"To me it was only the relief of a personal and wholly insignificant grouse against life; it is just a piece of rhythmical grumbling" (The Waste Land: Facsimile and Transcript of the Original Drafts . . . , ed. Valerie Eliot, 1971).

THE WASTE LAND

‘Nam Sibyllam quidem Cumis ego ipse oculis meis vidi in ampulla pendere, et cum illi pueri dicerent: Σίβηλα οι θέλες; respondebat illa: ούσσοθενείν θέλω.’

FOR EZRA POUND

IL MIGLIO 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,
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 arch-duke’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
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.

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7. "For I saw with own my eyes the Sibyl hanging in a jar at Cumae, and when the acoyles said, 'Sibyl, what do you want?' she replied, 'I want to die'" (Petronius, Satyricon, ch. 48). Apollo had granted the Sibyl eternal life, but because she had forgotten to ask for eternal youth, her body shriveled up until she could be put in a bottle.
8. The better craftsman (Italian). The tribute in Dante’s Purgatorio 26.117 to the twelfth-century Provencal poet Arnau Daniel:
9. The title of the Anglican burial service.
10. Cf. Chaucer’s “General Prologue” to The Canterbury Tales.
11. A lake near Munich; the Hofgarten (line 10) is a park in the city. According to Valerie Eliot, Eliot based this passage on a conversation he had had with Countess Marie Lariisch (lines 8–18). She published her reminiscences of Austrian nobility in My Past (1913).
12. I’m not a Russian woman at all; I come from Lithuania, a true German (German).
13. "Cf. Ezekiel II, i" [Eliot’s note]; "Son of man stand upon thy feet, and I will speak unto thee," God says to Ezekiel.
14. "Cf. Ecclesiastes XII, v" [Eliot’s note], in which the preacher evokes the evil days "when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourishe, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail."
And the dry stone no sound of water. Only
There is shadow under this red rock, 6
(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 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.9

Madame Sosostris, 1 famous clairvoyante,
Had a bad cold, nevertheless
Is known to be the wisest woman in Europe,
With a wicked pack of cards.2 Here, said she,
Is your card, the drowned Phoenician Sailor, 3
(Those are pearls that were his eyes. Look!) 4
Here is Belladonna, 5 the Lady of the Rocks,
The lady of situations.

Here is the man with three staves, and here the Wheel, 6
And here is the one-eyed merchant, 7 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?
"O 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

9. "Cf. Inferno III, 55–57..." (Eliot's note). At the gate of Hell, Dante describes souls in limbo as "So long a train of people / That I should never have believed / That death had undone so many."
They are in limbo because they were "lived without praise or blame" or did not know the faith.
1. "Cf. Inferno IV, 25–27..." (Eliot's note): "Here, so far as I could tell by listening / There was no lamentation except sighs, / Which caused the eternal air to tremble." The sighs are uttered by the souls of the virtuous heathen who lived before Jesus.
2. "A phenomenon which I have often noticed" (Eliot's note). The people cross London Bridge and pass St. Mary Woolnoth (at the corner of King William and Lombard Streets) on their way to the financial district of London, known as the City.
3. A battle in the first Punic War between Rome and Carthage. It merges with World War I. In the Bible, Jesus died at the ninth hour.
4. "Cf. the Dirge in Webster's White Devil" (Eliot's note): "But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to man / Or with his nails he'll dig them up again." In John Webster's 1612 play, the dirge is sung by a woman to one of her sons, who has killed the other and is burying him. In fertility rituals, the death of the god heralds his rebirth, but here the burial follows a grim murder, and the dog, perhaps Anubis (the dog-headed Egyptian god of the underworld who helped Isis reassemble her dismembered brother Osiris), is to be kept away.
5. "V. Baudelaire, Preface to Fleurs du Mal" (Eliot's note). This is the last line of "Au Lecteur" ("To the Reader"), the introductory poem of Les Fleurs du Mal. The poem describes ennui as the worst sin of humankind and well known to the reader: "Hypocrite reader—my double—my brother!"
6. The title comes from Thomas Middleton's (c. 1570–1627) play A Game of Chess and refers particularly to another play by Middleton, Women Beware Women, in which a girl is seduced in one room while her mother-in-law is kept busy at a chess game in the next. The chess moves reflect the erotic maneuvers next door.
From which a golden Cupidon peeped out
(Another hid his eyes behind his wing)
Doubled the flames of seven-branched 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
Unstopped, lurked her strange synthetic perfumes,
Unguent, powdered, or liquid—troubled, confused
And drowned the sense in odours; stirred by the air
That refresheden from the window, these ascended
In fattening the prolonged candle-flames,
Flung their smoke into the laquearia. 8
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 carved dolphin swam.
Above the antique mantel was displayed
As though a window gave upon the sylvan scene 9
The change of Philomel, 1 by the barbarous king
So rudely forced; 2 yet there the nightingale
Filled all the desert with inviolable voice
And still she cried, and still the world pursues,
"Jug Jug" 3 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 to-night. 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 4
Where the dead men lost their bones.

