

## Donovan

### "The Walrus and the Carpenter"

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Presenta the grand circo! The prima del mondo!  
La grand successo! Giulia Nova Vittorio!  
Fantastico! Magnifico! Spectaculario!

Here, Alice ventured to interrupt.  
"It's very long," she said as politely as she could,  
"Will you tell me first which road ?"  
Tweedledum smiled gently and began again.

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 their 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.

"A loaf of bread," the walrus said, "is what we chiefly need,

Pepper and vinegar besides, are very good indeed.

Now if you're ready oysters dear, we can begin to feed."

"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 sympathise."  
With sobs and tears he sorted out those of the largest size,  
Holding his pocket handkerchief before his streaming eyes.

"O oysters," said the carpenter, "You've had a pleasant run  
Trotting home again ? " But answer came there none.  
And this was scarcely odd because they'd eaten every one,  
They'd eaten every one

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