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# *The Waste Land*

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**by T.S. Eliot**

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*"Nam Sibyllam quidem Cumis ego ipse oculis meis  
vidi in ampulla pendere, et cum illi pueri dicerent:  
Sibylla ti theleis; respondebat illa: apothanein thelo."*

# 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 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  
Out of this stony rubbish? Son of man,<sup>1</sup>  
You cannot say, or guess, for you know only  
A heap of broken images, where the sun beats,<sup>2</sup>  
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

---

<sup>1</sup>Cf. Ezekiel 2:1.

<sup>2</sup>Cf. Ecclesiastes 12:5

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<sup>3</sup>  
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.  
Od' und leer das Meer.<sup>4</sup>

Madame Sosostris, 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,<sup>5</sup>  
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.<sup>6</sup>  
Thank you. If you see dear Mrs. Equitone,  
Tell her I bring the horoscope myself:  
One must be so careful these days.

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<sup>3</sup>V. =Tristan und Isolde, i, verses 5-8.

<sup>4</sup>Id. iii, verse 24.

<sup>5</sup>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.

<sup>6</sup>Cf. the Dirge in Webster's White Devil.

Unreal City,<sup>7</sup>  
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.<sup>8</sup>  
Sighs, short and infrequent, were exhaled,<sup>9</sup>  
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.<sup>10</sup>  
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 frere!"<sup>11</sup>

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<sup>7</sup>Cf. Baudelaire:

"Fourmillante cite;, cite; pleine de rêves,  
Ou le spectre en plein jour raccroche le passant."

<sup>8</sup>Cf. *Inferno*, iii. 55-7.

"si lunga tratta  
di gente, ch'io non avrei mai creduto  
che morte tanta n'avesse disfatta."

<sup>9</sup>Cf. *Inferno*, iv. 25-7:

"Quivi, secondo che per ascoltare,  
"non avea pianto, ma' che di sospiri,  
"che l'aura eterna facevan tremare."

<sup>10</sup>A phenomenon which I have often noticed.

<sup>11</sup>V. Baudelaire, Preface to *Fleurs du Mal*.

## II. A GAME OF CHESS

The Chair she sat in, like a burnished throne,<sup>12</sup>  
Glowed on the marble, where the glass  
Held up by standards wrought with fruited vines  
From which a golden Cupidon peeped out  
(Another hid his eyes behind his wing)  
Doubled the flames of sevenbranched candelabra  
Reflecting light upon the table as  
The glitter of her jewels rose to meet it,  
From satin cases poured in rich profusion;  
In vials of ivory and coloured glass  
Unstoppered, lurked her strange synthetic perfumes,  
Unguent, powdered, or liquid—troubled, confused  
And drowned the sense in odours; stirred by the air  
That freshened from the window, these ascended  
In fattening the prolonged candle-flames,  
Flung their smoke into the laquearia,<sup>13</sup>  
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<sup>14</sup>  
The change of Philomel, by the barbarous king<sup>15</sup>  
So rudely forced; yet there the nightingale<sup>16</sup>

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<sup>12</sup>Cf. Antony and Cleopatra, II. ii., l. 190.

<sup>13</sup>Laquearia. V. Aeneid, I. 726:

dependent lychni laquearibus aureis incensi, et noctem flammis funalia vincunt.

<sup>14</sup>Sylvan scene. V. Milton, Paradise Lost, iv. 140

<sup>15</sup>V. Ovid, Metamorphoses, vi, Philomela.

<sup>16</sup>Cf. Part III, l. 204.



Filled all the desert with inviolable voice  
 And still she cried, and still the world pursues,  
 "Jug Jug" to dirty ears.  
 And other withered stumps of time  
 Were told upon the walls; staring forms  
 Leaned out, leaning, hushing the room enclosed.  
 Footsteps shuffled on the stair.  
 Under the firelight, under the brush, her hair  
 Spread out in fiery points  
 Glowed into words, then would be savagely still.

