

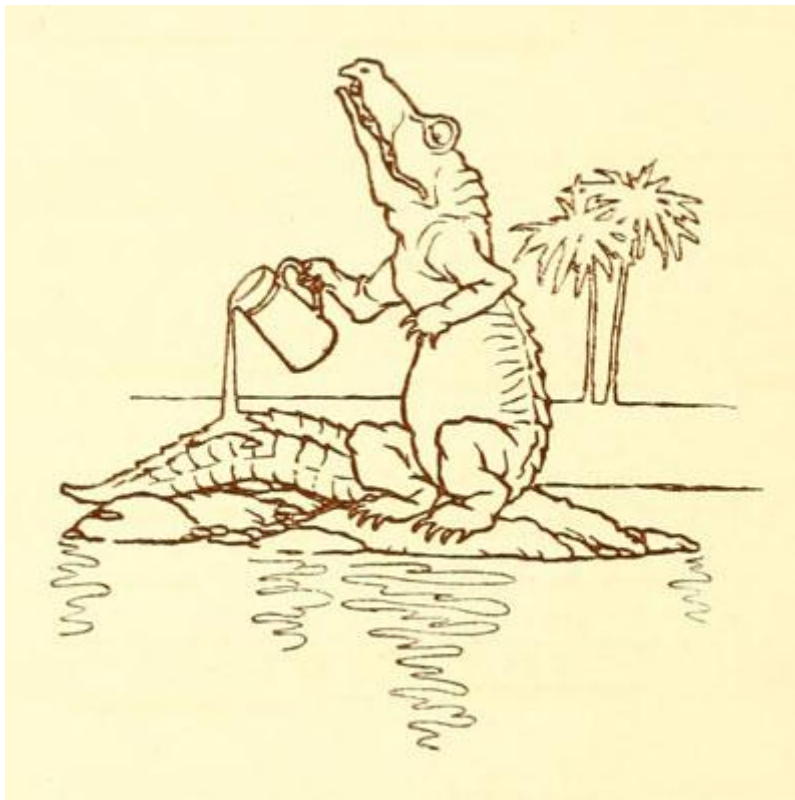
***SONGS FROM  
ALICE IN  
WONDERLAND  
AND  
THROUGH THE  
LOOKING-GLASS***

**BY**

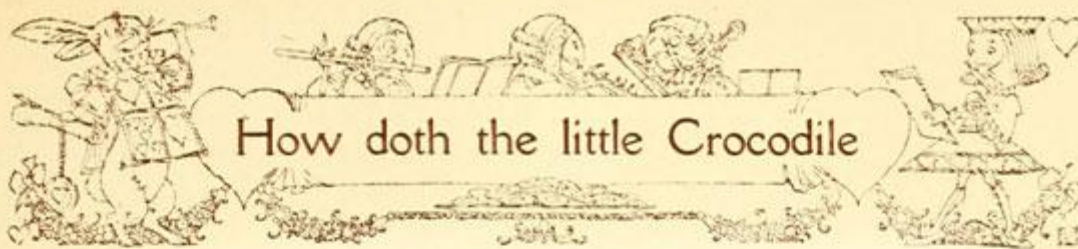
**LEWIS CARROLL**

***Free*editorial** 

**SONGS FROM  
ALICE IN WONDERLAND**

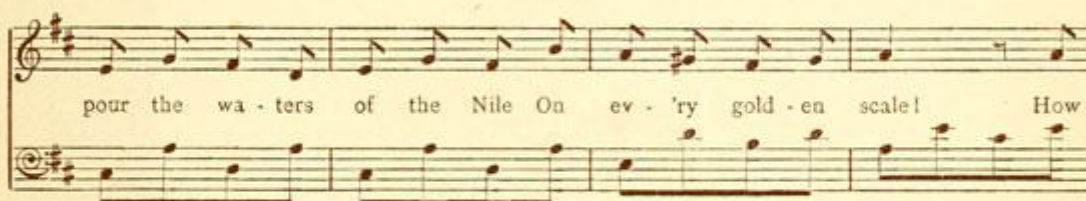
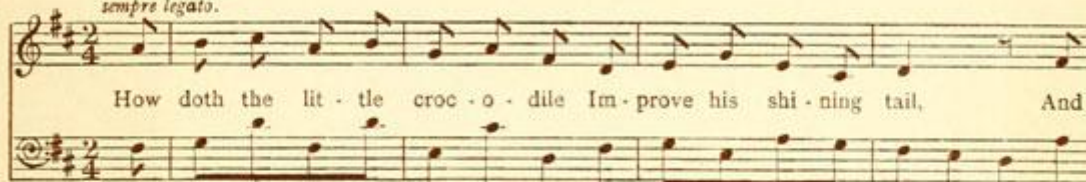


**How doth the little Crocodile**

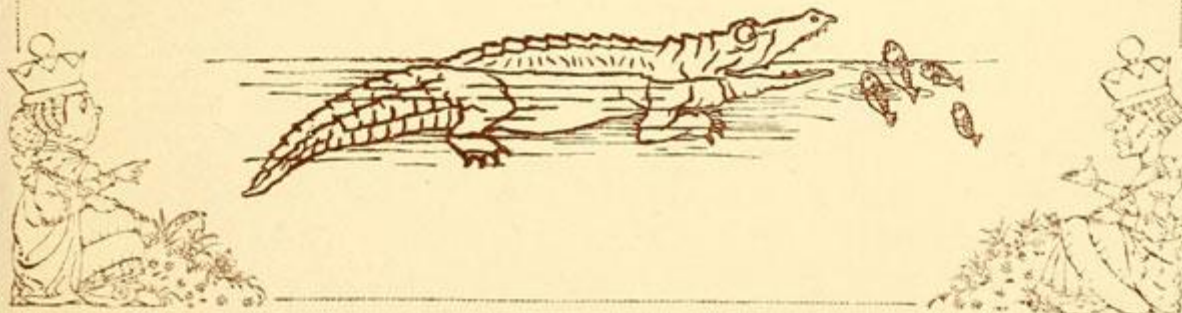
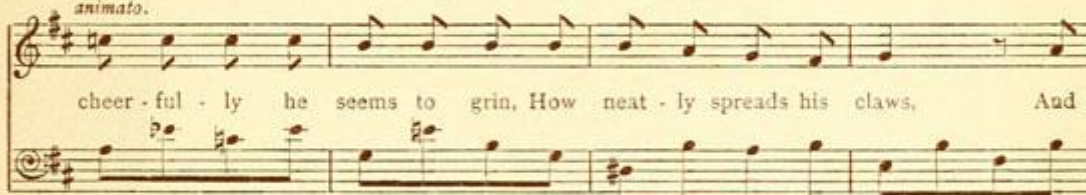


## How doth the little Crocodile

*Moderately quick,  
sempre legato.*



*animato.*



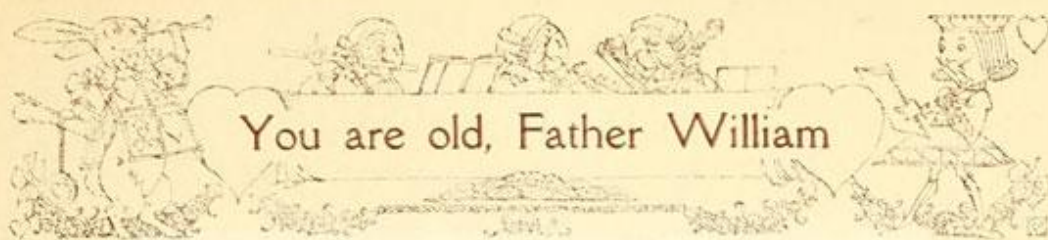
How doth the little crocodile  
Improve his shining tail,

And pour the waters of the Nile  
On ev'ry golden scale!  
How cheerfully he seems to grin,  
How neatly spreads his claws,  
And welcomes little fishes in  
With gently smiling jaws!



**You are old, Father William**





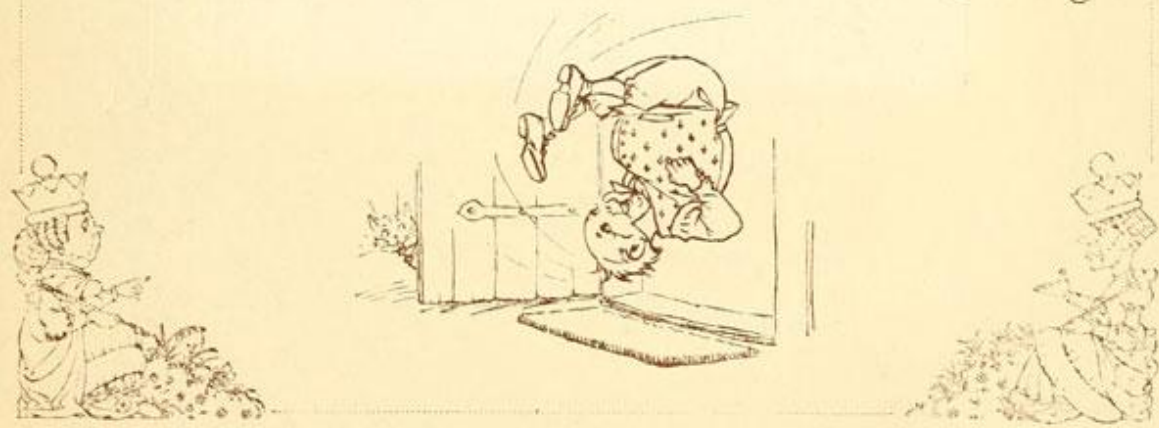
*Briskly.*  
*mf*

"You are old, Fa-ther Wil-liam," the young man said, "And your hair has be-come ve-ry white; And

yet you in-ces-sant-ly stand on your head-Do you think, at your age, it is right?" *f* *mf* "In my

youth," Fa-ther Wil-liam re-plied to his son, "I feared it might in-jure the brain; But,

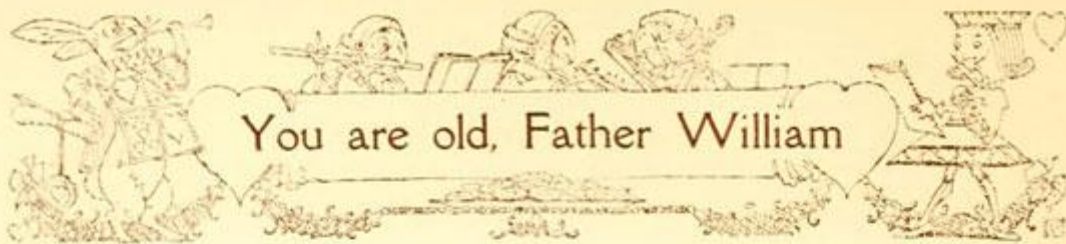
now that I'm per-fect-ly sure I have none, Why I do it a-gain and a-gain."



