

The Project Gutenberg eBook of Songs From Alice in Wonderland and Through the Looking-Glass, by Lewis Carroll

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Author: Lewis Carroll

Composer: Lucy Etheldred Broadwood

Illustrator: Charles Folkard

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK SONGS FROM ALICE IN WONDERLAND AND THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS ***

Transcriber's Note: Click on the [Listen] link to hear the music (midi). Click on the [XML] link to view or download the music notation in MusicXML format. Click on the [PDF] link to view, download, or print sheet music in PDF format.

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SONGS FROM ALICE IN WONDERLAND AND THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS

SONGS FROM
ALICE IN WONDERLAND
AND
THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS⁹



WORDS BY LEWIS CARROLL
MUSIC BY LUCY E. BROADWOOD
ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES FOLKARD

[\[Enlarge\]](#)

**WORDS BY LEWIS CARROLL
MUSIC BY LUCY E. BROADWOOD
ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES FOLKARD**



[\[Enlarge\]](#)

**SONGS FROM
ALICE IN WONDERLAND**

AND THROUGH THE LOOKING- GLASS

WORDS BY LEWIS CARROLL
MUSIC BY LUCY E. BROADWOOD
ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES
FOLKARD



A. & C. BLACK, LTD., 4, 5 & 6, SOHO SQUARE, LONDON, W. 1.

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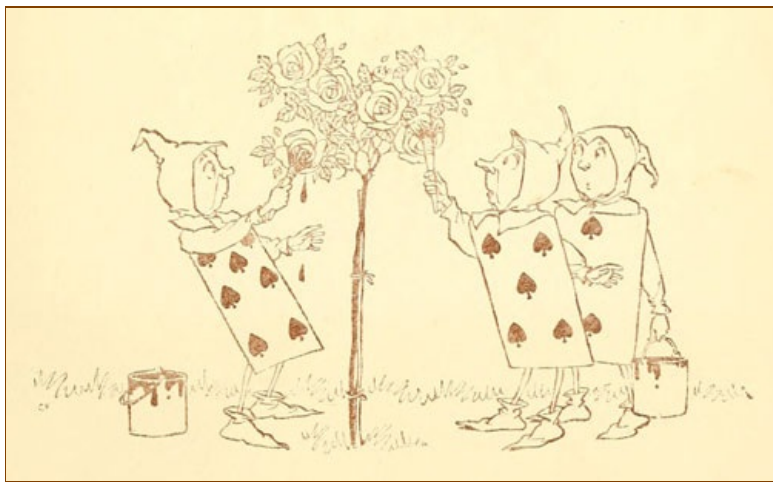
It has been found necessary to slightly alter the original arrangement of the songs; "[Pig and Pepper](#)" and "[Twinkle, twinkle, little Bat!](#)" have been transposed, and "[Hush-a-by, Lady](#)" has been placed last instead of before "[Queen Alice](#)."



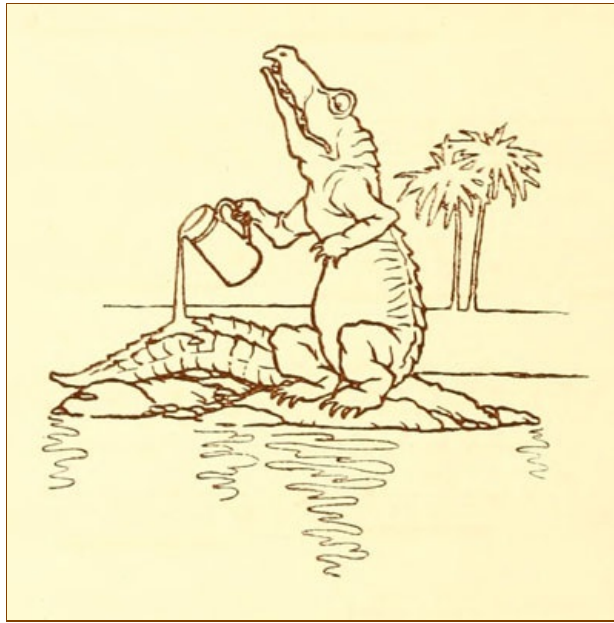
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BY
CHARLES FOLKARD.

