

‘but then—I shouldn’t be hungry for it, you know.’

‘Not at first, perhaps,’ said the Hatter: ‘but you could keep it to half-past one as long as you liked.’

‘Is that the way *you* manage?’ Alice asked.

The Hatter shook his head mournfully. ‘Not I!’ he replied. ‘We quarrelled last March—just before *he* went mad, you know—’ (pointing with his tea spoon at the March Hare,) ‘—it was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing

*“Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!
How I wonder what you’re at!”*

You know the song, perhaps?’

‘I’ve heard something like it,’ said Alice.

‘It goes on, you know,’ the Hatter continued, ‘in this way:—

*“Up above the world you fly,
Like a tea-tray in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle—”*

Here the Dormouse shook itself, and began singing in its sleep ‘*Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle—*’ and went on so long that they had to pinch it to make it stop.

‘Well, I’d hardly finished the first verse,’ said the Hatter, ‘when the Queen jumped up and bawled out, ‘He’s murdering the time! Off with his head!’

‘How dreadfully savage!’ exclaimed Alice.