"You are old, Father William," the young man said,  
"And your hair has become very white;  
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—

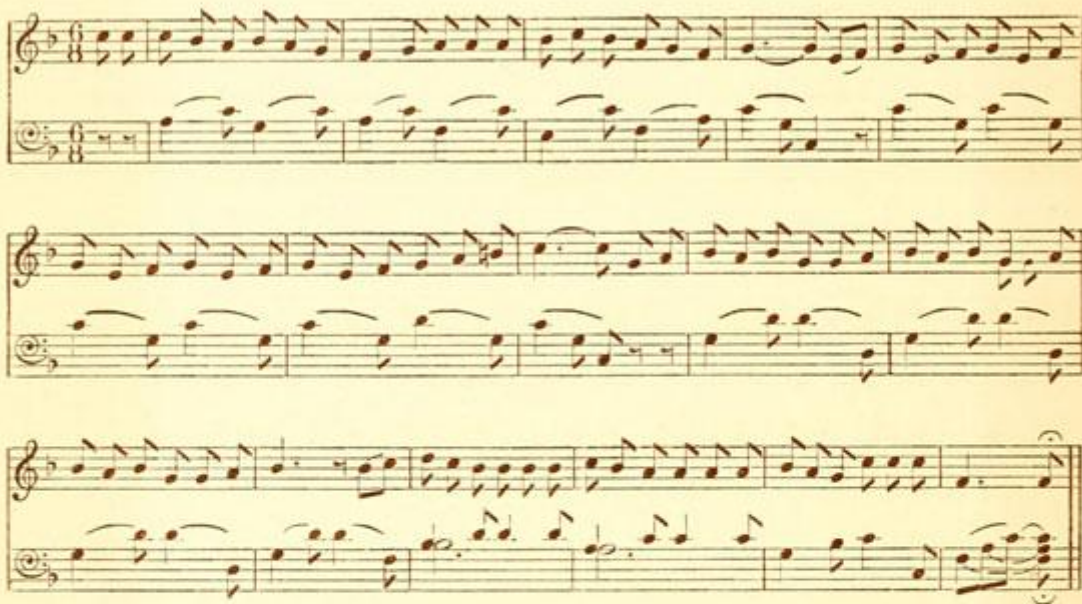
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,  
"I feared it might injure the brain;  
But, now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,  
Why I do it again and again."



## You are old, Father William

(CONTINUED.)



"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,  
And have grown most uncommonly fat;  
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—  
Pray, what is the reason of that?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his grey locks,  
"I kept all my limbs very supple  
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—  
Allow me to sell you a couple."

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak  
For anything tougher than suet;  
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak—  
Pray, how did you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,  
And argued each case with my wife;  
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw,  
Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the youth; "one would hardly suppose  
That your eye was as steady as ever;  
Yet you balance an eel on the end of your nose—  
What made you so awfully clever?"

"I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"  
Said his father; "don't give yourself airs!  
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?  
Be off, or I'll kick you down stairs!"



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And have grown most uncommonly fat;



Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—  
Pray, what is the reason of that?"

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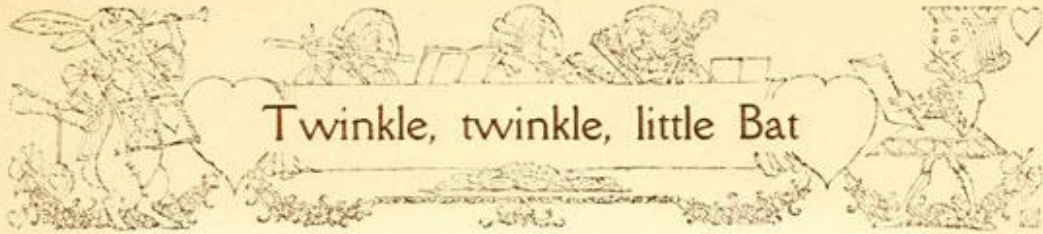
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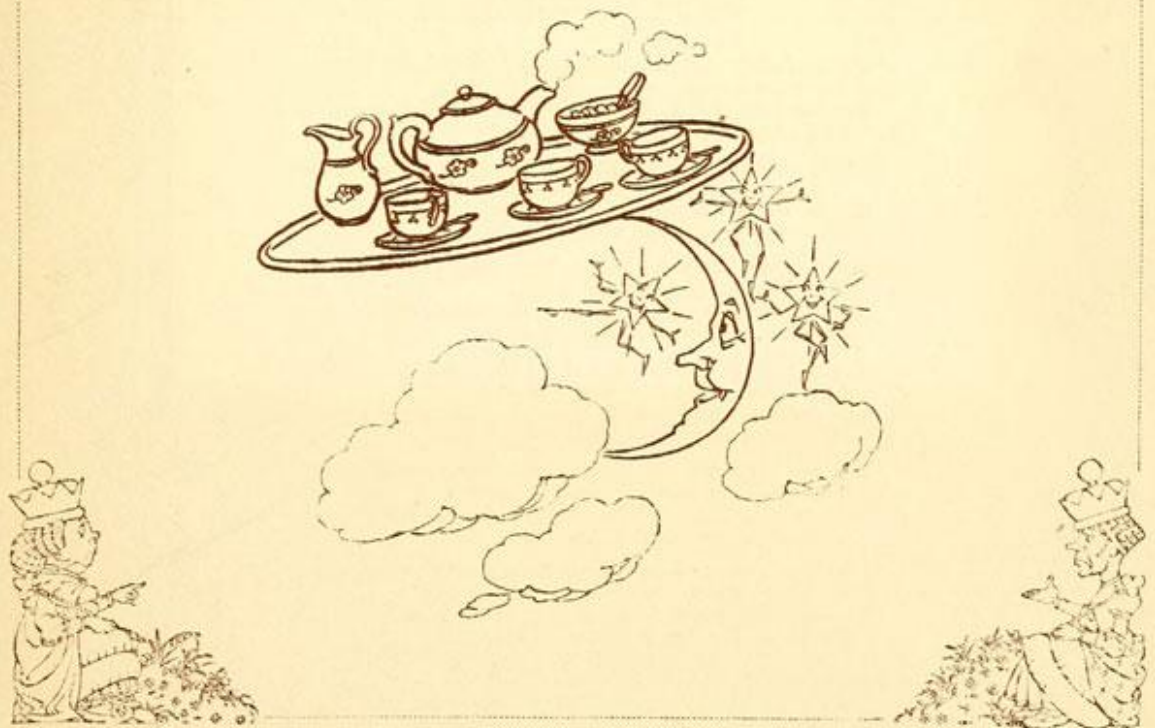
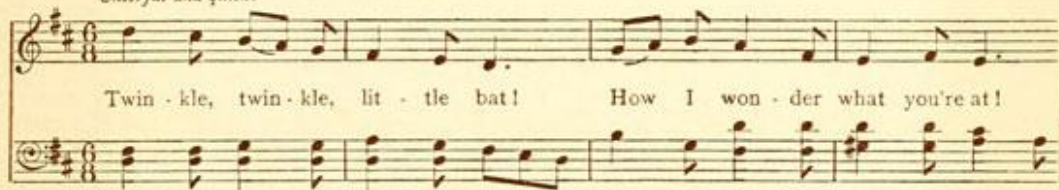
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Said his father; "don't give yourself airs!  
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?  
Be off, or I'll kick you down stairs!"

## Twinkle, twinkle, little Bat



*Cheerful and quick.*

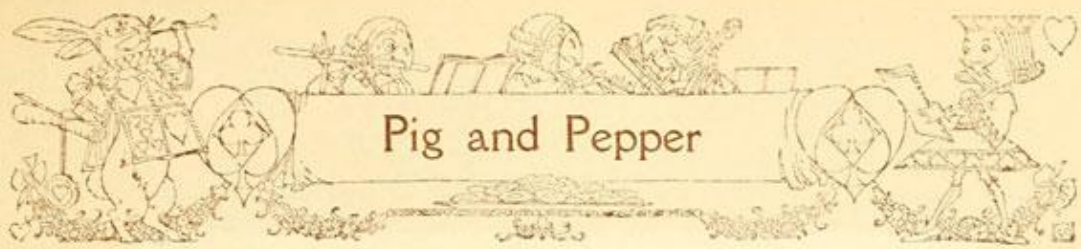


Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!  
How I wonder what you're at!  
Up above the world you fly,  
Like a tea-tray in the sky!



**Pig and Pepper**



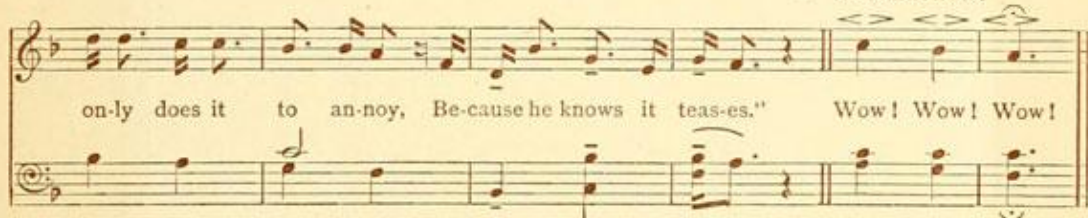


## Pig and Pepper

*Rather slow, and marked.*



*CHORUS, slower.*



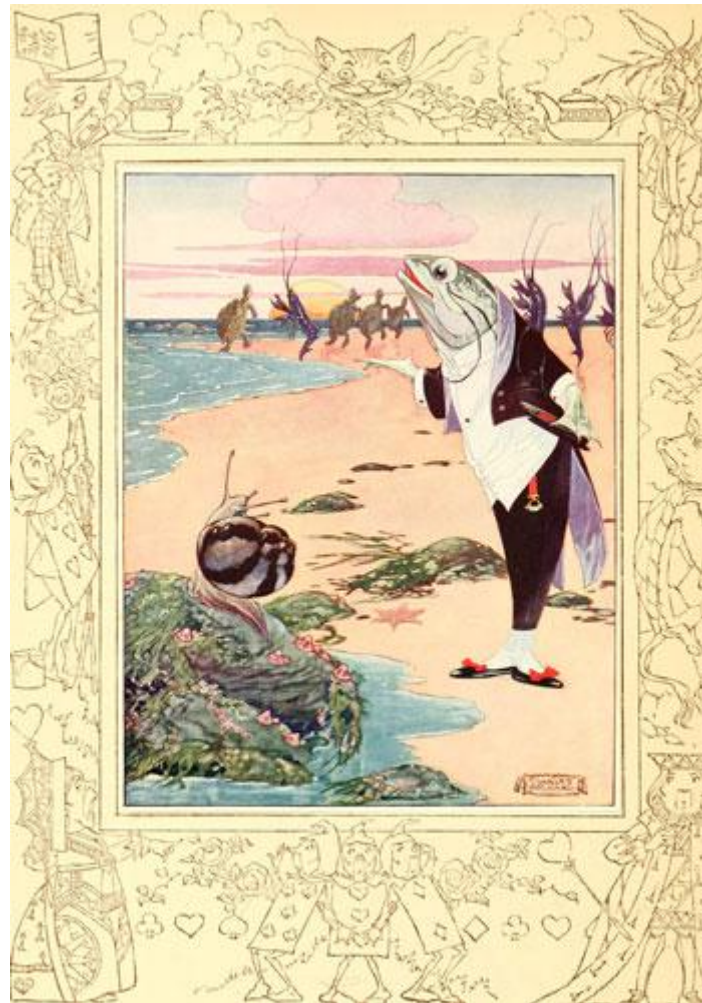
"I speak severely to my boy,  
I beat him when he sneezes;  
For he can thoroughly enjoy  
The pepper when he pleases."  
Wow! Wow! Wow!



"Speak roughly to your little boy,  
And beat him when he sneezes;  
He only does it to annoy,  
Because he knows it teases."

