

# The Waste Land: An Annotated Libretto

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## THE WASTE LAND

By T.S. Eliot

“*Nam Sibyllam quidem Cumis ego ipse oculis meis vidi in ampulla pendere, et cum illi pueri dicerent: Σίβυλλα τί θέλεις; respondebat illa: ὀποθανεῖν θέλω.*”

For Ezra Pound  
*il miglior fabbro.*

### I. *The Burial of the Dead*

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 sunlight, into the Hofgarten, 10  
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.

What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow 20  
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. 30

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Title: *The Waste Land*  
Composer: Anthony Burgess  
Completed 1978  
Scored for flute, oboe, cello, piano, and soprano, with narrator

## Musical Setting by Anthony Burgess

The Prelude is a brief setting of the Epigraph, composed in a spare Modernist style akin to such late Stravinsky compositions as *Movements* or *Variations: Aldous Huxley in memoriam*. The first of countless instances of text painting in the work has flute, oboe, and cello plummeting precipitously as the narrator intones the word *pendere*, meaning “to hang.”

“The Burial of the Dead” opens with a quotation of the initial bars of [Stravinsky’s] *The Rite of Spring*, illustrating Burgess’s contention that Eliot had this work in mind while writing the lines that begin “April is the cruellest month.”

A pair of mock-Viennese waltzes — a lively Schoenbergian example followed by a slower sentimental one marked *schmalzvoll* and *wienerisch* — provide apt accompaniment to the lines based on the memoirs of Marie Larisch, an Austrian countess with strong family ties to Wagner’s patron, King Ludwig II of Bavaria.

*Frisch weht der Wind  
Der Heimat zu  
Mein Irisch Kind,  
Wo weilest 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 Sososttris, famous clairvoyante,  
Had a bad cold, nevertheless  
Is known to be the wisest woman in Europe,  
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.

Unreal City,  
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!”

## **II. A Game of Chess**

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,

Eliot’s borrowing from *Tristan und Isolde* (“*Frisch weht der Wind . . .*”) is set to Wagner’s melody, sung by soprano instead of tenor. *Tristan* quotations continue as the flute plays the cello melody from the beginning of Act I and the ensemble plays bits of the Prelude, which leads to the soprano singing “*Oed’ und leer das Meer.*” (In the opera, this line is sung by the Shepherd near the beginning of Act III, not by Isolde toward the end of that act, as asserted in *This Man and Music.*) This phrase leads to a continuation of the *Tristan* Prelude played in salon style (*stile di salone*).

Lively sardonic music in the style of Stravinsky’s *Ragtime* underscores the passage about “Madame Sososttris, famous clairvoyante.”

Instances of text painting and “arithmology,” include a repeating, spinning phrase in the oboe representing the turning of “the Wheel”; a three-part canon illustrating the line “I see crowds of people, walking round in a ring”; . . .

. . . and nine bars of agitato music ending in silence on the final word of the line “With a dead sound on the final stroke of nine.”

Framing this section musically, the opening solo from *Le Sacre* returns after recitation of the final line, “You! hypocrite lecteur! — mon semblable, — mon frère!”

The grandiose piano solo that opens “A Game of Chess” quotes *Tannhäuser*, reinforcing Eliot’s allusion to *Anthony and Cleopatra* by linking Shakespeare’s Egyptian queen to Wagner’s Venus.



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. 150  
 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.) 160  
 The chemist said it would be all right, 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  
 Goonight Bill. Goonight Lou. Goonight May. Goonight. 170  
 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. 180  
 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 the 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 190  
 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

The tavern scene relating the domestic troubles of Albert and Lil is underscored by "Let the Great Big World Keep Turning" notated as it might have been played by a pub pianist back in 1917 when it was written.

"The Fire Sermon" begins with a melancholy instrumental introduction that leads into faux-Elizabethan accompaniment to "Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song."

Instead of quoting "The Pauper's Funeral," the 1845 song echoed in the line "The rattle of the bones, and chuckle spread from ear to ear," Burgess mimics osseous clatter and gleeful laughter with brittle arpeggios and trills in the piano.

Quotations of the song "Red Wing" and the "Dresden Amen" from Wagner's *Parsifal* underscore Eliot's ribald pairing of references to a vulgar army ballad ("O the moon shone bright on Mrs. Porter") and Paul Verlaine's genteel sonnet "Parsifal" ("*Et O ces voix d'enfants, chantant dans la coupole!*"), the allusion to Mrs. Porter's whorish daughter starkly juxtaposed to the rarified image of gently babbling daughters whose charms fail to sway the virgin youth Parsifal from his destiny of becoming the priestly king entrusted with the Holy Grail.

