Broadwood

Songs from Alice in Wonderland
SONGS FROM
ALICE IN WONDERLAND
AND
THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS
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ALICE IN WONDERLAND
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THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS

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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."
ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOUR

BY

CHARLES FOLKARD.

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How doth the little Crocodile

Moderately quick, sempre legato.

How doth the little crocodile improve his shining tail, And

pour the waters of the Nile On every golden scale! How

animato.

cheerfully he seems to grin, How neatly spreads his claws, And

welcomes little fishes in With gently smiling jaws!
Briskly.

"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," 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!"
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 teatray in the sky!
Pig and Pepper

Rather slow, and marked.

"Speak roughly to your little boy, And beat him when he sneezes; He

Chorus, slower.

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!
"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?

Chorus.

Continued on next page.
"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, could 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 farther 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

In dance time.

'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

In bump Schottische fashion.

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

Who for such dainties would not stoop? Soup of the evening, beautiful soup!

Soup of the evening, beautiful soup! Beautiful soup! Beautiful soup!

Soup of the evening, Beautiful, beautiful soup!

"Beautiful soup! Who cares for fish, Game, or any other dish? Who would not give all else for two pennyworth only of beautiful soup! Pennyworth only of beautiful soup! Beautiful soup! Beautiful soup! Soo-oop of the evening, Beautiful, beautiful soo-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 a way!
In strict time, and with as little expression as possible.

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. 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. If I or she should chance to be Involved in this affair, He trusts to you to set them free, Exactly as we were.
SONGS FROM THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS
Jabberwocky

Well marked, and mysteriously.

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

mimsy were the borogoves, And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Be ware the Jabberwock, my son! The jaws that bite, the claws that catch! Be

ware the Jub-jub bird, and shun The frumious Bandersnatch!"

Continued on next page.
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.
In March time,

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

Moderately fast, legato.

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 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 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.
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.
Very dreamy and rhythmical.

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

cres.

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

dim.

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

Continued on next page.
The Message to the Fish

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 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.

Sentimentally.

I'll tell thee ev'ry-thing I can; There's lit-tle to re-late.

a - ged man, A - sitting 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 butter-flies 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 triffe, 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.
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.

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 evening long ago, A-sitting on a gate!
Quick and cheerful.

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, what- ever 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!
The Fish Riddle

Moderately brisk.

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, let me
   "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

cook me the fish!" That is easy, and will not take more than a minute. "Let it
holds it like glue—Holds the lid to the dish, while it lies in the middle: Which is

lie in a dish!" That is easy, because it already is in it! Easiest to do, Un-dish-cover the fish, or dish-cover the riddle?"
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!