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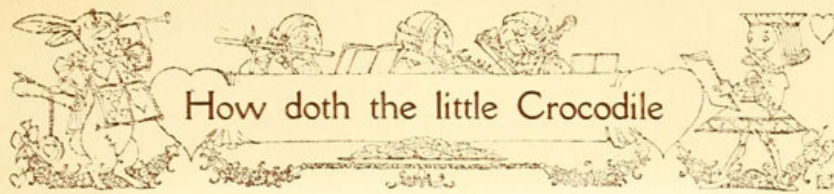


SONGS FROM ALICE IN WONDERLAND



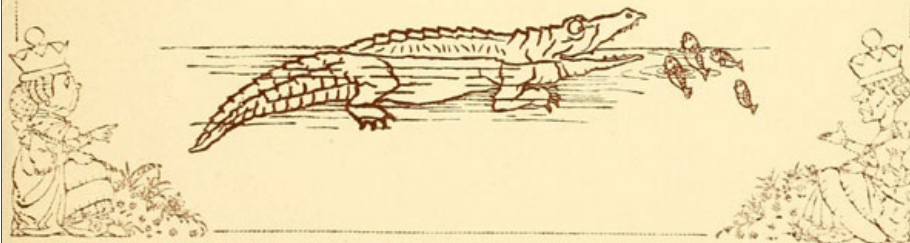
How doth the little Crocodile

[\[Listen\]](#) [\[XML\]](#) [\[PDF\]](#)



*Moderately quick.
sempre legato.*

How doth the lit - tle croc - o - dile Im - prove his shi - ning tail, And
pour the wa - ters of the Nile On ev - 'ry gold - en scale! How
animato.
cheer - ful - ly he seems to grin, How neat - ly spreads his claws, And
wel - comes lit - tle fish - es in With gen - tly smi - ling jaws!



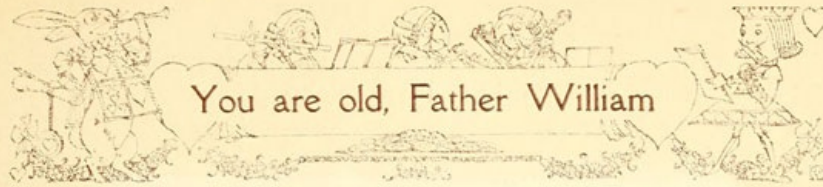
How doth the little crocodile
Improve his shining tail,
And pour the waters of the Nile
On ev'ry golden scale!
How cheerfully he seems to grin,
How neatly spreads his claws,
And welcomes little fishes in
With gently smiling jaws!



[\[Enlarge\]](#)

You are old, Father William

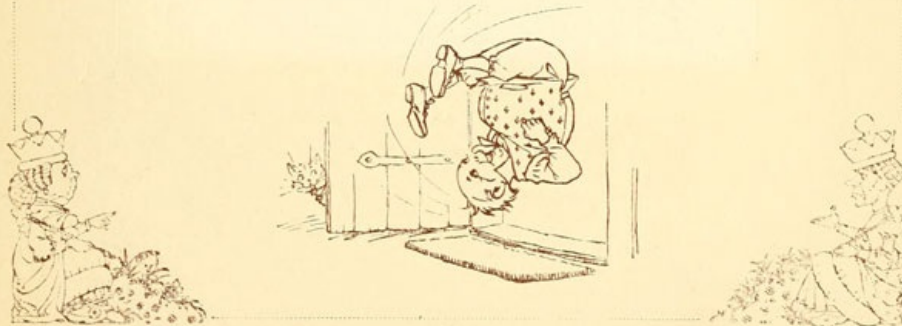
[\[Listen\]](#) [\[XML\]](#) [\[PDF\]](#)



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?" "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."



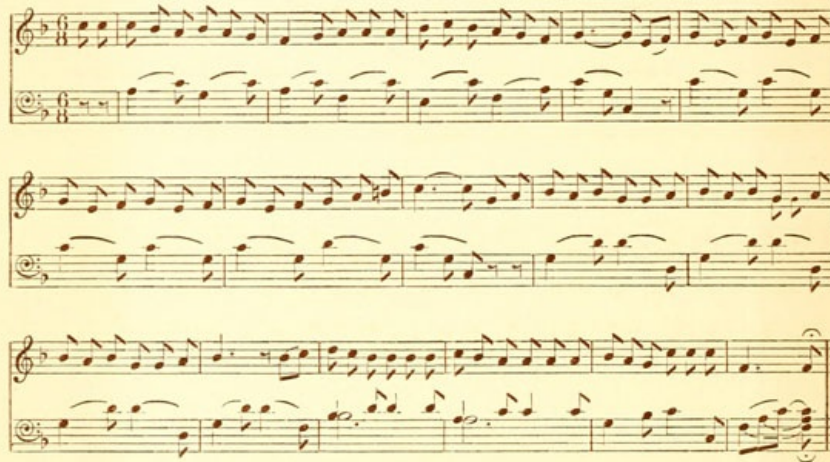
"You are old, Father William," the young man said,
"And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"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!"



"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."

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Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak—
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And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw,
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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!"

