I. Prelude: The Love-Gift of a Fairy-Tale

Ephemeral, cres. poco a poco ($\approx$ ca. 72)

Child

of the pure un-clouded brow.

And

poco più forte

dreaming eyes of wonder!

Though

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time be fleet and I and thou are half a life a-sunder, Thy

loving smile will surely hail The love gift of a fairy

Esuberante; poco piu mosso
tale.
31

A tale be-

31

rallantando

p

35 Barcarole; poco meno mosso (♩ = ca. 62)

gun in other days, When summer suns were

35

mp


38

glowing A simple chime, that served to time The
rhythm of our rowing
Whose echoes

molto rall.

live in memory yet, Though envious years would say 'for-

Barcarole (\( \text{= ca. 58} \))

get.' And, though the shadow of a sigh May
tremble through the story, For

'happy summer' days gone by, And van-ished summer glor-

y.
molto rall...

It shall not touch with breath of

Piu mosso (\( \dot{J} \) = ca. 90)

bale, The pleasure of our fairy tale.

tempo 70
II. Jabberwocky

Quieto e magico; suspended (♩=ca. 85)

ma sempre pressando

soprano:

Twas brillig,

and the slithy toves did gyre and gimble in the wabe.

(vocalise)
Ah All mimsy wereth the boro-groves.

And the mome'swrath outgrabe

rrr o drrr ou ou ou drrr ou ou ou ou ou
Poco piu mosso

ou.
ware the Jabberwock, my son!

trill & gliss. f

mf
jaws that bite, the
claws that catch!

Be
mf
ware the Jub-jub bird,

arco

and shun the frrru

mi-ous ban-der
A reverie; dream-like;  
piu mosso (♩ = ca. 100)

He

\[ \sum \]

took his vor-pal sword in hand: long time the max-ome foe he sought.

So rest-ed he by the tum-tum tree, And
stood a while in thought

molto cres. e accel.
And as in ushish thought he stood, The

Jabberwock with eyes of flame, Came whiffling

through the tulgy wood, And burbled as it came!
As a melodram; humorful; lo stesso tempo (\( \dot{J} = \text{ca. 92} \))
One, two! One two! And through and through the vor-pal blade went snick-er snack.

He left it dead, and with its head he went gal-umph-ing back.

Subito molto quieto; as awakening from a dream
come sopra ($= \text{ca. 85}$)
hast thou slain the Jab-ber-wock?

Come to my arms, my beam-ish boy!

joyously (flutter tounge)

Ofrabb-jous day,
frrrab - jous day! Cal - looh! Cal-Hay!

He chor - tled in his joy.

Quieto e magico; suspended (\( \wedge \) =ca. 85)
ma sempre pressando

’Twas bril - lig
and the slith-y toves
Did gyre and gim - ble in the wabe!

Ah

All mimsy were the boro - groves,
And the mome's wrath out-grabe.

And the mome's wrath out-grabe.

And the mome's wrath out -
III. The Garden of Live Flowers*

With fantasy \( \text{\( \frac{J}{J} \) = ca. 72} \)

*This movement can optionally be performed with hand puppets for the Lily, Rose, and Daisies. Or more radically, the bariton can sing the Lily falsetto. It can also be performed as just a piano interlude.
Alice is left almost speechless, then timidly, almost in a whisper:

And can all the flow-ers talk?

As well as you can, and a great deal loud-er.

It is n’t man-ners for us to be-gin, and I rea-ly was won-der-ing when you’d speak!

Said
I to my self. ‘Her face has got some sense in it, though it’s

not a clever one!

Still, you’re the right colour, and that goes a long way.
Tiger-lily

I don't care about the colour. If

only her petals curled up a little more, she'd be alright.

Alice

Aren't you frightened being out here with no one to take care of you?
There's a tree in the middle. What else is it good for? But what could it do if any danger came?

It could bark! It says bough-wow!
That's why its branches are called boughs! Did n't you know that?

The Tiger-lily is outraged at the rudeness of the other flowers and waves passionately from side to side.

Silence ev'ry one of you! They know that I can't get at them
The flowers continue laughing.

or they wouldn't dare do it!

The flowers all laugh, Alice threatens them with the scissors.

Ne-ver mind! If you don't hold your tongues I'll pick you!

Come sopra

Alice turns to the flowers with a pair of scissors.
The flowers shriek and are suddenly silent.

