Alice Through the Looking-Glass

By William Osborne
Duration: ca. 50 minutes

(Some roles can be doubled.)

Alice, soprano
Lewis Carroll, baritone
White King, tenor
White Queen, soprano
Humpty-Dumpty, baritone
  Tiger-Lily, alto
Rose, soprano,
Two Daisies, sopranos
Tweedledee, baritone
Tweedledum, baritone
Sheep, tenor
Unicorn, tenor
White Knight, baritone
Royal attendant, tenor

Strings
  2 Flutes (piccolo)
  2 Oboes (English horn)
Clarinet (E-flat clarinet, bass clarinet)
  2 Bassoons (contra-bassoon)
  Trumpet
  2 Horns
  Harp
  Percussion (one)
Alice Through the Looking-Glass

Prelude: The Love-Gift of a Fairy-Tale

Ephemeral, cres. poco a poco (♩= ca. 72) Lewis Carroll appears on the stage and sings.

Child

the pure un-clouded brow.

And dreaming eyes of

wonder!

Though time be fleet and I and thou are half a life

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a - sun - der, Thy lov - ing smile will sure - ly hail The

love gift of a fair - y tale.

Esuberante; poco piu mosso

---

Euberante; poco piu mosso
A tale begun in other days, When summer suns were

glowing 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 through the story.

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

Though the shadow of a sigh May tremble through the story.
'hap - py sum - mer' days gone by, And van - ish'd sum - mer glor -

Piu mosso ($\text{f} = \text{ca. 90}$)

It shall not touch with breath of
bale, The pleasure of our fairy tale.
I. Looking-Glass House
Energetico; recitativo rubato (e.= ca. 58)

Alice enters. Seeing a kitten and unrolled worsted on the floor, she catches up the kitten and gives it a kiss.

First mea. is 60!!!

You ought, Di-nah, you know you ought! Do you know, I was so angry,

I was nearly putting you out into the snow! And you'd deserved it,

you little mischievous darling! What have you got to say for yourself! Now don't interrupt me!
Alice holds a white chess queen before the kitten as a model.

Kit-ty dear, let's pretend.

Let's pretend you're the White Queen! You look just like her. And if you're not good, I'll put you through into the Looking Glass House.

Oh how nice it would be!

Cantabile; non troppo lento!

Alice stands before the mirror.

rallantando

She drops the kitten.

Let's pretend there's a way of getting through.

Let's pretend it's
soft like guaze. Why, it’s turning to a sort of

It will be easy to get through!

Alice climbs on the mantel of the fireplace and steps through the mirror into the Looking-Glass World.

Esuberante
Morendo poco a poco...

(Alice picks up the White Queen's child, causing it to squeal, and puts it on the table.)

The White Queen enters very worried.

She tries to climb up on the table.

Alice lifts the Queen onto the table. The Queen howls in terror.

With fantasy (e. ca. 78)

The child's squeal.

It's the voice of my child! iii! Ach!

...(F# maj. scale)
Mind the vol-ca-no

What vol-ca-no?

Blew me up!

Mind you come up the reg-u-lar way.

White King:

White Queen:

The King tries to reach the table top by climbing the leg.

Alice:

Why you'll be hours at that rate!

Alice picks the King up, brushes him off, and straightens his hair.

Don't hold your mouth so wide o-pen.
The King groans and falls flat on his back, horrified. He groans. He slowly gets up and speaks in a horrified whisper.

Ach! What was that?

I as sure you my dear, I shall never forget!

The King takes a large feather and writes in a book which Alice holds for him. She looks on with great interest and then tries to read the book.

March; poco piu mosso
Alice takes the book from the King.

This book is very difficult to read.

Elated with her discovery.

It's a Looking Glass book and the words are all written backwards.

Jabberwocky

Alice reads from the book.
ble in the wabe.

Ah
Ah
All

mim-sy were the bo-groves.

And the mome's wrath out grabe

rrr o drrr
ou ou ou, drrr ou ou ou ou ou ou ou.

159 Poco piu mosso

160

161
ware the Jabberwock, my son!

trill & gliss.

f

mf
The jaws that bite, the teeth that catch!

Be
ware the Jub - jub - bird, arco

and shun the frrru - -

mi - ous ban - der -

snatch

8\textsuperscript{6}
A reverie; dream-like;
piu mosso (= ca. 100)

He took his vor-pal sword in hand: long
time the max-ome foe he sought.
rested he by the tum-tum tree, And stood a while in thought.

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!

