

Marianne Faithfull, Jaberwock

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

"beware the jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that snatch!
Beware the jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought??
He rested 'neath the tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And while in uffish thought he stood,
The jabberwock, with eyes aflame

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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