Twinkle, twinkle, little Bat

-15-

[\[Listen\]](#) [\[XML\]](#) [\[PDF\]](#)

The image shows a page from a children's music book. At the top, there is a decorative border with a bat on the left and a king on the right. The title "Twinkle, twinkle, little Bat" is written in a decorative font in the center. Below the title, the musical score is presented in two systems. The first system is marked "Cheerful and quick." and contains the first two lines of the song. The second system contains the next two lines. The lyrics are: "Twin - kle, twin - kle, lit - tle bat! How I won - der what you're at! Up a - bove the world you fly, Like a tea - tray in the sky!". Below the music, there is a large illustration of a tea set (teapot, cups, and saucers) on a tray, floating in the sky. A crescent moon is also visible, and a bat is flying near it. In the bottom corners, there are small illustrations of a king and a queen.

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

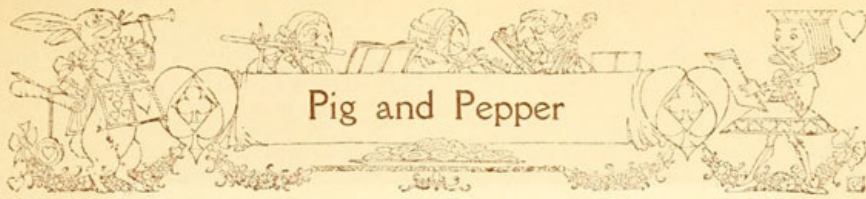
-16-



[\[Enlarge\]](#)

Pig and Pepper

[\[Listen\]](#) [\[XML\]](#) [\[PDF\]](#)



Pig and Pepper

Rather slow, and marked.

"Speak rough-ly to your lit-tle boy, And beat him when he sneez-es; He

CHORUS. slower.

on-ly does it to an-noy, Be-cause he knows it teas-es." 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!



"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!

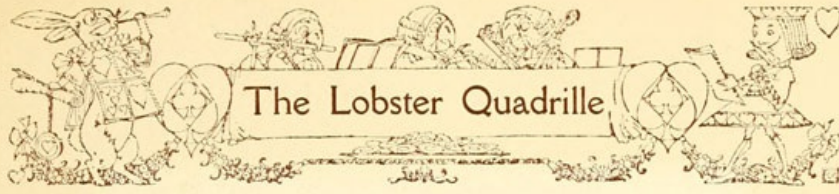
"I speak severely to my boy,
 I beat him when he sneezes;
 For he can thoroughly enjoy
 The pepper when he pleases."
 Wow! Wow! Wow!



[\[Enlarge\]](#)

The Lobster Quadrille

[\[Listen\]](#) [\[XML\]](#) [\[PDF\]](#)

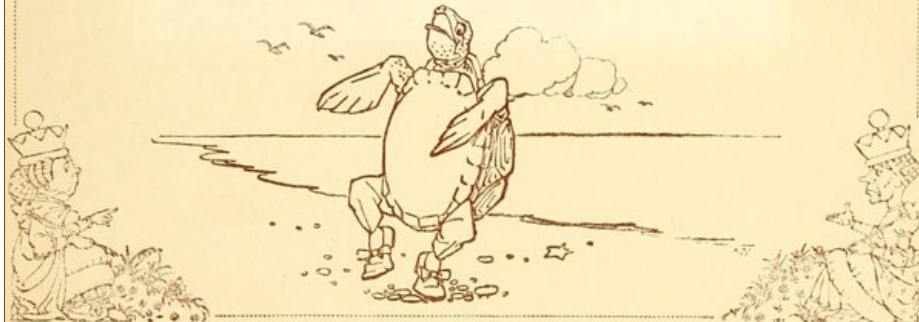


The Lobster Quadrille

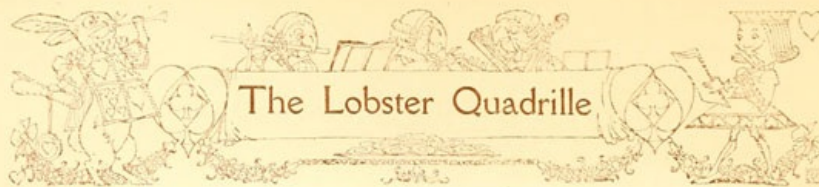
In lively time.

“Will you walk a lit - tie 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)



"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?"



"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?"

'Tis the Voice of the Lobster

[\[Listen\]](#) [\[XML\]](#) [\[PDF\]](#)



'Tis the Voice of the Lobster

In dance time.

