Six Songs from
Alice Through the Looking-Glass
(from the opera by the same name)
William Osborne

I. Child of the Pure Unclouded Brow
Ephemeral \( \text{=} \text{ca. 60} \)
cantabile

oscilando; crescendo poco a poco

Child.

\( \text{pp} \)

\( \text{P} \)

\( \text{mp} \)

the pure unclouded brow

And dreaming eyes of

wonder!

Though time be fleet, and I and thou

Are half a life

Barcarole (a tempo)

A tale begun in other days, When summer suns were

mf
A simple chime, that served to time the rhythm of our rowing.

Whose echoes live in memory yet, though envious years would say 'forget'.

though the shadow of a sigh May tremble though the story, For
'happy summer days' gone by, And vanish'd summer glor-

Come sopra

shall not __ touch, with breath of bale, The pleasance of our fair-y tale.
II. The Jabberwocky

Quiet and magical; suspended (♩=ca. 42 ma sempre pressando)

(chest tone)

Twas brillig, and the slithy toves,
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:—

Ah, ah—
All mimsy were the borogroves,

*New tempo markings are given periodically. The moving forward of the tempo need not be a mechanical, measure by measure accelerando, but a natural pressando according to the musicians' musical sensibilities.
(trilled glissando continues)
(...fantastic, almost as the cry of a mythical creature)

(jaws that bite, the claws that catch!)

(right hand)
Be - ware

the Jub - jub -

bird

and shun the frr.

(right hand, come soprano)

(gliss. continues unbroken)

um - i - ous

band - er - snatch!

(dim. r.h.)
He took his vor-pal sword in hand: Long time the max-ome foe he sought

So he rested by the tum-tum tree, and stood a while in thought.

building ominously, molto crescendo e accelerando

(Monteverdi trill)
And, as in uf-fish thought he stood, The Jab-ber-wock, with eyes of

flame, Came whif-fling through the tul-gey wood, And bur-bled as it came!
two! One, two! The vor-pal blade went snick—er snack!

He left it dead, and with its head He went galumphing back._

Subito come sopra; molto quieto (q = ca. 66)

spoken; very animated

"And hast though slain the Jab-ber-wock?

Joyously!

Oh come to my arms, my beam-ish boy!
O frigate, o frigate, Cal-loo! Cal-loo! He chor-tled in his joy.

Twas brillig, and the slithy toves did gyre and gimble in the wabe: All mimsy were the borogroves,
III. The Garden of Live Flowers

With Fantasy (♩ = ca. 72)

Alice: plaintively

Oh Ti-ger-Lil-y, I wish you could talk.

quietly emerging, sempre legato

We can

Alice is almost speechless:

talk when there's any body worth talking to.

And can all the flowers talk?

Tall' e dim

Rose: chirping, impudently, humorous,

As well as you can, and a great deal louder. It isn't manners for us to begin, and I

(poco f)

*The voices of Alice and the various flowers can be divided between the two singers and the pianist. The baritone should use falsetto. The pianist can optionally speak Alice's part instead of singing it.
real-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 clev-er one!

But you're the right col- or and that goes a long way.

I don't care a-bout the col-or. If on-ly her pe-tals curled up a lit-tle more, she'd be al-
Alice:
Aren't you sometimes frightened at being out here, with nobody to take care of you?

Rose:
right.
There's a tree in the middle. What

Alice: But what could it do if any danger came? Rose: It could bark. It says 'Bough-wow!' That's why its branches are called boughs!
The flowers all laugh together: 
(Monteverdi trills)

Did - n't you know that?

Tiger-Lily:

Come Sopra (original tempo)

Silence ev - ry one of you! They know that I can't get at them or they wouldn't dare do it.

Come Sopra (second tempo)

Spin (both hands 8va)
IV. In Winter

**Somewhat majestic (lento)**

Humpty: (pompously) The piece I am going to sing was written entirely for your amusement.

Humpty clears his throat and vocalizes softly:

**Molto cantabile ma semplice**

Humpty is still clearing his throat, etc.
Since he is not ready, Alice sings:

In winter, when the fields are white, I sing this song.

ancora cantabile

Humpty: (offended:) Only I don't sing it.
Alice: I see that.
Humpty: (perturbed:) If you can see whether I am singing or not, you've got sharper eyes than most.
(Alice resumes singing:)

In spring, when things are getting green, I'll try and tell you what I...
mean:

Still hurt:

Thanks a lot.

allargando — Lufpause

In summer, when
In autumn, when the leaves are brown,
take pen and ink, and write it down.

In autumn, when the leaves are days are long, perhaps you'll understand the song:
In autumn, when the leaves are brown, take pen and ink, and write it down.
IV. A-Sitting On A Gate

As a folk ballad; semplice e cantabile
ma non troppo lento (\( \text{\textit{L}} = \text{\textit{ca. 110}} \))

"I'll tell thee ev'ry thing I can:
And now, if e're by chance I put
My fingers into glue,
Or
saw an ag-ed man,
A-sitting on a gate.  
"Who are you, ag-ed man?" I said.  'And how is it you live?"
And his
madly squeeze a right-hand foot
into a left-hand shoe,
Or if I drop upon my toe
a very heavy weight,
I
answer trickled through my head,
Like water through a sieve.
Of that old man I used to know,
Whose
He said, 'I look for butterflies, Whose hair was whiter than the snow, Whose
look was mild, whose speech was slow, Whose
make them into mutton pies, And sell them in the street, Who
face was very like a crow, With eyes, like cinders, all a glow, Who
seemed distracted with his woe, 'Who sail on stormy seas; And
sell them unto men,' he said, 'Who rocked his body to and fro, That
that's the way I make my bread, A tri-ple, if you please.

Morendo poco a poco

sum-mer even-ing long a-go, A sit-ting on a gate,

A sit-ting on a gate.
VI. A Boat Beneath A Sunny Sky

(2 = ca. 48)  
**Barcarole**

A boat, beneath a sunny sky
Linger ing on ward dream ily

in an evening of July.
Children three that nestled near,
Eager eye and willing ear,

Pleased a simple tale to hear.

Long has  

*If the song is not performed directly after song V leave out these two measures.*
paled that sunny sky:
Ech-oes fade and mem-or-ies die:
Au-tumn frosts have slain Ju-ly.

Barcarole; quasi lontano (lo stesso tempo)

Still she haunts me, phan-tom-wise,
Al-ice mov-ing un-der skies

Ne-ver seen by wak-ing eyes.
Cantabile; poco rubato e molto legato
(soprano)

Children yet, the tale to hear,
Eager eye and willing ear, Lovingly shall nestle near.

mf

In a Wonderland they lie, Dreaming as the days go by, Dreaming as the summers die:

a tempo

Ever drifting down the stream Lingering in the golden gleam.
Dream-like; suspended

Life, what is it

but a dream?

but a dream?