

Jabberwocky



Lewis Carroll

Move on



`Twas brillig, and the
slithy toves

Did gyre and gimble in
the wabe:

All mimsy were the
borogoves,

And the mome raths
outgrabe.


Move on



"Beware the
Jabberwock, my son!

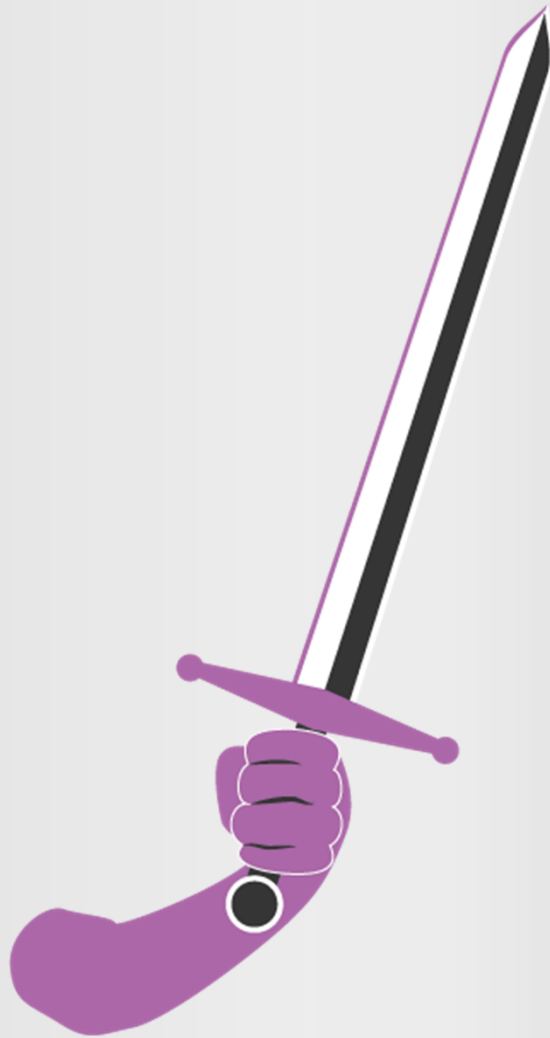
The jaws that bite, the
claws that catch!

Beware the Jubjub bird,
and shun

The frumious
Bandersnatch!"



Move on



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.



Move on



And, as in uffish thought
he stood,

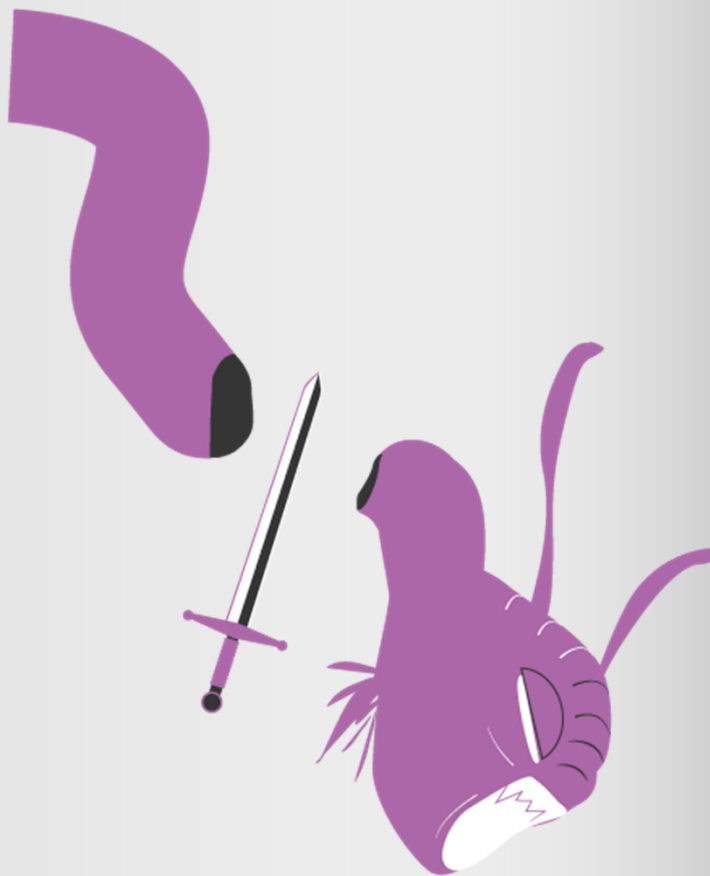
The Jabberwock, with
eyes of flame,

Came whiffling through
the tulgey wood,

And burbled as it came!



Move on



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.



Move on



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Did gyre and gimble in
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All mimsy were the
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Next poem

His Nine Sympathies



Carol Ann Duffy

→
Move on



were for the mothers,
listening to flute scales
stop and start;

and for the fathers,
whistling their tired ways
home in the dark;


Move on



for younger brothers,
sent with the jingling
cows to market;

or for eldest daughters,
hymned up the aisles till
death did them part;



Move on



for orphans,
led by a piper out of a
pretty park;

and for paupers,
scraping their fiddles for
small change in a hat;

→
Move on



for old ones,
tapping their sticks on
the twisting path;

for soldiers,
stamping their boots on
a victory march;





and for the lovers,
the broken chords of
their hearts.

The
end