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

et cum illi pueri dicerent

respondebat illa:

Σιβυλλα τι θελεις

(Erasmian pronunciation: Sibulla ti thel-ace)

(1)
1. THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

Moderato

April is the cruellest month, breeding

Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing 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
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 cousins, 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.
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.

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 Irisch Kind, wo weil-est 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.

Oed' und leer das Meer.
Madame Sosostris, famous clairvoyante,

Had a bad cold, nevertheless

Vivace, sardonico
is known to be the wisest woman in Europe

With a wicked pack of cards

ad lib
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 Flowed up the hill and

down King William Street, To where Saint Mary Woolnoth
down King William Street, To where Saint Mary Woolnoth

kept the hours With a dead sound on the

final stroke of nine 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!'
A GAME OF CHESS

II. A GAME OF CHESS

with much panache, brilliance etc.

mf

ad lib.

ppp

con molto sentimento
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

Andante

Unstopped, 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
ingthingale

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
'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 Shakespearian Rag -

It's so elegant
So intelligent

'What shall I do now? What shall I do?
'I shallrush 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
Slow

['Let the Great Big World Keep Turning']
(this music underscores the spoken text on the following page)
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
(Piano discords start)

After last
'HURRY UP
PLEASE ITS TIME'


\{senza misura\}

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

III. THE FIRE SERMON

231

Pno.

Moderato

234

Pno.

accel.

237

Cue line

(FL.) (Ob.) (Vcl.)

a tempo

240

Pno.

p

l.v.
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
trough 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

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
Et O ces voix d’enfants, chantant dans la coupole!
Twit twit twit Jug jug jug jug jug jug
Twit twit twit Jug jug jug jug jug jug
So rudely forc’d.
Tereu

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 eyes and back
Turn upward from the desk,
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 assaulpts 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......
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 chatter from within where
fishermen lounge at noon;

She (Vcl.) arco

Moderato

Pno.

Pno.
where the walls of Magnus Mar tyr 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 lee-ward, - swing smoothly
on the heavy - spar
The barges - wash
drifting logs down Greenwich Reach past the Isle of Dogs

Wa-ga-la-we-ia

Wal-la-la-we-ia-la, we-ia.
Elizabeth and Leicester

Beating oars

the stern was formed a gilded shell

Sop.

(Flt.)

342

colla voce

Sop.

(Vcl./Ob. Fl.)

346

Red and gold the brisk swell

Rippled both shores

Southwest wind

Carried down stream

The peal of bells

White towers

The peal of bells

White towers

Pno.

351

\( \frac{d}{2} \)

Wa-ga-la we-ia

Wa-ga-la we-ia

Wal-la-la we-ia-la

354

\( \frac{d}{2} \)

Pno.

mf

Sop.

mf

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.'

'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.'
To Carthage then I came

O Lord Thou pluckest me out

O Lord Thou pluckest

niente
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.

Pno.

Cue line
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

(Vc.)
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
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

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

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

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

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
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 roof tree
Co co rico
In a flash of lightning.

Then a damp gust
Bringing rain

G.P.

Then a damp gust
Bringing rain

G.P.
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

Spoken niente ad lib.
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

*(Fl./Ob.)*

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?

*(Vcl.)*

London Bridge is falling down
falling down falling down

Poi s’ ascose nel foco
che gli affina

*London Bridge is falling down*

Quando fiam c'eu cheidon
--
- - 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

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