"My nerves are bad to-night. Yes, bad. Stay with me.<sup>17</sup>  
 "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<sup>18</sup>  
 Where the dead men lost their bones.

"What is that noise?"

The wind under the door.<sup>19</sup>

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

Nothing again nothing.

"Do

"You know nothing? Do you see nothing? Do you remember  
 "Nothing?"

I remember

Those are pearls that were his eyes.

"Are you alive, or not? Is there nothing in your head?"<sup>20</sup>

But

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 to-morrow?"

"What shall we ever do?"

The hot water at ten.

And if it rains, a closed car at four.

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<sup>17</sup>Cf. the game of chess in Middleton's *Women beware Women*.

<sup>18</sup>Cf. Part III, l. 195.

<sup>19</sup>Cf. Webster: "Is the wind in that door still?"

<sup>20</sup>Cf. Part I, l. 37, 48.

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. 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,<sup>21</sup>

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<sup>22</sup>, 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.

<sup>21</sup>V. Spenser, Prothalamion.

<sup>22</sup>This spelling occurs also in the Hogarth Press edition— Editor.

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 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  
Musing upon the king my brother's wreck  
And on the king my father's death before him.<sup>23</sup>  
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<sup>24</sup>  
The sound of horns and motors, which shall bring<sup>25</sup>

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<sup>23</sup>Cf. *The Tempest*, I. ii.

<sup>24</sup>Cf. Marvell, *To His Coy Mistress*.

<sup>25</sup>Cf. Day, *Parliament of Bees*:

"When of the sudden, listening, you shall hear,

"A noise of horns and hunting, which shall bring

Sweeney to Mrs. Porter in the spring.  
 O the moon shone bright on Mrs. Porter<sup>26</sup>  
 And on her daughter  
 They wash their feet in soda water  
 Et O ces voix d'enfants, chantant dans la coupole!<sup>27</sup>

Twit twit twit  
 Jug jug jug jug jug jug  
 So rudely forc'd.  
 Tereu

Unreal City  
 Under the brown fog of a winter noon  
 Mr. Eugenides, the Smyrna merchant  
 Unshaven, with a pocket full of currants<sup>28</sup>  
 C.i.f. London: documents at sight,  
 Asked me in demotic French  
 To luncheon at the Cannon Street Hotel  
 Followed by a weekend at the Metropole.

At the violet hour, when the eyes and back  
 Turn upward from the desk, when the human engine waits  
 Like a taxi throbbing waiting,  
 I Tiresias, though blind, throbbing between two lives,<sup>29</sup>

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"Actaeon to Diana in the spring, "Where all shall see her naked skin..."

<sup>26</sup>I do not know the origin of the ballad from which these lines are taken: it was reported to me from Sydney, Australia.

<sup>27</sup>V. Verlaine, Parsifal.

<sup>28</sup>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.

"Carriage and insurance free": "cost, insurance and freight"-Editor.

<sup>29</sup>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

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,<sup>30</sup>  
 The typist home at teatime, clears her breakfast, lights  
 Her stove, and lays out food in tins.  
 Out of the window perilously spread  
 Her drying combinations touched by the sun's last rays,  
 On the divan are piled (at night her bed)  
 Stockings, slippers, camisoles, and stays.  
 I Tiresias, old man with wrinkled dugs  
 Perceived the scene, and foretold the rest—  
 I too awaited the expected guest.  
 He, the young man carbuncular, arrives,  
 A small house agent's clerk, with one bold stare,  
 One of the low on whom assurance sits  
 As a silk hat on a Bradford millionaire.  
 The time is now propitious, as he guesses,  
 The meal is ended, she is bored and tired,  
 Endeavours to engage her in caresses  
 Which still are unreproved, if undesired.  
 Flushed and decided, he 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 . . .  
 She turns and looks a moment in the glass,  
 Hardly aware of her departed lover;  
 Her brain allows one half-formed thought to pass:

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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.