Ancora quieto

That's right, the daisies are frightened, softly.

worst of all.

When one speaks, they
al begin to gether, and it's enough to make one whither!

Alice

How is it you talk?

I've seen many flow-er gar-dens, but none of the flow-ers could
Talk. Put your hand down and feel the ground. Then you'll know why.

Alice feels the ground.

Alice

It's very hard.

In most gardens they make the beds too soft, so the flowers are always asleep.

Tiger Lily

Alice Tiger Lily

Make the beds too soft, so the flowers are always asleep.
Alice Rose: 

I hadn't thought of that. It's my opinion you never think at all. I never saw anybody that

Daisy

never look stupider. Hold your tongue! As if you

Tiger-Lily

looked stupider.
ever saw anybody. You know no

more than a bud. Are there people in the

Alice

gar den besides me? There's two other in the gar den that can
move about like you.       
You're always peaking.

They're more bushy than you.

They're coming.  I hear their footsteps.

Poco rallentando e diminuendo...

on the gravel walk.
IV. Humpty-Dumpty

Somewhat majestic ($\varphi = 100$)

Molto cantabile ma semplice

winter when the fields are white, I

sing this song for your delight.
On ly I don't sing it.
I can see you don't.

If you can see wheth-er I'm sing-ing or not, you've got sharper eyesthanmost. In

Come sopra

spring, when woods are get - ting green, I'll
Try and tell you what I mean. In winter.

In spring I will try and tell you what I mean.

In the winter. In the summer, when the
days are long, Perhaps you'll understand the song. In

Soprano:

au - tumn, when the days are long, Take pen and

Together, Humpty 8ba:

ink, and write it down.
A tempo

Soprano:

I will if I remember it so long. You

Baritone:

needn't go on making remarks like that: They're not sensitive and they

put me out. Now here's another song for you. Oh no! I
Lo stesso tempo (\( \text{\textit{d}} = 70 \))

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.'
Soprano:
Lo stesso tempo (♩=70)

I'm afraid I don't understand.

Baritone:
It gets easier furtheron.

It gets easier furtheron.

Metric Modulation (♩=♩)

sent to them again to say: It would be better to obey.' The fishes answered with a grin,

'Why what a temper you are in!'

I
told them one, 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
someone came to me and said, The little fishes are in bed.' I

said to him, I said it plain: you must wake them up again.'

I wouldn't have been that messenger for anything. 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...

Accelerando e crescendo...

took a cork-screw 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...

Alice pauses a moment waiting.

Motto piu veloce

Is that all? That's all. Good-by.
V. A-sitting On A Gate
Semplice e cantabile, ma non troppo lento (\( \dot{\jmath} \) = ca. 80)

I'll tell the ev'ry thing I can: There's

little to relate. I saw an ag-ed ag-ed man, A sitting on a gate. "Who

are you, ag-ed man?" I said. "And how is it you live?"

And his
An answer trick-led through my head, Like water through a sieve.

He said "I hunt for butter flies That sleep among the wheat:"
make them into mutton pies and

sell them in the street. "I

sell them unto men," he said, "Who
sail on storm-y seas; And

that's the way I make my bread, a

Come sopra
\textit{(ma poco piu mosso)}

trifle if you please.
And now, if e're 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 seemed distracted by his woe, Who
rocked his body to and fro, That

summer evening long ago A

sitting on a gate That

\[\text{music notation}\]
Summer evening long ago

morendo poco a poco

sitting on a gate,

A sitting on a gate.
VI. Epilogue: A Boat Beneath A Sunny Sky

Cantabile e delicato; molto quieto e lento (\(\frac{q}{4} \approx 52\))

A boat beneath a sunny sky

Linger ing onward dream ily
Long has paled that sunny sky: Echoes fade

Eager eye and willing ear, Pleased a simple tale to hear.

Children three that nestled near, in an evening of July.
and memories die. Autumn frosts have slain July.

Still she haunts me, phantom-wise,

Alice moving under skies

Never seen by waking
Children yet the tale to hear,

Eager eye and
will ing ear, Lov ing ly shall nes tle near. In a won der land they lie.

Dream ing as the days go by, Dream ing as the sum mers die.

Ev er drift ing down the stream Ling er ing in the gold -
poco allarg.

Life what is it but a

roll chords slightly

37

gleam.

39

a tempo

Life what is it but a
dream?

Life what is

dream?

Life what is

it but a dream?
Good night, dear little ones.