

'Twas brillling, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogroves
And the mome raths outgrabe

Your majesty?
Kommen sie in
Keeping your eyes gently closed, close your eyes tightly

It will rain, it will rain

Kalaallit Nunaata Radioa. Grønlands radio;
Vi ønsker jer godnat. Tamassi sinilluaritsi

And after having what she described as her most thrilling experience
She climbed down from the tree next day a queen

And as in uffish thought he stood
Long time the manxome foe he sought
He left it dead and with its head
He stood a while in thought

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