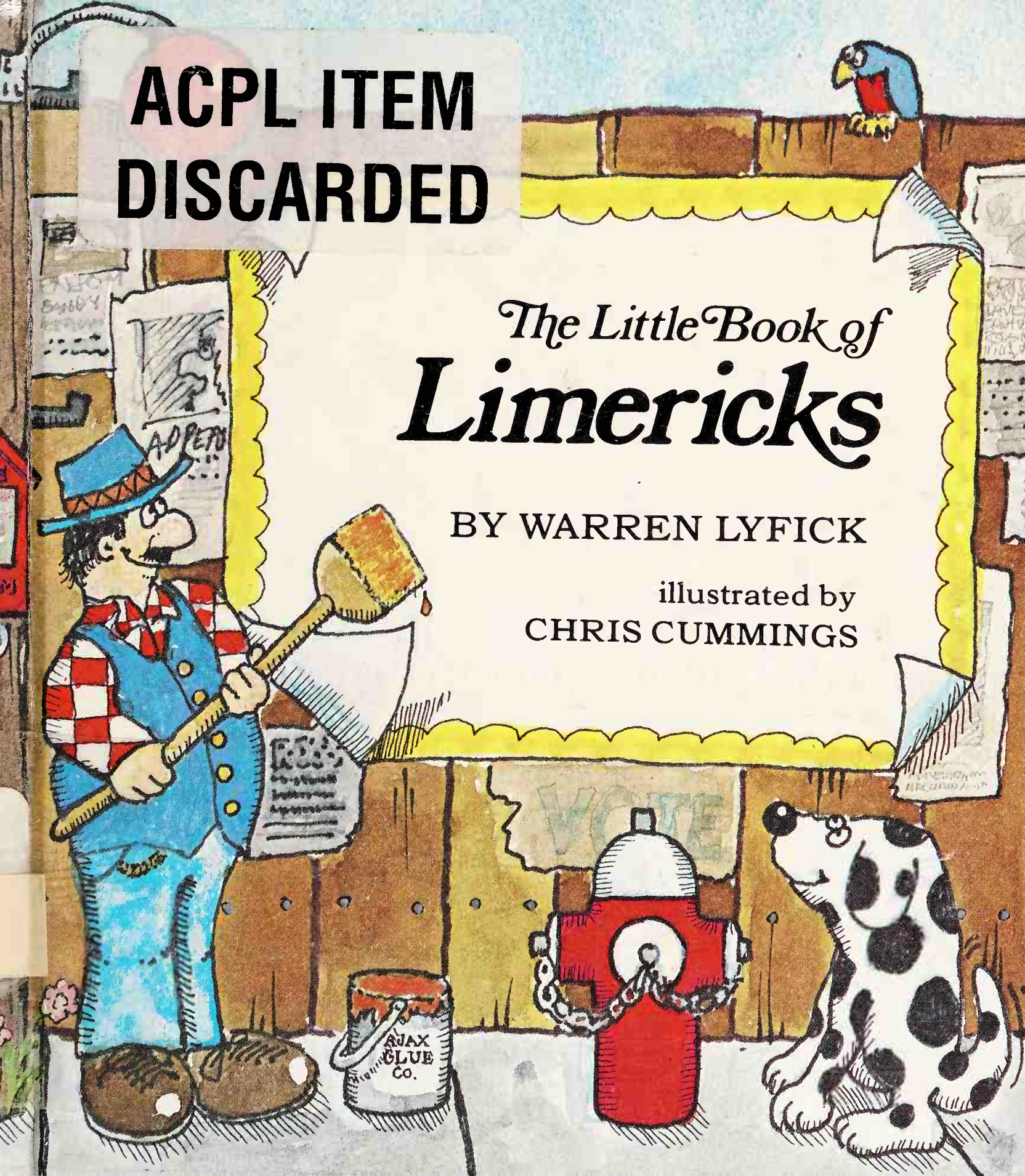


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The Little Book of
Limericks