As a melodram; con bravura; lo stesso tempo (\( \text{\textit{j}} = \text{ca. 92} \))

Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

One,
two! One two! And through and through the vorpal blade went snicker snack

*molto crescente*

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

*Subito molto quieto; as awakening from a dream*  
*come soprano (f = ca. 85)*

hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!

joyously (flutter tongue)

Ofrabbous day, frrrabous day! Cal-looh! Cal-lay!

He chortled in his joy.

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

Twas bril-lig

and the slith-y toves Did gyre and gim-
ble in the wabe!

All mim-sy were the bo-groves,

And the mome's wrath out-grabe.
And the mome's wrath out-grabe.

morendo poco a poco...

A flower garden begins to appear around Alice.

Quasi recitativo (\( \text{d} = \text{ca. 66} \))

Alice is now surrounded by living flowers.
oh I should make haste before I have to leave the Looking-Glass world.

I think I'll go see the garden first.

Oh Tiger-lily I wish you could talk.
II. The Garden of Live Flowers

With fantasy \( \cdot \) ca. 72

We can talk, when there's anybody worth talking to.

And can all the flowers talk? As well as you can, and a great deal louder.

isn't manners for us to begin, and I really was wondering when you'd speak!

Alice is left almost speechless, then timidly, almost in a whisper:

Alice

Rose

Tiger-lily
Quiet and hesitant

Impetuoso

Alice is left almost speechless, then timidly, almost in a whisper:
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 all right. Aren't you frightening 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! Didn't you know that?
Like laughter

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

The flowers continue laughing.

The tiger-lily says, "Silence everyone! They know that I can't get at them or they wouldn't dare do it!"

Like laughter
Alice turns to the flowers with a pair of scissors.

Come sopra

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

Come sopra

The flowers shriek and are suddenly silent.

Ancora quieto

Tiger-lily frightened, softly

That’s right, the daisies are
worst of all. When one speaks, they all begin together, and it's even worse.

Alice

nough to make one whither!

How is it you talk?

I've seen many flower gardens, but none of the flowers could talk. Put your hand down and
feel the ground. Then you'll know why. It's very hard. In most gardens they
make the beds too soft, so the flowers are always asleep.

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

looked stupider. Hold your tongue! As if you ever saw anybody. You know no

more than a bud. Are there people in the

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

They're more bushy than you. They're coming. I hear their footsteps.

Poco rallantando e diminuendo...
on the gravel walk.
III. Tweedledum and Tweedledee

Humorously (♩ = ca. 66)

[iii]

Dum suddenly speaks and Alice is again startled.

If you think we're wax works, you ought to pay, you know.
Wax works weren't made for noth-ing. No how! Con - tar - i-wise if youthink we're a-live,

youought to speak. I'm sure I'm ver - y sor - ry. I know what you're think-ing a - bout

but it is - n't so, no how. Con-tar-i-wise, if it was so, it might be; And if it were so

it would be, but as is - it ain't. That's lo-gie!

The Red King snores!
They hear the snoring of the Red King.
Are there lions and tigers around here?

It's the Red King snoring. Come look at him.

Is n't he a lov'ly sight? Fit to snore his head off!

I'm a fraid he'll catch cold lying on the damp grass.
He's dreaming now. And what is he dreaming?

Nobody knows. Why about you! And if he stopped dreaming where would you be?

Not you! You'd be nowhere, you're only a thing in his dream! If he woke up you'd go out
bang! just like a candle!

But if I'm only a part of his dream then what are you two?

Both loud and triumphant.

Dum: Dit-to. Dit-to! Dit-to!

Alice: Hush! You'll wake him I'm afraid.

Alice begins to cry.

Dum. Retorting contemptuously:

Well, it's no use talking about waking him, You're only the things in his dream. You know your not real. You
Alice: won't make your self real-er by cry-ing, there's noth-ing to cry a-bout.

Dum: won't make your self real-er by cry-ing, there's noth-ing to cry a-bout.

Alice: If I wasn't real, I could-n't cry.

Dum: If I wasn't real, I could-n't cry.

Alice: hope you don't sup-pose those are real tears?

Dum: hope you don't sup-pose those are real tears?

Alice: know it's fool-ish to cry a-bout non-sense.

Dum: know it's fool-ish to cry a-bout non-sense.
I'd better get out of the wood, it's getting dark.

Alice finds the White Queen's shawl lying on the ground and picks it up.
The White Queen enters comically fidgety and nervous, with her hair and clothing in complete disarray. As Alice helps her on with her shawl, the White Queen can’t stop mumbling to herself, Bread-and-butter.