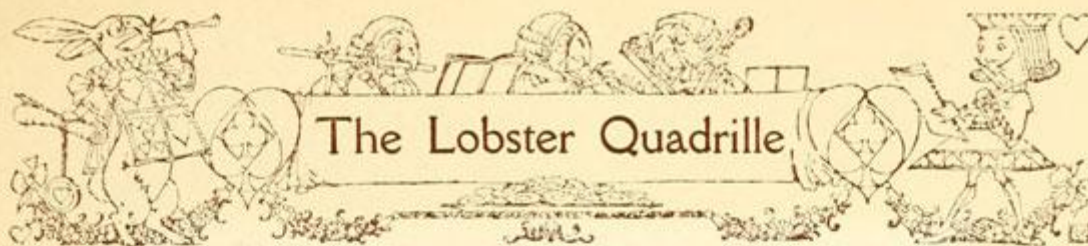
Wow! Wow! Wow!

"I speak severely to my boy,  
I beat him when he sneezes;  
For he can thoroughly enjoy  
The pepper when he pleases."  
Wow! Wow! Wow!



**The Lobster Quadrille**

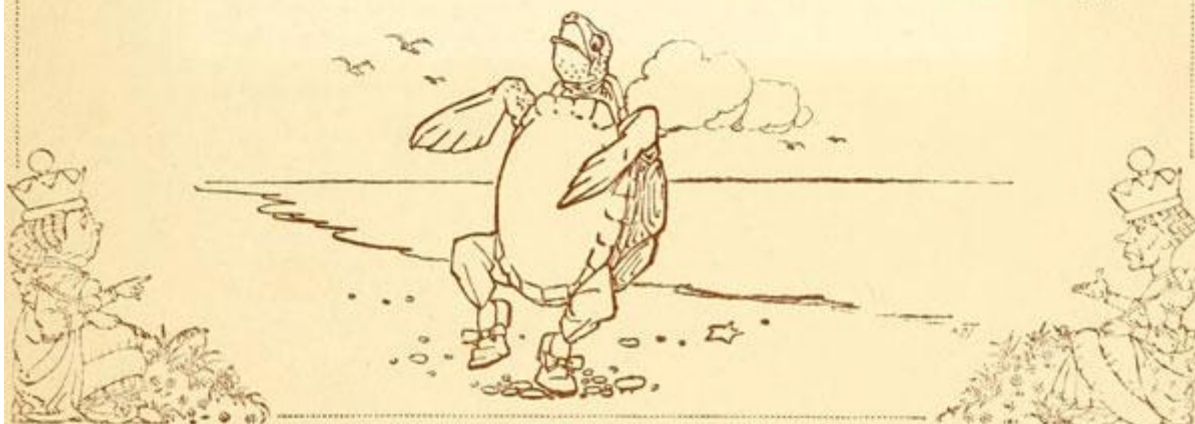




*In lively time.*

"Will you walk a lit - tle fast - er?" said a whi - ting to a snail "There's a  
 por - poise close be - hind us, and he's tread - ing on my tail. See how ea - ger - ly the  
 lob - sters and the tur - tles all ad - vance! They are wait - ing on the shin - gle— will you  
 come and join the dance? Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the  
 dance? Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?"

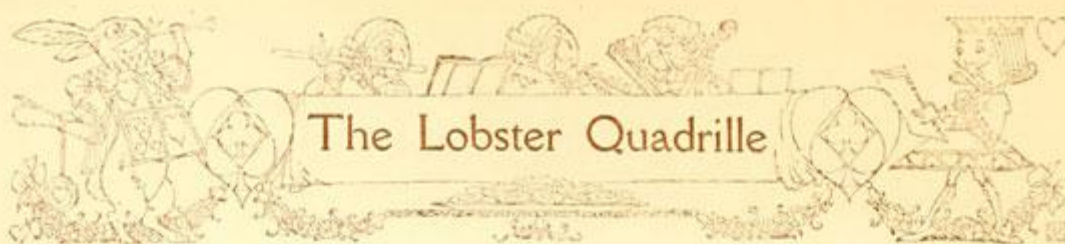
*Continued on next page.*



"Will you walk a little faster?" said a whiting to a snail,  
 "There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail.



See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!  
They are waiting on the shingle—will you come and join the dance?  
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?  
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?"



## The Lobster Quadrille

(CONTINUED)



CHORUS.



"You can really have no notion how delightful it will be  
When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters, out to sea!"  
But the snail replied, "Too far, too far!" and gave a look askance—  
Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not join the dance.  
Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not join the dance.  
Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not join the dance.

"What matters it how far we go?" his scaly friend replied;  
"There is another shore, you know, upon the other side.  
The further off from England the nearer is to France—  
Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and join the dance.  
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?  
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?"

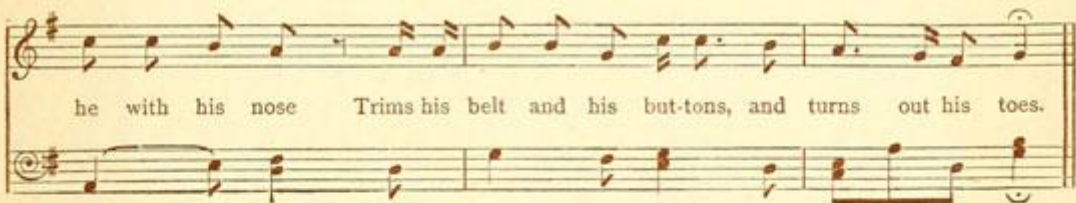
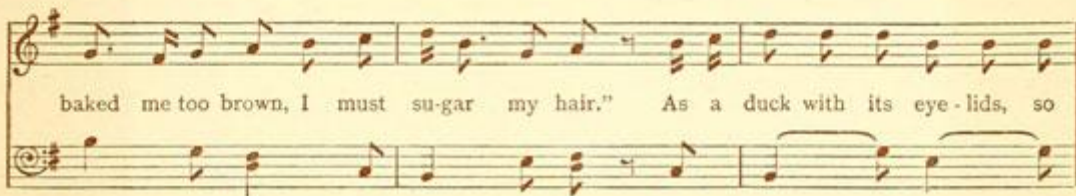
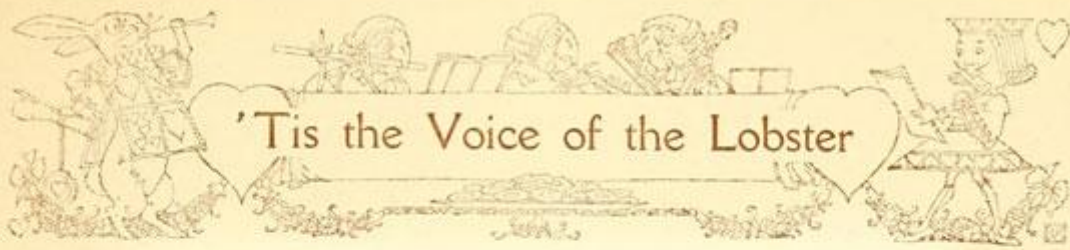


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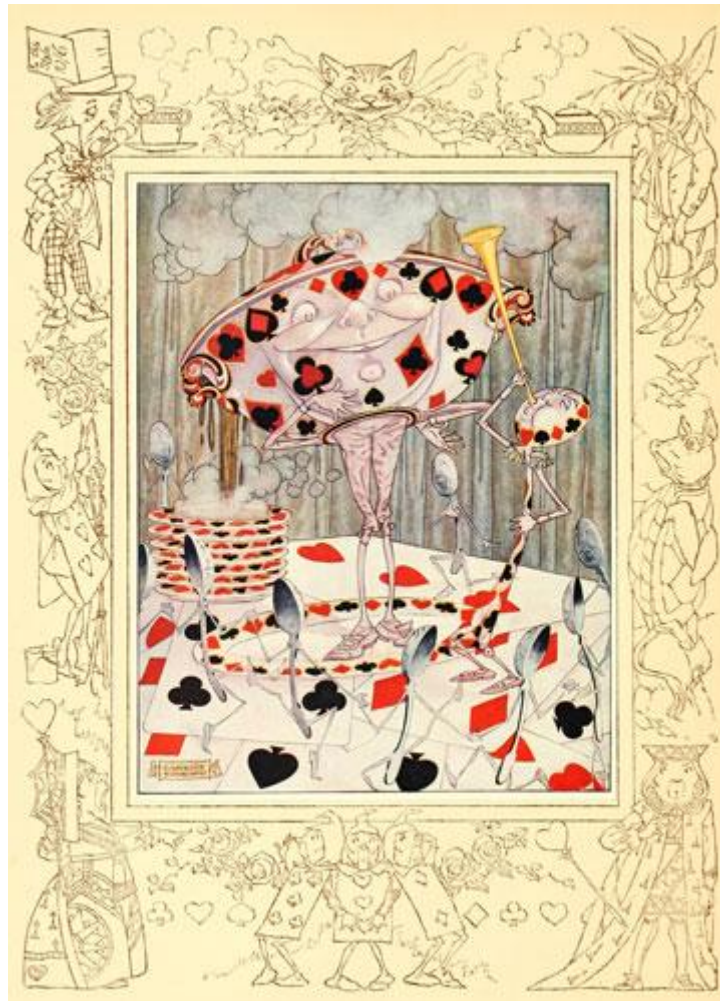
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Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and join the dance.  
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?  
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?"

## 'Tis the Voice of the Lobster

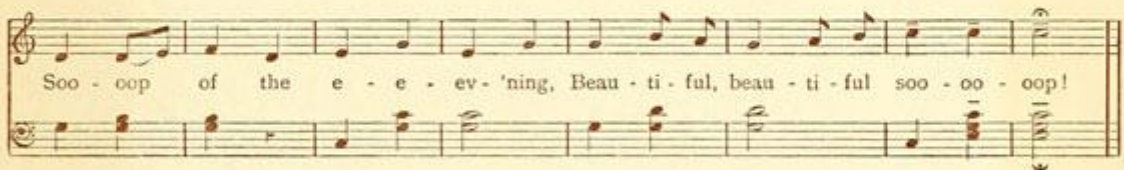
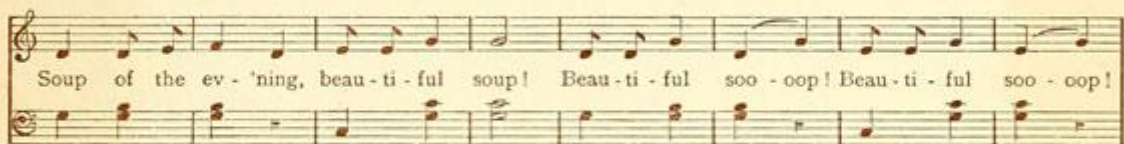
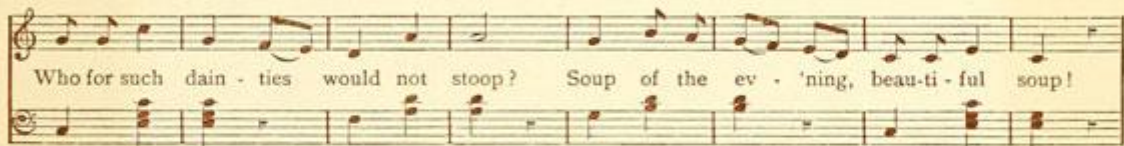
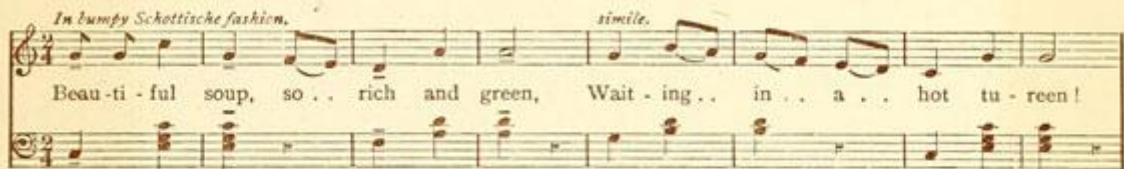