BY WARREN LYFICK

illustrated by
CHRIS CUMMINGS



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Lyfick

Little book of limericks

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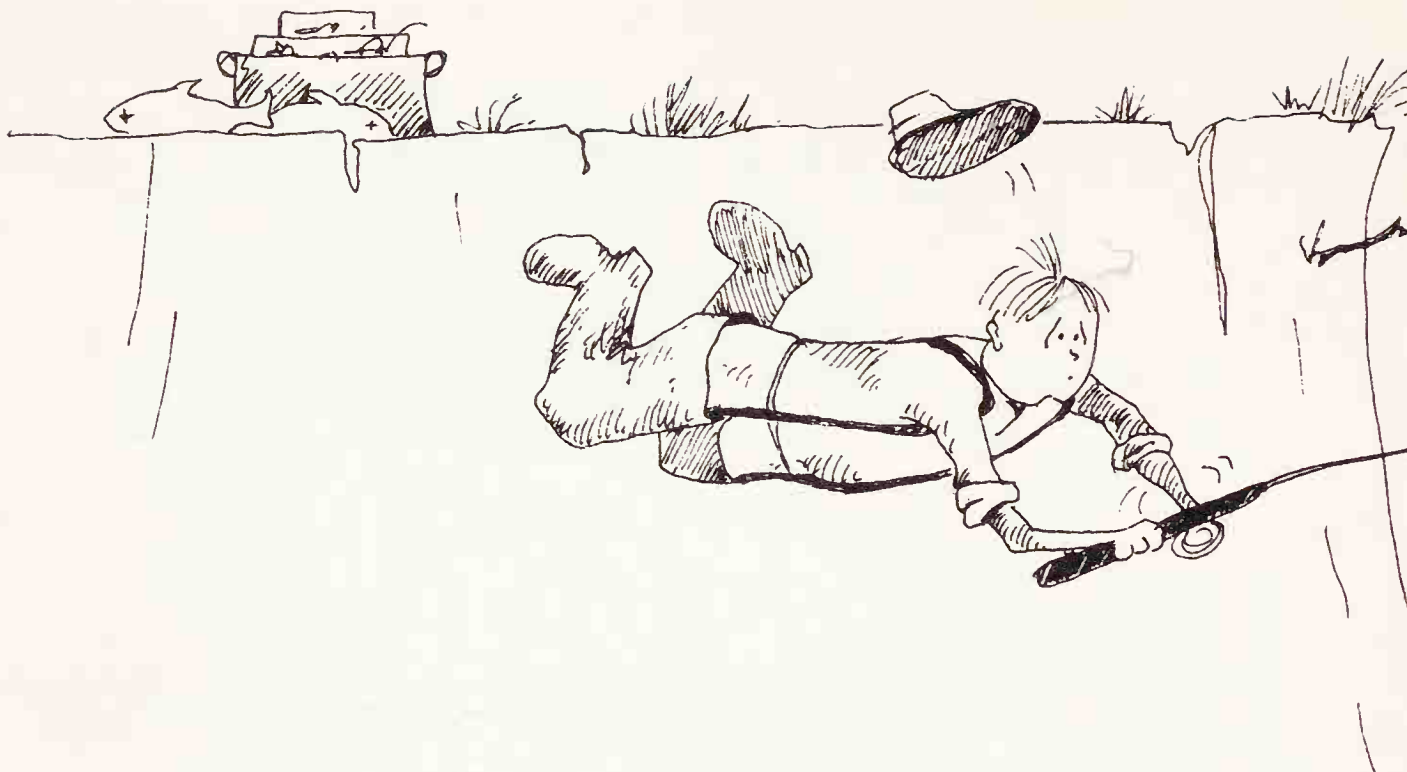


The Little Book of Limericks

Compiled by WARREN LYFICK

Illustrated by CHRIS CUMMINGS

HARVEY HOUSE, Publishers
New York, New York



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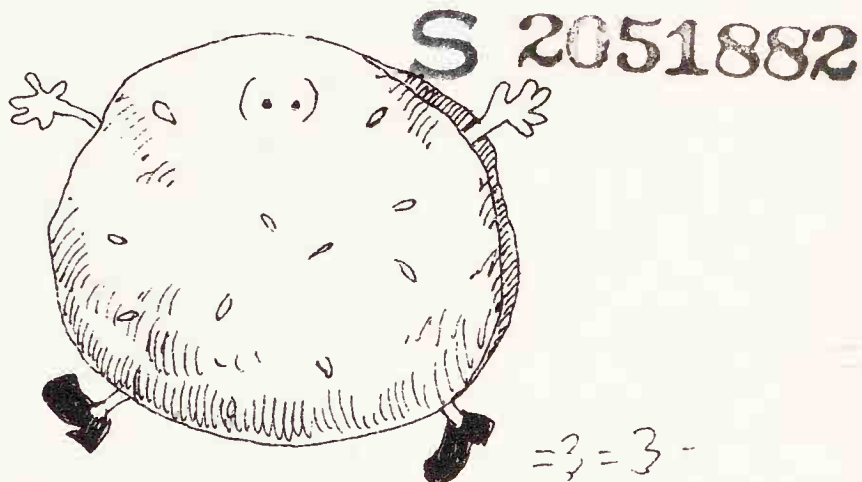
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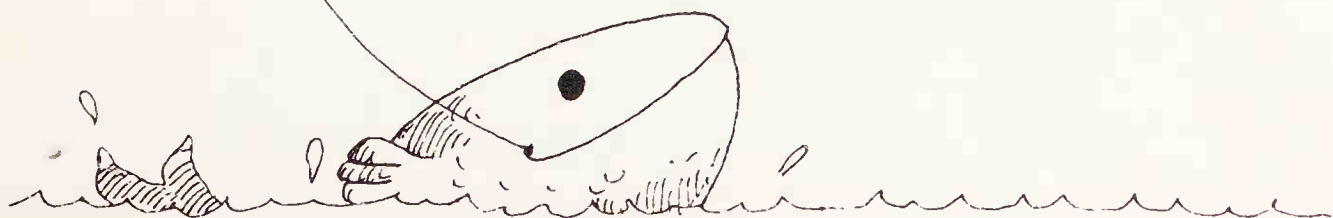
Published in Canada by Fitzhenry & Whiteside, Ltd., Toronto

When a jolly young fisher named Fisher
 Went fishing for fish in a fissure,
 A fish with a grin
 Pulled the fisherman in.
 Now they're fishing the fissure for Fisher.