**IV. Wool and Water**

Comical; insanely giddy and frenetic (♩= ca 80)

Queen:

Am I addressing the White Queen? Bread and butter, bread and butter.

Alice: timidly:

If you call that addressing

Queen:

Bread and butter, bread and butter, bread and butter. I don’t call it a thing at all.

Alice:

May I straighten your shawl?

for the last two hours. May I straighten your shawl? (hold ped. through mea.)
Queen:

It's out of temper I think.

There's no pleasing it!

The brush has got tangled my hair.

And I lost the comb yesterday.

Alice:

Bread and butter, bread and butter.

You need a ladies maid. Bread and butter,

Queen:

Bread and butter. Bread and butter, bread and butter.

Bread and butter.

I'm sure I'll take you with plea

Maestoso; lo stesso tempo
Alice:

Lo stesso tempo

You could n't have it if you did want it. The rule is, jam to morrow and

Poco meno mosso

jam yes ter day, but nev er to day. It must some times come to "jam to -
Queen:

day." No it can't. It's jam ev-er-y oth-er day; to-

Alice:

day is-n't an-y oth-er day, you know. I don't un-der-stand, it's ver-y con-fus-ing.

Come sopra

Queen:

That's the ef-fect of liv-ing back-wards, it makes one gid-dy at first,

but there's one great ad-van-tage to it. that one's mem-or-y
works both ways. I'm sure mine only works one way, I can't remember things before they happened.

It's a poor sort of memory that works only backwards.

What sort of things do you remember best? Oh, things the week after next.

Such as the King's messenger...
He's in prison now, being punished: and the trial doesn't even begin until next Wednesday. and of course the crime comes last of all.

But suppose he never commits the crime.

That would be all the better, wouldn't it? You're wrong there, at any rate.
And he was the better for it I know. And no fault would have been better still.

The Queen begins forming into a sheep. With bleating tremolo:

Oh much better! Better!

A male singer transforms into the part.

Poco più mosso (♩=♩)

524

F

527

A

Poco più mosso (♩=♩)

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Poco più mosso (♩=♩)

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Poco più mosso (♩=♩)
The Queen has transformed herself into a sheep. Alice rubs her eyes not believing what has happened.

Barcarole (~ = 66) (3+3+3+2)

Sheep: What is it you want to buy?

Alice: Beh. I should look around first.

Beh! Don’t spin around so.

You’ll make me giddy soon. Can you row?
The sheep hands Alice a pair of needles.

Yes, but not on land, and not with needles.

Feather! Feather! Feather!

You'll catch a crab!

Beh!
You should feather! Feather I say! Beh! Why do you say feather? I'm not a bird!

Alice: Suddenly delighted, Alice reaches over the edge of the boat and picks some scented rushes. The prettiest she can't reach.

Alice leaves the boat. It and the sheep float off stage. Alice finds the Queen's shawl lying on the ground as at the beginning.

I can't reach them.
V. Humpty-Dumpty
Ominously ($d = \text{ca. 72}$)

Alice:

I think it's Humpty-Dumpty.

And how exactly like an egg he is!
It's very perturbing.
All the King's horses and all the King's men, Could n't put Humpty-Dumpty in his place again.

Subito piu forte

You've been listening at doors and behind trees, and

Subito piu forte

down chimneys or you could n't have known it. I have n't, in-deed! It's in a book.

Humpty:

Ah, the usual nonsense!

They may write such things in a book.
That's called a hist-'ry-of Eng-land. Now take a good look at me!

I'm on that has spok-en with a King:

And to show you I'm no proud you may shake hands with me.

Yes, all his hor-ses and all his men.
They'd pick me up in a minute they would.

How old did you say you Seven and a half.

Wrong! never said a word like it. Not a word!

Ominously

He repeats thoughtfully:
Seven years and six months. An uncomfortable sort of age.

Now if you'd asked my advice,
I'd have said, Leave off at seven.

But it's too late now.

Alice: indignant

I never ask advice about growing. To proud. I mean that one can't help growing older.

Humpty:

One can't, per-haps but two can With pro-er as-sis-tance, you might have left off at

Alice:

Quieto e magico; sospeso (\( \approx \text{ca. } 85 \))

You seem ver-y clev-er sir. Would you tell me the
meaning of the poem Jabberwocky?

Who's been repeating this stuff to you?

read it in a book. I can write better poems than that!

It needn't come to that!
piece I've written is for your amusement.

Alice: Somewhat dejected

With much pomposity, Humpty prepares to sing.

