**Jabberwocky by Lewis Carroll**

‘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!"

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

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.