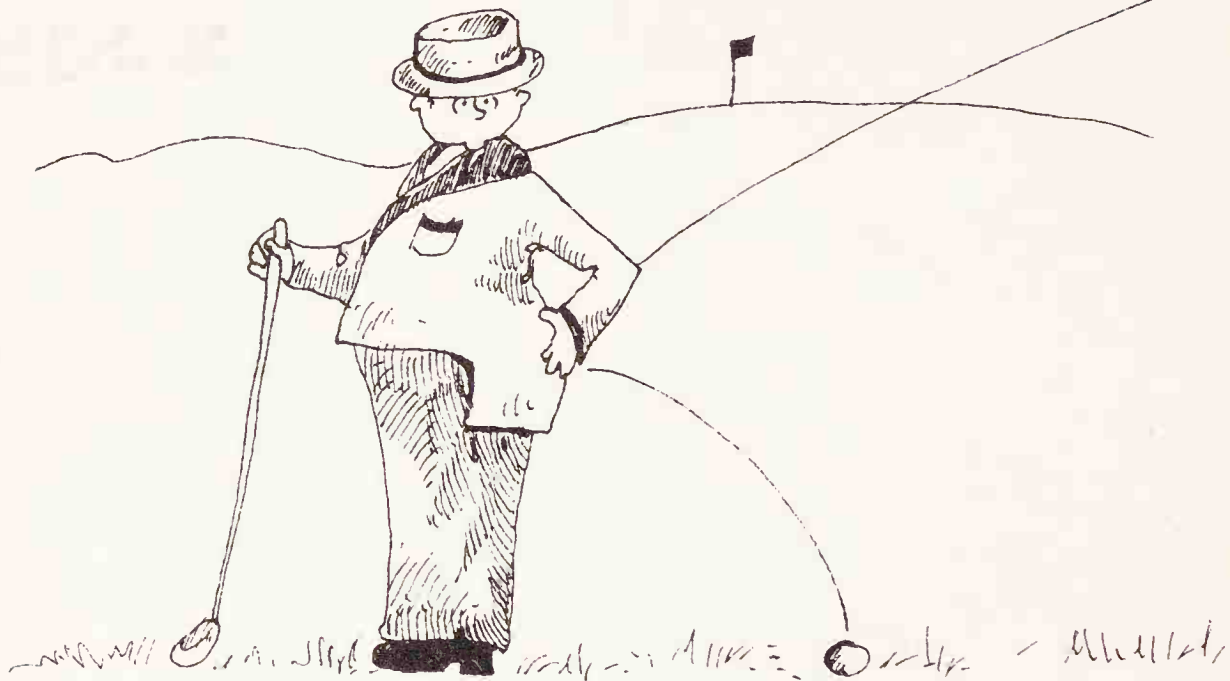


There was a young man of Bengal,
 Who went to a fancy dress ball;
 He went, just for fun
 Dressed up as a bun,
 And a dog ate him up in the hall.

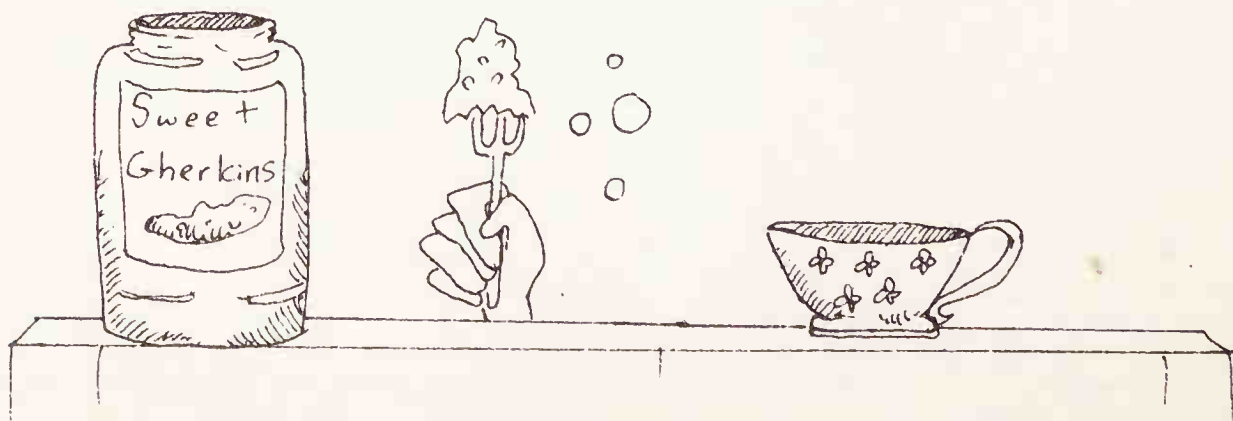
There was a young fellow named Hall,
 Who fell in the spring in the fall;
 'Twould have been a sad thing
 If he'd died in the spring
 But he didn't—he died in the fall.



They say that ex-President Taft
When hit by a golf ball once laughed
And said, "I'm not sore,
But although he called 'Fore'
The place where he hit me was aft."



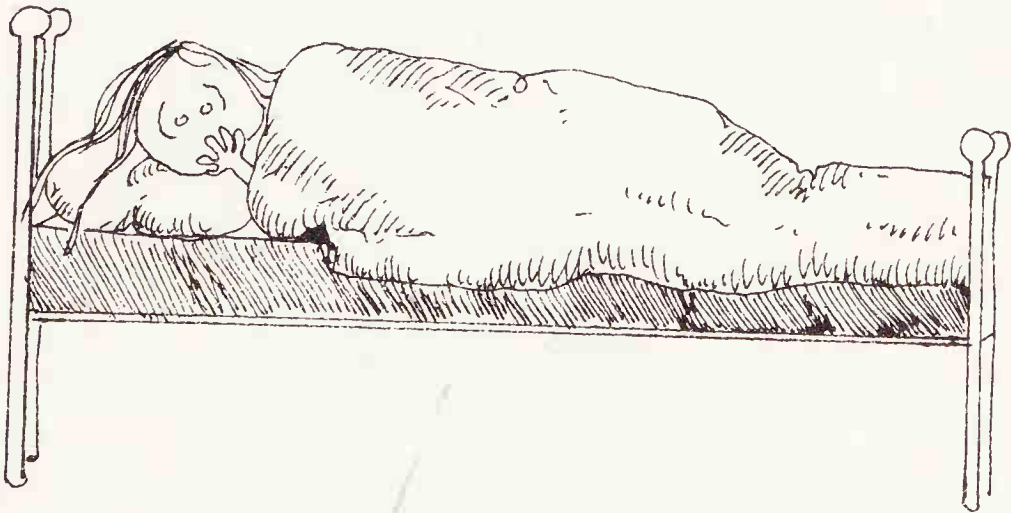
There was a young lady named Perkins,
Who had a great fondness for gherkins;
She went to a tea
And ate twenty-three,
Which pickled her internal workin's.



