

The Waste Land

T.S. Eliot

Anthony Burgess

Score transcribed
by Rob Lea

(Pno.)
8^{va} 7

Narrator :-
THE WASTE LAND

Cue Line

f

2ed. 8^{vb}

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

Vc.

ppp

et cum illi pueri dicerent
Σιβυλλα τι θελεις
respondebat illa:

Cue Line

Vc.

pp
(Pno.)

cresc.

pp

αποθανειν θελω

9

Cue Line

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

Vc.

ff ff

5

p dim.

1. THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

Moderato

11 Cue Line (Ob.) *pp* April is the cruellest month, breeding

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

15 Vc. *ppp* pizz. arco Winter kept us warm, covering *espress.*

17 Vc. arco pizz. arco Earth in forgetful snow, feeding A little life with dried tubers

The musical score is written for three parts: Ob., Cue Line, and Vc. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The score is divided into four systems, each with a 'Cue Line' label and a measure number. The lyrics are enclosed in boxes above the notes. Performance markings include dynamics (*pp*, *ppp*, *espress.*), articulation (*pizz.*, *arco*), and phrasing slurs. The Ob. part starts at measure 11 in 4/4 time with a *pp* dynamic. The Cue Line part starts at measure 13 in 3/4 time. The Vc. part starts at measure 15 in 4/4 time, using *ppp* dynamics and alternating between *pizz.* and *arco* techniques. The lyrics are: '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'.

19 **Vivace**

Cue Line

p (Fl.)

23 *pizz.*

Vc.

Summer surprised us, coming over the Starnbergersee with a shower of rain

28

Vc.

we stopped in the colonnade, And went on

31 *arco*

Vc.

in the sunlight, into the Hofgarten,

34

Cue Line

And drank coffee,
and talked
for an hour

35 **Wienerisch**
schmalzvoll

Vc.

p

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,

39 (Ob.) **accel.**
 Cue Line *non cresc.*
 Vc. trem. nat.

And I was frightened

He said, Marie, Marie, hold on tight.

43 (Fl.) **accel.**
 Cue Line
 Vc. *fp* < < < < < < <

And down we went.

46 *ad lib.* (Pno.)
 Cue Line *f dim.*
 Vc. < < <

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

49 **rall.**
 Vc. *p*

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

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

Vc.

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

Vc.

ff niente

62 (Sop.) (Flt.)

Cue Line

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

p (Ob.)

Lento

Vc.

p

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 Meer
or 8ve lower
ad. lib

mf

Vc.

79

Vc.

84 **Vivace, sardonico**

Vc.

2

Had a bad cold, nevertheless is known to be the wisest woman in Europe With a wicked pack of cards

88 **rapido**

Cue Line

4

rapido

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

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

94 **Moderato**

Cue Line

p (Fl.) *p*

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

97 **Andante**

Cue Line

(Pno.)

Here is the man with three staves

99

Vc.

arco *mp* pizz. arco

And here the wheel

100

Vc.

And here is the one-eyed merchant,
and this card, which is blank,

is something he carries on his back

Which I am
forbiddento see.
I do not find the

101

Cue Line

Vc.

espress.

Hanged Man.

Fear death by water.

104

Cue Line

(Pno.)

p

Vivace

f

Vc.

p

f

I see crowds of people, walking round in a ring

107

Cue Line

//

108

(Fl.)

Cue Line

mp

Vc.

mp

Thank you.

113

Cue Line

(Pno.)

f

114

Cue Line

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

One must be so careful these days

115

Vc.

Allegro
pizz.

Unreal City

arco

f *p* *cresc.* *ff*

119 **Agitato**

Vc.

Under the brown fog of
a winter dawn,

A crowd flowed over
London Bridge,

pp

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.

121

Vc.

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

124

Vc.

trem.

With a dead sound on the
final stroke of nine

126 nat.

Vc.

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

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

129 (Agitato)

Vc. *pp* *cresc.*

'That corpse you planted last year
in your garden,

'Has it begun to sprout?

132 *pizz.* *cresc.*

Vc.

'Will it bloom this year?

134

Vc.

'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

135 (Pno.) *f* arco *pp* *cresc.* *pp*

Cue Line

Vc.