Somewhat majestic

Thank you.

In

Alice waits, but Humpty doesn't sing, so Alice sings instead.

Molto cantabile ma semplice

winter when the fields are white, I sing this song for your de-
Humpty:

light.

On-ly I don't sing it. I can see you don't.

If you can see wheth-er I'm singing or not, you've got sharper eyes than most. In spring, when woods are

get-ting green, I'll try and tell you what I mean. In win-ter.

Alice: (optional lower 8va)

In spring I will try and tell you what I mean.
Humpty: in the winter. summer, when the

Alice: days are long. Perhaps you'll understand the song. In autumn,

Together: when the days are long. Take pen and ink, and write it down.

take pen and ink, and write it down.
I will if I re-mem-ber it so long. You needn't go on mak-ing remarks like that: They're not sens-i-bile and they put me out. Now here's an-oth-er

song for you. Oh no! I sent a mes-sage to the fish: I told them 'This is what I wish.' The lit-tle fish-es of the sea, They sent an an-swer back to me. The
Humpty: Metric Modulation (\( \frac{3}{2} \))

It gets easier further on. I 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 I would’n’t have been that messenger for anything. But he was very stiff and proud, He—

Subito a tempo

Metric Modulation ($\frac{3}{4}$)$\rightarrow$$\frac{3}{4}$)

New Tempo ($e=70$)

Metric Modulation ($\frac{3}{4}$)$\rightarrow$$\frac{3}{4}$)

New Tempo ($e=93$)
said, 'You needn't shout so loud. And he was very proud and stiff: He said, 'I'd go and wak them if... I 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... Is that all? That's all. Good-bye.
Motlo piu veloce
VI. The Lion and the Unicorn

Very lively (♩ = ca. 90)

Like a fanfare

detached

White King:

I sent them all! Did you see them—my dear, as you came through the wood?

Yes I did,

The King refers to his book.

Poco meno mosso

several thousand I think.

Four thousand two hundred and seven,
that's the exact number. I couldn't send all the horses; two of them were wanted in the game.

Just look along the road and tell me if you see any-

Alice:

White King: fretfully

one. I seenobody.

I only wish I had such eyes. To be able to see

No-body! And at that distance too! Why it's as much as I can do to see real people, by this light!
Alice looks intently, shading her eyes with one hand.

Alice: 5
I see somebody now! But he's

White King: 3
coming very slowly. Lion and the Unicorn. Fighting for the crown?

White King: 6
The King sings as he exits.

Alice: 3
Yes, and the very best joke is, that it's my crown all the while!

Unicorn: 760
Con fantasia; poco meno mosso (\( \frac{d}{s} = 78 \))

Alice: 6
What is this?

Alice: 5
I'm a child, I only came here to-day. I'm as
large as life and twice as natural. I always thought they were fabulous monsters.

Talk child. Do you know, I think Unicorns are fabulous monsters, too? I never saw one alive before!

Well, now that we have seen each other, if you'll be alive in me, I'll be alive in you. Is that a bargain?
Piu mosso and accel. poco a poco

The Lion enters. He and the Unicorn spy each other.

Fast and detached: con fuoco ($J = \text{ca. } 90$)
Subito quieto e meno veloce

Subito veloce e forte; violente (\( \text{\textit{d}} = \text{\textit{ca. 140}} \))

(choose the chords or the melody according to rehearsal needs)

The lion and the unicorn suddenly vanish as if they were a dream.

Subito quieto e meno mosso
VII. It's My Own Invention

Dream-like, lo stesso tempo

where is the Unicorn, or was I dreaming?

Ah, but the garden

is the same, so I wasn't dreaming. Unless we're all part of the same dream.

Only I hope it's my dream, and not the Red King's.
The White Knight appears. He sings, slowly beating time with one hand, a faint smile lighting up his gentle, foolish face.

A-sitting On A Gate
Semplice e cantabile, ma non troppo lento ( \( \frac{4}{\text{A}} = \text{ca. 80} \) )

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

lit-tle to re-late. I saw an ag-ed ag-ed man, A sit-ting on a gate. "Who

are you, ag-ed man?" I said. "And how is it you live?" And his an-swer trick-led through my head, Like

wa-ter 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 stormy seas; And

that's the way I make my bread, a

Come sopra (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 up on 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
summer evening long ago

morendo poco a poco

sitting on a gate,

sitting on a gate.

Moderato e triste (½ = ca. 72)

Alice turns and eagerly looks in the direction he points.

You've only a few yards to go and
then you’ll be a Queen.

