

# 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

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Did gyre and gimble in the wabe  
All mimsy were the borogoves  
And the mome raths outgrabe.