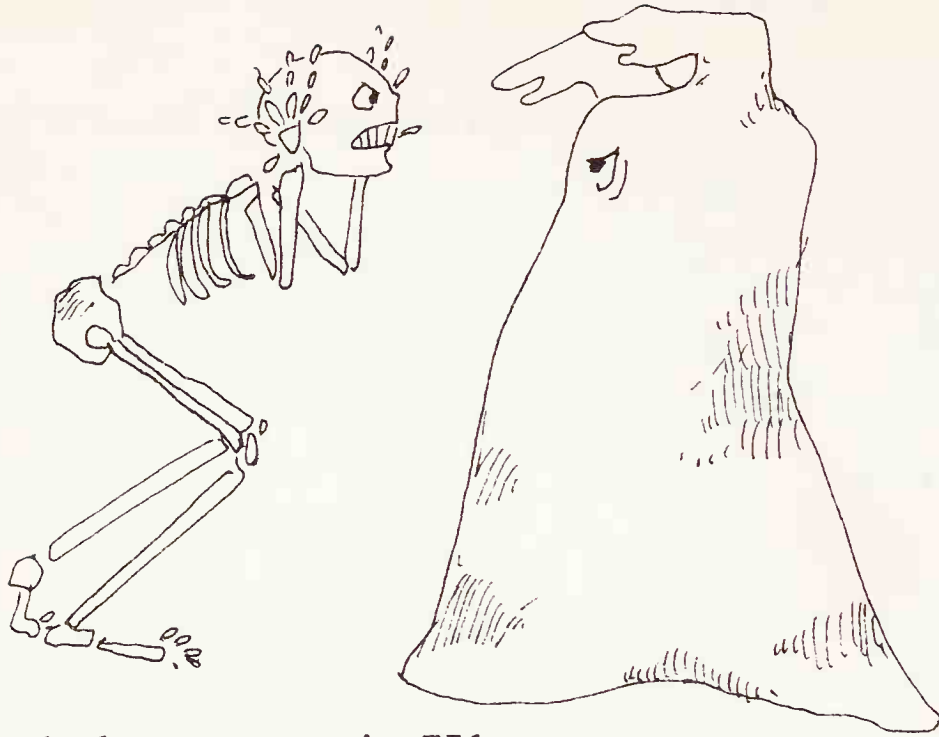


A flea and a fly in a flue
Were caught, so what could they do?
Said the fly, "Let us flee."
"Let us fly" said the flea.
So they flew through a flow in the flue.

There was a young lady named Banker,
Who slept while the ship lay at anchor.
She woke in dismay
When she heard the mate say,
"Now hoist up the top sheet and spanker."



There was a young lady named Bright,
Whose speed was much faster than light.
She went out one day
In a relative way
And returned the previous night.



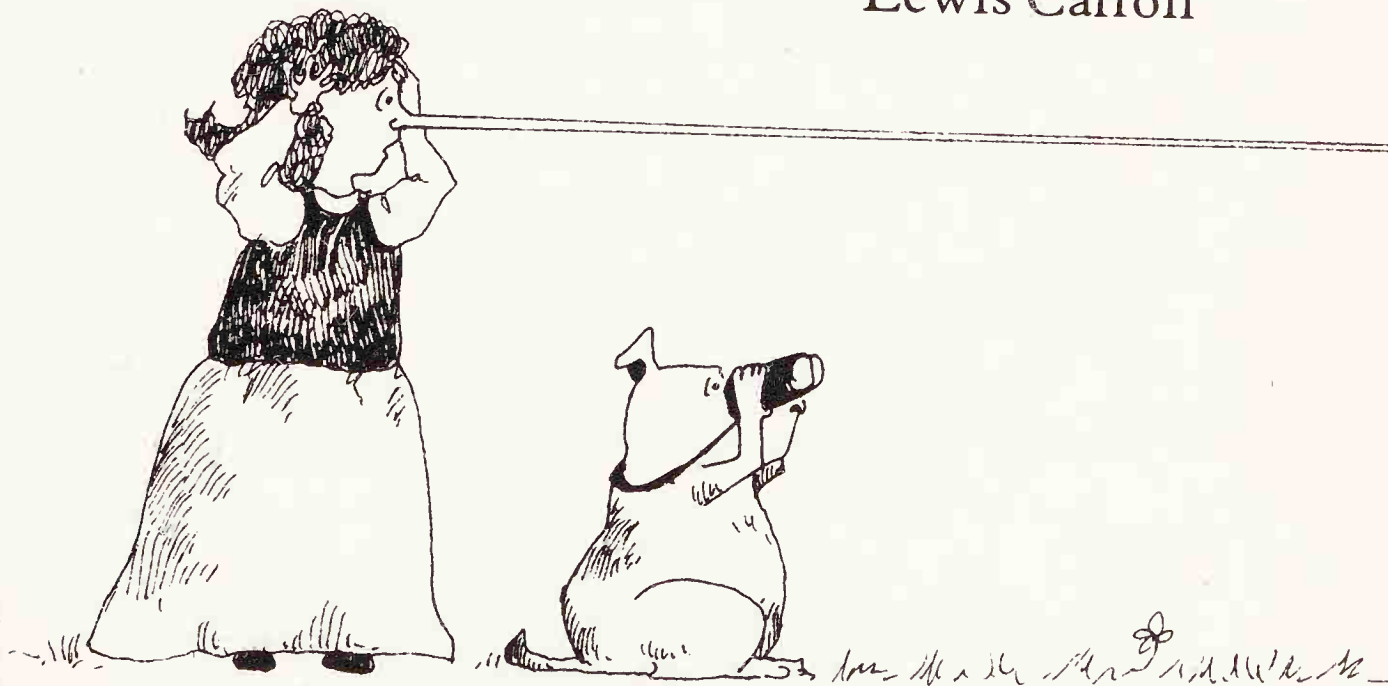
A skeleton once in Khartoum
Asked a spirit up to his room;
They spent the whole night
In the eeriest fight
As to which should be frightened of whom.

