The Hollow Men

Mistah Kurtz - he dead.
A penny for the Old Guy.

1

We are the hollow men
We are the stuffed men
Leaning together
Headpiece filled with straw  Alas!
Our dried voices, when
We whisper together
Are quiet and meaningless
As wind in dry grass
Or rats' feet over broken glass
In our dry cellar

Shape without form, shade without colour,
Paralyzed force, gesture without motion;

Those who have crossed
With direct eyes, to death's other Kingdom
Remember us - if at all - not as lost
Violent souls, but only
As the hollow men
The stuffed men.

2

Eyes I dare not meet in dreams
In death's dream kingdom
These do not appear:
There, the eyes are
Sunlight on a broken column
There is a tree swinging
And voices are
In the wind's singing
More distant and more solemn
Than a fading star.

Let me be no nearer
In death's dream kingdom
Let me also wear
Such deliberate disguises
Rat's coat, crowskin, crossed staves
In a field
Behaving as the wind behaves
No nearer -
Not that final meeting
In the twilight kingdom
This is the dead land
This is cactus land
Here the stone images
Are raised, here they receive
The supplication of a dead man's hand
Under the twinkle of a fading star.

Is it like this
In death's other kingdom
Waking alone
At the hour when we are
Trembling with tenderness
Lips that would kiss
Form prayers to broken stone.

The eyes are not here
There are no eyes here
In this valley of dying stars
In this hollow valley
This broken jaw of our lost kingdoms

In this last of meeting places
We groove together
And avoid speech
Gathered on this beach of the tumid river
Sightless, unless
The eyes reappear
As the perpetual star
Multifoliate rose
Of death's twilight kingdom
The hope only
Of empty men.
Here we go round the prickly pear
Prickly pear, prickly pear
Here we go round the prickly pear
At five o’clock in the morning.

Between the idea
And the reality
Between the motion
And the act
Falls the shadow
   For Thine is the Kingdom.

Between the conception
And the creation
Between the emotion
And the response
Falls the Shadow
   Life is very long.

Between the desire
And the spasm
Between the potency
And the existence
Between the essence
And the descent
Falls the Shadow.
   For Thine is the Kingdom.

For Thine is
Life is
For Thine is the

This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
Not with a bang but a whimper.
The Hollow Men

Michael Winikoff

Copyright © 1996 by Michael Winikoff
All Rights Reserved;  Text by T.S. Eliot
Hol-low men We are the stuffed men Lea-ning to-ge-ther

Lea-ning to-ge-ther Head-piece filled with straw

Lea-ning to-ge-ther

Lea-ning to-ge-ther A-

Lea-ning to-ge-ther A-

Lea-ning to-ge-ther A-

Las! A-las! Our dried voic-es when We whis-per to-ge-ther Are qui-et and mea-ning-less As wind As

Las! A-las! Our dried voic-es when We whis-per to-ge-ther Are qui-et and mea-ning-less As wind As
As wind in dry grass as wind in dry grass as wind in dry grass
Or rats' feet over broken glass broken glass as wind in dry grass or rats feet over broken

glass In our dry cell- lar Shape with- out form Shape with- out

Sung

nd

Shape with- out form Shape with- out

Shape with- out form Shape with- out

Shape with- out form Shape with- out
form shade with-out colour shade with-out colour shade with-out colour
form shade with-out colour shade with-out colour shade with-out colour
form shade with-out colour shade with-out colour shade with-out colour
form shade with-out colour shade with-out colour shade with-out colour
form shade with-out colour shade with-out colour shade with-out colour
form shade with-out colour shade with-out colour shade with-out colour

Pa-ra-lized force pa-ra-lized force, ges-ture with-out mo-tion ges-ture with-out mo-tion
Pa-ra-lized force pa-ra-lized force ges-ture with-out mo-tion ges-ture with-out mo-tion
dim. rit. Morendo
Pa-ra-lized force pa-ra-lized force ges-ture with-out mo-tion ges-ture with-out mo-tion
Pa-ra-lized force pa-ra-lized force ges-ture with-out mo-tion ges-ture with-out mo-tion
Pa-ra-lized force pa-ra-lized force ges-ture with-out mo-tion ges-ture with-out mo-tion
Pa-ra-lized force pa-ra-lized force ges-ture with-out mo-tion ges-ture with-out mo-tion
Pa-ra-lized force pa-ra-lized force ges-ture with-out mo-tion ges-ture with-out mo-tion

Those who have crossed those who have crossed with di-rec-t eyes, to death's o-ther king-dom Re-

Ah
Ah
Ah
member us if at all not as lost violent souls, but only as the hollow men. The stuffed men.