"What is that noise?"
The wind under the door. 5

The word means panelled ceiling, and Elliot refers
to Virgil’s description of the banquet given by the
Carthaginian queen Dido for her lover Aeneas:
"Burning lamps hang from the gold-panelled ceil-
ing. / And torches dispel the night with their
flames." 9. “Sylvan scene. V. Milton, Paradise Lost, IV,
140” [Elliot’s note]. The context is Satan’s descrip-
tion of Eden.
1. "V. Ovid, Metamorphoses, VI, Philomela"
[Elliot’s note]. Philomela was changed into a night-
ingale after she was raped by her sister’s husband,
King Tereus.
2. "cf. Part III, [line] 204" [Elliot’s note].
3. Conventional representation of nightingale’s
song in Elizabethan poetry.
5. “cf. Webster: ‘Is the wind in that door still?’ ”
[Elliot’s note]. In Webster’s The Devil’s Law Case,
a physician asks this question on finding that the
victim of a murderous attack is still breathing,
meaning "Is he still alive?"
“What is that noise now? What is the wind doing?”
Nothing again nothing.

“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?”

O O O O that Shakespeherian Rag—
It’s so elegant
So intelligent
“What shall I do now? What shall I do?”
“I shall rush out as I am, and walk the street
“With my hair down, so. What shall we do tomorrow?
“What shall we ever do?”

The hot water at ten.
And if it rains, a closed car at four.
And we shall play a game of chess,
Pressing lidless eyes and waiting for a knock upon the door.

When Lil’s husband got demobbed, I said—
I didn’t mince my words, I said to her myself,
Hurry up please its 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 its 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 all right, but I’ve never been the same.

6. Cf. “The Shakespearian Rag,” a popular song from 1912; the chorus (lyrics by Gene Buck and Herman Ruby) is “That Shakespearian Rag, most intelligent, very elegant.”
7. “Cf. the game of chess in Middleton’s Women beware Women” [Eliot’s note], described in note 4 at the beginning of part 2.
8. British slang for “demobilized” (discharged from the armed services after World War I).
9. The bartender’s routine call at closing time in an English pub. The following passage, according to Valerie Eliot’s notes to the poem’s manuscript, was based on a story told to the Eliots by their maid.
1. Pharmacist. To bring it off: to cause an abortion.
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**

Ta ta. Goonight. Goonight.
Good night, ladies, good night, sweet ladies, good night, good night.

### III. The Fire Sermon

The river’s tent is broken; the last fingers of leaf
Clutch and sink into the wet bank. The wind
Crosses the brown land, unheard. The nymphs are departed.
Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.

The river bears no empty bottles, sandwich papers,
Silk handkerchiefs, cardboard boxes, cigarette ends
Or other testimony of summer nights. The nymphs are departed.
And their friends, the loitering heirs of City directors;
Departed, have left no addresses.
By the water 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
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