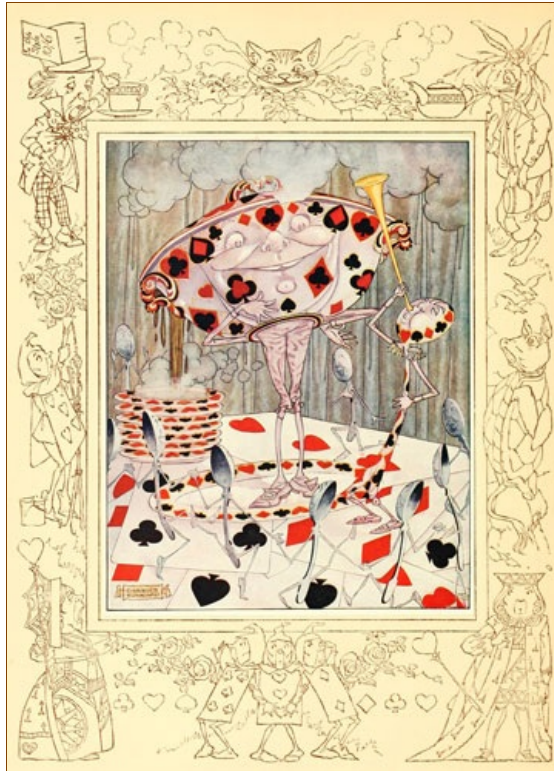
'Tis the voice of the lob-ster; I heard him de-clare, "You have

baked me too brown, I must su-gar my hair." As a duck with its eye-lids, so

he with his nose Trims his belt and his but-tons, and turns out his toes.



'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.



[\[Enlarge\]](#)

Beautiful Soup

[\[Listen\]](#) [\[XML\]](#) [\[PDF\]](#)

Beautiful Soup

In bumpy Schottische fashion. *simile.*

Beau-ti-ful soup, so . . rich and green, Wait-ing . . in . . a . . hot tu-reen!

Who for such dain-ties would not stoop? Soup of the ev-'ning, beau-ti-ful soup!

Soup of the ev-'ning, beau-ti-ful soup! Beau-ti-ful soo-oop! Beau-ti-ful soo-oop!

Soo-oop of the e-e-ev-'ning, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful soo-oo-oop!

"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-
 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!"

Transcriber's Note: The hyphen at the end of the third line of the second verse is deliberate in the original, so that "two p-" pronounced as one syllable rhymes with "soup."

The Queen of Hearts

[\[Listen\]](#) [\[XML\]](#) [\[PDF\]](#)



The Queen of Hearts

Rather slow, and with expression.

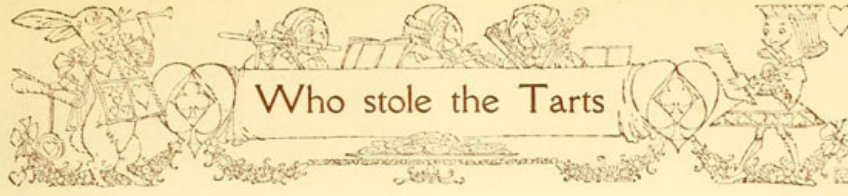
The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts, All on a sum-mer day: . . . The
Knave of Hearts, he stole those tarts, And took them quite a way!

The illustration shows the Queen of Hearts, wearing a crown and a long dress, sitting at a table and rolling out dough for tarts. On the table are a rolling pin, a bowl, a jar of jam, and a small basket. A window with heart-shaped panes is behind her. The scene is framed by decorative borders featuring playing cards and floral motifs.

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

[\[Listen\]](#) [\[XML\]](#) [\[PDF\]](#)



Who stole the Tarts

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

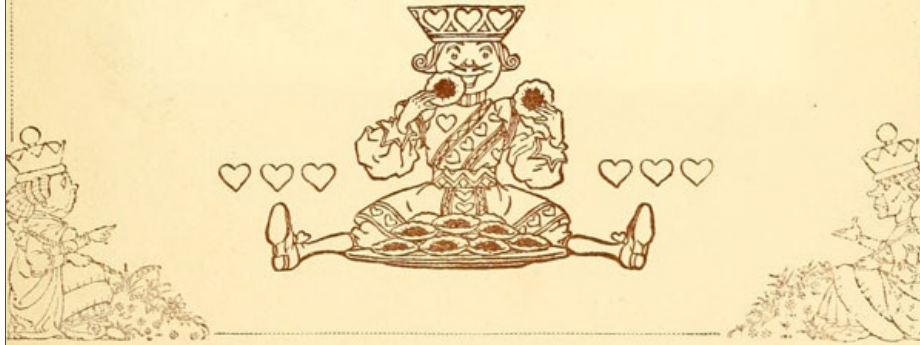
They told me you had been to her, And men-tioned me to him: She gave me a good
 cha-rac-ter, But said I could not swim. He sent them word I had not gone (We
 know it to be true): If she should push the mat-ter on, What would become of you?

