

## **1. “Jabberwocky”**

’Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.

“Beware the Jabberwock, my son!  
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!  
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun  
The frumious Bandersnatch!”

He took his vorpal sword in hand;  
Long time the manxome foe he sought—  
So rested he by the Tumtum tree  
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,  
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,  
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,  
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through  
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!  
He left it dead, and with its head  
He went galumphing back.

“And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?  
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!  
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!”  
He chortled in his joy.

’Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.

## **2. “*How Doth the Little Crocodile*”**

How doth the little crocodile  
Improve his shining tail,  
And pour the waters of the Nile  
On every golden scale!  
How cheerfully he seems to grin  
How neatly spreads his claws,  
And welcomes little fishes in,  
With gently smiling jaws!

### **3. “*The Walrus and the Carpenter*”**

"The sun was shining on the sea,  
Shining with all his might:  
He did his very best to make  
The billows smooth and bright —  
And this was odd, because it was  
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,  
Because she thought the sun  
Had got no business to be there  
After the day was done —  
"It's very rude of him," she said,  
"To come and spoil the fun."

The sea was wet as wet could be,  
The sands were dry as dry.  
You could not see a cloud, because  
No cloud was in the sky:  
No birds were flying overhead —  
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter  
Were walking close at hand;  
They wept like anything to see  
Such quantities of sand:  
If this were only cleared away,'  
They said, it would be grand!'

If seven maids with seven mops  
Swept it for half a year,  
Do you suppose,' the Walrus said,  
That they could get it clear?'  
I doubt it,' said the Carpenter,  
And shed a bitter tear.

O Oysters, come and walk with us!'  
The Walrus did beseech.  
A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,  
Along the briny beach:  
We cannot do with more than four,  
To give a hand to each.'

The eldest Oyster looked at him,  
But never a word he said:  
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,  
And shook his heavy head —  
Meaning to say he did not choose  
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,  
All eager for the treat:  
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,  
Their shoes were clean and neat —  
And this was odd, because, you know,  
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,  
And yet another four;  
And thick and fast they came at last,  
And more, and more, and more —  
All hopping through the frothy waves,  
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter  
Walked on a mile or so,  
And then they rested on a rock  
Conveniently low:  
And all the little Oysters stood  
And waited in a row.

The time has come,' the Walrus said,

To talk of many things:  
Of shoes — and ships — and sealing-wax —  
Of cabbages — and kings —  
And why the sea is boiling hot —  
And whether pigs have wings.'

But wait a bit,' the Oysters cried,  
Before we have our chat;  
For some of us are out of breath,  
And all of us are fat!  
No hurry!' said the Carpenter.  
They thanked him much for that.

A loaf of bread,' the Walrus said,  
Is what we chiefly need:  
Pepper and vinegar besides  
Are very good indeed —  
Now if you're ready, Oysters dear,  
We can begin to feed.'

But not on us!' the Oysters cried,  
Turning a little blue.  
After such kindness, that would be  
A dismal thing to do!  
The night is fine,' the Walrus said.  
Do you admire the view?

It was so kind of you to come!  
And you are very nice!  
The Carpenter said nothing but  
Cut us another slice:  
I wish you were not quite so deaf —  
I've had to ask you twice!

It seems a shame,' the Walrus said,  
To play them such a trick,

After we've brought them out so far,  
And made them trot so quick!'  
The Carpenter said nothing but  
The butter's spread too thick!'

I weep for you,' the Walrus said:  
I deeply sympathize.'  
With sobs and tears he sorted out  
Those of the largest size,  
Holding his pocket-handkerchief  
Before his streaming eyes.

O Oysters,' said the Carpenter,  
You've had a pleasant run!  
Shall we be trotting home again?'  
But answer came there none —  
And this was scarcely odd, because  
They'd eaten every one."

#### **4. “A Boat Beneath a Sunny Sky”**

A boat beneath a sunny sky,  
Lingering onward dreamily  
In an evening of July,

Children three that nestle near,  
Eager eye and willing ear,  
Pleased a simple tale to hear,

Long has faded that sunny sky:  
Echoes fade and memories die:  
Autumn frosts have slain July.

Still she haunts me, phantomwise,  
Alice moving under skies  
Never seen by waking eyes.

Children yet, the tale to hear,  
Eager eye and willing ear,  
Lovingly shall nestle near.