<sup>30</sup>This may not appear as exact as Sappho's lines, but I had in mind the "longshore" or "dory" fisherman, who returns at nightfall.

"Well now that's done: and I'm glad it's over."  
 When lovely woman stoops to folly and<sup>31</sup>  
 Paces about her room again, alone,  
 She smoothes her hair with automatic hand,  
 And puts a record on the gramophone.

"This music crept by me upon the waters"<sup>32</sup>  
 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<sup>33</sup>  
 Inexplicable splendour of Ionian white and gold.

The river sweats<sup>34</sup>  
 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<sup>35</sup>  
 Beating oars  
 The stern was formed

---

<sup>31</sup>V. Goldsmith, the song in *The Vicar of Wakefield*.

<sup>32</sup>V. *The Tempest*, as above.

<sup>33</sup>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.).

<sup>34</sup>The Song of the (three) Thames-daughters begins here. From line 292 to 306 inclusive they speak in turn. V. *Gutterdämmerung*, III. i: the Rhine-daughters.

<sup>35</sup>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."

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

"Trams and dusty trees.  
 Highbury bore me. Richmond and Kew  
 Undid me. By Richmond I raised my knees<sup>36</sup>  
 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<sup>37</sup>

Burning burning burning burning<sup>38</sup>

O Lord Thou pluckest me out<sup>39</sup>

O Lord Thou pluckest

Burning

---

<sup>36</sup>Cf. Purgatorio, v. 133:

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

<sup>37</sup>V. St. Augustine's Confessions: "to Carthage then I came, where a cauldron of unholy loves sang all about mine ears."

<sup>38</sup>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.

<sup>39</sup>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.



## 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.

## V. WHAT THE THUNDER SAID<sup>40</sup>

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

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  
    If there were water  
And no rock  
If there were rock  
And also water

---

<sup>40</sup>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.

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<sup>41</sup>  
 Drip drop drip drop drop drop drop  
 But there is no water

Who is the third who walks always beside you?<sup>42</sup>  
 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?<sup>43</sup>

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  
 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

---

<sup>41</sup>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.

<sup>42</sup>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.

<sup>43</sup>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.

Über diese Lieder lacht der Bürger beleidigt, der Heilige und Seher hört sie mit Tränen."

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, 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.  
 Only a cock stood on the rooftree  
 Co co rico co co rico  
 In a flash of lightning. Then a damp gust  
 Bringing rain

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

Datta: what have we given?  
 My friend, blood shaking my heart<sup>44</sup>  
 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<sup>45</sup>  
 Or under seals broken by the lean solicitor  
 In our empty rooms  
 DA

Dayadhvam: I have heard the key<sup>46</sup>

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<sup>44</sup>"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.

<sup>45</sup>Cf. Webster, *The White Devil*, v. vi:  
 Ere the worm pierce your winding-sheet, ere the spider  
 Make a thin curtain for your epitaphs."

<sup>46</sup>Cf. *Inferno*, xxxiii. 46:  
 "ed io sentii chiavar l'uscio di sotto

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  
 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, with the arid plain behind me<sup>47</sup>  
 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<sup>48</sup>  
 Quando fiam ceu chelidon- O swallow swallow<sup>49</sup>  
 Le Prince d'Aquitaine a la tour abolie<sup>50</sup>  
 These fragments I have shored against my ruins  
 Why then Ile fit you. Hieronymo's mad againe.<sup>51</sup>  
 Datta. Dayadhvam. Damyata.  
 Shantih shantih shantih<sup>52</sup>

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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."

<sup>47</sup>V. Weston, *From Ritual to Romance*; chapter on the Fisher King.

<sup>48</sup>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."

<sup>49</sup>V. *Pervigilium Veneris*. Cf. *Philomela* in Parts II and III.

<sup>50</sup>V. Gerard de Nerval, *Sonnet El Desdichado*.

<sup>51</sup>V. Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*.

<sup>52</sup>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.