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T.S. ELIOT
THE WASTE LAND,
PRUFROCK
AND OTHER POEMS

UNABRIDGED

Contents

Prufrock (1917)

The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock	1
Portrait of a Lady	5
Preludes	9
Rhapsody on a Windy Night	10
Morning at the Window	12
The <i>Boston Evening Transcript</i>	13
Aunt Helen	13
Cousin Nancy	14
Mr. Apollinax	14
Hysteria	15
Conversation Galante	15
La Figlia che Piange	16

Poems (1920)

Gerontion	17
Burbank with a Baedeker: Bleistein with a Cigar	19
Sweeney Erect	20
A Cooking Egg	22
Le Directeur	23
Mélange Adultère de Tout	23
Lune de Miel	24
The Hippopotamus	25
Dans le Restaurant	26
Whispers of Immortality	27
Mr. Eliot's Sunday Morning Service	28
Sweeney Among the Nightingales	29

The Waste Land (1922)

I. The Burial of the Dead	31
II. A Game of Chess	33
III. The Fire Sermon	35
IV. Death by Water	39
V. What the Thunder Said	39
Notes	43

Index of Titles and First Lines	48
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THE WASTE LAND

1922

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

For Ezra Pound
il miglior fabbro.

I. The Burial of the Dead

April is the cruellest month, breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
Memory and desire, stirring
Dull roots with spring rain.
Winter kept us warm, covering
Earth in forgetful snow, feeding
A little life with dried tubers.
Summer surprised us, coming over the Starnbergersee
With a shower of rain; we stopped in the colonnade,
And went on in sunlight, into the Hofgarten, 10
And drank coffee, and talked for an hour.
Bin gar keine Russin, stamm' aus Litauen, echt deutsch.
And when we were children, staying at the archduke's,
My cousin's, he took me out on a sled,
And I was frightened. He said, Marie,
Marie, hold on tight. And down we went.
In the mountains, there you feel free.
I read, much of the night, and go south in the winter.

What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow
Out of this stony rubbish? Son of man, 20
You cannot say, or guess, for you know only
A heap of broken images, where the sun beats,
And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,
And the dry stone no sound of water. Only
There is shadow under this red rock,
(Come in under the shadow of this red rock),
And I will show you something different from either

Your shadow at morning striding behind you
 Or your shadow at evening rising to meet you;
 I will show you fear in a handful of dust. 30

*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, 40
 Looking into the heart of light, the silence.
Oed' und leer das Meer.

Madame Sosostriis, famous clairvoyante,
 Had a bad cold, nevertheless
 Is known to be the wisest woman in Europe,
 With a wicked pack of cards. Here, said she,
 Is your card, the drowned Phoenician Sailor,
 (Those are pearls that were his eyes. Look!)
 Here is Belladonna, the Lady of the Rocks,
 The lady of situations. 50
 Here is the man with three staves, and here the Wheel,
 And here is the one-eyed merchant, and this card,
 Which is blank, is something he carries on his back,
 Which I am forbidden to see. I do not find
 The Hanged Man. Fear death by water.
 I see crowds of people, walking round in a ring.
 Thank you. If you see dear Mrs. Equitone,
 Tell her I bring the horoscope myself:
 One must be so careful these days.

Unreal City, 60
 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! 70
 "That corpse you planted last year in your garden,
 "Has it begun to sprout? Will it bloom this year?
 "Or has the sudden frost disturbed its bed?
 "Oh keep the Dog far hence, that's friend to men,
 "Or with his nails he'll dig it up again!
 "You! hypocrite lecteur! — mon semblable, — mon frère!"

II. A Game of Chess

The Chair she sat in, like a burnished throne,
 Glowed on the marble, where the glass
 Held up by standards wrought with fruited vines 80
 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 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.
 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
 The change of Philomel, by the barbarous king
 So rudely forced; yet there the nightingale 100
 Filled all the desert with inviolable voice
 And still she cried, and still the world pursues,
 "Jug Jug" to dirty ears.

T.S. ELIOT
THE WASTE LAND,
PRUFROCK
AND OTHER POEMS

In the masterly cadences of T. S. Eliot's verse, the twentieth century found its definitive poetic voice, an indelible "image of its accelerated grimace," in the words of Eliot's friend and mentor, Ezra Pound. This volume is a rich collection of much of Eliot's greatest work.

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