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

139 solo (Ob.) *pp* *pp*

Cue Line

Vc.

II. A GAME OF CHESS

A GAME OF CHESS

143 (Pno. solo.) **10**

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

156 **Andante** (Fl.) *pp*

Cue Line

Unstoppered, lurked her
 strange synthetic perfumes

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

158 (Ob.)

Cue Line

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

160

Cue Line

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

163

Vc. *p*

The change of Philomel
by the barbarous king so rudely forced;

yet there the
nightingale

166

Vc. *mp*

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

168

Cue Line *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

Footsteps
shuffled on
the stair

169

Vc. *p* *pp*

pizz.

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

Glowed into words,

174

Vc. *ppp cresc.*

(solo) arco *tr*

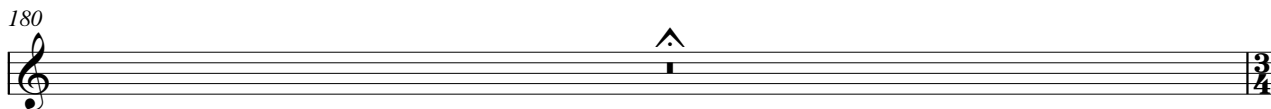
then would be savagely still

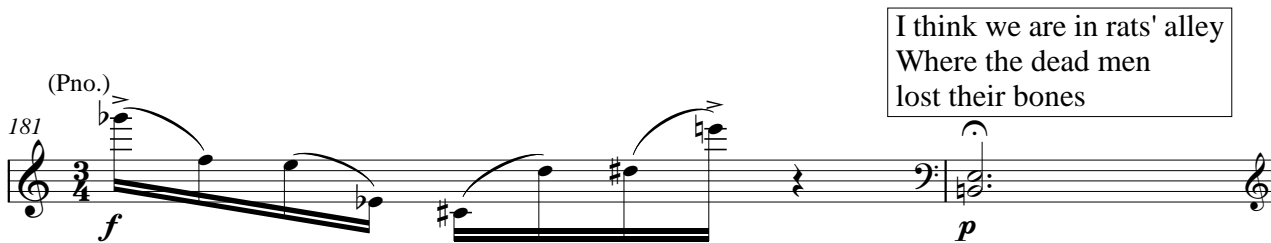
178

Cue Line *f senza misura*

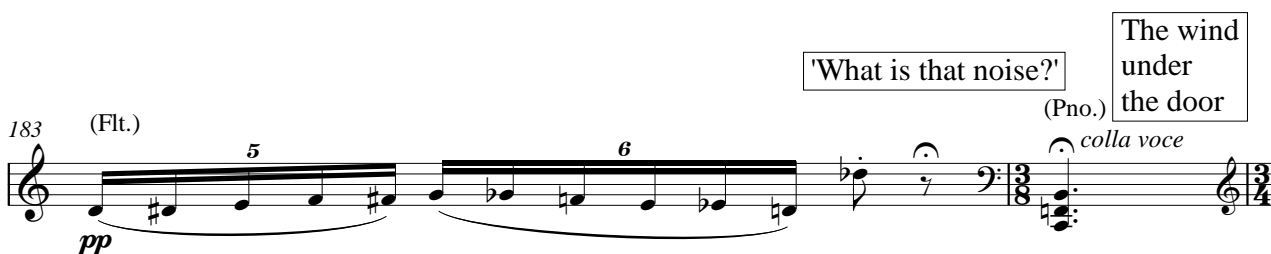
8^{va} (Pno.)

'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.'