<p>And on her daughter They wash their feet in soda water <i>Et O ces voix d'enfants, chantant dans la coupole!</i></p> <p>Twit twit twit Jug jug jug jug jug jug So rudely forc'd. Tereu</p> <p>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, Asked me in demotic French To luncheon at the Cannon Street Hotel Followed by a weekend at the Metropole.</p>	<p>200</p> <p>210</p>	<p>Varied instances of text painting — a twittering flute for Philomel, jazzy accompaniment for the one-eyed seller of currants, . . .</p>
<p>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, 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 —</p>	<p>220</p> <p>230</p>	
<p>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 unreprieved, 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 . . .</p>	<p>240</p>	
<p>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.</p>	<p>250</p>	

<p>“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 fishmen lounge at noon: where the walls  Of Magnus Martyr hold  Inexplicable splendour of Ionian white and gold.</p>	<p>260</p>	<p>. . . a strummed cello emulating the “pleasant whining of a mandoline,” a chant-like melody for “Magnus Martyr” . . .</p>
<p>The river sweats  Oil and tar  The barges drift  With the turning tide  Red sails  Wide  To leeward, swing on the heavy spar.  The barges wash  Drifting logs  Down Greenwich reach  Past the Isle of Dogs.      Weialala leia      Wallala leialala  Elizabeth and Leicester  Beating oars  The stern was formed  A gilded shell  Red and gold  The brisk swell  Rippled both shores  Southwest wind  Carried down stream  The peal of bells  White towers      Weialala leia      Wallala leialala</p>	<p>270</p> <p>280</p> <p>290</p>	<p>. . . — precede another Wagnerian reference. Here the soprano sings a “jazzed or ragged version” of the Rhinemaidens’ melody [Weialala leia / Wallala leialala] that was Eliot’s inspiration for “The Song of the (three) Thames-daughters.”</p>
<p>“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.”</p> <p>“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?”</p> <p>“On Margate Sands.  I can connect  Nothing with nothing.  The broken fingernails of dirty hands.  My people humble people who expect  Nothing.”      la la</p> <p>To Carthage then I came</p> <p>Burning burning burning burning  O Lord Thou pluckest me out  O Lord Thou pluckest</p>	<p>300</p> <p>310</p>	
<p>burning</p>		



**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 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.

320

In the spare musical setting of "Death by Water," which takes up just one score page, the image of dead Phlebas floating inertly in the sea's whirlpool is reflected in the music by a poignant muted melody in the cello and swirling arpeggios in the flute. (Burgess also composed an alternative setting of "Death by Water" consisting even more simply of narration above a flute solo.)

**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

330

Burgess's setting of the nine strophes comprising "What the Thunder Said" is almost entirely original, with distinct, evocative sections of music underscoring each of the first seven strophes, from declamatory piano chords intermixed with rumbling cello tremolandos for the first strophe to tranquil undulating sonorities for the seventh.

Here is no water but only rock  
Rock and no water and the sandy road  
The road winding above among the mountains  
Which are mountains of rock without water  
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

340

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

350

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

360

<p>—But who is that on the other side of you?</p> <p>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 370 What is the city over the mountains Cracks and reforms and bursts in the violet air Falling towers Jerusalem Athens Alexandria Vienna London Unreal</p> <p>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 380 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.</p> <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, Dry bones can harm no one. 390 Only a cock stood on the rooftree Coco rico coco rico In a flash of lightning. Then a damp gust Bringing rain</p> <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 DA 400 <i>Datta</i>: 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 DA 410 <i>Dayadhvam</i>: 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, aetherial rumours Revive for a moment a broken Coriolanus DA <i>Damyata</i>: The boat responded Gaily, to the hand expert with sail and oar The sea was calm, your heart would have responded 420 Gaily, when invited, beating obedient To controlling hands</p>	<p>Most of the climactic eighth strophe is recited in silence save for thunderous instrumental chords on the syllable DA preceding each of the Sanskrit commands — <i>Datta</i> (give), <i>Dayadhvam</i> (sympathize), <i>Damyata</i> (control) — that the soprano intones in sprechstimme.</p>
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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  
*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.  
Datta. Dayadhvam. Damyata.

Shantih shantih shantih

430

The hollow mood of the final strophe is echoed by the streams of open fifths and quiet fragments of "London Bridge is falling down," gradually building up to the climax that immediately precedes the final repetition of "Datta Dayadhvam Damyata" spoken in silence.

*The Waste Land* ends with the insightful and moving juxtaposition of the "Dresden Amen" with the final threefold utterance of "Shantih" (meaning "The Peace which passeth understanding"), symbolizing the confluence of Christianity and Hinduism, or put more broadly, the "collocation of East and West."

