

are all dry, he is gay as a lark, And will talk in contemptuous tones of the Shark, But, when the tide rises and sharks are around, His voice has a timid and tremulous sound.]

‘That’s different from what I used to say when I was a child,’ said the Gryphon.

‘Well, I never heard it before,’ said the Mock Turtle; ‘but it sounds uncommon nonsense.’

Alice said nothing; she had sat down with her face in her hands, wondering if anything would *ever* happen in a natural way again.

‘I should like to have it explained,’ said the Mock Turtle.

‘She can’t explain it,’ said the Gryphon hastily. ‘Go on with the next verse.’

‘But about his toes?’ the Mock Turtle persisted. ‘How *could* he turn them out with his nose, you know?’

‘It’s the first position in dancing,’ Alice said; but was dreadfully puzzled by the whole thing, and longed to change the subject.

‘Go on with the next verse,’ the Gryphon repeated impatiently: ‘it begins ‘I passed by his garden.’

Alice did not dare to disobey, though she felt sure it would all come wrong, and she went on in a trembling voice:—

*‘I passed by his garden, and marked, with one eye,
How the Owl and the Panther were sharing a pie—’*

[Note: Later editions continued as follows: The Panther took pie-crust, and gravy, and meat, While the Owl had the dish