with a fermata over the final note.

(Fl./Ob./Vcl.)

et cum illi pueri dicerent

Piano accompaniment for the second line of Latin text. The score is marked *Pno.* and *(Fl.)*. It consists of six measures, with a *12* marking above the fourth measure. The melody is written in the treble clef.

* Σιβυλλα τι θελεις respondebat illa: αποθανειν θελω

Musical score for the Greek text. The score is marked *Pno.* and *pp*. It consists of three measures. The first measure has a fermata over the final note. The second measure has a fermata over the final note. The third measure has a fermata over the final note.

* (Erasmian pronunciation:
Sibulla ti thel-ace)

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

Piano accompaniment for the Greek text. The score is marked *Pno.* and *ff*. It consists of three measures. The first measure has a fermata over the final note. The second measure has a fermata over the final note. The third measure has a fermata over the final note. The score is marked *5* and *p*.

1. THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

Moderato (Ob.)

April is the cruellest month, breeding

Cue line 11

Piano (Pno.) 11

pp

pp *8vb*

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

Cue line 13

Piano (Pno.) 13

(8)-| *8vb* | *8vb*

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

Cue line 15

Piano (Pno.) 15

ppp *pizz.* *arco* *espress.*

(Vcl.)

8vb

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

Cue line 17

Piano (Pno.) 17

arco *pizz.* *arco*

8vb

19 **Vivace**

Pno. *pp*

23 Summer surprised us, coming over the Starnbergersee with a shower of rain *8va*

Pno.

28 we stopped in the colonnade,

Pno.

31 And went on in the sunlight, into the Hofgarten,

Pno.

And drank coffee,
and talked
for an hour

34

Cue line

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

35 Wienerisch

Pno.

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

39 accel. . . .

Pno.

He said, Marie, Marie, hold on tight.

And down we went.

Cue line

fp
(Vcl.)

Pno.

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

Pno.

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

Cue
line

53

p

v

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

Cue
line

pp (Vcl.)

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.

59

Cue
line

59

pp

ff niente

62 (Fl.)

Cue line

(Sop.)

Sop.

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

p

'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

67

Cue line

dolce

67

Pno.

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 (Ob.)

Cue line

(Fl.)

stile di salone

Sop.

Oed' und leer das Meer.

72

Pno.

mf

con pedale

78

Pno.

81

Pno.

Vivace, sardonico

84

Pno.

Madame Sososttris,

88

Pno.

famous clairvoyante,

Had a bad cold,

nevertheless

is known to be the wisest woman
in Europe

92

Pno.

With a
wicked pack
of cards

93

rapido

ad lib

13

13

13

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

Cue line 94

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

Moderato
Cue line 95

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

Andante
Pno. 97

Here is the man with three staves

Cue line 99

And here the wheel

Cue line 100 (Ob.)

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

Cue line 101 (Ob.)

Hanged Man.

Fear death by water.

104

Cue line

p

Vivace

Pno.

p

f

Ped.

I see crowds of people,
walking round in a ring

107

Cue line

Thank you

108 (Fl.)

Cue line

mp

Pno.

f

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

One must be so careful these days **V.S.**

114

Cue line

Unreal City

115

Cue line

(Fl.) *p* *cresc.* *ff*

Allegro

Pno.

Under the brown fog of
a winter dawn,

A crowd flowed over
London Bridge,

Agitato

119 *pp*

Sop.

Ah

Pno.

pp

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

Sighs, short and infrequent, were exhaled.,

121

Sop.

i ah

Pno.

123

And each man
fixed his eyes before his feet.

Flowed up the hill and

Sop.

Ah

Pno.

125

down King William Street,

To where Saint Mary Woolnoth

Sop.

Ah

ah

Pno.

127

kept the hours

With a dead sound on the
final stroke of nine

Sop.

Pno.

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

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

129 (**Agitato**)

Sop.

Pno.

pp

cresc.

'That corpse you planted last year
in your garden,

'Has it begun to sprout?

132

Sop.

Pno.

p

'Will it bloom this year?