#### [ELIOT'S] NOTES ON "THE WASTE LAND"

Not only the title, but the plan and a good deal of the incidental symbolism of the poem were suggested by Miss Jessie L. Weston's book on the Grail legend: *From Ritual to Romance* (Macmillan, Cambridge). Indeed, so deeply am I indebted, Miss Weston's book will elucidate the difficulties of the poem much better than my notes can do; and I recommend it (apart from the great interest of the book itself) to any who think such elucidation of the poem worth the trouble. To another work of anthropology I am indebted in general, one which has influenced our generation profoundly; I mean *The Golden Bough*; I have used especially the two volumes *Adonis, Attis, Osiris*. Anyone who is acquainted with these works will immediately recognise in the poem certain references to vegetation ceremonies.

#### I. THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

Line 20. Cf. *Ezekiel* 2:1.

23. Cf. *Ecclesiastes* 12:5.

31. V. *Tristan und Isolde*, I, verses 5–8.

42. Id. III, verse 24.

46. I am not familiar with the exact constitution of the Tarot pack of cards, from which I have obviously departed to suit my own convenience. The Hanged Man, a member of the traditional pack, fits my purpose in two ways: because he is associated in my mind with the Hanged God of Frazer, and because I associate him with the hooded figure in the passage of the disciples to Emmaus in Part V. The Phoenician Sailor and the Merchant appear later; also the "crowds of people," and Death by Water is executed in Part IV. The Man with Three Staves (an authentic member of the Tarot pack) I associate, quite arbitrarily, with the Fisher King himself.

60. Cf. Baudelaire:  
"Fourmillante cité, cité; pleine de rêves,  
Où le spectre en plein jour raccroche le passant."

63. Cf. *Inferno*, III. 55–7.  
"si lunga tratta  
di gente, ch'io non avrei mai creduto  
che morte tanta n'avesse disfatta."

64. Cf. *Inferno*, IV. 25–7:  
"Quivi, secondo che per ascoltare,  
non avea pianto, ma' che di sospiri,  
"che l'aura eterna facevan tremare."

68. A phenomenon which I have often noticed.

74. Cf. the Dirge in Webster's *White Devil*.

76. V. Baudelaire, Preface to *Fleurs du Mal*.

## II. A GAME OF CHESS

77. Cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, II. ii., l. 190.

92. Laquearia. V. *Aeneid*, I. 726:  
dependent lychni laquearibus aureis  
incensi, et noctem flammis funalia vincunt.

98. Sylvan scene. V. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, IV. 140.

99. V. Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, VI, Philomela.

100. Cf. Part III, l. 204.

115. Cf. Part III, l. 195.

118. Cf. Webster: "Is the wind in that door still?"

126. Cf. Part I, l. 37, 48.

138. Cf. the game of chess in Middleton's *Women beware Women*.

## III. THE FIRE SERMON

176. V. Spenser, *Prothalamion*.

192. Cf. *The Tempest*, I. ii.

196. Cf. Marvell, *To His Coy Mistress*.

197. Cf. Day, *Parliament of Bees*:  
"When of the sudden, listening, you shall hear,  
"A noise of horns and hunting, which shall bring  
"Actaeon to Diana in the spring,  
"Where all shall see her naked skin . . ."

199. I do not know the origin of the ballad from which these lines are taken: it was reported to me from Sydney, Australia.

202. V. Verlaine, *Parsifal*.

210. The currants were quoted at a price "carriage and insurance free to London"; and the Bill of Lading etc. were to be handed to the buyer upon payment of the sight draft.

218. Tiresias, although a mere spectator and not indeed a character," is yet the most important personage in the poem, uniting all the rest. Just as the one-eyed merchant, seller of currants, melts into the Phoenician Sailor, and the latter is not wholly distinct from Ferdinand Prince of Naples, so all the women are one woman, and the two sexes meet in Tiresias. What Tiresias *sees*, in fact, is the substance of the poem. The whole passage from Ovid is of great anthropological interest:

' . . . Cum Iunone iocos et maior vestra profecto est  
Quam, quae contingit maribus,' dixisse, 'voluptas.'  
Illa negat; placuit quae sit sententia docti  
Quaerere Tiresiae: venus huic erat utraque nota.  
Nam duo magnorum viridi coeuntia silva  
Corpora serpentum baculi violaverat ictu  
Deque viro factus, mirabile, femina septem  
Egerat autumnos; octavo rursus eosdem  
Vidit et 'est vestrae si tanta potentia plagae,'  
Dixit 'ut auctoris sortem in contraria mutet,  
Nunc quoque vos feriam!' percussis anguibus isdem  
Forma prior rediit genetivaeque venit imago.  
Arbiter hic igitur sumptus de lite iocosa  
Dicta Iovis firmat; gravius Saturnia iusto  
Nec pro materia fertur doluisse sui que  
Iudicis aeterna damnavit lumina nocte,  
At pater omnipotens (neque enim licet inrita cuiquam  
Facta dei fecisse deo) pro lumine adempto  
Scire futura dedit poenamque levavit honore.