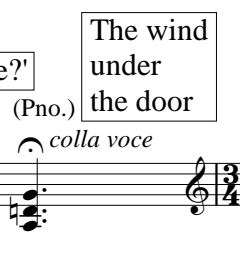
180
 Cue Line 

(Pno.)
 Cue Line  **f** **p**

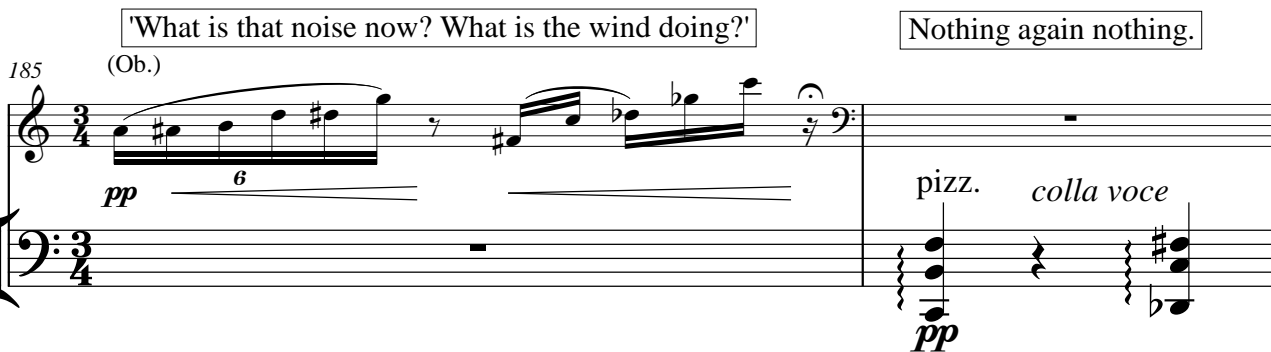
I think we are in rats' alley
 Where the dead men
 lost their bones

183 (Flt.)  **pp**

'What is that noise?'

