

# Limericks

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A limerick packs laughs anatomical  
Into space that is quite economical.  
But the good ones I've seen  
So seldom are clean –  
And the clean ones so seldom are comical.

A smiling young lady of Riga  
Went out for a ride on a tiger.  
They came back from their ride  
With the lady inside  
And the smile on the face of the tiger.

A flea and a fly in a flue  
Were imprisoned, so what could they do?  
Said the fly: "Let us flee."  
Said the flea: "Let us fly."  
So they flew through a flaw in the flue.

A bather whose clothing was strewed  
By winds, that left her quite nude,  
Saw a man come along,  
And, unless I am wrong,  
You expected this line to be rude.





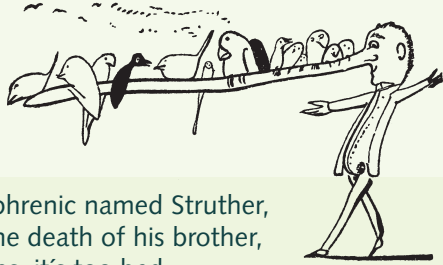
A man hired by John Smith and Co.  
Loudly declared that he'd tho.  
Men that he saw  
Dumping dirt near his door –  
The drivers, therefore, didn't do.

There was a young lady of Tyre,  
Who swept the loud chords of a lyre;  
At the sound of each sweep,  
She enraptured the deep,  
And enchanted the city of Tyre.

There was a young man of Calcutta  
Who had a most terrible stutta,  
He said: 'Pas the ...ham,  
And the j ... j ... j ... jam,  
And the b ... b ... b ... b ... b ... butta.'

There was an old Person of Spain,  
Who hated all trouble and pain;  
So he sat on a chair,  
With his feet in the air,  
That umbrageous old Person of Spain.



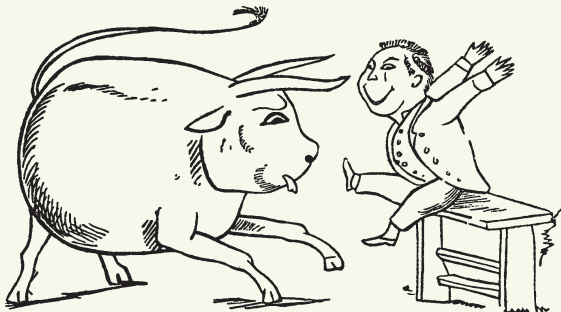


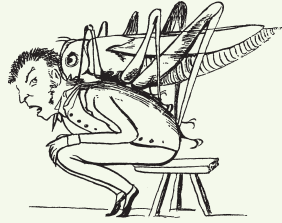
A young schizophrenic named Struther,  
When told of the death of his brother,  
Said: `Yes, it's too bad,  
But I can't feel too sad –  
After all, I still have each other.

There was an old man of St Bees  
Who was horribly stung by a wasp.  
When they said: "Does it hurt?"  
He replied: "No, it doesn't –  
It's a good job it wasn't a hornet!"

A mosquito was heard to complain  
That a chemist had poisoned his brain;  
The cause of his sorrow  
Was Para-dichloro-  
Diphenyltrichlorothane.

There was an old lady of France,  
Who taught little duckings to dance;  
When she said, "Tick-a-tack!" –  
They only said, "Quack!"  
Which grieved that old lady of France.



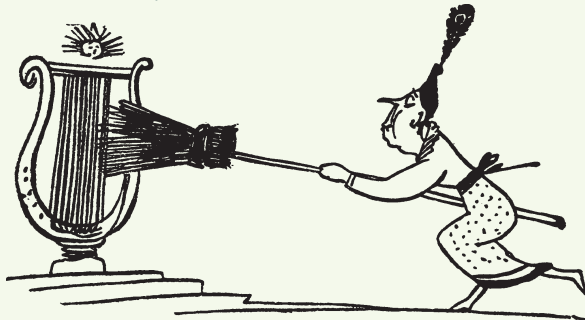


I, CEASAR, when I learned of the fame  
Of Cleopatra, I straightway laid claim.  
    Ahead of my legions,  
    I invaded her regions –  
I saw, I conquered, I came.

There was an old man of Dumbree,  
Who taught little owls to drink tea;  
    For he said, "To eat mice,  
    Is not proper or nice"  
That amiable man of Dumbree.