'Or has the sudden frost
disturbed its bed?

134

Sop.

Pno.

gliss.

ff

cresc.

ff

voco

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

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

136

Pno.

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

139

Cue line

140 (Ob.) solo

Cue line

II. A GAME OF CHESS

A GAME OF CHESS

143 Cue line

143 *with much panache, brilliance etc.*

Pno. *mf ad lib.*

146

Pno.

147

Pno.

148 *ppp*

Pno. *con molto sentimo*

151

Pno.

152

Pno.

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

Cue line 156 (Fl.) *pp*

Unstoppered, lurked her
strange synthetic perfumes

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

Cue line 158

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

Cue line 160 (Fl.) *pp*

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

Cue line (Vcl.) 163 *p*

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,

Cue line 166 (Fl.) *mp* *f* *senza misura*

'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

169

Cue line

(Vcl.) *pizz.* *p* *pp*

Footsteps shuffled on the stair

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

173

Cue line

tr *sf* (Fl.) *sf* *tr* *tr* *tr*

Glowed into words,

176

Cue line

tr *ppp cresc.*

then would be savagely still

178

Cue line

Pno.

f *senza misura* *8va* *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

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

181

Pno.

f

p
colla voce

The wind under
 the door

'What is that noise?'

183

(Fl.)

Cue line

Pno.

pp

colla voce

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

Nothing again nothing.

185

(Ob.)

Cue line

(Vcl.) pizz. *colla voce*

pp

pp

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

187

Cue line

Sop.

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

188 (Ob.)

Cue line

ppp con tenerezza

Pno.

192 **Vivo**

Pno.

f

195

But O O O O that Shakespeherian Rag -

It's so elegant
So intelligent

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

200

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

Pno.

204 (Vcl./Ob./Fl.)

Cue line

p

Attacca

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

Slow

Pno.

207 *f* trem. ad lib

Pno.

210 *8va*

Pno.

213 *8ve ad lib.*

Pno.

216 *8va*

Pno.

219 (8) *8vb*

Pno.

221 *8va* 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 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

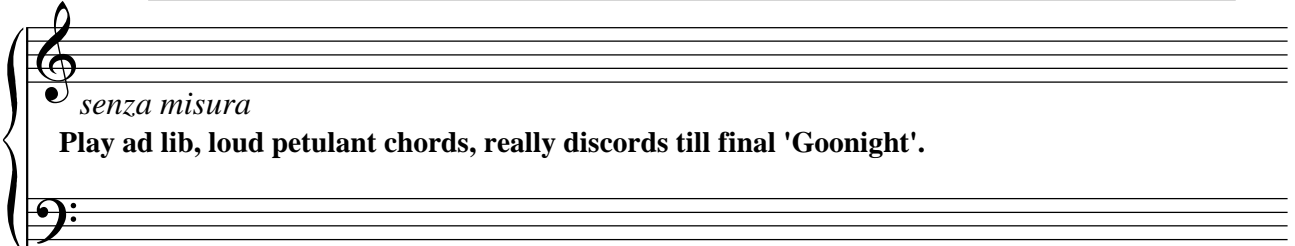
(Piano discords start)

After last

'HURRY UP

PLEASE ITS TIME'

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

Pno. 

senza misura

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

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

225 **Moderato**
(Vcl./Ob./Fl.)

Cue line

Pno.

228 *8va*

Pno. *senza misura*

(8)

230

Pno. *6* *allo silenzio totale*

III. THE FIRE SERMON

THE FIRE SERMON

231 **Moderato**

Pno.

mf

Ped.

234 **accel.**

Pno.

sf

Ped.

237 (Fl.) (Ob.) (Vcl.)

Cue line

237 **a tempo**

Pno.

p

240

Pno.

p

l.v.

Ped.

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

243 (Fl.)

Cue line

Pno.

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

245 **Andantino** (Fl.)

Cue line

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.....

250 (Ob.)

Cue line

pp senza misura

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

251 (Fl.)

Cue line

p

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

257

Cue line

257

Pno.