There was a young lady from Guam
Who observed, "The Pacific's so calm,
That there can't be a shark,
I'll just swim for a lark."
Let us now sing the Twenty-Third Psalm.

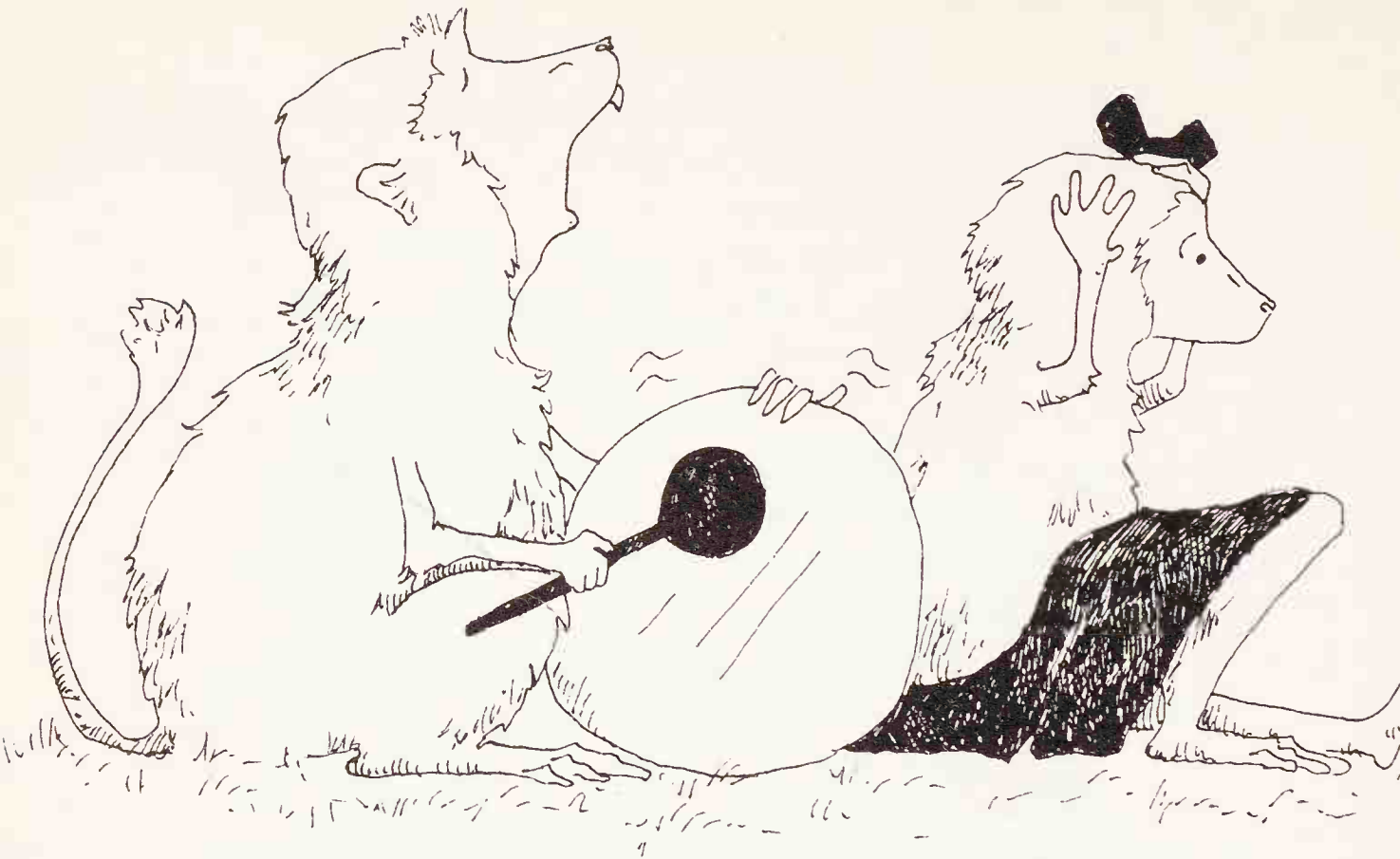


There was a young lady named Ruth,
Who had a great passion for truth.
She said she would die
Before she would lie.
And she died in the prime of her youth.

There was once a young man of Oporta
Who daily got shorter and shorter.
The reason he said
Was the hod on his head
Which was filled with the heaviest mortar.
Lewis Carroll



There was a young lady whose nose
Continually prospers and grows;
When it grew out of sight,
She exclaimed in a fright,
Oh! Farewell to the end of my nose.”
Edward Lear



There was a composer named Bong
Who composed a new popular song.
It was simply the croon
Of a lovesick baboon,
With occasional thumps on the gong.

