

Blues Traveler, Jabberwock

Poet: lewis carroll

Tw'as 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 blade 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 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 it's 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

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