

## The Waste Land

"Nam Sibyllam quidem Cumis ego ipse oculis meis vidi in ampulla  
pendere, et cum illi pueri dicerent: Σιβυλλα τι θελεις; respondebat illa:  
αποθανειν θελω."

For Ezra Pound  
*il miglior fabbro.*

### I. THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

April is the cruelest month, breeding  
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing  
Memory and desire, stirring  
Dull roots with spring rain.  
5 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,  
10 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,  
15 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  
25 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 you shadow at evening rising to meet you;  
30 I will show you fear in a handful of dust.



Frisch weht der Wind  
 Der Heimat zu  
 Mein Frisch Kind  
 Wo weilest du?

35 '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  
 40 Living nor dead, and I knew nothing,  
 Looking into the heart of light, the silence.  
 Oed' und leer das Meer.

Madame Sosostriis, famous clairvoyante,  
 I had a bad cold, nevertheless  
 45 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,  
 50 '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  
 55 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.

60 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,  
 65 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!  
 70 'You who were with me in the ships at Mylae!  
 "That corpse you planted last year in your garden,

'T 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,  
 75 '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  
 I held up by standards wrought with fruited vines  
 80 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,  
 85 '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  
 90 'That freshened from the window, these ascended  
 In fattening the prolonged candle-flames,  
 Flung their smoke into the laquearia,  
 Stirring the pattern on the coffered ceiling.  
 I luge sea-wood fed with copper  
 95 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  
 'The change of Philomel, by the barbarous king  
 100 So rudely forced; yet there the nightingale  
 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  
 105 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  
 110 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.'

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

'What is that noise?'  
 'The wind under the door.  
 'What is that noise now? What is the wind doing?'  
 120 Nothing again nothing.

'Do

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

But

O O O O that Shakespetherian Rag-  
 It's so elegant  
 130 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?'

135 '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-  
 140 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 herself some teeth. He did, I was there.  
 145 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 for four years, he wants a good time,

- And if you don't give it him, there's others will, I said.  
 150 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.  
 155 But if Albert makes off, it won't be for a 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.  
 160 (She's five already, and nearly died of young George.)  
 '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? >  
 165 I hurry up please its 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  
 170 Goonight Bill. Goonight Lou. Goonight May. Goonight.  
 '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  
 175 Crosses the broken 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.  
 180 And their friends, the loitering heirs of City directors;  
 Departed, have left no addresses.  
 By the waters of Lemn 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.  
 185 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  
 190 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,  
 195 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  
 Sweeny to Mrs. Porter in the spring.  
 O the moon shone bright on Mrs. Porter  
 200 And on her daughter  
 They wash their feet in soda water  
 Et O ces voix d'enfants, chantant dans la coupole!
- 'T'wit twit twit  
 Jug jug jug jug jug  
 205 So rudely forc'd.  
 'Tereu
- Unreal City  
 Under the brown fog of a winter noon  
 Mr. Eugenides, the Smyrna merchant  
 210 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.
- 215 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  
 220 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  
 225 Her drying combinations touched by the sun's last rays,  
 On the divan are piled (at her night bed)

- Stockings, slippers, camisoles, and stays.  
 I Tiresias, old man with wrinkled dug  
 Perceived the scene and foretold the rest\_
- 230 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.
- 235 The time is now propitious, as he guesses,  
 The meal is ended, she is bored and tired,  
 Endeavours to engage her in caresses  
 Which are still unrequited, 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  
 Inacted on this same divan or bed;
- 245 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,  
 250 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,  
 255 She smooths her hair with automatic hand,  
 And puts a record on the gramophone.
- "This music crept by me upon the waters'  
 And along the Strand, up Queen Victoria Street.  
 O City city, I can sometimes hear  
 260 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  
 265 Inexplicable splendour of Ionian white and gold.