Dragging its slimy belly on the bank

While I was fishing
in the dull canal

260 (Fl.)

Cue line

pp

7

Lento

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.

262

Cue line

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.

265

Cue line

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

269

Sop.

Pno.

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

271

Sop.

Pno.

(Cheerfully)

colla voce

274

Sop.

Pno.

277 (Fl./Ob.)

Cue line

Poco Lento solenne
p

Sop.

Ah Ah Ah Ah men

Pno.

(this bar piano continues in tempo)

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

283 (Fl.) Twit twit twit Jug jug jug jug jug jug

So rudely forc'd. Tereu

Cue line

mf senza misura *sf* niente

286 Agitato (Vcl.) Unreal City

Cue line

286

Pno.

f

289 Under the brown fog of a winter noon Mr. Eugenides, the Smyrna merchant Unshaven, with a pocket full of currants

Pno.

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

Pno.

294

Pno.

f

8^{va}

L.H.

R.H.

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

(Fl.)

Cue line

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 unrequited, 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.'

(Vcl.)
301 arco

Cue line

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 gramo-

305

Cue line

- phone.

'This music crept
by me upon the
waters'

and along the Strand
up Queen Victoria Street

308 **Moderato**

Pno.

mp

O City city, I can sometimes hear

Beside a public bar in Lower Thames Street,

312

Pno.

The pleasant
whining of a
mandoline and
a clatter and

a chatter
from within
where

fishermen lounge at noon;

315

Pno.

where
the walls

of Magnus

Mar tyr hold

Inexplicable splendour of
Ionian white and gold

rit.

Pno.

f

A tempo

Sop.

320

The ri - ver sweats oil and tar, the bar - ges drift with the

Pno.

320

Sop.

324

tur - ning tide Red sails wide to lee - ward, swing

Pno.

324

smoothly

Sop.

328

on the hea - vy spar The bar - ges wash

Pno.

328

332

Sop. *drif - ting logs down Greenw-ich Reach past the Isle of Dogs*

Pno.

pp

336

Sop. *Wa - ga - la we - ia*

Pno.

p

339

Sop. *Wal - la - la we - ia - la, we - - ia.*

Pno.

6/4

Elizabeth
and Leicester

Beating
oars

the

stern was formed a

gilded shell

342 **colla voce**

Cue line (Flt.)

Red and gold the

brisk swell

Rippled both
shores

Southwest wind

Carried
down stream

346

Cue line (Vcl./Ob. Fl.)

The peal of bells

White towers

351

Cue line

351 $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

Pno. *p*

354

Sop.

Wa - ga - la we - ia

Wa - ga - la we - ia

Wal - la - la we - ia - la

354 $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

Pno. *mf*

357

Sop.

We - - - ia.

357

Pno.

'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

Sop. *ppp* bouche fermée

Mmm

Pno.

'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

Sop. *ppp*

Mmm

Pno.

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

365

Sop. (nat.) *ppp*

Wal - la - la we - ia - la wei.

Pno.

To Carthage then I came

368 **Allargando**

Pno. *p* *cresc.*

Burning burning burning burning

372 **Allargando molto**

Pno. *f* *cresc.*

O Lord
Thou pluckest me out

O Lord Thou pluckest

burning

375

Pno. *fff*

378

Pno. *fff* niente

IV. DEATH BY WATER

DEATH BY WATER

381

(Fl.)
Andantino

Cue line

Phlebas the Phoenician, a fortnight dead,

Forgot the cry of gulls,
and the deep sea swell

383

con sord.

Cue line

(Vcl.) *ppp*

And the profit and loss.

A current under the sea
picked his bones in whispers.

385

Cue line

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

Entering the whirlpool.

387

Cue line

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

389

Pno.

391

Cue line

V. WHAT THE THUNDER SAID

WHAT THE THUNDER SAID

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

393 **Allegro** (Vcl.)

Cue line

Pno.

After the agony in stony places
The shouting and the crying

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

397

Cue line

Pno.

fff

f

con tutta forza

mf

l.v.