Hollow hollow hollow hollow hollow hollow
Eyes eyes eyes I dare not meet in dreams
In death's dream kingdom

Eyes eyes eyes I dare not meet in dreams
Eyes eyes eyes I dare not meet in dreams
Eyes eyes eyes I dare not meet in dreams

These do not appear: There, the eyes are sun-
dreams
Eyes eyes eyes I dare not meet in dreams
Eyes eyes eyes I dare not meet in dreams
Eyes eyes eyes I dare not meet in dreams

-light on a broken column
There is a tree

dreams
Eyes eyes eyes I dare not meet in dreams
Eyes eyes eyes I dare not meet in dreams
Eyes eyes eyes I dare not meet in dreams
And voices are in the wind's singing
More distant more distant and more solemn
Than a fading star.

swing swing

dreams Eyes eyes eyes I dare not meet in dreams
Eyes eyes eyes I dare not meet in dreams

Free
dreams Eyes eyes eyes I dare not meet in dreams
Eyes eyes eyes I dare not meet in dreams

Freely ritard.
Let me be no nearer
In death's dream kingdom
Let me also wear
Such deliberate disguises
Rat's coat, crow-skin, crossed staves
In a field

Becoming as the wind behaves
Wind behaves
No nearer

Let me be no nearer
In death's dream kingdom
Let me also wear
Such deliberate disguises
Rat's coat, crow-skin, crossed staves
In a field

Becoming as the wind behaves
Wind behaves
No nearer
Not that final meeting In the twilight kingdom

No nearer

Not that final meeting In the twilight kingdom

Not that final meeting In the twilight kingdom

Not that final meeting In the twilight kingdom

Not that final meeting In the twilight kingdom
Andante (\( \frac{4}{4} \)\)

Semichorus Soprano

Legato \( \text{pp} \)

Semichorus Alto

Legato

Semichorus Baritone

Legato

Semichorus Bass

\( \text{poco a poco cresc.} \)

This is the dead land

This is cactus land

This is the dead land

This is cactus land

This is the dead land

This is cactus land

This is the dead land

This is cactus land

\( \text{Ah} \)
This is the dead land
This is cactus land
This is the dead land
This is cactus land

Here the stone images are raised
Here the stone images are raised

159

163

168
Under the twinkle of a dead man's hand
Ah Un - der the twin -kle
of a dead man's hand
Ah Un - der the twin -kle
of a dead man's hand
Here they re - ceive the sup - pli - ca - tion
of a dead man's hand
is it like
of a fa - ding star.
Ah
of a fa - ding star.
of a fa - ding star.
Add Humming Choir (SATB)
this In death's o - ther king - dom Wa - king a - lone At the
day's o - ther king - dom

Ah

hour when we are Trem - bling trem - bling with ten - der - ness

Ah
Ah
Ah
Ah

Ah
Ah
Ah
Ah

Ah
Ah
Ah
Ah

Lips that would kiss Form prayers to bro - ken stone.
Lips that would kiss Form prayers to bro - ken stone.
Lips that would kiss Form prayers to bro - ken stone.
Lips that would kiss Form prayers to bro - ken stone.
The eyes are not here
There are no eyes here
In this valley this valley this
Andante (\( \frac{4}{4} \)) 01 ôô
p ì ó
e
ó
ó øó
ó
ô
3
ó ó ó ô
ó øó
øó
ó
ô
3
ó ó ó ô
óó
ó ó ì ó
501
é ó úó ì ó
556
é
149
The eyes are not here
There are no eyes here
In this valley this valley this
valley of dying stars
In this valley this valley this hollow valley
This broken jaw of our lost
Largo (\(\text{\textit{f}} = 50\))

In this last of meeting places We grope together And a-

As the perpetual star Multifolate rose Of death's twilit kingdom The
Hope only of empty men.

The hollow men

Hollow hollow hollow hollow hollow hollow hollow hollow
Semichorus Men

Here we go round the prickly prickly pear

\( \text{legato} \)

... At five O'clock in the morning

\( \text{attacca} \)
Semichorus Male

Females

Males

Between the idea And the reality

We are the hollow men

Between the motion And the act Falls the shadow

For Thine is the kingdom For Thine is the kingdom

Falls the shadow

Between the conception And the creation

Shape without form, shade without colour,

Be-tween the emo-tion And the respon-se Falls the sha-dow

pp Falls the sha-dow
Between the desire and the eXistence

Life is very long

No nearer

This is cactus land

Between the potency and the existence

No nearer

This is cactus land

The supplication

Falls the shadow

For Thine is the Kingdom

Falls the shadow

For Thine is the Life
This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends

This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends

This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
Not with a bang but a

This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
Not with a bang but a

This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends

whim - per

whim - per