---

2. Ham or bacon.
3. In *Hamlet* 4.5, these words conclude Ophelia’s mad speech before her drowning; cf. also the popular song lyric “Good night ladies, we’re going to leave you now.”
4. In the *Fire Sermon*, Buddha counsels his followers to conceive an aversion for the burning flames of passion and physical sensation and thus to live a holy life, attain freedom from earthly things, and finally leave the cycle of rebirth for Nirvana.
5. “I. Spenser, *Prosaglemia*” [Eliot’s note]. This line is the refrain of Elizabethan poet Edmund Spenser’s marriage song, set along London’s Thames River.
6. Cf. Psalm 137, in which the exiled Jews mourn for their homeland: “By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion.” *Leman*: the French name for Lake Geneva, near which, in Lausanne, Eliot was convalescing when he was completing *The Waste Land*; in Elizabethan and earlier English, *lemon* meant a lover.
8. “Cf. *The Tempest*, I, ii” [Eliot’s note]. Another allusion to Shakespeare’s play. In lines 393–95, Prince Ferdinand, thinking his father dead, describes himself: “Sitting on a bank, / Weeping again the King my father’s wreck, / This music crept by me upon the waters” (the music is Ariel’s song, “Full Fathom Five”).
The sound of horns and motors, which shall bring
Sweeney to Mrs. Porter in the spring.¹
O the moon shone bright on Mrs. Porter
And on her daughter
They wash their feet in soda water²
Et O ces voix d’enfants, chantant dans la coupole!³

Twit twit twit
Jug jug jug jug jug jug
So rudely forc’d.
Tereu"⁴

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,⁵
Asked me in demotic French
To luncheon at the Cannon Street Hotel
Followed by a weekend at the Metropole.⁶

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,⁷ though blind, throbbing between two lives,

1. "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 . . . . ‘" [Eliot’s note]. Diana, the virgin goddess of the woods and hunting, was seen naked by Actaeon the hunter; he then changed him into a stag, to be hunted to death by his own dogs. John Day (1574–c. 1640), English poet.

2. "I do not know the origin of the ballad from which these lines are taken: it was reported to me from Sydney, Australia.” [Eliot’s note]. It was sung by Australian troops during the Dardanelles Campaign of World War I; a fuller version reads: ‘O the moon shone bright on Mrs. Porter / And on the daughter / Of Mrs. Porter. / They wash their feet in soda water / And so they oughter / To keep them clean.”

3. "V. Verlaine, Parsifal” [Eliot’s note]: “And O those children’s voices singing in the dome!” The sonnet, by French poet Paul Verlaine (1844–1896), evokes Wagner’s opera about the Grail quest. Parsifal has withstood the female enchanters’ efforts to seduce him, humbled and purified, she washes his feet to prepare him to enter the Grail Castle, where he heals the Fisher King, Amfortas, and becomes king himself. The opera ends with the sound of children’s voices singing Jesus’ praise from the heights of the castle.

4. Another conventional representation of the nightingale’s song, alluding to King Tereus and his brutality to Philomela. Cf. a song in John Lyte’s play Campaspe (1584): ‘O tis the ravished nightingale. / Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereus she cries.”

5. “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 pay-

6. A luxurious hotel in the seaside resort of Brighton. Cannon Street Hotel, next to the City’s Cannon Street Station, was used by business people going to or from the Continent by boat train; it was also a locale for homosexual liaisons.

7. "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 [in The Tempest], 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” [Eliot’s note]. Eliot then quotes the Latin passage in Ovid’s Metamorphoses (3.316–38): ‘Vae [when drunk] said jokingly to Juno: ‘You women have greater pleasure in love than that enjoyed by men.’ She denied it. So they decided to refer the question to wise Tiresias who knew love from both points of view. For once, with a blow of his staff, he had separated two huge snakes who were copulating in the forest, and miraculously was changed instantly from a man into a woman and remained so for seven years. In the eighth year he saw the snakes again and said: ‘If a blow against you is so powerful that it changes the sex of the author of it, now I shall strike you again.’ With these words he struck them, and his former shape and masculinity were restored. As referee in the sportive quarrel, he supported Jove’s claim. Juno,
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.⁸
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 combinations⁹ touched by the sun’s last rays,
On the divan are piled (at night her bed)
Stockings, slippers, camisoles, and stays.¹
I Tiresias, old man with wrinkled dogs
Perceived the scene, and foretold the rest—
I too awaited the expected guest.
He, the young man carbuncular,² 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 Bradford³ millionaire.
The time is now propitious, as he guesses,
The meal is ended, she is bored and tired,
Endeavours to engage her in caresses
Which still are unreproved, if undesired.
Flushed and decided, he assaults at once;
Exploring hands encounter no defence;
His vanity requires no response,
And makes a welcome of indifference.
(And I Tiresias have foresuﬀered all
Enacted on this same divan or bed;
I who have sat by Thebes below the wall⁴
And walked among the lowest of the dead.)
Bestows one ﬁnal patronising kiss,
And gropes his way, ﬁnding the stairs 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.⁵