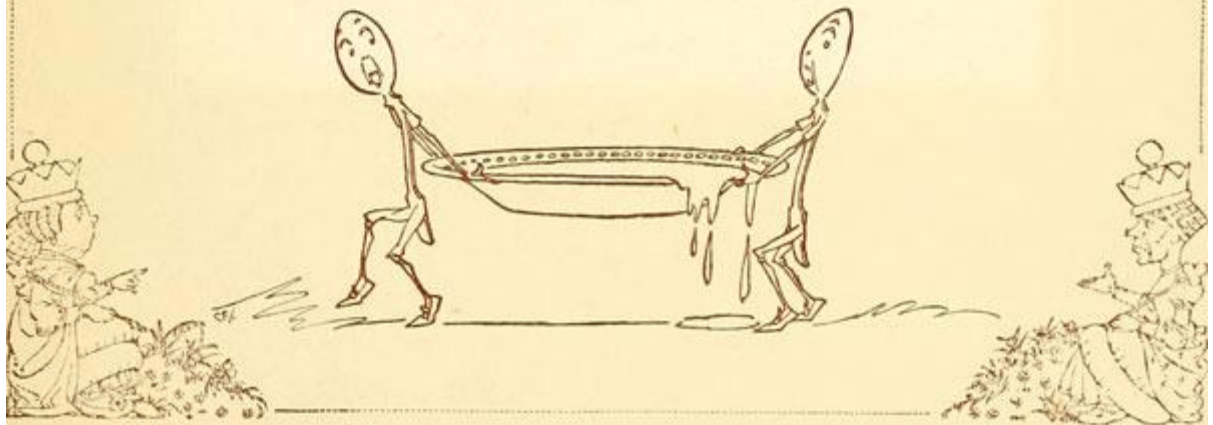
'Tis the voice of the lobster; I heard him declare,  
"You have baked me too brown, I must sugar my hair."  
As a duck with its eyelids, so he with his nose  
Trims his belt and his buttons, and turns out his toes.



**Beautiful Soup**



" Beautiful soup! Who cares for fish,  
Game, or any other dish?  
Who would not give all else for two p-  
ennyworth only of beautiful soup!  
Pennyworth only of beautiful soup!  
Beautiful soo-oop!  
Beautiful soo-oop!  
Soo-oop of the e-e-ev'ning,  
Beautiful, beautiful soo-oo-oop!



Beautiful soup, so rich and green,  
Waiting in a hot tureen!

Who for such dainties would not stoop?  
Soup of the ev'ning, beautiful soup!  
Soup of the ev'ning, beautiful soup!  
Beautiful soo-oop!  
Beautiful soo-oop!  
Soo-oop of the e-e-ev'ning,  
Beautiful, beautiful soo-oo-oop!

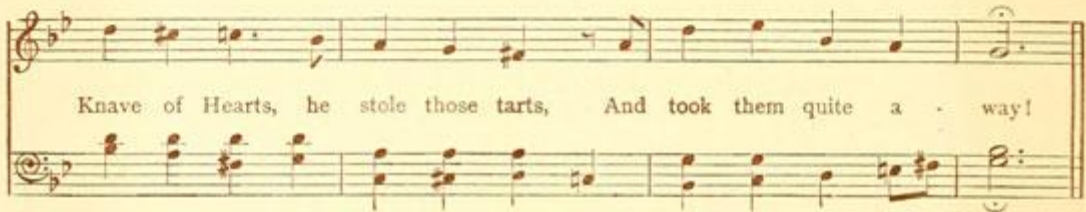
"Beautiful soup! Who cares for fish,  
Game, or any other dish?  
Who would not give all else for two p-  
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Pennyworth only of beautiful soup!  
Beautiful soo-oop!  
Beautiful soo-oop!  
Soo-oop of the e-e-ev'ning,  
Beautiful, beautiful soo-oo-oop!"



## The Queen of Hearts



*Rather slow, and with expression.*



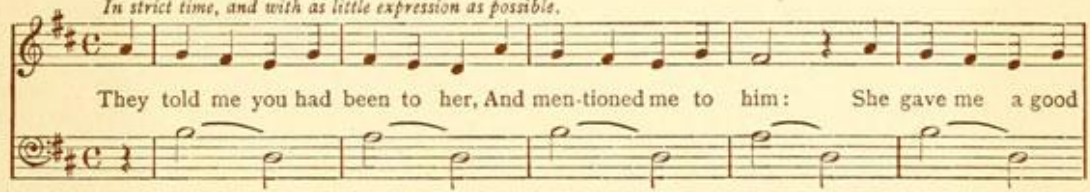
The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts,  
All on a summer day:  
The Knave of Hearts, he stole those tarts,  
And took them quite away!

## Who stole the Tarts

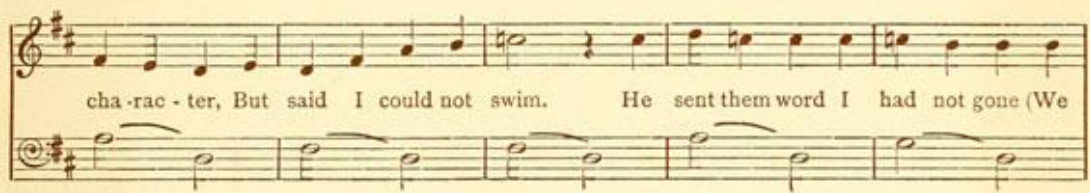


### Who stole the Tarts

*In strict time, and with as little expression as possible.*



They told me you had been to her, And men-tioned me to him: She gave me a good



cha-rac-ter, But said I could not swim. He sent them word I had not gone (We




know it to be true): If she should push the mat-ter on, What would become of you?

I gave her one, they gave him two,  
You gave us three or more;  
They all returned from him to you,  
Though they were mine before.

If I or she should chance to be  
Involved in this affair,  
He trusts to you to set them free,  
Exactly as we were.

My notion was that you had been  
(Before she had this fit)  
An obstacle that came between  
Him, and ourselves, and it.

Don't let him know she liked them best,  
For this must ever be  
A secret, kept from all the rest,  
Between yourself and me.



They told me you had been to her,  
And mentioned me to him:  
She gave me a good character,  
But said I could not swim.

He sent them word I had not gone  
(We know it to be true):  
If she should push the matter on,  
What would become of you?

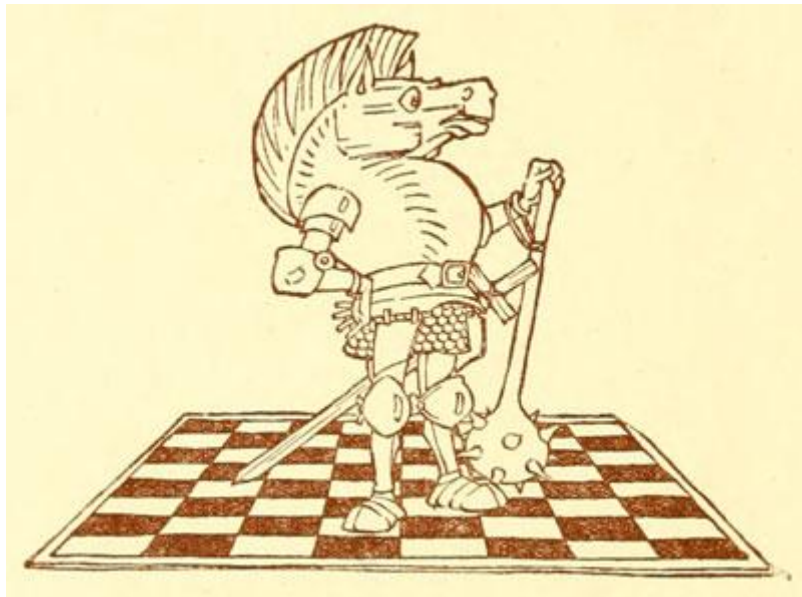
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They all returned from him to you,  
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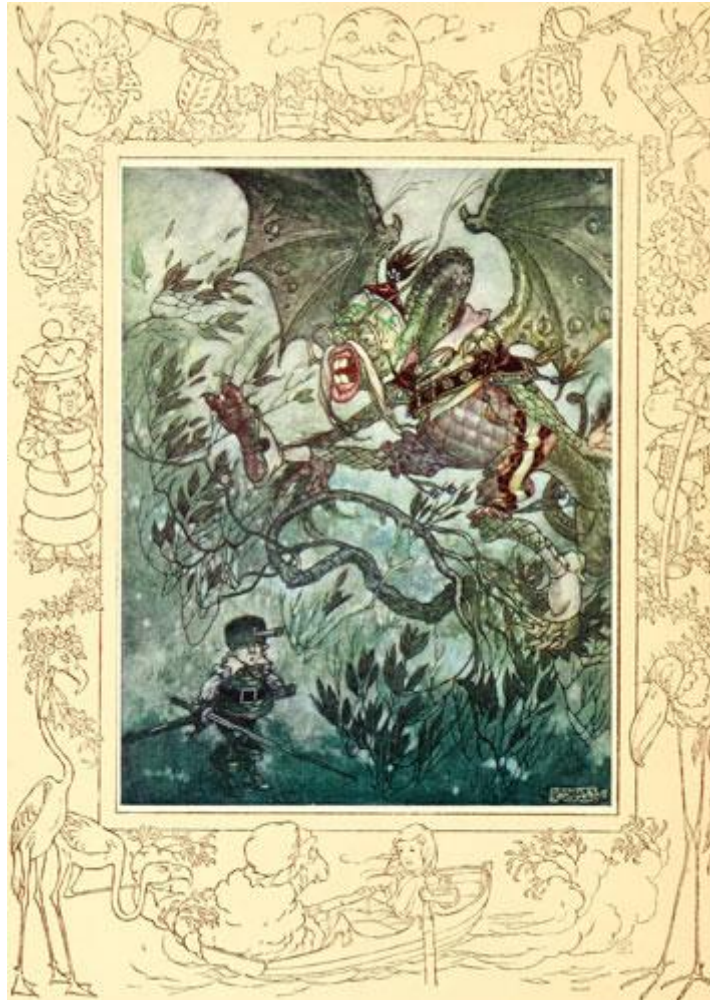
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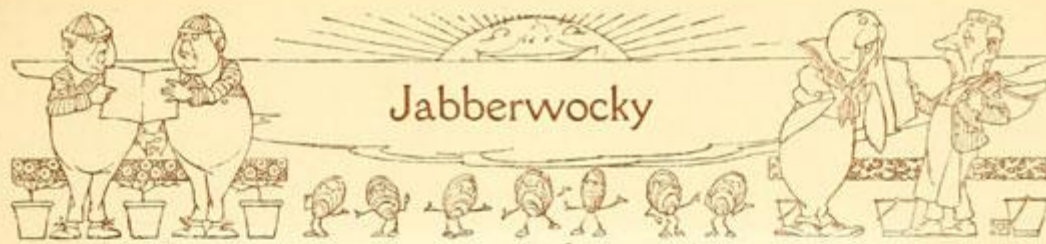




