

JABBERWOCKY

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogroves,
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 a while in thought

And as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffing 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.

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Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogroves,
And the mame raths outgrabe.