Said a boy to his teacher one day:
“Wright has not written rite right, I say.”
And the teacher replied,
As the blunder she eyed:
“Right. Wright, write rite right, right away.”

There was a young farmer of Leeds;
Who swallowed six packets of seeds.
It soon came to pass
He was covered with grass,
And he couldn't sit down for the weeds.



There was an old lady named Carr,
Who took the 3:30 to Forfar;
For she said: "I conceive
It is likely to leave
Far before the 4:40 to Forfar."

There was a young man from the city,
Who met what he thought was a kitty.
He gave it a pat
And said, "Nice little cat."
They burned his clothes, out of pity.

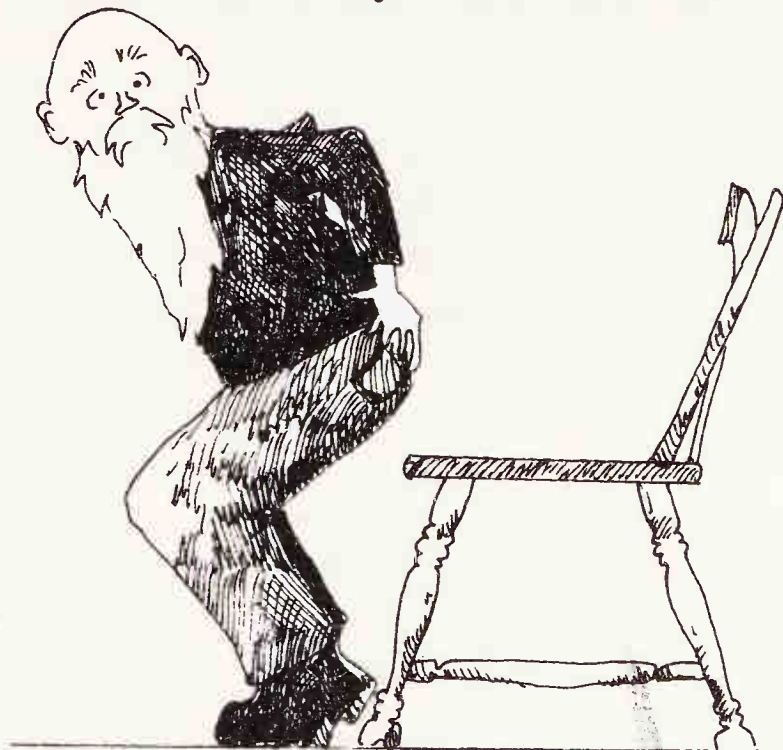
There was an old hag of Malacca,
Who smoked such atrocious tobacco,
When tigers came near,
They trembled with fear,
And didn't attempt to attacca.



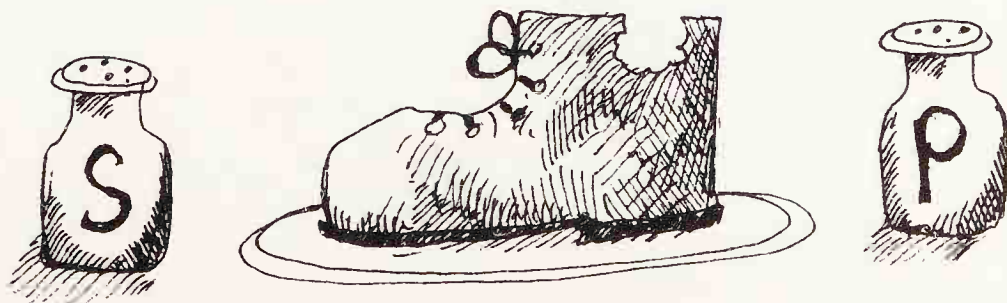
His sister named Lucy O'Finner
Grew constantly thinner and thinner,
The reason was plain,
She slept in the rain,
And was never allowed any dinner.
Lewis Carroll

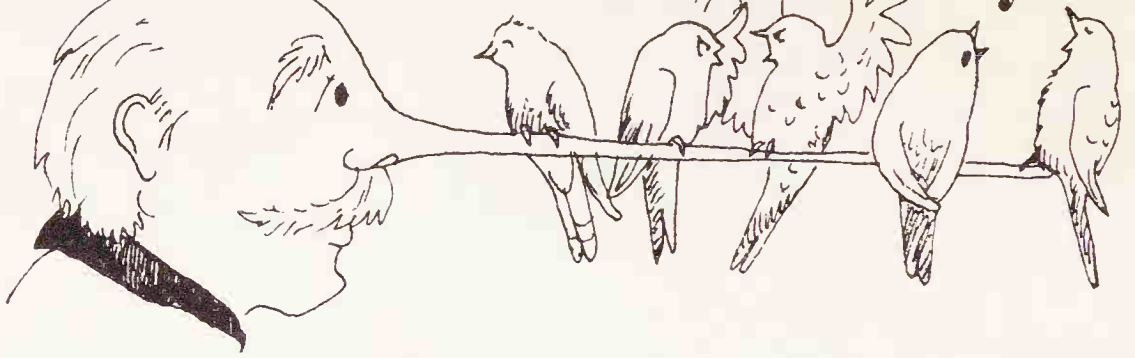
There was an old man of Blackheath,
Who sat on his set of false teeth.

Said he, with a start,
"Oh Lord, Bless my heart!
I've bitten myself underneath!"



There was an old man from Peru,
Who dreamt he was eating his shoe.
He awoke in the night
In a terrible fright
And found it was perfectly true!