**SONGS FROM  
THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS**

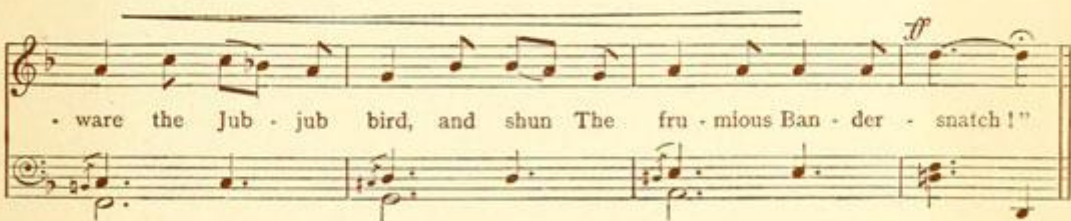
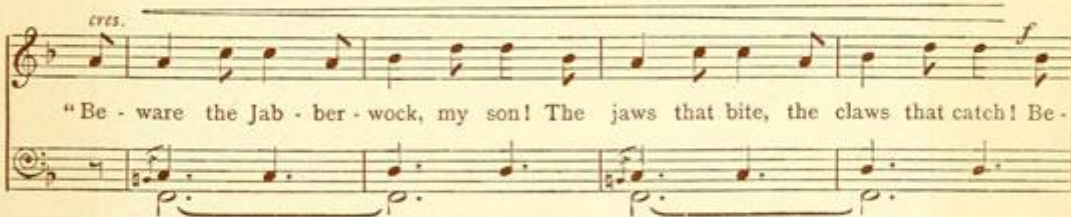
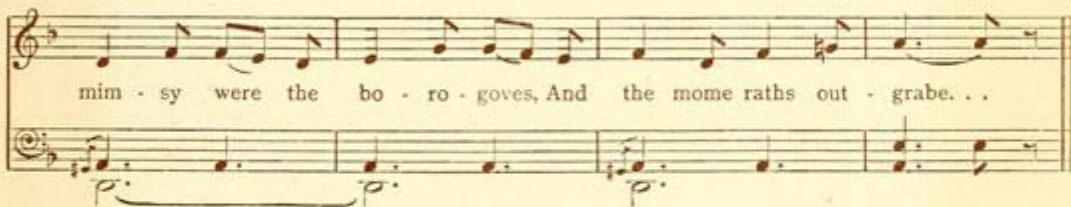
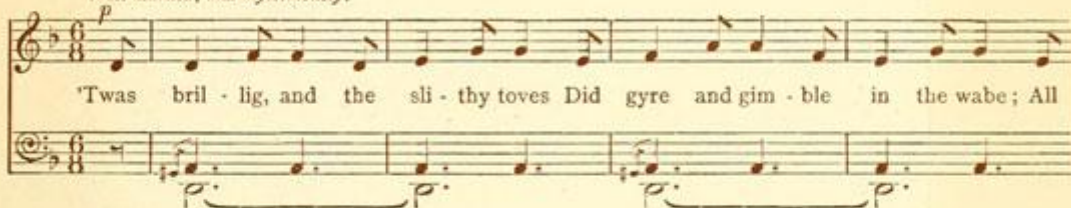


**Jabberwocky**



# Jabberwocky

*Well marked, and mysteriously.*



*Continued on next page.*

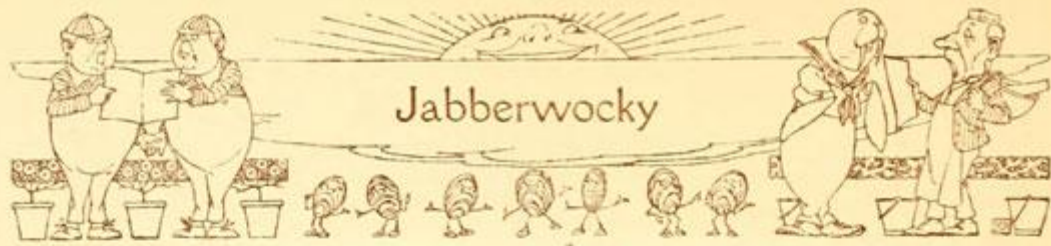


'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;  
All mimsy were the borogoves,

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!"





(CONTINUED.)



He took his vorpal sword in hand:  
Long time the manxome foe he sought—  
So rested he by the Tum-tum 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.



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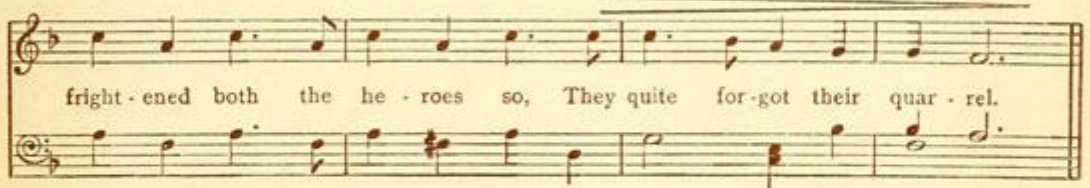
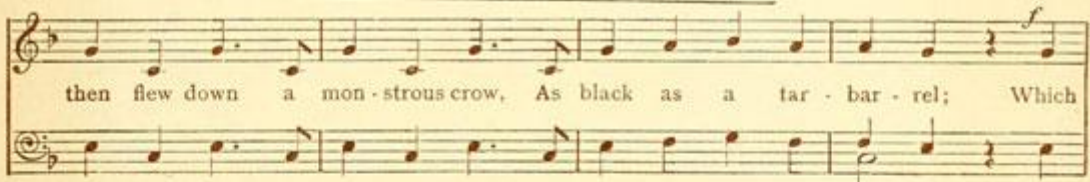
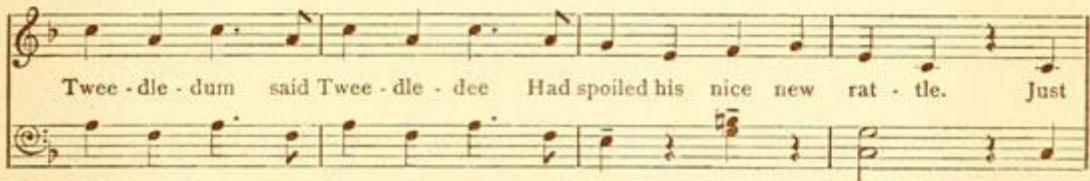
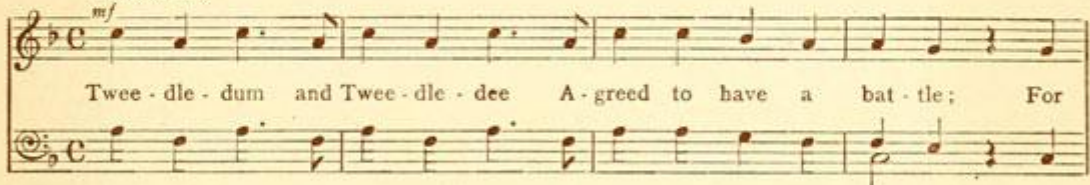
'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.

## Tweedledum and Tweedledee



*In march time.*

*mf*



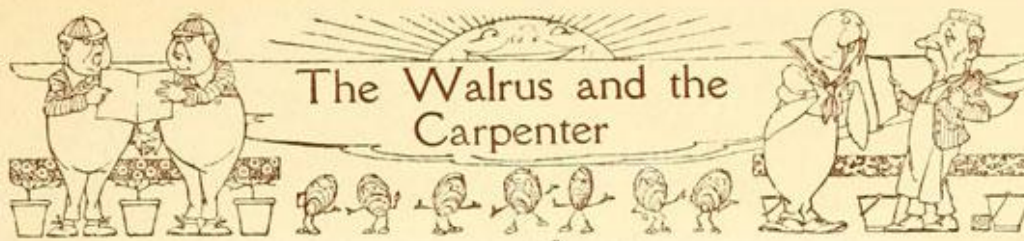
Tweedledum and Tweedledee  
Agreed to have a battle;  
For Tweedledum said Tweedledee  
Had spoiled his nice new rattle.

Just then flew down a monstrous crow,  
As black as a tar barrel;  
Which frightened both the heroes so,  
They quite forgot their quarrel.



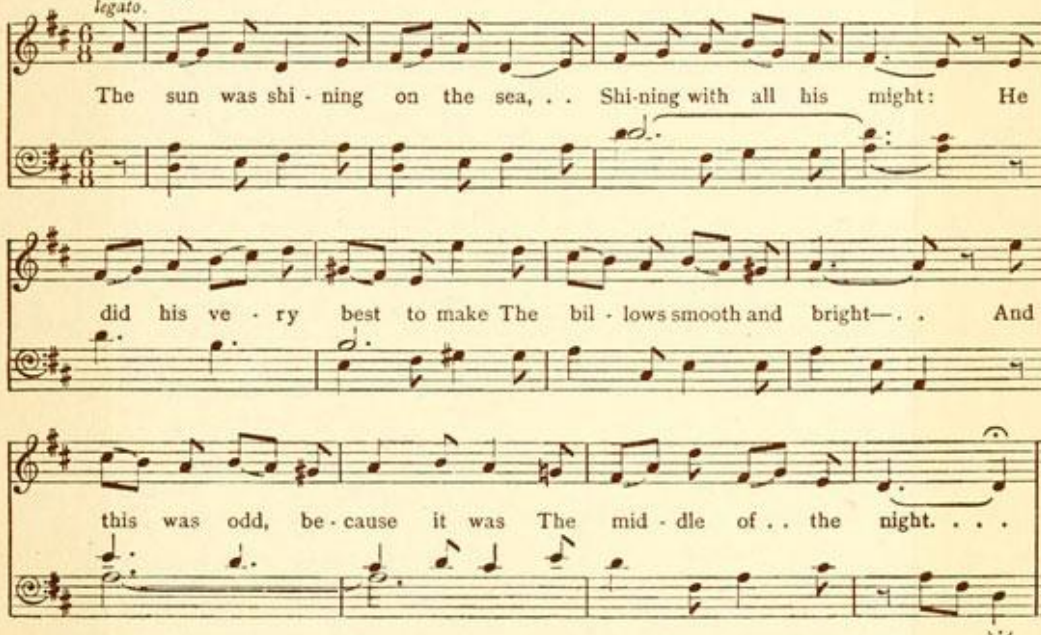


**The Walrus and the Carpenter**



## The Walrus and the Carpenter

*Moderately fast,  
legato.*

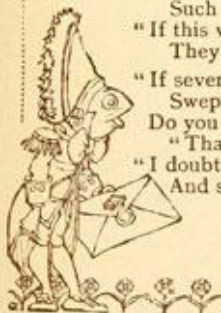


The moon was shining sulkily,  
Because she thought the sun  
Had got no bus'ness to be there  
After the day was done—  
"It's very rude of him," she said,  
"To come and spoil the fun!"

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.



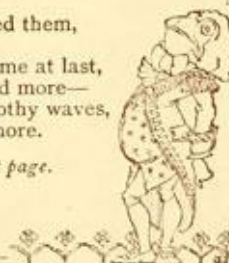
"O, Oysters, come and walk with us!"  
The Walrus did beseech,  
"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,  
Along the briny beach:  
We cannot do with more than four,  
To give a hand to each."

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.

*Continued on next page.*



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 bus'ness 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."