But I hope you’ll see me off first I shan’t be long.

Alice: Of course I will and thank you for the song. I liked it very much.

Magical

A courtier brings out Alice’s crown.
And knocks on it.
VIII. Queen Alice
Lo stesso tempo

The door opens up a little way, and a creature with a long beak puts its head out for a moment, speaks, and shuts the door again with a bang. An old frog hobbles slowly toward her: he is dressed in bright yellow and has enormous boots on.

A bit froggy-minded... (\(\dot{\lambda}\) = ca. 60)

No ad-mit-tance un-til the week af-ter

Frog:

What is it now?

Alice responds angrily:

Which _______ door!

Where's the ser-vant whose bus-i-ness it is to an-swer the door?
This door, of course!

Alice: Almost stomps with irritation.

The frog looks at the door with his large dull eyes for a minute: then he goes nearer and rubs it with his thumb, then he looks at Alice.

Almost stomps with irritation.

Alice: Though hands 8ba

To answer the door?

What's it been asking of? I don't know what you mean. I speak English doesn't I?

Or are you deaf? What did it ask you? Nothing, I've been knocking at it!

Shouldn't do that, shouldn't do that. Wipes it, you know.
He goes to the door and gives it a kick. As he hobbles off stage:

(both hands 8va)

You let it alone, and

it'll leave you alone, you know.

Royal Attendant:

Subito maestoso (lo stesso tempo)

To the Looking-Glass world it was

All the Looking-Glass creatures follow and seat themselves at the table.

Alice that said "I've a sceptre in hand, I've a crown on my head. Let the Looking-Glass creatures, what
ev-er they my be  Come and  dine with the Red Queen, the  White Queen and me! Then

fill up the glasses as quick as you can,  And  sprinkle the tables with but-tons and bran:  Put

cats in the cof-fee, and mice in the tea  And  wel-come Queen Al-ice with thir-ty times three!

Dream-like
White Queen: Make a remark the pudding is talking. What shall I say? Take a minute and think about it. Meanwhile, Queen Alice's health!

Alice: White Queen: The creatures begin drinking in extraordinary ways, putting glasses on top of their heads, trickling it down their faces, pouring it on the table and drinking as it runs off the edge, etc. (This could be a ballet.)

Exuberant, dream-like ($\lambda = \text{ca. 80}$)
A soup ladle moves toward Alice gesturing threateningly. Alice jumps up, seizes the table cloth with both hands, and with one good pull all comes crashing down in a heap on the floor.
Alice turns fiercely on the white Queen, catching hold of her.

Alice takes the Queen off the table and shakes her back and forth with all her might.

Alice falls and is suddenly back in her living room chair fast asleep.

X. Waking
Subito molte piu quieto e lento
XI. Which Dreamed It?
Cantabile e delicato; molto quieto e lento ($\frac{1}{8} = \text{ca. } 52$)

Oh, Kit-ty you wick-ed lit-tle thing!

White maj-est-y should - n't purr so. You woke me out of such a nice dream.
All through the Looking Glass world.

Tell me Din-ah, did you turn into Hump-ty-Dump-ty? I think you did, but I'm not sure.

Now, Kitty, let's consider who dreamed it all. This is a serious question, my dear.
You should not go on licking your paw like that.

as if Dinah hadn't washed you.

You see, Kitty,

it must have been either me or the Red King. He was a part of my dream, too!

Was it the Red King, Kitty? You were his wife, so you ought to know. Oh,
But the provoking kitten only begins on the other paw, and pretends it hasn't heard the question.

Carroll enters and asks:

Kitty, do help me to settle it. I'm sure your paw can wait. And which do you think it was?

Epilogue: A Boat Beneath A Sunny Sky

Barcarole; poco piu mosso (\( \lambda = \text{ca. 66} \))

A boat beneath a sunny sky
Linger 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.
Lo stesso tempo

Subito piu quieto

Long has paled that sunny sky: Echoes fade

molto rall.

A tempo

and memories die. Autumn frosts have slain July.

Barcarole; poco meno mosso ($\approx$ ca. 56)

Still she haunts me, phantom-wise,
Alice moving under skies  Never seen by waking eyes.

Cantabile; poco rubato; molto legato

Alice comes forward to sing.

Children yet the tale to hear,  Eager eye and willing ear, Lovingly shall nestle near. In a wonderland they lie.
Dreaming as the days go by,
Dreaming as the summers die.

Ever drifting down the stream
Linger ing in the golden gleam.

Dream-like; suspended
Life what is it but a dream?

Life what is it but a dream?