

(Im Inneren des Festsaaals)

'Do you know, I've had such a quantity of poetry
Repeated to me to-day,'
Alice began, [...] 'and it's a very curious thing,
I think - every poem was
about fishes in some way.
Do you know why they're so fond of fishes,
all about here?'
She spoke to the Red Queen,
Whose answer was a little wide of the mark.
'As to fishes,' she said [...],
'Her White Majesty knows a lovely riddle - all in poetry -
All about fishes. Shall she repeat it?'

[...] 'Please do,' Alice said very politely.

The White Queen laughed with delight,
And stroked Alice's cheek.
Then she began: