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# Ririro

IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

Ririro

## The Hunting of the Snark: The Hunting (4/8)

The Bellman looked uffish, and wrinkled his brow.

"If only you'd spoken before!

It's excessively awkward to mention it now,

With the Snark, so to speak, at the door!

"We should all of us grieve, as you well may believe,

If you never were met with again—

But surely, my man, when the voyage began,

You might have suggested it then?

"It's excessively awkward to mention it now—

As I think I've already remarked."

And the man they called "Hi!" replied, with a sigh,

"I informed you the day we embarked.

"You may charge me with murder—or want of sense—

(We are all of us weak at times):

But the slightest approach to a false pretence

Was never among my crimes!

"I said it in Hebrew—I said it in Dutch—

I said it in German and Greek:

But I wholly forgot (and it vexes me much)

That English is what you speak!"

"'Tis a pitiful tale," said the Bellman, whose face

Had grown longer at every word:

"But, now that you've stated the whole of your case,

More debate would be simply absurd.

“The rest of my speech” (he explained to his men)  
“You shall hear when I’ve leisure to speak it.  
But the Snark is at hand, let me tell you again!  
’Tis your glorious duty to seek it!  
“To seek it with thimbles, to seek it with care;  
To pursue it with forks and hope;  
To threaten its life with a railway-share;  
To charm it with smiles and soap!  
“For the Snark’s a peculiar creature, that won’t  
Be caught in a commonplace way.  
Do all that you know, and try all that you don’t:  
Not a chance must be wasted to-day!  
“For England expects—I forbear to  
proceed:

’Tis a maxim tremendous, but  
trite:  
And you’d best be unpacking the  
things that you need  
To rig yourselves out for the  
fight.”

Then the Banker endorsed a blank  
cheque (which he crossed),  
And changed his loose silver for  
notes.

The Baker with care combed his whiskers and hair,  
And shook the dust out of his coats.  
The Boots and the Broker were sharpening a spade—  
Each working the grindstone in turn:  
But the Beaver went on making lace, and displayed  
No interest in the concern:



Though the Barrister tried to appeal to its pride,  
And vainly proceeded to cite  
A number of cases, in which making laces  
Had been proved an infringement of right.  
The maker of Bonnets ferociously planned  
A novel arrangement of bows:  
While the Billiard-marker with quivering hand  
Was chalking the tip of his nose.  
But the Butcher turned nervous, and dressed himself  
fine,  
With yellow kid gloves and a ruff—  
Said he felt it exactly like going to dine,  
Which the Bellman declared was all "stuff."  
"Introduce me, now there's a good fellow," he said,  
"If we happen to meet it together!"  
And the Bellman, sagaciously nodding his head,  
Said "That must depend on the weather."  
The Beaver went simply galumphing about,  
At seeing the Butcher so shy:  
And even the Baker, though stupid and stout,  
Made an effort to wink with one eye.  
"Be a man!" said the Bellman in wrath, as he heard  
The Butcher beginning to sob.  
"Should we meet with a Jubjub, that desperate bird,  
We shall need all our strength for the job!"