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?

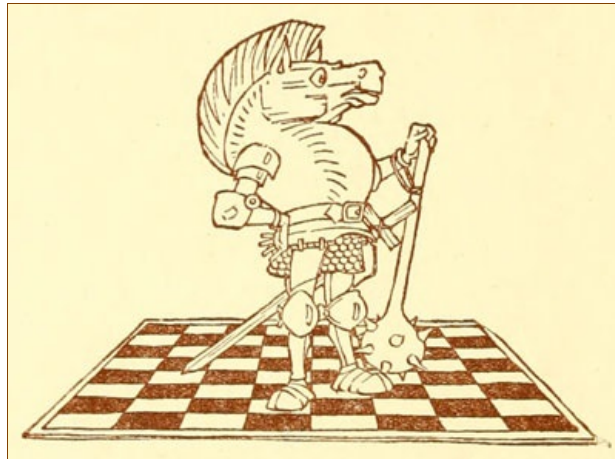
I gave her one, they gave him two,
 You gave us three or more;
 They all returned from him to you,
 Though they were mine before.

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

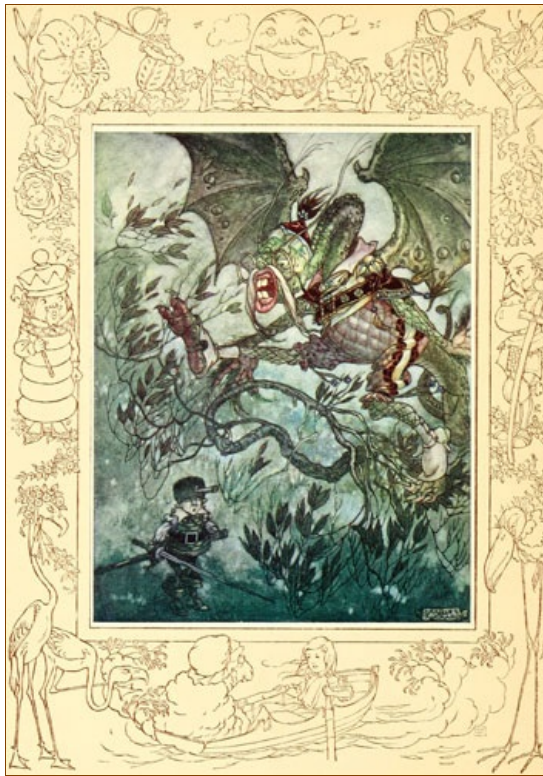
My notion was that you had been
 (Before she had this fit)
 An obstacle that came between
 Him, and ourselves, and it.

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.



SONGS FROM
THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS



[\[Enlarge\]](#)

Jabberwocky

[\[Listen\]](#) [\[XML\]](#) [\[PDF\]](#)



Jabberwocky

Well marked, and mysteriously.

p
 'Twas bril - lig, and the sli - thy toves Did gyre and gim - ble in the wabe; All
 mim - sy were the bo - ro - goves, And the mome raths out - grabe. . .

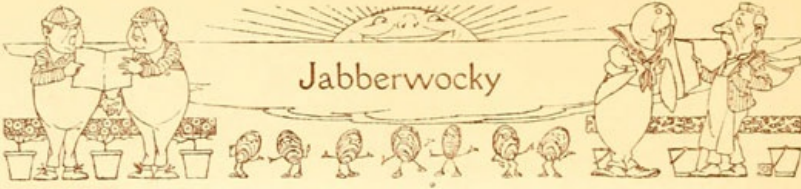
cres.
 "Be - ware the Jab - ber - wock, my son! The jaws that bite, the claws that catch! Be -
 . ware the Jub - jub bird, and shun The fru - mious Ban - der - snatch!"

Continued on next page.



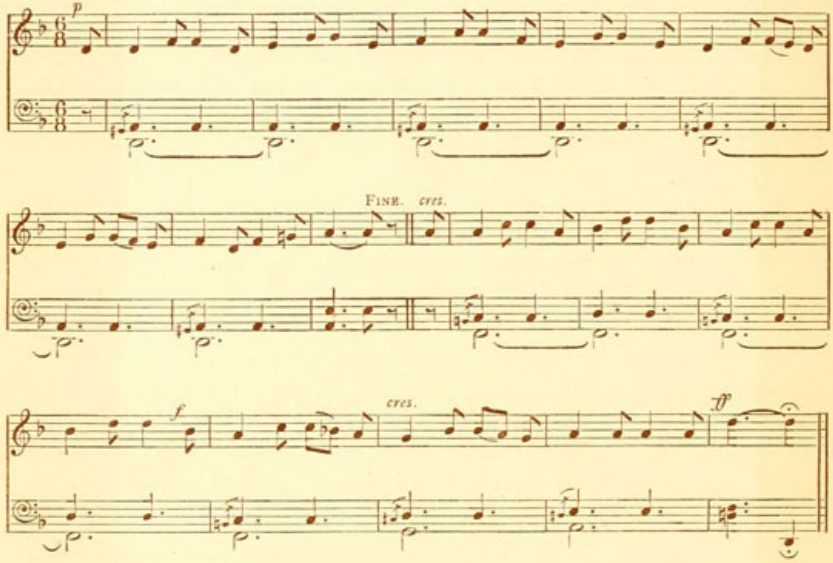
'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
 Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
 All mimsy were the borogoves,
 And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
 The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
 Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
 The frumious Bandersnatch!"