The river sweats

Oil and tar  
 The barges drift  
 With the turning tide  
 270 Red sails  
 Wide  
 To leeward, swings on the heavy spar.  
 The barges wash  
 Drifting logs  
 275 Down Greenwich reach  
 Past the Isle of Dogs.  
 Weialala leia  
 Wallala leialala

Elizabeth and Leicester  
 280 Beating oars  
 The stern was formed  
 A gilded shell  
 Red and gold  
 The brisk swell  
 285 Rippled both shores  
 Southwest wind  
 Carried down stream  
 The peal of bells  
 White towers  
 290 Weialala leia  
 Wallala leialala

"Trams and dusty trees.  
 Highbury bore me. Richmond and Kew  
 Undid me. By Richmond I raised my knees  
 295 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?'

300 'On Margate Sands.  
 I can connect  
 Nothing with nothing,  
 The broken fingernails of dirty hands.  
 My people who expect  
 305 Nothing.'



la la

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

#### IV. DEATH BY WATER

Phlebas the Phoenician, a fortnight dead,  
 I forgot the cry of gulls, and the deep sea swell  
 And the profit and loss.  
 315 A current under sea  
 Picked his bones in whispers. As he rose and fell  
 He passes the stages of his age and youth  
 Entering the whirlpool.  
 Gentile or Jew  
 320 O you who turn the wheel and look windward,  
 Consider Phlebas, who was once handsome and tall as you.

#### 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  
 325 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  
 330 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  
 335 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  
 340 I 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  
 345 From doors of mudcracked houses

If there were water

And no rock  
 If there were rock  
 And also water  
 350 And water  
 A spring  
 A pool among the rock  
 If there were the sound of water only  
 Not the cicada  
 355 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

360 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  
 365 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  
 Murmur of maternal lamination  
 Who are those hooded hordes swarming  
 370 Over endless plains, stumbling on 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  
 375 Jerusalem Athens Alexandria  
 Vienna London  
 Unreal

A woman drew her long black hair out tight  
 And fiddled whisper music on those strings  
 380 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  
 385 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.  
 390 It has no windows, and the door swings,  
 Dry bones can harm no one.  
 Only a cock stood on the roof-tree  
 Co co rico co co rico  
 In a flash of lightning. 'Then a damp gust  
 395 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.  
 400 Then spoke the thunder  
 DA  
 Datta: what have we given?  
 My friend, blood shaking my heart  
 'The awful daring of a moment's surrender  
 405 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  
 410 In our empty rooms  
 DA  
 Dayadhvam: I have heard the key  
 'Turn in the door once and turn once only  
 We think of the key, each in his person  
 415 Thinking of the key, each confirms a prison  
 Only at nightfall, aethereal rumours  
 Revive for a moment a broken Coriolanus  
 DA

Damyata: The boat responded  
420 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  
425 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 uti chelidon-O swallow swallow  
430 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



## NOTES BY T. S. ELIOT 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* (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 poem 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 in the poem certain references to vegetation ceremonies.

### I. THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

Line 20. Cf. Ezekiel II, 1

23. Cf. Ecclesiastes XII, v.

31. V. Tristan und Isolde, I, verses 5-8

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, 55-57:

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

64. Cf. Inferno IV, 25-27:

"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 *Œuvres du Mal*.

### II. A GAME OF CHESS

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

92. Laucæria. 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 a sudden, listening, you shall hear,  
 A noise of horns and hunting, which shall bring  
 Acteon 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 Sidney, 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 the 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 seriam!' 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 suique  
 Ludicis 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 the mind the "longshore" or "dory" fisherman, who returns at nightfall.

253. V. Goldsmith, the song of *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. *Gotterdämmerung* 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 of the river. (The queen) was a lone 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 all about mine ears."

308. The complete text of the Buddha's Fire Sermon (which corresponds in importance to the Sermon of 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 Chapel Perilous (see Miss Weston's book) and the present decay of eastern Europe.

357. This is the *Turdus aonalaschkae pullasii*, 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 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 the 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

heiligen 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 Scher hört sie mit Tränen."

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

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

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

411. 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'ascese 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 our equivalent to this word.