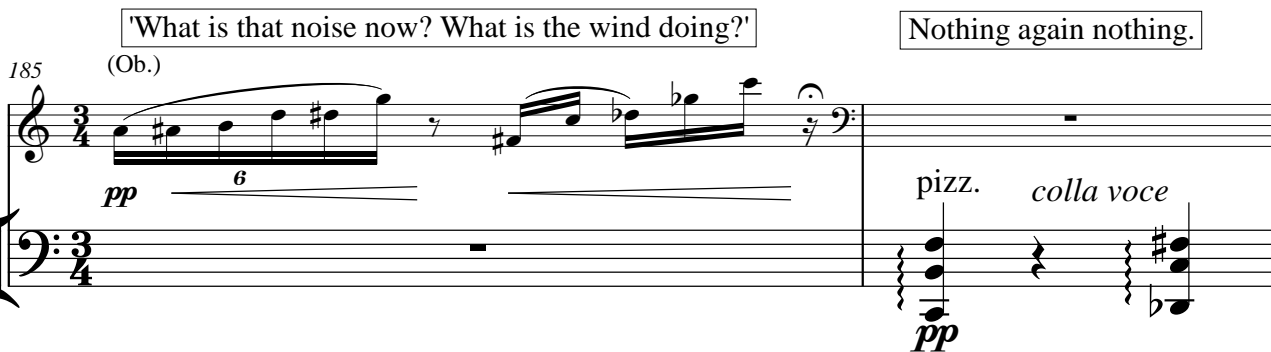
(Pno.) *colla voce*  **p**

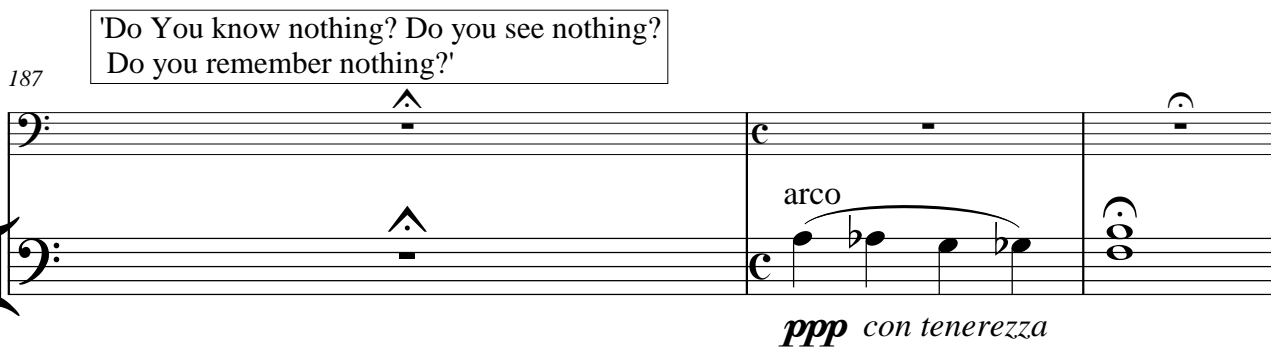
The wind
 under
 the door

185 (Ob.)  **pp** **6**

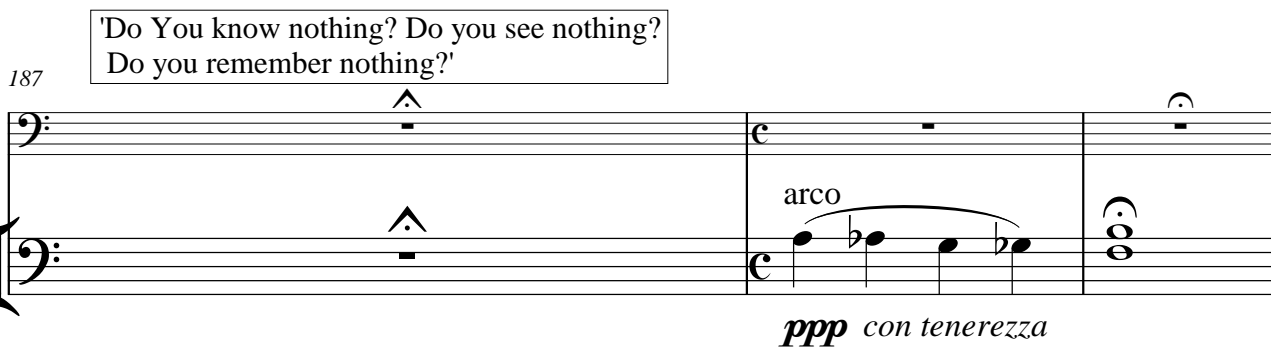
'What is that noise now? What is the wind doing?'

Nothing again nothing.

Vc.  **pp** *pizz. colla voce*

187 

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

Vc.  **ppp** *arco con tenerezza*

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

190 (Pno.)

Cue Line

192 **Vivo** (Pno. solo)

Cue Line

But O O O O that Shakespeherian Rag -

5

197 (Pno.)

Cue Line

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?'

199

Cue Line

200 (Pno. solo)

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

Cue Line

204 pizz. pizz. pizz. *Attacca*

Vc.

(" Let the great big world keep turning")

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

Cue Line

f trem. ad lib

Throughout this section 'cello may improvise quietly on the following trope

Vc.

213 10 1. RPT ad lib until

Vc.

After last 'HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME' Goonight Bill. Goonight Lou. Goonight May. Goonight. Ta ta. Goonight. Goonight.

224 senza misura

Vc.

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

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

arco sul G senza misura 4

Vc.

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

III. THE FIRE SERMON

231 **THE FIRE SERMON** **Moderato**

Vc.

234 **accel..**

Vc.

237 **a tempo**

Vc.

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.

240 (Flt.) flutter

Cue Line

Vc.

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

244 **The nymphs are departed** **Andantino**

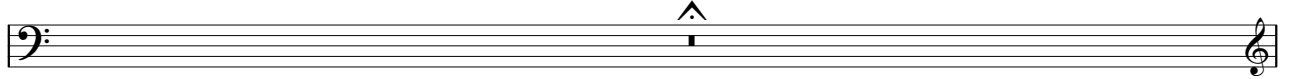
Cue Line

Vc.

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 Lemana I sat down and wept....

250

(Ob.) senza misura

Cue Line

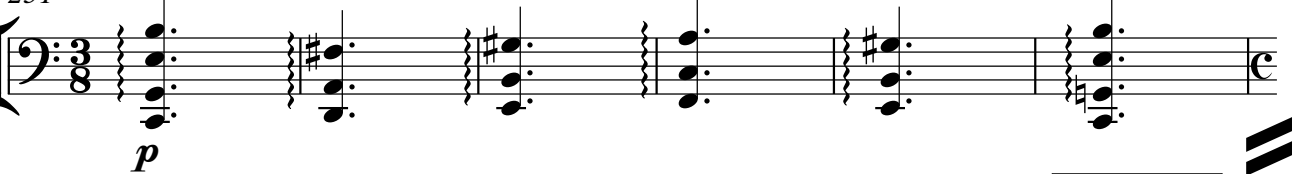


Sweet Thames, run softly till I end my song, Sweet Thames, run softly, for I speak not loud or long

251

pizz. strum

Vc.