overly upset by the decision, condemned the arbiter to eternal blindness. But the all-powerful lover (as much as no god can undo what has been done by another god) gave him the power of prophecy, with this honor compensating him for the loss of sight.”
8. “This may not appear as exact as Sappho’s lines, but I had in mind the ‘longshore’ or ‘sandy’ fisherman, who returns at nightfall” [Eliot’s note]. In Fragment 149, Sappho writes, “Hesperus [the evening star], thou bringest home all things bright morning scattered: thou bringest the sheep, the goat, the child to the mother.” Also echoed is “Home is the sailor, home from the sea,” a line in “Requiem,” by Scottish writer Robert Louis Stevenson (1850–1894).

1. Corset.
2. Pimply.
3. Manufacturing town in the north of England, where fortunes were made during World War I.
4. Tiresias, who prophesied in the marketplace by the wall of Thebes, foretold the fall of two Theban kings, Oedipus and Creon. After his death, he remained a prophet; Odysseus summoned him from Hades and was given advice to aid his voyage home.
5. “V. Goldsmith, the song in The Vicar of Wakefield” [Eliot’s note]. In the 1766 novel by Oliver Goldsmith, the seduced Olivia sings, on returning to the scene of her seduction: “When lovely woman stoops to folly / And finds too late that men betray, / What charm can soothe her melancholy, / What art can wash her guilt away? /
"This music crept by me upon the waters."6
And along the Strand, up Queen Victoria Street.
O City city, I can sometimes hear
Beside a public bar in Lower Thames Street,
The pleasant whining of a mandoline
And a clatter and a chatter from within
Where fishermen lounge at noon: where the walls
Of Magnus Martyr7 hold
Inexplicable splendour of Ionian white and gold.

The river sweats8
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.9
Weialala leia
Wallala leialala

Elizabeth and Leicester1
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

The only art her guilt to cover, / To hide her shame from every eye, / To give repentance to her lover / And wring his bosom—it is to die."
6. "V. The Tempest, as above." [Elliot's note].
7. "The interior of St. Magnus Martyr is to my mind one of the finest among [Sir Christopher] Wren's interiors. See The Proposed Demolition of Nineteen City Churches: (P. S. King & Son, Ltd.)" [Elliot's note]. The church, built in 1676, still stands at the corner of Lower Thames and Fish Streets, between London Bridge and London's fish market.
8. "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" [Elliot's note]. In Wagner's opera The Twilight of the Gods, the three Rhinemaidens try in vain to seduce and then frighten the hero Siegfried into returning their gold, which brings both power and death to its possessor; since its theft, their river has lost its beauty. Lines 277-78 quote the refrain of their song.
9. A peninsula in East London formed by a sharp bend in the Thames called Greenwich Reach; Greenwich is a borough on the south bank. Queen Elizabeth I was born in Greenwich House and entertained the Earl of Leicester there (lines 279-89).
1. "V. J. A.] Freude, [The Reign of] Elizabeth, Vol. I, ch. iv, letter of De Quadra [Spanish bishop and ambassador to England] to [King] Philip of Spain: 'In the afternoon we were in a barge, watching the games on the river, (The queen) was alone with Lord Robert [Earl of Leicester] and myself on the poop, when they began to talk nonsense, and 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"' [Elliot's note].
"Trams and dusty trees. 300
Highbury bore me. Richmond and Kew
Undid me. 4 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 fingernails of dirty hands.
My people humble people who expect
Nothing."

La la

To Carthage then I came
Burning burning burning burning
O Lord Thou pluckest me out
O Lord Thou pluckest

burning

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.