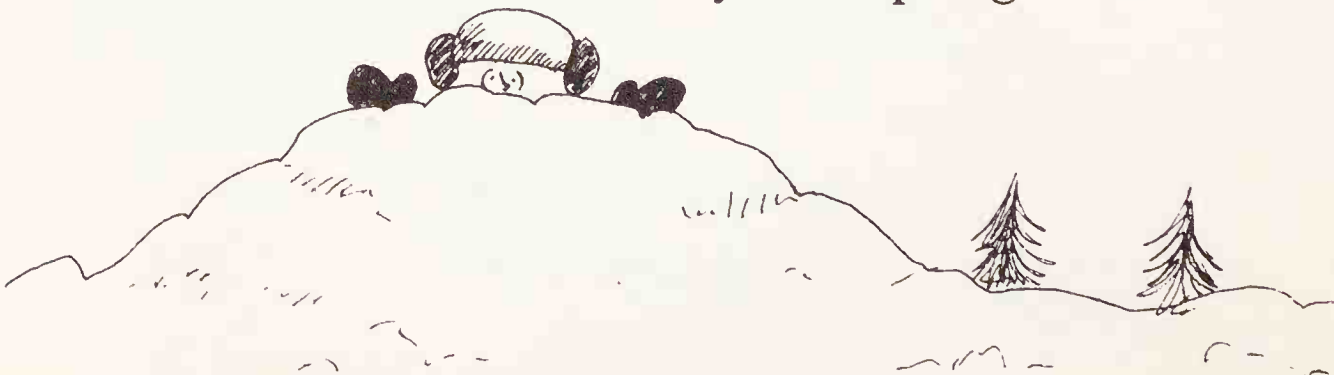




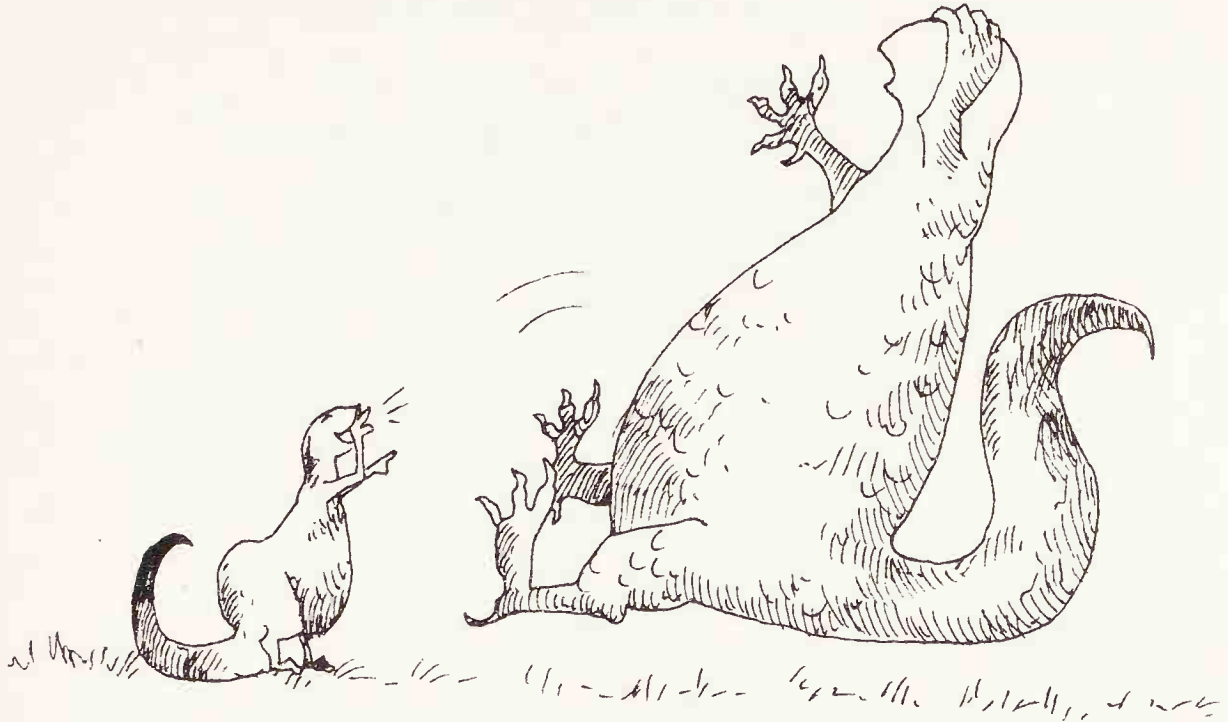
There was an old man on whose nose,
Most birds of the air could repose
 But they all flew away
 At the end of the day
Which relieved that old man and his nose.

There was an old maiden from Fife,
Who had never been kissed in her life;
 Along came a cat,
 And she said, "I'll kiss that!"
But the cat answered, "Not on your life!"

There was a small boy in Quebec,
Stood buried in snow to his neck.
 When asked, "Are you friz?"
 He said, "Yes, I is;
But we don't call this cold in Quebec!"
 Rudyard Kipling