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

257

(Ob.)

(Pno.)

Cue Line



While I was fishing
 in the dull canal

Lento
arco

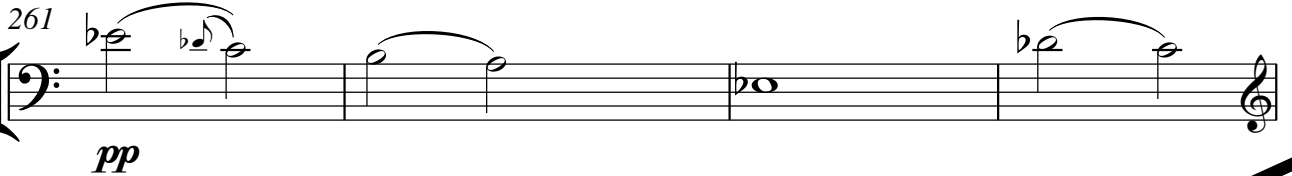
On a winter evening
 round behind
 the gashouse

Musing upon the
 king my brother's
 wreck

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

261

Vc.



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.

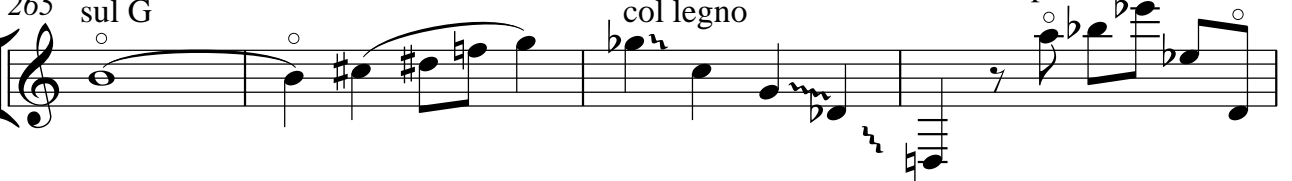
265

sul G

col legno

pizz.

Vc.



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

Moderato

270

(Pno.)

Cue Line

**Poco Lento
solenne**

277

Cue Line

**Poco Lento
solenne**

arco, naturale

Vc.

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

(Flt.)

Twit twit twit Jug jug jug jug jug jug

So rudely forc'd.

Tereu

283

Cue Line

Vc.

Unreal City

Under the brown fog of a winter noon

286

Agitato

pizz.

Vc.

Mr. Eugenides, the Smyrna merchant

Unshaven, with a pocket full of currants

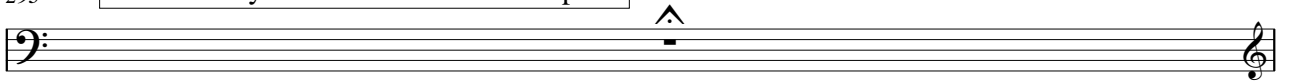
C. i. f. London: documents at sight

290

Vc.

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

293

Cue
Line

(Pno.)

294

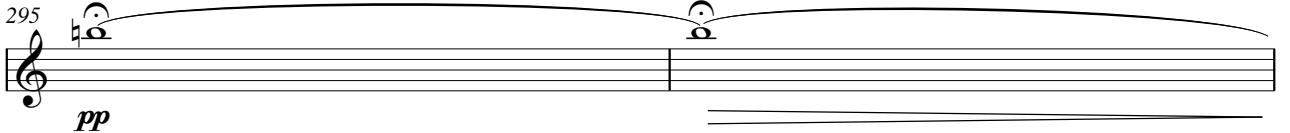
Cue
Line

At the violet hour,
when the eyes and back
Turn upward from the desk,

when the human engine waits like
a taxi throbbing waiting,

(Flt.)