Jabberwocky

(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
 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.

Tweedledum and Tweedledee

[[Listen](#)] [[XML](#)] [[PDF](#)]

The image shows a page from a music book. At the top, there is a title 'Tweedledum and Tweedledee' in a decorative font, surrounded by illustrations of Tweedledum and Tweedledee, two large, round, bird-like creatures. Below the title is a musical score in G major, 2/4 time, marked 'In march time.' and 'mf'. The score consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'Twee - dle - dum and Twee - dle - dee A - greed to have a bat - tle; For Twee - dle - dum said Twee - dle - dee Had spoiled his nice new rat - tle. Just then flew down a mon - strous crow, As black as a tar - bar - rel; Which fright - ened both the he - roes so, They quite for - got their quar - rel.' At the bottom of the page, there are three illustrations: on the left, a small bird-like creature; in the center, Tweedledum and Tweedledee looking at a large, black crow; on the right, another small bird-like creature.

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

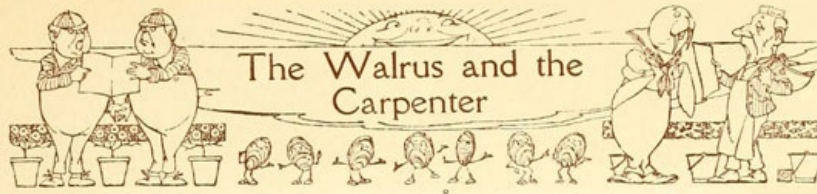
Just then flew down a monstrous crow,
As black as a tar barrel;
Which frightened both the heroes so,
They quite forgot their quarrel.



[\[Enlarge\]](#)

The Walrus and the Carpenter

[\[Listen\]](#) [\[XML\]](#) [\[PDF\]](#)



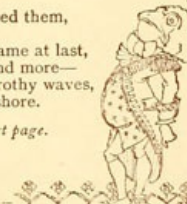
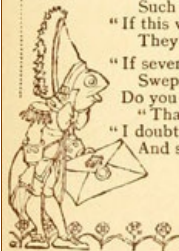
*Moderately fast.
legato.*

The sun was shi - ning on the sea, . . . Shi-ning with all his might: He
 did his ve - ry best to make The bil - lows smooth and bright— . . . And
 this was odd, be - cause it was The mid - dle 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."
 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—
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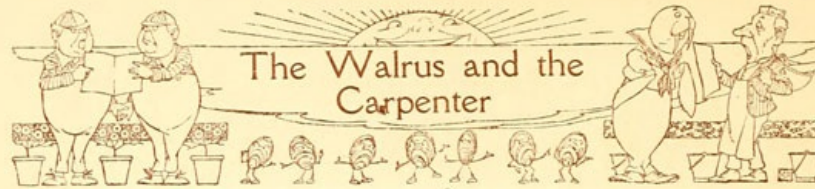
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And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more—
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.



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."

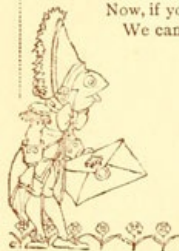
"But not on us!" the Oysters cried,
 Turning a little blue.
 "After such kindness, that would be
 A dismal thing to do!"
 "The night is fine," the Walrus said.
 "Do you admire the view?"

"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.



The Walrus and the Carpenter
 Walked on a mile or so,
 And then they rested on a rock
 Conveniently low;
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And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one.

Humpty Dumpty

[\[Listen\]](#) [\[XML\]](#) [\[PDF\]](#)

Humpty Dumpty

Rather briskly.

Hump - ty Dump - ty sat on a wall: Hump - ty

Dump - ty had a great fall. All the King's hor - ses and

all the King's men Could-n't put Hump - ty Dump - ty in his place a - gain.

The illustration at the top shows Humpty Dumpty sitting on a wall with a crown, surrounded by other egg characters. Below the music, Humpty Dumpty is shown sitting on a brick wall with flowers. To the left, a rabbit-like character carries a letter, and to the right, a character carries a bundle.

