

DOVER · THRIFT · EDITIONS

LEWIS CARROLL
JABBERWOCKY
AND OTHER POEMS



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EARLY VERSE

My Fairy

(From *Useful and Instructive Poetry*, 1845)

I HAVE a fairy by my side
Which says I must not sleep,
When once in pain I loudly cried
It said "You must not weep."
If, full of mirth, I smile and grin,
It says "You must not laugh;"
When once I wished to drink some gin
It said "You must not quaff."
When once a meal I wished to taste
It said "You must not bite;"
When to the wars I went in haste
It said "You must not fight."
"What may I do?" at length I cried,
Tired of the painful task.
The fairy quietly replied,
And said "You must not ask."
Moral: "You mustn't."

Punctuality

(From *Useful and Instructive Poetry*)

MAN naturally loves delay,
And to procrastinate;
Business put off from day to day
Is always done too late.

Let every hour be in its place
 Firm fixed, nor loosely shift,
 And well enjoy the vacant space,
 As though a birthday gift.

And when the hour arrives, be *there*,
 Where'er that "there" may be;
 Uncleanly hands or ruffled hair
 Let no one ever see.

If dinner at "half-past" be placed,
 At "half-past" then be dressed.
 If at a "quarter-past" make haste
 To be down with the rest.

Better to be before your time,
 Than e'er to be behind;
 To ope the door while strikes the chime,
 That shows a punctual mind.

Moral

Let punctuality and care
 Seize every flitting hour,
 So shalt thou cull a floweret fair,
 E'en from a fading flower.

Melodies

(From *Useful and Instructive Poetry*)

I

THERE was an old farmer of Readall,
 Who made holes in his face with a needle,
 They went *far* deeper in
 Than to pierce through the skin,
 And yet strange to say he was made beadle.

II

There was an eccentric old draper,
 Who wore a hat made of brown paper,
 It went up to a point,
 Yet it looked out of joint,
 The cause of which *he* said was "vapour."

III

There was once a young man of Oporta,
 Who daily got shorter and shorter,
 The reason he said
 Was the hod on his head,
 Which was filled with the *heaviest* mortar.
 His sister, named Lucy O'Finner,
 Grew constantly thinner and thinner;
 The reason was plain,
 She slept out in the rain,
 And was never allowed any dinner.

Brother and Sister

(From *Useful and Instructive Poetry*)

"SISTER, sister, go to bed!
 Go and rest your weary head."
 Thus the prudent brother said.

"Do you want a battered hide,
 Or scratches to your face applied?"
 Thus his sister calm replied.

"Sister, do not raise my wrath.
 I'd make you into mutton broth
 As easily as kill a moth!"

The sister raised her beaming eye
 And looked on him indignantly
 And sternly answered, "Only try!"

Off to the cook he quickly ran.
 "Dear Cook, please lend a frying-pan
 To me as quickly as you can."

"And wherefore should I lend it you?"
 "The reason, Cook, is plain to view.
 I wish to make an Irish stew."

"What meat is in that stew to go?"

"My sister'll be the contents!"

"Oh!"

"You'll lend the pan to me, Cook?"

"No!"

Moral: Never stew your sister.

And childhood's nest of gladness.
The magic words shall hold thee fast:
Thou shalt not heed the raving blast.

And though the shadow of a sigh
May tremble through the story,
For "happy summer days" gone by,
And vanish'd summer glory—
It shall not touch with breath of bale
The pleasance of our fairy-tale.

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.

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.

POETRY

LEWIS CARROLL JABBERWOCKY AND OTHER POEMS

Mathematician, author, photographer, and artist, Lewis Carroll (Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, 1832–1898) was best known as the creator of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, but he also produced an enormous amount of poetry. Over the course of almost 50 years (the earliest poems in this collection were written when he was only 13), he produced 150 poems, including nonsense verse, parodies, burlesques, acrostics, inscriptions, and more—many of them hilarious lampoons of some of the more sentimental and moralistic poems of the Victorian era.

This carefully chosen collection contains 38 of Carroll's most appealing verses, including such unforgettable pieces as "The Walrus and the Carpenter," "The Mock Turtle's Song," and "Father William," plus such lesser-known gems as the tenderly romantic "My Fancy"—

*She boxed my ears this morning,
They tingled very much;
I own that I could wish her
A somewhat lighter touch*

—as well as "A Sea Dirge," "Brother and Sister," "Hiawatha's Photographing," "The Mad Gardener's Song," "What Tottles Meant," "Poeta Fit, non Nascitur," "The Little Man That Had a Little Gun," and many others. Filled with Carroll's special brand of imaginative whimsy and clever wordplay, this anthology will delight Carroll fans and all other readers who don't mind a little laughter with their lyrics.

Dover (2001) original compilation of 38 poems from standard editions. 64pp. 5% x 8%. Paperbound.

See every Dover book in print at
www.doverpublications.com

\$3.00 USA

PRINTED IN THE USA

ISBN-13: 978-0-486-41582-6
ISBN-10: 0-486-41582-1

