

# JABBERWOCKY

Lewis Carroll

(from *Through the Looking-Glass and What Alice Found There*, 1872)

`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 burred 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, has thou slain the Jabberwock?  
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!  
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"  
He chortled in his joy.



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# Jabberwocky

## Mogens Jermiin Nissen

Et slidigt gravben vridrede  
i brumringen på tidvis plent,  
og lappingen var vaklig,  
og det borte grøftgrin grent.

»Min søn, pas godt på Jabberwock!  
Han river, og hans tand er hvas.  
Pas på den onde jubjub-fugl  
og gribbekloens krads.«

Han søgte længe fjendens spor  
med sværd i hånd og meget mod  
og rasted siden tankefuld  
ved tumtumtræets fod.

Men mens han grod og stublede,  
jog gennem skoven glammende  
den frygtelige Jabberwock  
med øjet flammende.

Da svang han sværdet, en, to, tre!  
og ho'det røg af troldens krop,  
og med det døde monstrum gik  
det hejmad i galop.

»Oh, har du fældet Jabberwock!  
Vær priset, søn, for dåd og dyd.  
Hurra for denne glædesdag!«  
Han vrinsked højt af fryd.



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i brumringen på tidvis plent,  
og lappingen var vaklig,  
og det borte grøftgrin grent.

(1946)