In a Wonderland they lie,  
Dreaming as the days go by,  
Dreaming as the summers die:

Ever drifting down the stream,  
Lingering in the golden dream,  
Life, what is it but a dream?

## 5. *“The Hunting of the Snark”*

"Just the place for a Snark!" the Bellman cried,  
As he landed his crew with care;  
Supporting each man on the top of the tide  
By a finger entwined in his hair.

"Just the place for a Snark! I have said it twice:  
That alone should encourage the crew.  
Just the place for a Snark! I have said it thrice:  
What I tell you three times is true."

The crew was complete: it included a Boots—  
A maker of Bonnets and Hoods—  
A Barrister, brought to arrange their disputes—  
And a Broker, to value their goods.

A Billiard-marker, whose skill was immense,  
Might perhaps have won more than his share—  
But a Banker, engaged at enormous expense,  
Had the whole of their cash in his care.

There was also a Beaver, that paced on the deck,  
Or would sit making lace in the bow:  
And had often (the Bellman said) saved them from wreck,  
Though none of the sailors knew how.

There was one who was famed for the number of things  
He forgot when he entered the ship:  
His umbrella, his watch, all his jewels and rings,  
And the clothes he had bought for the trip.

He had forty-two boxes, all carefully packed,  
With his name painted clearly on each:  
But, since he omitted to mention the fact,  
They were all left behind on the beach.



The loss of his clothes hardly mattered, because  
He had seven coats on when he came,  
With three pair of boots—but the worst of it was,  
He had wholly forgotten his name.

He would answer to "Hi!" or to any loud cry,  
Such as "Fry me!" or "Fritter my wig!"  
To "What-you-may-call-um!" or "What-was-his-name!"  
But especially "Thing-um-a-jig!"

While, for those who preferred a more forcible word,  
He had different names from these:  
His intimate friends called him "Candle-ends,"  
And his enemies "Toasted-cheese."

"His form is ungainly—his intellect small—"  
(So the Bellman would often remark)  
"But his courage is perfect! And that, after all,  
Is the thing that one needs with a Snark."

He would joke with hænas, returning their stare  
With an impudent wag of the head:  
And he once went a walk, paw-in-paw, with a bear,  
"Just to keep up its spirits," he said.

He came as a Baker: but owned, when too late—  
And it drove the poor Bellman half-mad—  
He could only bake Bride-cake—for which, I may state,  
No materials were to be had.

The last of the crew needs especial remark,  
Though he looked an incredible dunce:  
He had just one idea—but, that one being "Snark,"  
The good Bellman engaged him at once.

He came as a Butcher: but gravely declared,

When the ship had been sailing a week,  
He could only kill Beavers. The Bellman looked scared,  
And was almost too frightened to speak:

But at length he explained, in a tremulous tone,  
There was only one Beaver on board;  
And that was a tame one he had of his own,  
Whose death would be deeply deplored.

The Beaver, who happened to hear the remark,  
Protested, with tears in its eyes,  
That not even the rapture of hunting the Snark  
Could atone for that dismal surprise!

It strongly advised that the Butcher should be  
Conveyed in a separate ship:  
But the Bellman declared that would never agree  
With the plans he had made for the trip:

Navigation was always a difficult art,  
Though with only one ship and one bell:  
And he feared he must really decline, for his part,  
Undertaking another as well.

The Beaver's best course was, no doubt, to procure  
A second-hand dagger-proof coat—  
So the Baker advised it—and next, to insure  
Its life in some Office of note:

This the Banker suggested, and offered for hire  
(On moderate terms), or for sale,  
Two excellent Policies, one Against Fire,  
And one Against Damage From Hail.

Yet still, ever after that sorrowful day,  
Whenever the Butcher was by,

The Beaver kept looking the opposite way,  
And appeared unaccountably shy.

## ***6. Dreamland***

When midnight mists are creeping,  
And all the land is sleeping,  
Around me tread the mighty dead,  
And slowly pass away.  
Lo, warriors, saints, and sages,  
From out the vanished ages,  
With solemn pace and reverend face  
Appear and pass away.  
The blaze of noonday splendour,  
The twilight soft and tender,  
May charm the eye: yet they shall die,  
Shall die and pass away.  
But here, in Dreamland's centre,  
No spoiler's hand may enter,  
These visions fair, this radiance rare,  
Shall never pass away.  
I see the shadows falling,  
The forms of old recalling;  
Around me tread the mighty dead,  
And slowly pass away.