Dante meets the spirit of Pia de' Tolomei of Siena, who tells him: "Remember me, who am La Pia. Siena made me, Maremma unmade me," a reference to her violent death in Maremma at her husband's hands. Ezra Pound used this phrase in "Hugh Selwyn Mauberley" (see p. 388, note 5).
3. Margate, and the other places mentioned above, are in or near London and the Thames.
4. "V. St. Augustine's Confessions: 'to Carthage then I came, where a cauldron of unholy loves sang all about mine ears.'" [Eliot's note].
5. "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" [Eliot's note].
6. "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" [Eliot's note].
Augustine wrote, "I entangle my steps with these outward beauties, but Thou pluckest me out, O Lord, Thou pluckest me out."
7. Phlebas's drowning has been read as a sacrificial death before rebirth, as in the fertility rites, or as a sterile death without hope of resurrection. This section is a translation, somewhat modified, of the close of Eliot's French poem "Dans le Restaurant."
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\(^8\)
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
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\(^1\) 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\(^2\)
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\(^3\)
But there is no water

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8. "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" [Eliot’s note]. On the journey to Emmaus, the resurrected Jesus walks alongside and converses with two disciples, who think he is a stranger until he reveals his identity (Luke 24.13–14).

9. Allusions to Jesus’ agony in the Garden of Gethsemane, his imprisonment, trial, and death on the cross.

1. Decayed.

2. Cf. Ecclesiastes’ prophecy “the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail” (and also compare line 23 and its note).

3. "This is Turdus australis, 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” [Eliot’s note].
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^5 Murmur of maternal lamentation Who are those hooded hordes swarming Over endless plains, stumbling in cracked earth Ringed by the flat horizon only What is the city over the mountains Cracks and reforms and bursts in the violet air Falling towers Jerusalem Athens Alexandria Vienna London Unreal

A woman drew her long black hair out tight And fiddled whisper music on those strings And bats with baby faces in the violet light Whistled, and beat their wings And crawled head downward down a blackened wall And upside down in air were towers Tolling reminiscent bells, that kept the hours And voices singing out of empty cisterns and exhausted wells

In this decayed hole among the mountains In the faint moonlight, the grass is singing Over the tumbled graves, above the chapel^6 There is the empty chapel, only the wind’s home. It has no windows, and the door swings, Dry bones can harm no one. Only a cock stood on the rooffree Co co rico co co rico? In a flash of lightning. Then a damp gust Bringing rain

4. "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" [Eliot’s note]. The experience is associated with Jesus’ unrecognized presence on the way to Emmaus.
5. Eliot’s note for lines 367–77: "Cf. Hermann Hesse, *Blick ins Chaos* [A Glimpse into Chaos]": “Already half of Europe, and at least half of Eastern Europe, is on the way to Chaos, travels drunk in sacred madness along the brink of the abyss and moreover sings drunken hymns as Dmitri Kar-
mazov sang [in *The Brothers Karamazov* (1882), by Fyodor Dostoyevsky]. The bourgeois, shocked, laughs at these songs: the saint and seer hear them with tears.”
6. On his way to the Grail, the questing knight must enter the Chapel Perilous, where he is tested by strange voices and sights.
7. In folklore, the cock crows to announce the coming dawn and the departure of evil spirits; in Matthew 26.34 and 74, the cock crows after Peter betrays Jesus three times.
Ganga\textsuperscript{8} was sunken, and the limp leaves
Waited for rain, while the black clouds
Gathered far distant, over Himavant.\textsuperscript{9}
The jungle crouched, humped in silence.
Then spoke the thunder
DA\textsuperscript{3}
Datta: 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\textsuperscript{2}
Or under seals broken by the lean solicitor\textsuperscript{3}
In our empty rooms
DA
Dayadhvam: I have heard the key
Turn in the door once and turn once only\textsuperscript{a}
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\textsuperscript{5}
DA
Damyata: 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

I sat upon the shore
Fishing,\textsuperscript{6} with the arid plain behind me
Shall I at least set my lands in order?\textsuperscript{7}

