

The Jabberwocky

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

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

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

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

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

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

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'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves

by Lewis Carroll