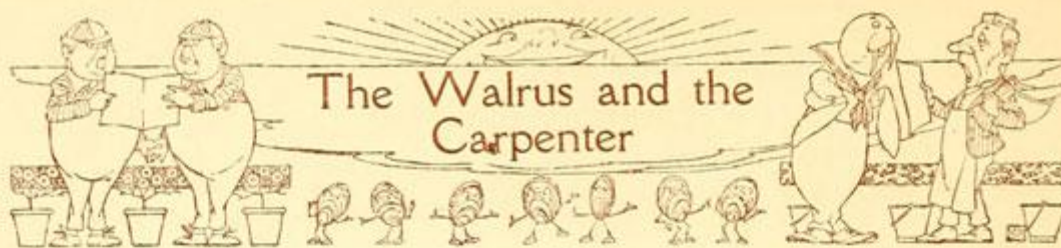
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And yet another four;  
And thick and fast they came at last,  
And more, and more, and more—  
All hopping through the frothy waves,  
And scrambling to the shore.





## The Walrus and the Carpenter

(CONTINUED.)



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.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,  
"Is chiefly what we need:  
Pepper and vinegar, besides,  
Are very good indeed—  
Now, if you're ready, Oysters dear,  
We can begin to feed."

"But not on us!" the Oysters cried,  
Turning a little blue.  
"After such kindness, that would be  
A dismal thing to do!"  
"The night is fine," the Walrus said.  
"Do you admire the view?"

"It was so kind of you to come!  
And you are very nice!"  
The Carpenter said nothing, but  
"Cut us another slice:  
I wish you were not quite so deaf—  
I've had to ask you twice!"

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,  
"To play them such a trick,  
After we've brought them out so far,  
And made them trot so quick!"  
The Carpenter said nothing, but  
"The butter's spread too thick!"

"I weep for you," the Walrus said:  
"I deeply sympathize,"  
With sobs and tears he sorted out  
Those of the largest size,  
Holding his pocket-handkerchief  
Before his streaming eyes.

"Oh, Oysters," said the Carpenter,  
"You've had a pleasant run!  
Shall we be trotting home again?"  
But answer came there none—  
And this was scarcely odd, because  
They'd eaten every one.



Walked on a mile or so,  
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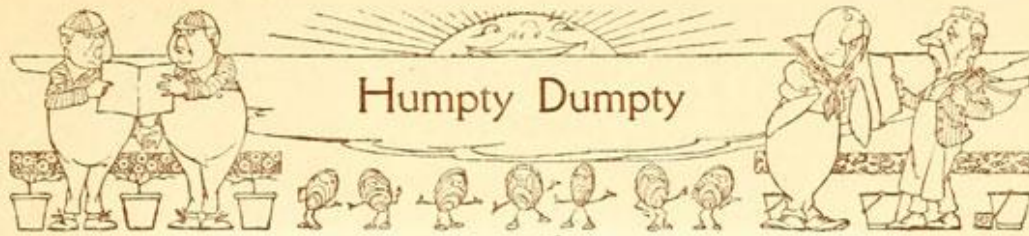
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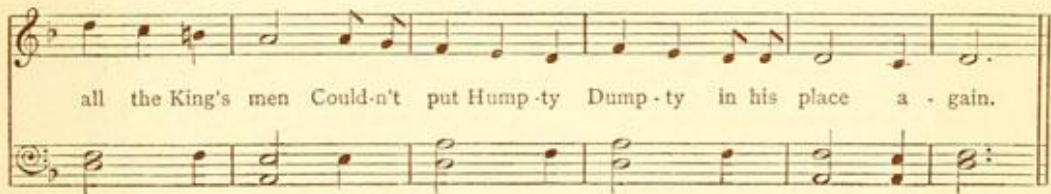
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# Humpty Dumpty



*Rather briskly.*





Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall:  
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.  
All the King's horses and all the King's men  
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty in his place again.

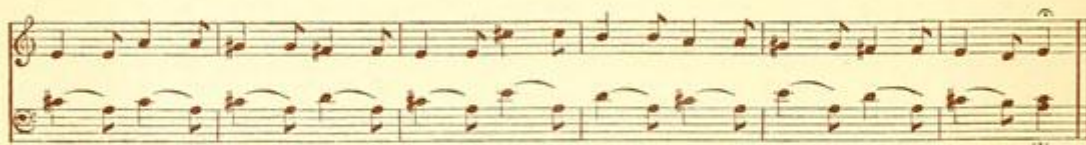


**The Message to the Fish**



## The Message to the Fish

(CONTINUED.)



I sent a message to the fish:  
I told them "This is what I wish."

The little fishes of the sea  
They sent an answer back to me.

The little fishes' answer was  
"We cannot do it, sir, because—"

I sent to them again to say  
"It will be better to obey."

The fishes answered, with a grin,  
"Why, what a temper you are in!"

I told them once, I told them twice:  
They would not listen to advice.

I took a kettle large and new,  
Fit for the deed I had to do.

My heart went hop, my heart went thump;  
I filled the kettle at the pump.

Then some one came to me, and said,  
"The little fishes are in bed."

I said to him, I said it plain,  
"Then you must wake them up again."

I said it very loud and clear;  
I went and shouted in his ear.

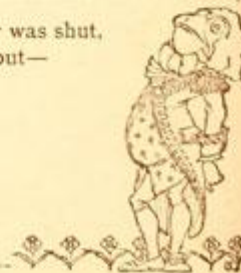
But he was very stiff and proud;  
He said, "You needn't shout so loud!"

And he was very proud and stiff;  
He said, "I'd go and wake them, if—"

I took a corkscrew from the shelf:  
I went to wake them up myself.

And when I found the door was locked,  
I pulled and pushed, and kicked and knocked.

And when I found the door was shut,  
I tried to turn the handle, but—



In winter, when the fields are white,  
I sing this song for your delight—

In spring, when woods are getting green,  
I'll try and tell you what I mean.

In summer, when the days are long,  
Perhaps you'll understand the song:

In autumn, when the leaves are brown,  
Take pen and ink, and write it down.





## The Message to the Fish

(CONTINUED.)



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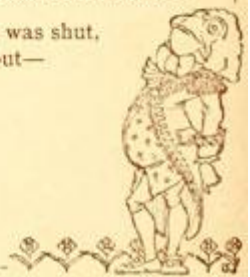
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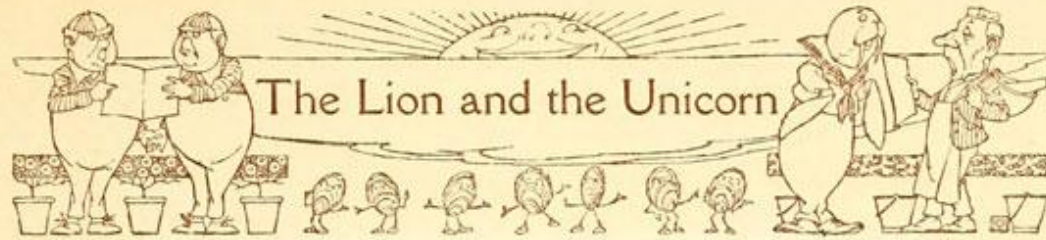
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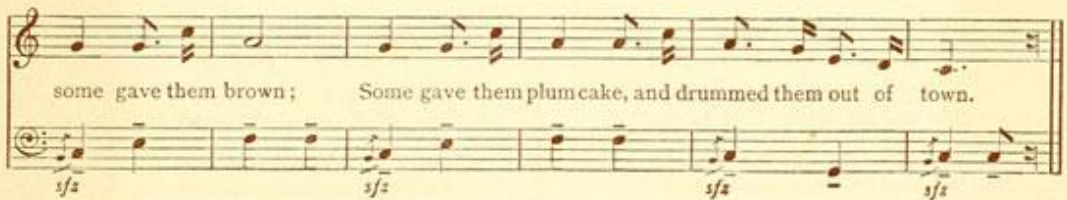
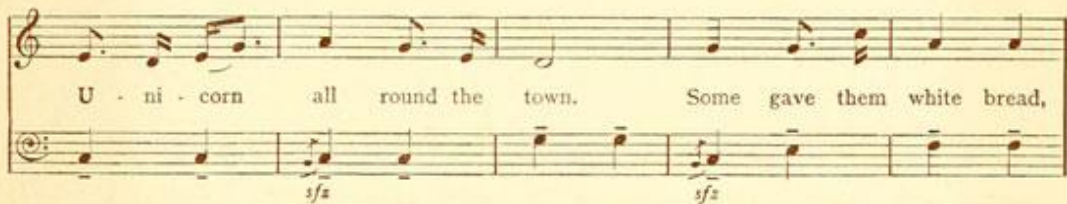
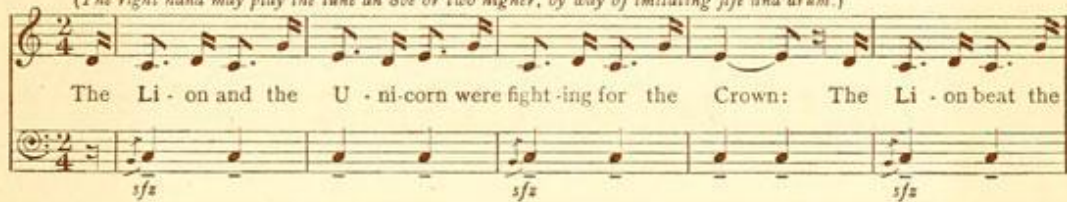
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## The Lion and the Unicorn



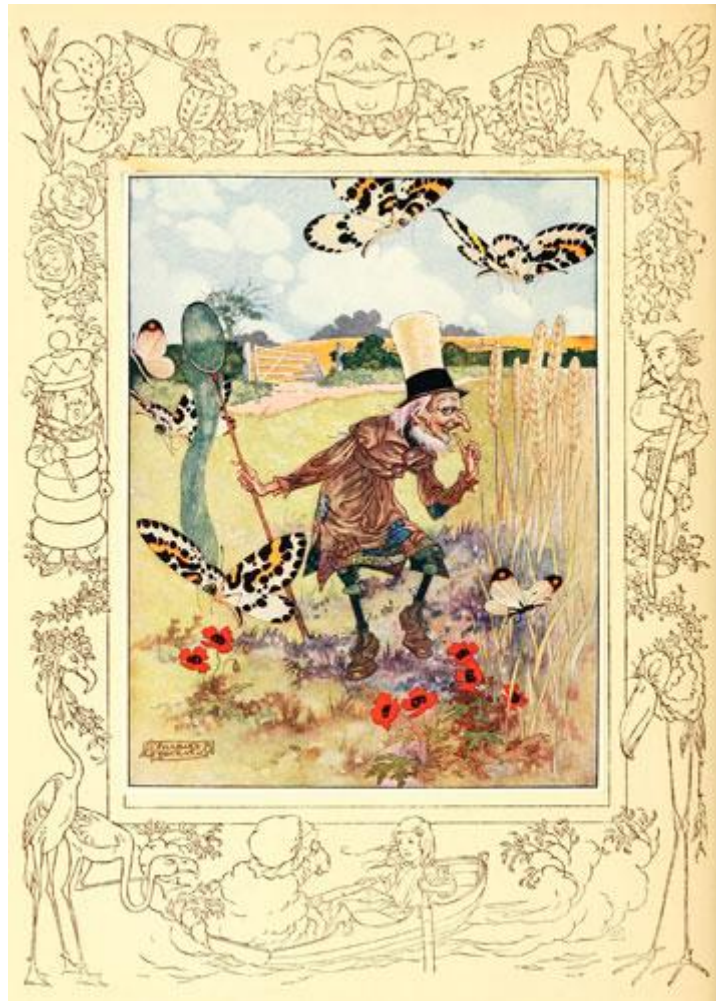
*In march time.*

*(The right hand may play the tune an 8ve or two higher, by way of imitating fife and drum.)*



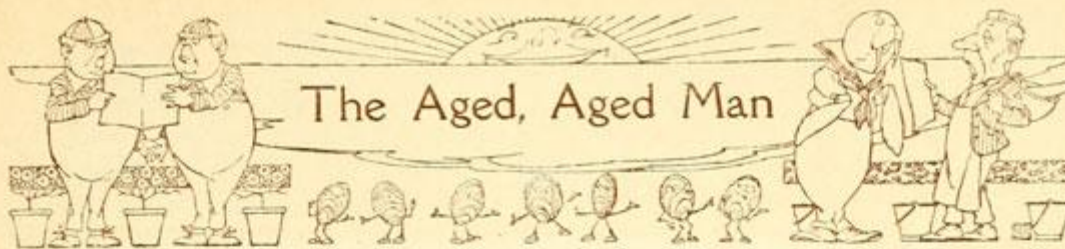
The Lion and the Unicorn were fighting for the Crown:  
The Lion beat the Unicorn all round the town.  
Some gave them white bread, some gave them brown;  
Some gave them plum cake, and drummed them out of town.