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

Sop.

Agitato

Here is no water

but only rock

401

Pno.

Rock and no water

and the sandy road

The road winding above

404

Pno.

among the mountains

If there were water

407

Pno.

we should stop and drink

Amongst the rock

409

Pno.

one cannot stop
or think

Sweat is dry

and feet are in
the sand

If there were only water
amongst the rock

411

Cue line

(Fl.)

pp *sf* *pp* *sf*

Pno.

Dead mountain mouth of
carius teeth that
cannot spit

Here one can neither
stand nor lie nor sit

There is not even silence
in the mountains

416

arco

Cue line

(Vcl.) *f*

3 3

Pno.

But dry sterile
thunder without
rain

There is not even solitude in the mountains

419

Cue line

(Fl.)

419

l.v.

Pno.

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

422

Pno.

ff

If there were water
And no rock
If there were rock

Allegretto
freely
(Fl.)

And also water
and water a spring

A pool among the rock

424

Cue line

If there were the
sound of water only

Not the cicada

And dry grass singing

But sound of water
over a rock

428

Cue line

Where the hermit-thrush sings in the pine trees

432

Cue line

Drip drop drip drop
drop drop drop

435

Cue line

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

439 **Slow** (Ob.)

Cue line

439

Pno. *pp*

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?

441

Cue line

441

Pno.

What is that sound high in the air

Murmur of maternal lamentation

443 (Ob.)

Cue line

443

Sop. *p*

Ah Ah Ah

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

Play 3 times

447

Pno.

What is the city over the mountains

448 **Lento**

Pno.

Cracks and reforms and bursts in the violet air
--

Falling towers

449

Pno.

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

Cue line

452 (Vcl.) sul D

pp 13 13 13 13

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

Cue line

453 (Fl.1.)

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*

Pno.

454

pp *ff* G.P. l.v.

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.

456 **Adagio tranquillo**

Pno. *pp*

It has no windows,
and the door swings,

Dry bones can harm
no one.

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

In a flash of
lightning.

Cue line

460

Pno.

Then a damp gust

Bringing rain

Cue line

464

Pno.

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.
--	--	---	--

468

Pno.

Then spoke the thunder

472

Cue line

473

Sop.

ff Spoken *niente ad lib.*

DA - - - - - DAT - - - - - TA

Pno.

fff i.v.

Ped.

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 **ff** *ad lib.*

Sop. **DA** Da - yadh - vam

Pno. **ff** l.v.

Ped. *l.v.*

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 **ff** *ad lib.*

Sop. **DA** Dam - ya - ta

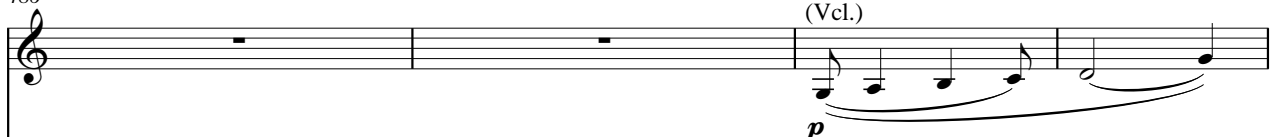
Pno. **ff** l.v.

Ped. *l.v.*


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

(Fl./Ob.)
Rpt. as often as necessary
 484
 Cue line

 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
 (Vcl.)


p

486
 Pno.


p

London Bridge is falling down
 falling down falling down

Poi s' ascose nel foco
 che gli affina

490
 Pno.


tr

Quando fiam ceu chelidon --
 -- O swallow swallow

493
 Cue line

 6 6 6

Le prince d'Aquitaine à la tour abolie

These fragments I have shored against my ruins

494

Pno.

p *ppp* *mp*

8vb

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

Dattar Dayadhvam Damyata

498 (Flt./Ob.)

Cue line

498

Pno.

f

Shantih Shantih Shantih

500 **Molto Lento**

Cue line (Vcl./Flt./Ob.)

Sop.

Ah Ah men niente

500 *ppp*

Pno.

ppp niente