Ronald Reagan screamed out in dismay,  
When he saw his old films: 'I must say  
    It's a very hard fact –  
    I must learn to act.'  
And that's what he does every day.

Few people could hope to compare  
With the two who made love on the stair.  
    When the bannister broke,  
    They thought it a joke,  
And just carried on in midair.





There was a young man of Japan,  
Who wrote verses that never would scan.  
When folk told him so,  
He replied: 'Yes, I know,  
But I always try and get as many words into the last line as I  
possibly can.'

There was a young fellow of Trinity  
Who, although he could trill like a linnet, he  
Could never complete  
Any poem with feet,  
Saying: "Idiots!,  
Can't you see  
What I'm writing  
happens  
to be  
free  
Verse?"

God's plan made a hopeful beginning,  
But Man spoilt his chances by sinning;  
We trust that the story  
Will end in great glory,  
But at present, the other side's winning.



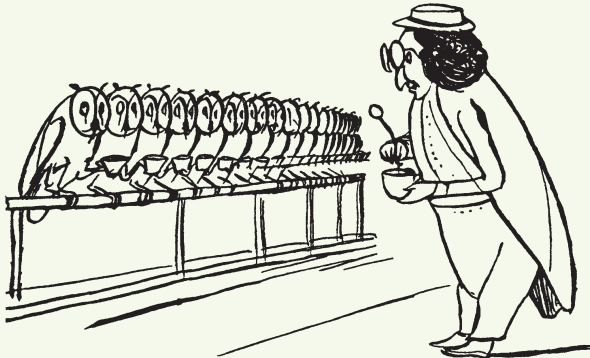


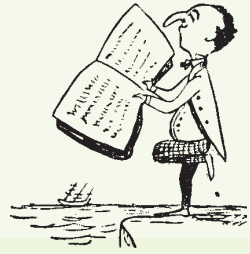
There was a young poet called Wyatt  
Whose voice was remarkable quiet.  
And finally one day  
It faded away...

There was a young fellow named Fisher  
Who was fishing for fish in a fissure;  
Then a cod, with a grin,  
Pulled the fisherman in...  
Now they're searching the fissure for Fisher.

If intercourse gives you thrombosis,  
And continence causes neurosis,  
I'd rather expire  
Fulfilling desire  
Than live in a state of psychosis.

There was a young fellow from Tynes  
Put his head in the South-Eastern line;  
But he died of ennui,  
For the 5.53  
Didn't come till a quarter past nine.



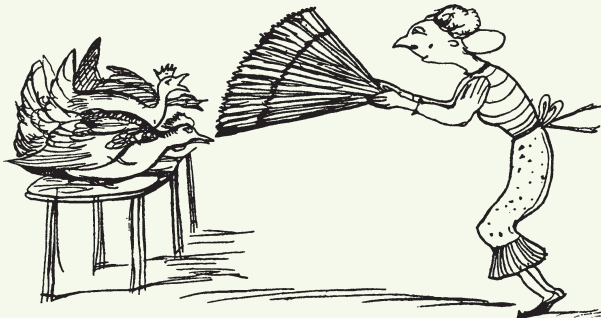


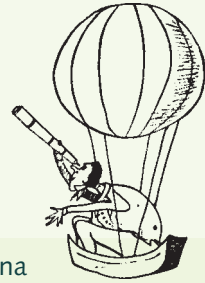
There was a young lady of Ryde  
Who was carried too far by the tide;  
Cried a man-eating shark:  
"How's this for a lark?  
I knew that the Lord would provide."

There was an old man who averred  
He had learned how to fly like a bird;  
Cheered by thousands of people,  
He leapt from the steeple –  
This tomb states the date it occurred.

A famous theatrical actress  
Played best in the role of malefactress.  
Yet her home-life was pure,  
Except, to be sure,  
A scandal or two just for practice.

If you find for your verse there's no call,  
And you can't afford paper at all,  
For the poet true born,  
However forlorn,  
There's always the lavatory wall.





Of a sudden, the great prima donna  
Cried: "Gawd: my voice is a gonner."  
But a cat in the wings  
Said: "I know how she sings,"  
And finished the solo with honour.

There's a sensitive type in Tom's River  
Whom Beethoven causes to quiver;  
The aesthetic vibration  
Brings soulful elation,  
And also is fine for the liver.

An epicure, dining at Crewe,  
Found a rather large mouse in his stew;  
Said the waiter: "Don't shout,  
Or wave it about,  
Or the rest will be wanting one too."

