

Errors that are not corrected in the Anthology of poems (file Lit 1) are marked in red. Please make the corrections when teaching

You are Old, Father William
Lewis Carroll

“Repeat You are old, Father William,” said the **Caterpillar**
Alice folded her hand and began:--
“You are old, father William,” the young man said
“And your hair has become very white:
And yet you incessantly stand on your head –
Do you think at your age, it is right?”

“In my **youth**,” father William replied to his son,
“I feared it would injure the brain;
But now that I’m perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again.”

“You are old,” said the youth, “as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—
Pray, what is the reason of that?”

“In my youth,” said the sage, as he shook his **gray** locks,
“I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment – one shilling the box –
Allow me to sell you a couple.”