### **The Aged, Aged Man**

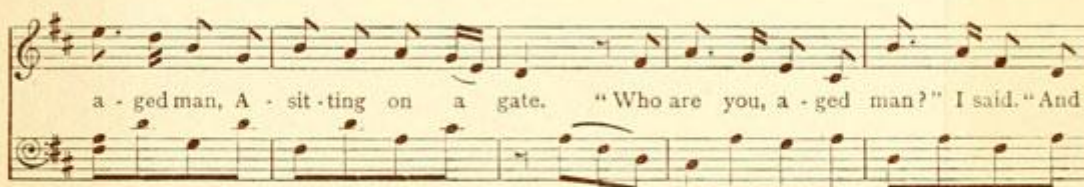
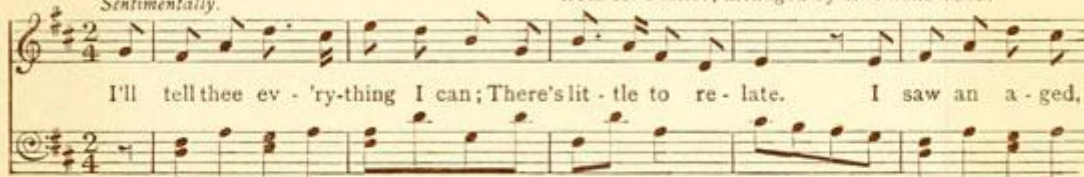
Tune "I give thee all, I can no more," adapted by T. MOORE  
from H. BISHOP, arranged by L. BROADWOOD.



## The Aged, Aged Man

Tune "I give thee all, I can no more," adapted by T. MOORE  
from H. BISHOP, arranged by L. BROADWOOD.

*Sentimentally.*



He said, "I look for butterflies  
That sleep among the wheat;  
I make them into mutton pies,  
And sell them in the street.  
I sell them unto men," he said,  
"Who sail on stormy seas;  
And that's the way I get my bread—  
A trifle, if you please."

But I was thinking of a plan  
To dye one's whiskers green,  
And always use so large a fan  
That they should not be seen.  
So, having no reply to give  
To what the old man said,  
I cried, "Come, tell me how you live!"  
And thumped him on the head.

His accents mild took up the tale:  
He said "I go my ways,  
And when I find a mountain rill,  
I set it in a blaze;  
And thence they make a stuff they call  
Rowlands' Macassar Oil—  
Yet two-pence-halfpenny is all  
They give me for my toil!"

But I was thinking of a way  
To feed oneself on batter,  
And so go on from day to day  
Getting a little fatter.  
I shook him well from side to side,  
Until his face was blue:  
"Come, tell me how you live," I cried,  
"And what it is you do!"

*Continued on next page.*



I'll tell thee ev'rything I can;  
There's little to relate.

I saw an aged, aged man,  
A-sitting on a gate.  
"Who are you, aged man?" I said.  
"And how is it you live?"  
And his answer trickled through my head  
Like water through a sieve.

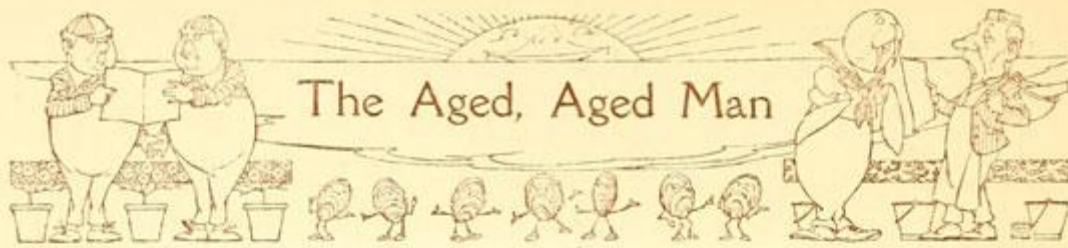
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"Come, tell me how you live," I cried,  
"And what it is you do!"





## The Aged, Aged Man

(CONTINUED.)



He said, "I hunt for haddocks' eyes  
Among the heather bright,  
And work them into waistcoat-buttons  
In the silent night.  
And these I do not sell for gold  
Or coin of silv'ry shine,  
But for a copper halfpenny,  
And that will purchase nine."

"I sometimes dig for buttered rolls,  
Or set limed twigs for crabs;  
I sometimes search the grassy knolls  
For wheels of Hansom-cabs!  
And that 's the way" (he gave a wink)  
"By which I get my wealth—  
And very gladly will I drink  
Your honour's noble health."

I heard him then, for I had just  
Completed my design  
To keep the Menai bridge from rust  
By boiling it in wine.  
I thanked him much for telling me  
The way he got his wealth,  
But chiefly for his wish that he  
Might drink my noble health.

*Last verse on next page.*



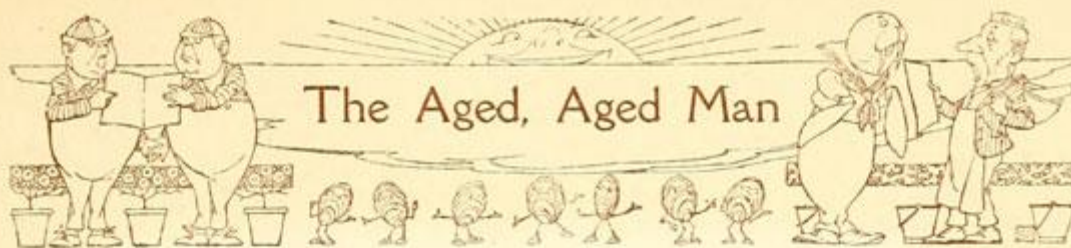
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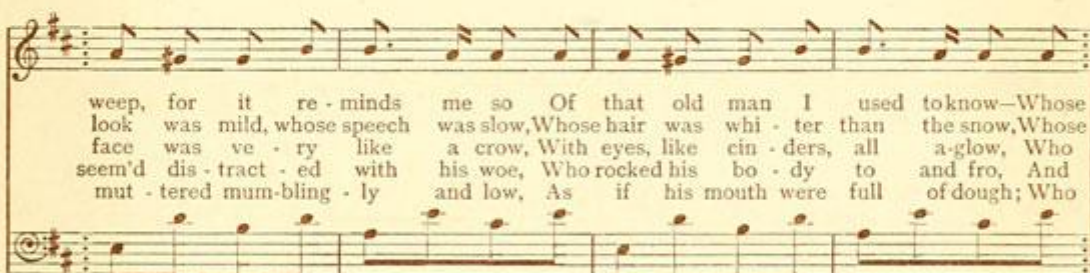
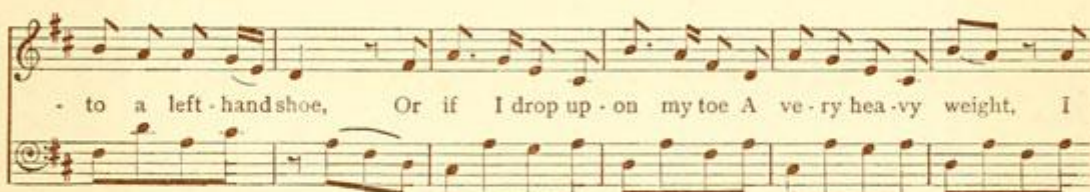
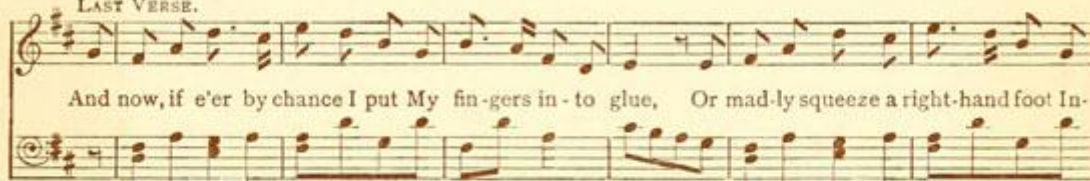
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## The Aged, Aged Man

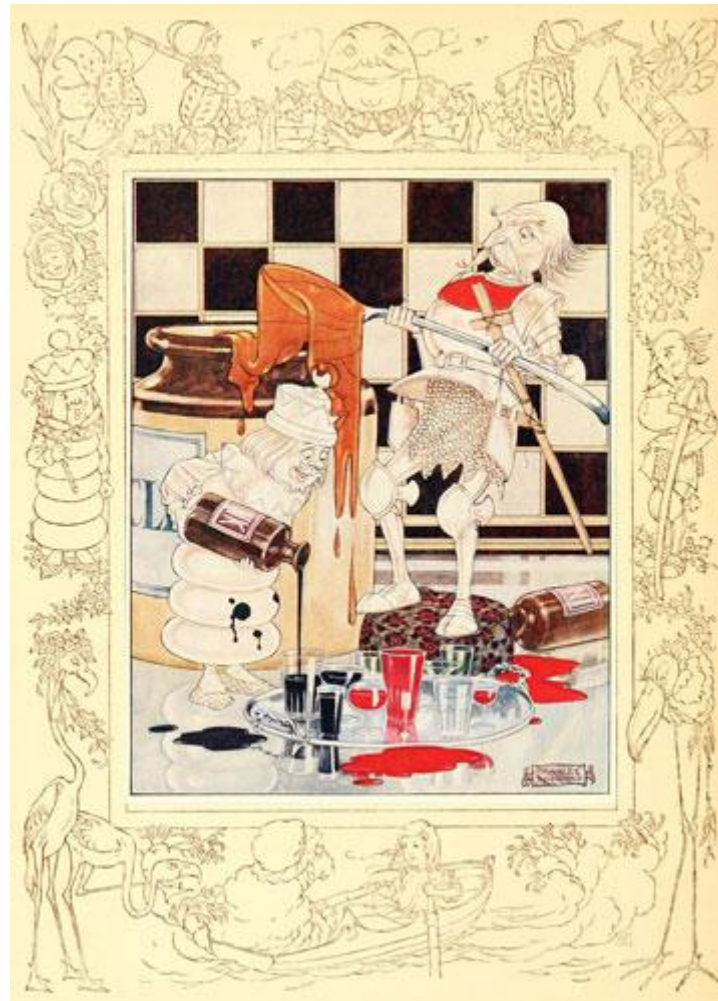
(CONTINUED.)

