

# A-sitting on a gate [duration 4 min approx.]

Lewis Carroll (Through the Looking-glass)

Julian Dale

juliandale@outlook.com

♩ = 63

Bar

Pf

*pp* *p* *pp* *pp*

*M. s. cantabile*

5

♩ = 74

*mp* *mf* *mf* *mp*

I'll tell thee every-thing I can; there's litt-le to re-late. I saw an

8

a - ged a - ged man a-sitting on a gate. 'Who

*f*

12

*mp* *mf*

are you, a - ged man' I said 'and how is it you live?'

*mp*

*p*

His an-swer trickled through my head like

*mf* *p*

*mf* *mp* *mf* *mp*

wa - ter through a sieve. He said 'I look for butter flies that

*mp* *p*

sleep a-mong the wheat: I make them in - to mu-tton pies and

*mp*

3

*mf* *mp* *p* *mp* *f*

sell them in the street. I sell them un-to men', he said,'who sail on stormy seas.

*p* *mp* *p* *mp* *f*

23

And that's the way I get my bread. A tri-ple, if you please.' But

26

I was thinking of a plan to dye one's whiskers green, &

29

always use so large a fan that they could not be seen. So,

31

having no re - ply to give to what the old man said, I

34

*f* *mf* *p*

cried 'Come, tell me how you live!' and thumped him on the head. He

*mp* *mf* *p*

37

*mp*

said 'I hunt for hadocks' eyes a - mong the heather bright, & work them in - to

*p*

39

*mf* *p*

waist - coat bu - ttons in the si - lent night. And these I do not sell for

*mp* *p*

41

*mp* *p* *mp* *p*

gold or coin of sil - ver - y shine, but for a copper ha' - penny, &

*mp* *p*

that will pur-chase nine. I some - times dig for buttered rolls or

set limed twigs for crabs; I some-times search the grass-y knolls for

*mf* *mp*  
wheels of han - som cabs. And that's the way' (he gave a wink) 'by which I  
*p* *mp* *p*  
*mp* *p*

*mf*  
get my wealth & ver-y glad-ly will I drink Your Honour's no-ble health.' I'  
*mp* *p* *mp*

heard him then, for I had just com - plet-ed my de-sign to keep the Menai bridge from rust by

*p*

boiling it in wine. I thanked him much for telling me the

*f* *mp*

*mf* *f* *p*

way he got his wealth, but chiefly for his wish that he might drink my no-ble health.

*mf* *p*

*mp* *p*

Faster ♩ = 88

spoken *p*  $\lceil$  3  $\rceil$

And now, if e'er by chance I put my finger into glue, or

*mf* *p*

65

madly squeeze a right hand foot in-to a left hand shoe or if I drop upon my toe a

68

very heavy weight, I weep, for it re - minds me so of that old man I

71

used to know, whose look was mild, whose speech was slow, whose hair was

74

whiter than the snow, whose face was ver-y like a crow, with

77

*mf*

eyes, like cinders all a - glow, who seemed dis-tract-ed with his woe,

*mp*

79

*mp*

who rocked his bod-y to & fro, & muttered mum-bling - ly &

*p*

81

*mp amused*

low, as if his mouth were full of dough, Who snorted like a buffa-lo, *wistful p* that

*pp*

84

*pp*

summer eve-ning long *p* a - go *pp* a - sitting on a gate.

*p*

*pp*