295

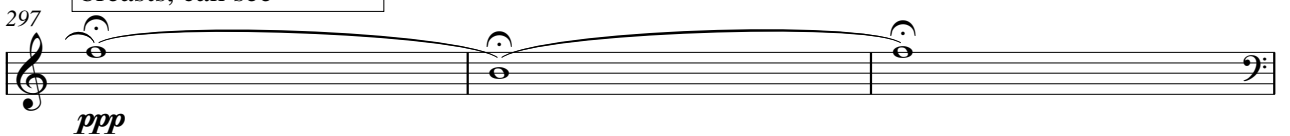
Cue
Line

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

Cue
Line

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.

300

Cue
Line

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.....

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.'

301 solo arco

Vc. *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

Vc. gliss.

- phone.

308 Moderato (Pno.)

'This music crept
 by me upon the
 waters'

Cue Line

Vc.

and along the Strand
 up Queen Victoria Street

O City city, I can
 sometimes hear

Beside a public bar in Lower Thames Street,

312 strum

Vc. *p*

The pleasant
whining of a
mandoline and a
clatter and

a chatter from within
where

fishermen lounge at noon;

315

Vc.

where
the walls

of Mag - - - nus

318

Cue Line

rit.

f (Pno/Ob./Flt.)

Mar- tyr hold

Inexplicable splendour of Ionian white and gold

319

Cue Line

A tempo

320

Cue Line

(Sop.)

The riv - er sweats oil and tar, the bar ges drift with the tur - ning tide

V.S.

325

Cue Line

Red sails wide to lee - ward swing on the hea - vy spar

330

Cue Line

The bar - ges wash drif - ting logs down

Vcl.

p

333

Vcl.

pp *ppp*

337

Cue Line

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

sul pont.

Vcl.

Elizabeth and Leicester

Beating oars

the stern was formed a gilded shell

342 *colla voce*

Vcl.

nat.

Red and gold the brisk swell

Rippled both shores

Southwest wind

Carried down stream

346

sul pont.

Vcl.

The peal of bells

White towers

351

Cue Line

p

Vcl.

'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 Cue Line

ppp
Mmm

'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 Cue Line

ppp
Mmm

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

365 Cue Line

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

Allargando
 sul pont.

To Carthage then I came

(arco)

368 Vc.

p cresc. pizz.

Burning burning burning burning

O Lord
 Thou pluckest me out

Allargando molto

372 arco

Vc.

f cresc.

O Lord Thou pluckest

burning

376 Vc.

fff niente

IV. DEATH BY WATER

DEATH BY WATER

Cue Line 381 *Andantino* *ppp* (Flt.)

Vcl. 383 *ppp*

Phlebas the Phoenician, a fortnight dead,
con sord.

Forgot the cry of gulls,
and the deep sea swell

Vcl. 385

And the profit and loss.

A current under the sea
picked his bones in whispers.

Vcl. 387

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

Cue Line 388 (Pno.)

Entering the whirlpool.

Gentile or Jew
O you who turn the
wheel and look to
windward,

Cue Line 390

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

V. WHAT THE THUNDER SAID

WHAT THE THUNDER SAID

393

Cue Line

Vc.

Allegro

f

senza sord.

f

cresc.

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

397

Cue Line

Vc.

f

con tutta forza

fff

mf

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

401

Cue Line



Agitato

Here is no water

but only rock

Rock and no water

402 *pp*
Cue Line (Pno.)

and the sandy road

The road winding above

among the mountains

405 (Ob.) *p*

If there were water

we should stop and drink

Amongst the rock

one cannot stop or think

408 *pp*

Sweat is dry

and feet are in
the sand

If there were only water
amongst the rock

412

Dead mountain mouth of
carius teeth that cannot spit

Here one can neither
stand nor lie nor sit

416 *f* arco

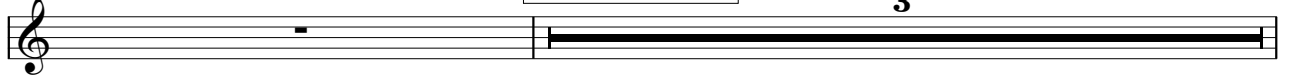
There is not even silence
in the mountains

But dry sterile
thunder without
rain

There is not even solitude
in the mountains

418

Cue
Line



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

422

Cue
Line



If there were water
And no rock
If there were rock

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

Cue Line

Drip drop drip drop drop drop drop

Cue Line

But there is no water

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**

Vc.

pp

What is that sound high in the air

Murmur of maternal lamentation

Cue Line

p (Sop.)