221. This may not appear as exact as Sappho's lines, but I had in mind the "longshore" or "dory" fisherman, who returns at nightfall.

253. V. Goldsmith, the song in *The Vicar of Wakefield*.

257. V. *The Tempest*, as above.

264. The interior of St. Magnus Martyr is to my mind one of the finest among Wren's interiors. See *The Proposed Demolition of Nineteen City Churches* (P. S. King & Son, Ltd.).

266. The Song of the (three) Thames-daughters begins here. From line 292 to 306 inclusive they speak in turn. V. *Götterdämmerung*, III. i: the Rhine-daughters.

279. V. Froude, *Elizabeth*, Vol. I, ch. iv, letter of De Quadra to Philip of Spain:

"In the afternoon we were in a barge, watching the games on the river. (The queen) was alone with Lord Robert and myself on the poop, when they began to talk nonsense, and went so far that Lord Robert at last said, as I was on the spot there was no reason why they should not be married if the queen pleased."

293. Cf. *Purgatorio*, v. 133:

"Ricorditi di me, che son la Pia;  
Siena mi fe', disfecemi Maremma."

307. V. St. Augustine's *Confessions*: "to Carthage then I came, where a cauldron of unholy loves sang all about mine ears."

308. The complete text of the Buddha's Fire Sermon (which corresponds in importance to the Sermon on the Mount) from which these words are taken, will be found translated in the late Henry Clarke Warren's *Buddhism in Translation* (Harvard Oriental Series). Mr. Warren was one of the great pioneers of Buddhist studies in the Occident.

309. From St. Augustine's *Confessions* again. The collocation of these two representatives of eastern and western asceticism, as the culmination of this part of the poem, is not an accident.

## V. WHAT THE THUNDER SAID

In the first part of Part V three themes are employed: the journey to Emmaus, the approach to the Chapel Perilous (see Miss Weston's book) and the present decay of eastern Europe.

357. This is *Turdus aonalaschkae pallasii*, the hermit-thrush which I have heard in Quebec County. Chapman says (*Handbook of Birds of Eastern North America*) "it is most at home in secluded woodland and thickety retreats. . . . Its notes are not remarkable for variety or volume, but in purity and sweetness of tone and exquisite modulation they are unequalled." Its "water-dripping song" is justly celebrated.

360. The following lines were stimulated by the account of one of the Antarctic expeditions (I forget which, but I think one of Shackleton's): it was related that the party of explorers, at the extremity of their strength, had the constant delusion that there was *one more member* than could actually be counted.

366-76. Cf. Hermann Hesse, *Blick ins Chaos*:

"Schon ist halb Europa, schon ist zumindest der halbe Osten Europas auf dem Wege zum Chaos, fährt betrunken im heiligem Wahn am Abgrund entlang und singt dazu, singt betrunken und hymnisch wie Dmitri Karamasoff sang. Ueber diese Lieder lacht der Bürger beleidigt, der Heilige und Seher hört sie mit Tränen."

401. "Datta, dayadhvam, damyata" (Give, sympathize, control). The fable of the meaning of the Thunder is found in the *Brihadaranyaka—Upanishad*, 5, 1. A translation is found in Deussen's *Sechzig Upanishads des Veda*, p. 489.

407. Cf. Webster, *The White Devil*, V. vi:

" . . . they'll remarry  
Ere the worm pierce your winding-sheet, ere the spider  
Make a thin curtain for your epitaphs."

412. Cf. *Inferno*, XXXIII. 46:

"ed io sentii chiavar l'uscio di sotto  
all'orribile torre."

Also F. H. Bradley, *Appearance and Reality*, p. 346:

"My external sensations are no less private to myself than are my thoughts or my feelings. In either case my experience falls within my own circle, a circle closed on the outside; and, with all its elements alike, every sphere is opaque to the others which

surround it. . . . In brief, regarded as an existence which appears in a soul, the whole world for each is peculiar and private to that soul.”

424. V. Weston, *From Ritual to Romance*; chapter on the Fisher King.

427. V. *Purgatorio*, XXVI. 148.

“Ara vos prec per aquella valor  
‘que vos guida al som de l’escalina,  
‘sovegna vos a temps de ma dolor.’  
Poi s’ascose nel foco che gli affina.”

428. V. *Pervigilium Veneris*. Cf. Philomela in Parts II and III.

429. V. Gerard de Nerval, Sonnet *El Desdichado*.

431. V. Kyd’s *Spanish Tragedy*.

433. Shantih. Repeated as here, a formal ending to an Upanishad. ‘The Peace which passeth understanding’ is a feeble translation of the content of this word.

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