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.



[\[Enlarge\]](#)

The Message to the Fish

[\[Listen\]](#) [\[XML\]](#) [\[PDF\]](#)



(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.

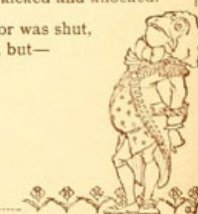
But he was very stiff and proud;
He said, "You needn't shout so loud!"

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.



(CONTINUED.)



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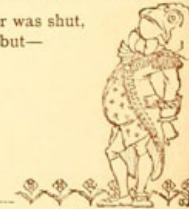
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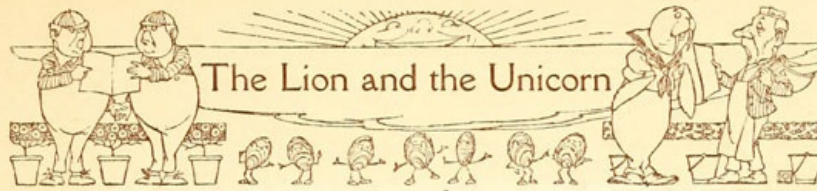
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I tried to turn the handle, but—

The Lion and the Unicorn

[\[Listen\]](#) [\[XML\]](#) [\[PDF\]](#)



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

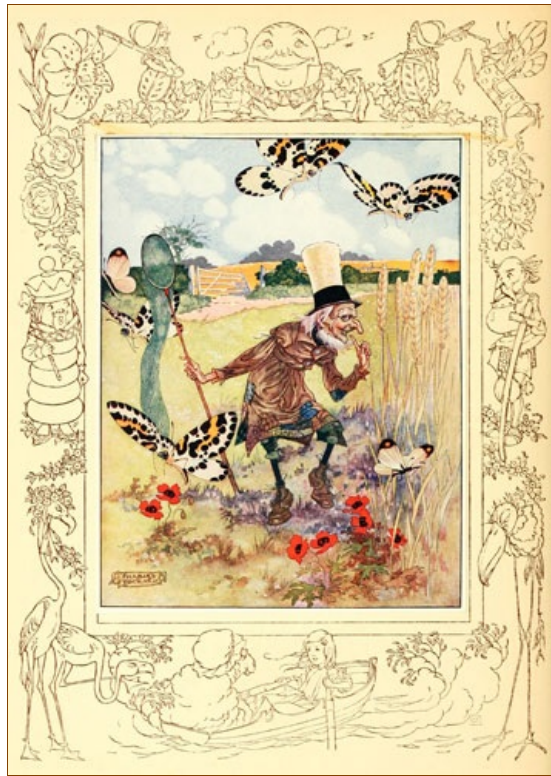
The Li - on and the U - ni - corn were fight - ing for the Crown: The Li - on beat the

U - ni - corn 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 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.

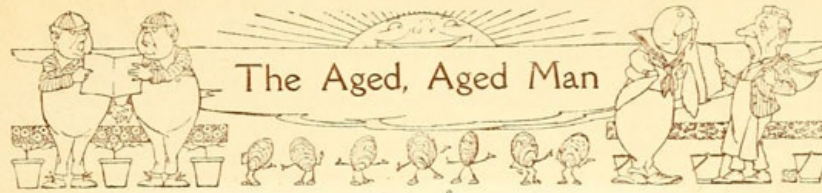


[\[Enlarge\]](#)

The Aged, Aged Man

[\[Listen\]](#) [\[XML\]](#) [\[PDF\]](#)

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.

I'll tell thee ev-'ry-thing I can; There's lit-tle to re-late. I saw an a-ged,
a-ged man, A-sit-ting on a gate. "Who are you, a-ged man?" I said. "And
how is it you live?" And his an-swer trickled through my head Like wa-ter through a sieve.

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.



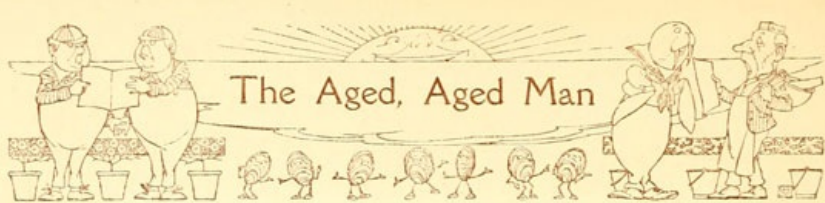
I'll tell thee ev'rything I can;
There's little to relate.
I saw an aged, aged man,
A-sitting on a gate.
"Who are you, aged man?" I said.
"And how is it you live?"
And his answer trickled through my head
Like water through a sieve.