Ah Ah Ah

Vc.

p

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

447 **Play 3 times**

Vc.

p

What is the city over the mountains

Cracks and reforms and bursts
in the violet air

Falling towers

448 **Lento**

Vc.

gliss.

Jerusalem Athens Alexandria Vienna London Unreal

Cue Line

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

452 *sul D*

Vc. *pp* 13 13 13 13

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

453

Vc. 13 13 13 13

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

454 go from *pp* to *ff*

Vc. *pp* *ff* G.P.

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,

456 *Adagio tranquillo*

Vc. *p*

Dry bones can
 harm no one.

Only a cock
 stood on the
 roof-tree
 Co co rico
 co co rico

In a flash of
 lightning.

Then a damp gust

Bringing rain

461

Cue Line Vc. *ppp*

466

Cue Line

G.P. *p*

Ganga was sunken,
and the limp leaves

Waited for rain,
while the black clouds

470

Vc.

p

Gathered far distant,
over Himavant.

The jungle crouched,
humped in silence.

Then spoke
the thunder

473

Cue Line

ff Spoken *niente* *ad lib.*

(Sop.) DA

DAT - - TA

Vc.

ff *niente*

476

Cue Line

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

477

Cue Line

ff *ad lib.*

DA

Da - yadh - vam

Vc.

ff

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.*

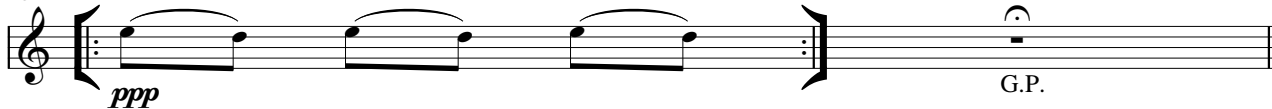
DA Dam - ya - ta

Vc.

ff

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 (Flt.) **Rpt. as often as necessary**

Cue Line 

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

486 (Pno.)

Cue Line 

Vc. 

London Bridge is falling down
 falling down falling down

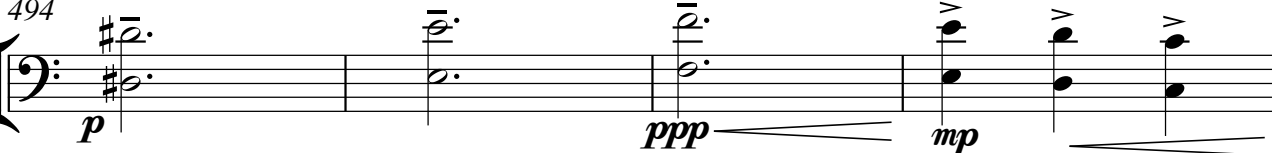
Poi s' ascose nel foco
 che gli affina

Quando fiam ceu chelidon - -
 - - O swallow swallow

490 

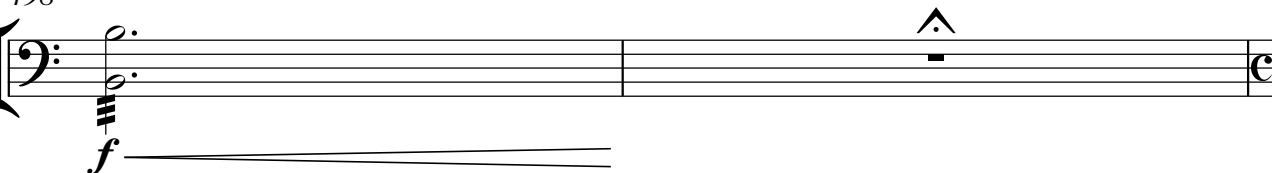
Le prince d'Aquitaine à la tour abolie

These fragments I have shored
 against my ruins

494 

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

Dattar Dayadhvam Damyata

498 

Shantih Shantih Shantih

500 **Molto Lento**

Vc. 