

Jabberwocky

BY LEWIS CARROLL

'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.

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Did gyre and gimble in the
wabe:

All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

*Source: The Random House Book of
Poetry for Children (1983)*