\textsuperscript{8} The Sanskrit name for the major sacred river in India.
\textsuperscript{9} That is, snowy mountain (Sanskrit); usually applied to the Himalayas.
\textsuperscript{a} “Datta, dayadhvam, damyata (Give, sympathise, control). The fable of the meaning of the Thunder is found in the Birhadoranyaka—Upanishad, 5, 1...” [Eliot's note].\textsuperscript{4}
\textsuperscript{2} In the Old Indian fable The Three Great Disciplines, the Creator God utters the enigmatic syllable DA to three groups. Lesser gods, naturally unruly, interpret it as “Control yourselves” (Damyata); humans, naturally greedy, as “Give” (Datta); demons, naturally cruel, as “Be compassionate” (Dayadhvam). “That very thing is repeated even today by the heavenly voice, in the form of thunder as ‘DA’ ‘DA’ ‘DA’, which means ‘Control yourselves,’ ‘Give,’ and ‘Have compassion.’ Therefore one should practice these three things: self-control, giving, and mercy.” The Upanishads are ancient philosophical dialogues in Sanskrit. They are primary texts for an early form of Hinduism sometimes called Brahminism.
\textsuperscript{3} “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 epitaph’” [Eliot's note].
\textsuperscript{5} Lawyer.
\textsuperscript{4} “Cf. Inferno, XXXIII, 46...” [Eliot's note]: “And below I heard them nailing shut the door / of the horrible tower.” The traitor Ugone tells Dante that his enemies imprisoned him and his children in a tower to die of starvation. Eliot continues: “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.’” Eliot wrote his doctoral thesis on Bradley’s philosophy.
\textsuperscript{7} Roman general, the hero of a play by Shakespeare; exiled by the Roman people and driven by injured pride, he led the enemy against Rome.
\textsuperscript{6} “V. Westm: From Ritual to Romance; chapter on the Fisher King” [Eliot’s note].
\textsuperscript{7} Cf. Isaiah 38:1: “Thus saith the Lord, Set thine house in order: for thou shalt die, and not live.”
London Bridge is falling down falling down falling down
Poi s'ascone nel foco che gli affina^8
Quando fiam uti chelidon^9—O swallow swallow^1
Le Prince d'Aquitaine à la tour abolie^2
These fragments I have shored against my ruins
Why then Ile fit you. Hieronymo's mad again.^3
Shanth shanth shanth^4

Journey of the Magi^5

'A cold coming we had of it,
Just the worst time of the year
For a journey, and such a long journey:
The ways deep and the weather sharp,
The very dead of winter.^16
And the camels galled, sore-footed, refractory,
Lying down in the melting snow.
There were times we regretted
The summer palaces on slopes, the terraces,
And the silken girls bringing sherbet.
Then the camel men cursing and grumbling
And running away, and wanting their liquor and women,
And the night-fires going out, and the lack of shelters,
And the cities hostile and the towns unfriendly
And the villages dirty and charging high prices:
A hard time we had of it.
At the end we preferred to travel all night,
Sleeping in snatches,
With the voices singing in our ears, saying
That this was all folly.

Then at dawn we came down to a temperate valley,
Wet, below the snow line, smelling of vegetation;

8. "V. Purgatorio, XXVI, 148 . . ." [Elliot's note]. In this passage, the soul of the poet Arnaud Daniel speaks to Dante: "Now I pray you, by the power / that guides you to the top of this staircase [out of Purgatory], / be mindful in time of my suffering," Dante continues with the line quoted in The Waste Land: "Then he hid himself in the refining fire."
9. "V. Purgatorio Veneris. Cf. Philomela in Parts II and III" [Elliot's note]. In the late Latin poem "The Vigil of Venus," Philomela asks, "When shall I be like the swallow," continuing, "that I may cease to be silent?"
1. Cf. A. C. Swinburne's "Ilyus," which begins,
"Swallow, my sister, O sister swallow, / How can thy heart be full of spring?" and Alfred, Lord Tennyson's "O Swallow, Swallow, flying, flying south."
2. "V. Gerard de Nerval, Sonnet El Desdichado" [Elliot's note]. From Nerval's poem "The Disinherited," in which the poet compares himself to "the prince of Aquitaine at the ruined tower" (French).
3. "V. Kyd's Spanish Tragedy" [Elliot's note]. The play's subtitle is Hieronymo Is Mad Again; to avenge his son's murder, he feigns madness and writes a play in which, acting one of the parts, he kills the murderers. "Why then Ile fit you!" (that is, accommodate you) is his answer when asked to write the play.
4. "Repealed as here, a form leading to an Upanishad. The Peace which passeth understanding is our equivalent to this word" [Elliot's note]. In another edition of this poem, Eliot phrased his note as "a feeble translation to this word." On the Upanishads, see note 1, line 401, above.
5. Matthew 2.1–12 describes the journey of the magi, or wise men, who followed a star to worship Jesus at his birth.
6. Adapted from the Christmas sermon preached in 1622 by Bishop Lancelot Andrewes.