

Eight Supplemental Verses to Lewis Carroll's "You Are Old, Father William"

By Hailey Hoffman

"You are old, Father William, and one would believe,
That your knowledge of fashion were weak;
But you wear silk chemises with fur on the sleeve—
Just how are you so very chic?"

"In my youth," said the man, "I was frequently irked,
By the pitiful outfits I wore;
But I soon went to work as a young tailor clerk,
In a dignified gentlemen's store."

"You are old," said the lad, "and it seems only right,
That you turn in to bed before eight;
Yet you venture out dancing 'most every night,
And retire so awfully late!"

"In my youth," said the elder, "I found it quite fun,
To watch owls that lived in the park;
The resulting distaste that I feel for the sun,
Is the reason I thrive in the dark."

"You are old," said the son, "And I wouldn't expect,
That you act like a suave prince charming;
Yet you court different maidens one day to the next—
Why your skills are, quite frankly, alarming!"

"In my youth," Father William replied with a smile,
"I learned how to shamelessly flatter;
The courtship of ladies, son, after a while,
Becomes a quite effortless matter."

"You are old," said the boy, "as I've frequently said,
And the memory can become dull;
But you keep all your finances up in your head,
Why, your brain must be awfully full!"

"In my youth," said the father, "I took much joy,
In reciting the digits of pi;
And the knowledge of numbers I learned as a boy,
Is a talent on which I rely."