

## Marianne Faithfull "Jaberwock"

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'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 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 mimsey were the borogroves  
And the mome raths outgrabe.

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