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."

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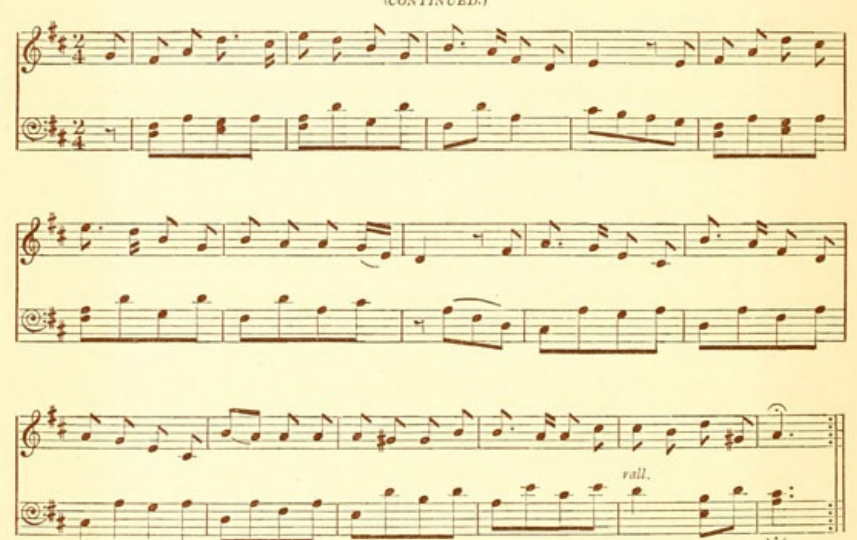
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 Getting a little fatter.
 I shook him well from side to side,
 Until his face was blue:
 "Come, tell me how you live," I cried,
 "And what it is you do!"



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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The way he got his wealth,
But chiefly for his wish that he
Might drink my noble health.

The Aged, Aged Man

(CONTINUED)

LAST VERSE.

And now, if e'er by chance I put My fin-gers in-to glue, Or mad-ly squeeze a right-hand foot In-

- to a left-hand shoe, Or if I drop up-on my toe A ve-ry hea-vy weight, I

weep, for it re-minds me so Of that old man I used to know—Whose
look was mild, whose speech was slow, Whose hair was whi-ter than the snow, Whose
face was ve-ry like a crow, With eyes, like cin-ders, all a-glow, Who
seem'd dis-tract-ed with his woe, Who rocked his bo-dy to and fro, And
mut-tered mum-bling-ly and low, As if his mouth were full of dough; Who

rallentando. *a tempo.*
snort-ed like a buf-fa-lo—That sum-mer ev-'ning, long a-go, A-sit-ting on a gate!

The illustration at the top shows an old man and a child. The old man is on the right, wearing a top hat and a long coat, holding a cane. The child is on the left, wearing a cap and a coat, holding a basket. They are standing in a garden with flowers. The title 'The Aged, Aged Man' is written in a decorative font above them. Below the title is a row of small, stylized figures. The musical score is in the center, with lyrics written below the notes. At the bottom, there are three illustrations: a man in a top hat on the left, a man in a top hat in the center, and a man in a top hat on the right. The man in the center is holding a cane and looking down. The man on the left is holding a letter. The man on the right is holding a letter.

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!

-44-



[\[Enlarge\]](#)

Queen Alice

[\[Listen\]](#) [\[XML\]](#) [\[PDF\]](#)

-45-



Queen Alice

Quick and cheerful.

mf

To the Look - ing - Glass world it was A - lice that said, "I've a

scep - tre in hand, I've a crown on my head; Let the Look - ing - Glass crea - tures, what -

cres.

- ev - er 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—
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—
And welcome Queen Alice with thirty-times-three!

"Oh, Looking-Glass creatures," quoth Alice, "draw near!
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And welcome Queen Alice with ninety-times-nine!



[\[Enlarge\]](#)

The Fish Riddle

[\[Listen\]](#) [\[XML\]](#) [\[PDF\]](#)

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 fish must be bought." That is ea-sy: a pen-ny, I think, would have bought it. "Now, cook me the fish!" That is ea-sy, and will not take more than a min-ute. "Let it lie in a dish!" That is ea-sy, be-cause it al-rea-dy is in it! . . .

2. "Bring it here! Let me sup!" It is ea-sy to set such a dish on the ta-ble. "Take the dish-co-ver up!" Ah, that is so hard that I fear I'm un-a-ble! For it holds it like glue—Holds the lid to the dish, while it lies in the mid-dle: Which is 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

[\[Listen\]](#) [\[XML\]](#) [\[PDF\]](#)



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!

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK SONGS FROM ALICE IN
 WONDERLAND AND THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS ***

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