The Waste Land

Clay Hambrick
From the poem by T.S. Eliot

Introduction
April is the cruellest month
Lilies out of the dead land
Memory and decay

Stirring
dull roots with spring rain
Winter kept us warm, covering the

Feeding a
earth in forgetful snow feeding a little life with dried

The Waste Land
I. The Burial of the Dead
prised us coming over the Starnberger-see we stopped in the
with a shower of rain

colonnade and went on in sunlight into the Hofgarten and drank coffee and talked for an

hour

Bin gar kei-ne Russin stamm' aus Litau-en echt Deutsch rit.

"rit."
And when we were children, staying at the Archduke's my cousin's, he took me but on a sled—and I was frightened. He said, Marie, Marie hold on tight.

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

The Waste Land
Vivace con fuoco, ma non molto allegro

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 on-

ly 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

Onl'y there is a shadow under this red rock

come in under the shadow of this red rock and I will show you something different
from either your shadow at morning striding behind you or your shadow at evening

rising to meet you. I will show you fear in a handful of dust.

Frisch weht der Wind der Heimat zu: mein
The Waste Land

8
Andante cantabile a grazioso

You gave me
Andante cantabile a grazioso

irisch Kind, wo weist du?
Andante cantabile a grazioso

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 looking into the heart of light the silence

Molto appassionato

Oed' und leer das Meer!

poco rit. a tempo

poco rit. a tempo
dam Sos - tris fam - ous clair - voy - ant had a bad cold, ne - ver - the - less is known to be the wis - est
wo - man in Eu - rope with a wick - ed pack of cards.

Andante grave

rit.

Andante grave

rit.

Andante grave

rit.

Largo, molto suave

He - re said
Those are trancelike

she is your card, the drowned Phœnecian sailor.

Those are trancelike

pears that were his eyes. Look!

Here is Bel-ladonna, the Lady of the Rocks, the

la-dy of sit-ua-tions 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

I am forbidden to see

I am forbidden to see

do not find the Hanged Man.
I see crowds of people walking round in a ring
dead by water

Andante cantabile

Thank you If you see dear Mr s. Equitone tell

 unreal

her I bring the horoscope myself one must be so careful these days.
The Waste Land

Ci-ty, un-der the brown fog of a win-ter dawn, A crowd flowed o-ver Lon-don.
feet, flowed up the hill and down King William Street to where St. 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

"Stet - - son!

You who were with me in the

ships at My - lae! 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 a-

You! hy-po-crite lec-teur!

You! hy-po-crite lec-teur!

You!

mon sem-bla-ble

mon frere!

mon sem-bla-ble,

mon frere!

rit.
The Waste Land

II. A Game of Chess