LAST VERSE.



And now, if e'er by chance I put  
My fingers into glue,

Or madly squeeze a right-hand foot  
Into a left-hand shoe,  
Or if I drop upon my toe  
A very heavy weight,  
I weep, for it reminds me so  
Of that old man I used to know—  
Whose look was mild, whose speech was slow,  
Whose hair was whiter than the snow,  
Whose face was very like a crow,  
With eyes, like cinders, all a-glow,  
Who seem'd distracted with his woe,  
Who rocked his body to and fro,  
And muttered mumblingly and low,  
As if his mouth were full of dough;  
Who snorted like a buffalo  
That summer ev'ning, long ago,  
A-sitting on a gate!



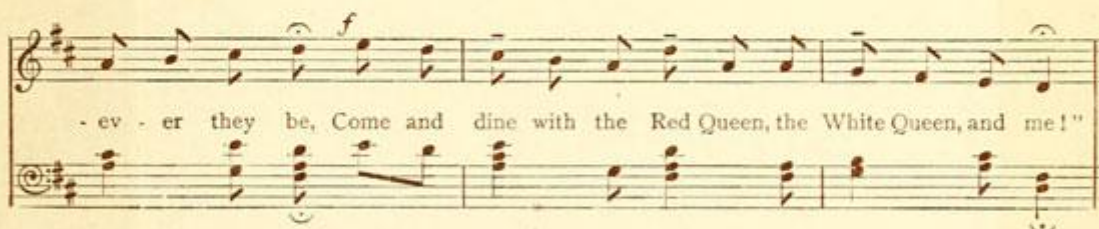
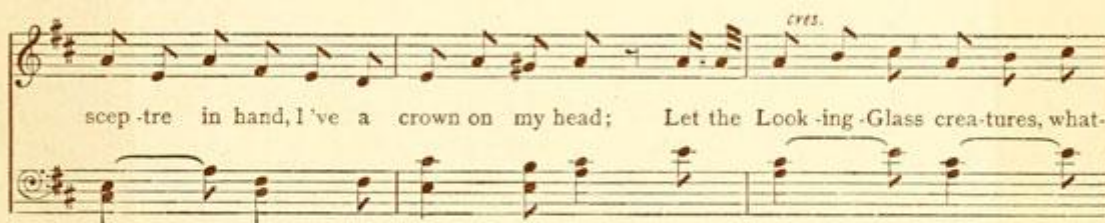
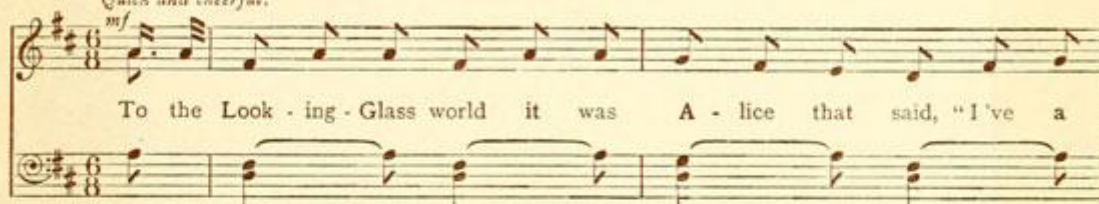
Queen Alice





## Queen Alice

*Quick and cheerful.*



Then fill up the glasses as quick as you can,  
And sprinkle the table with buttons and bran:  
Put cats in the coffee, and mice in the tea—  
And welcome Queen Alice with thirty-times-three!

"Oh, Looking-Glass creatures," quoth Alice, "draw near!  
'Tis an honour to see me, a favour to hear:  
'Tis a privilege high to have dinner and tea  
Along with the Red Queen, the White Queen, and me!"

Then fill up the glasses with treacle and ink,  
Or anything else that is pleasant to drink;  
Mix sand with the cider, and wool with the wine—  
And welcome Queen Alice with ninety-times-nine!



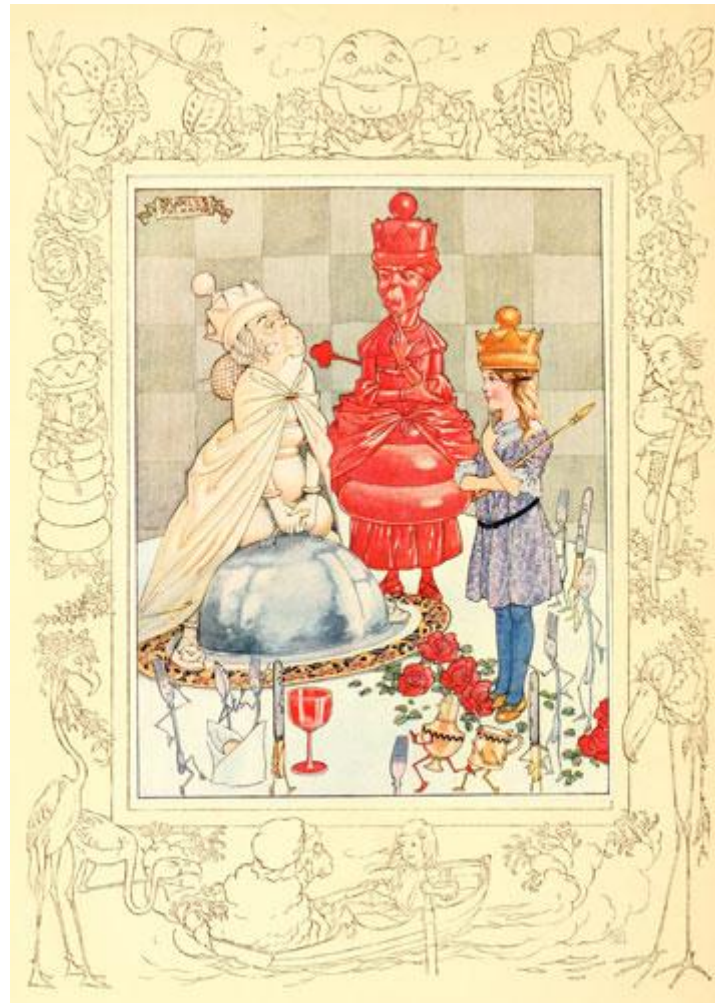
To the Looking-Glass world it was Alice that said,  
"I've a sceptre in hand, I've a crown on my head;

Let the Looking-Glass creatures, whatever they be,  
Come and dine with the Red Queen, the White Queen, and me!"

Then fill up the glasses as quick as you can,  
And sprinkle the table with buttons and bran:  
Put cats in the coffee, and mice in the tea—  
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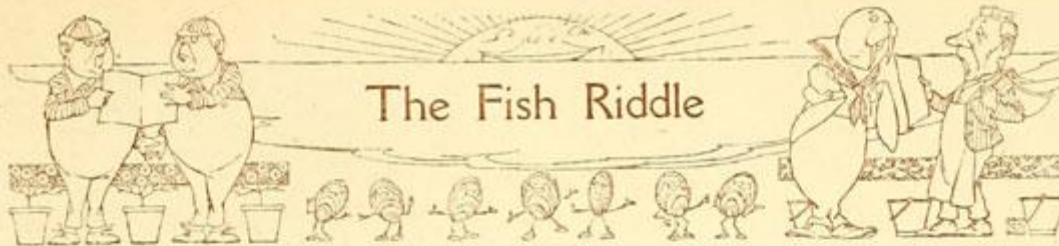
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**The Fish Riddle**





*Moderately brisk.*

1. "First, the fish must be caught." That is ea-sy: a ba-by, I think, could have caught it. "Next, the  
2. "Bring it here! Let me sup!" It is ea-sy to set such a dish on the ta-ble. "Take the

fish must be bought." That is ea-sy: a pen-ny, I think, would have bought it. "Now,  
dish-co-ver up!" Ah, that is so hard that I fear I'm un-a-ble! For it

cook me the fish!" That is ea-sy, and will not take more than a min-ute. "Let it  
holds it like glue—Holds the lid to the dish, while it lies in the mid-dle: Which is

lie in a dish!" That is ea-sy, be-cause it al-re-a-dy is in it! . . .  
ea-siest to do, Un-dish-cov-er the fish, or dish-cov-er the rid-dle? . . .



1. "First, the fish must be caught."  
That is easy: a baby, I think, could have caught it.



"Next, the fish must be bought."

That is easy: a penny, I think, would have bought it.

"Now, cook me the fish!"

That is easy, and will not take more than a minute.

"Let it lie in a dish!"

That is easy, because it already is in it!

2. "Bring it here! Let me sup!"

It is easy to set such a dish on the table.

"Take the dish-cover up!"

Ah, that is so hard that I fear I'm unable!

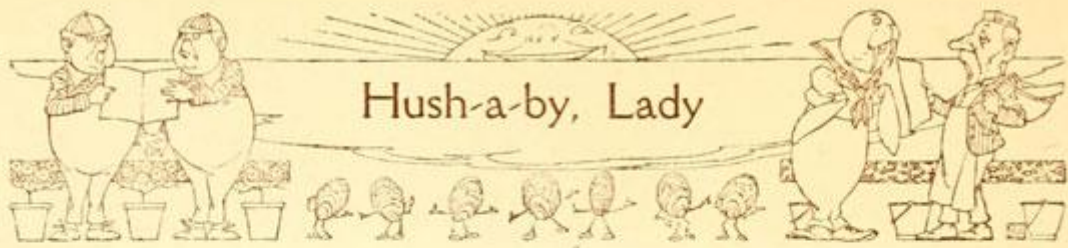
For it holds it like glue—

Holds the lid to the dish, while it lies in the middle:

Which is easiest to do,

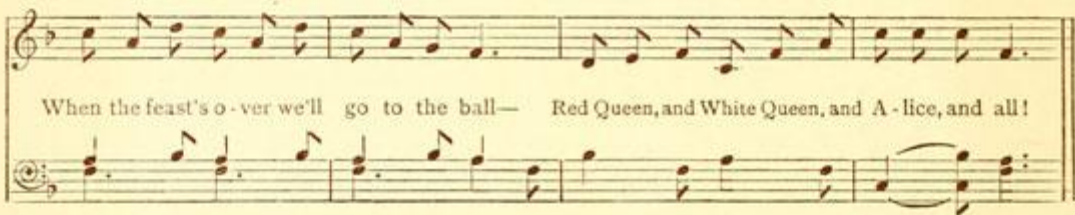
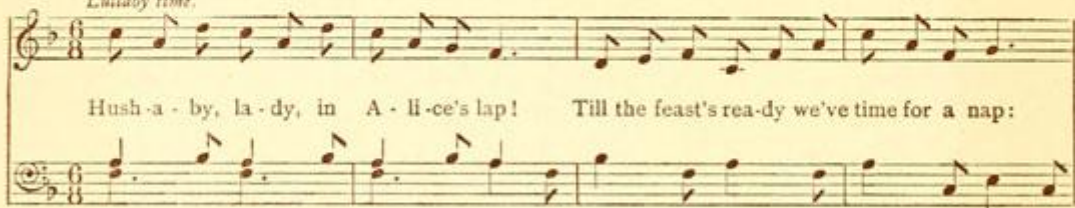
Undish-cover the fish, or dish-cover the riddle?

## Hush-a-by, Lady



### Hush-a-by, Lady

*Lullaby time.*



Hush-a-by, lady, in Alice's lap!  
Till the feast's ready we've time for a nap:  
When the feast's over we'll go to the ball—  
Red Queen, and White Queen, and Alice, and all!

***Free***editorial 