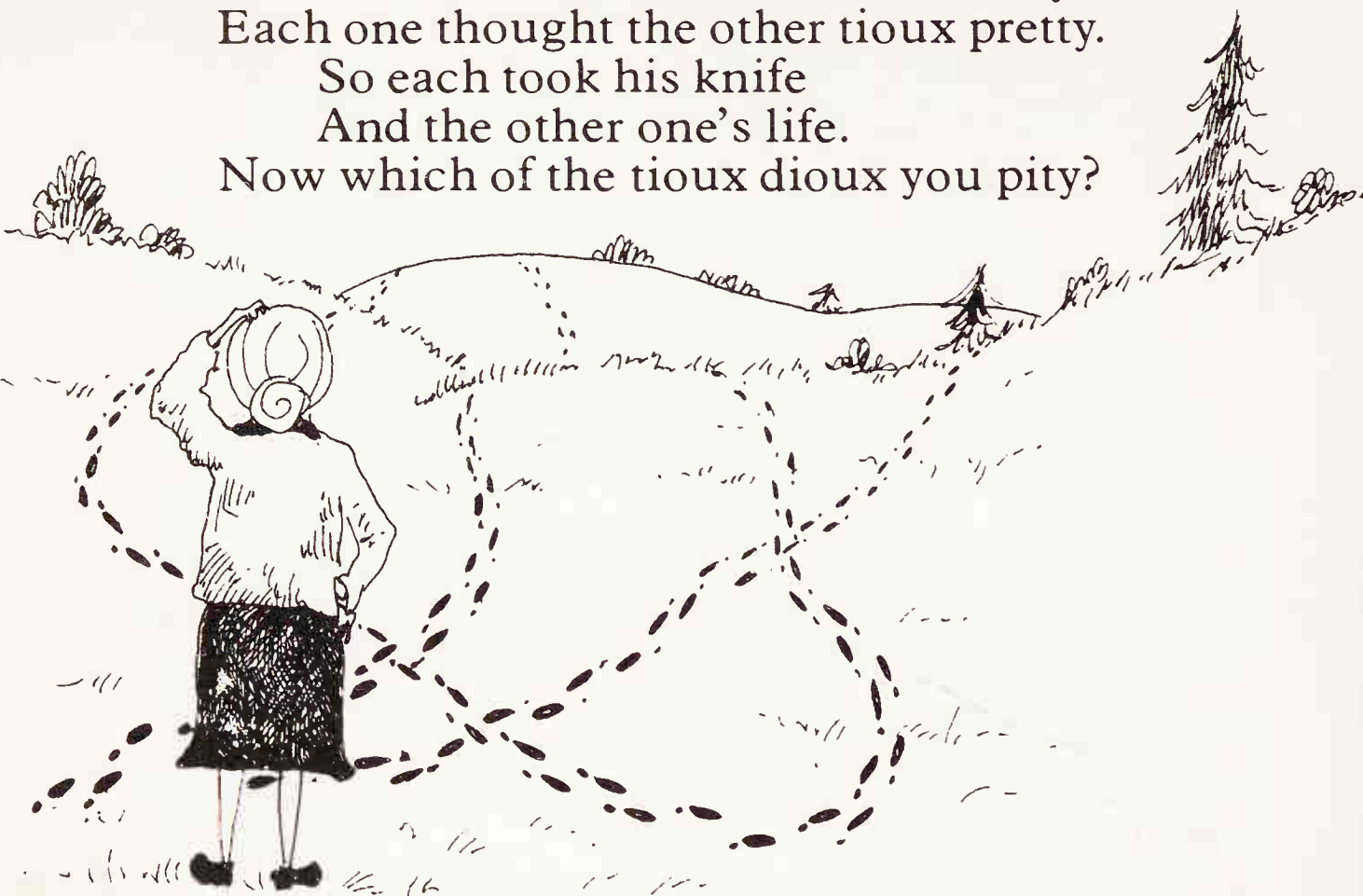
There was an old man of Tarentum
Who gnashed his false teeth 'til he bent 'em.
When they asked him the cost
Of what he had lost,
He replied, "I can't say, for I rent 'em."



There once was a plesiosaurus
Which lived when the earth was all porous,
But it fainted with shame
When it first heard its name,
And departed long ages before us.

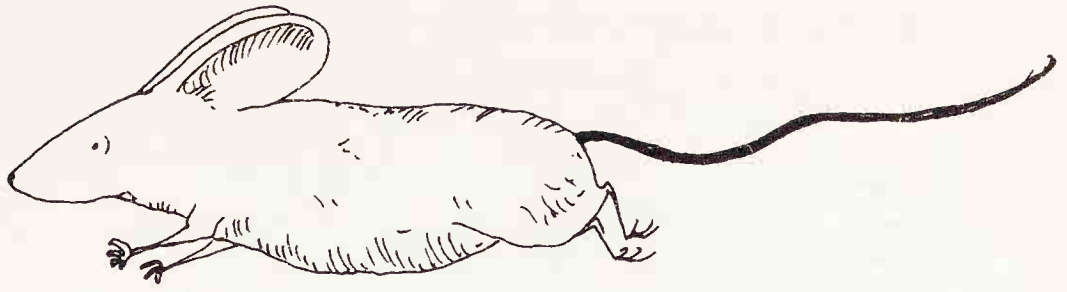
A handsome young noble of Spain
Met a lion one day in the rain.
He ran in a fright
With all of his might,
But the lion, he ran with his mane!

Two brothers there were of Sioux City;
Each one thought the other tioux pretty.
So each took his knife
And the other one's life.
Now which of the tioux dioux you pity?



There was a young lady of Kent,
Whose nose was most awfully bent.
One day, I suppose,
She followed her nose,
For no one knew which way she went.

An oyster from Kalamazoo
Confessed he was feeling quite blue,
“For,” says he, “as a rule,
When the weather turns cool,
I invariably get in a stew.”



A mouse in her room woke Miss Dowd;
She was frightened and screamed very loud.
Then a happy thought hit her
To scare off the critter,
She sat up in bed and meowed.

There was an old man of Nantucket
Who kept all his cash in a bucket;
But his daughter, named Nan,
Ran away with a man—
And as for the bucket, Nantucket.



There was a young person called Smarty
Who sent out his cards for a party;
So exclusive and few
Were the friends that he knew
That no one was present but Smarty.



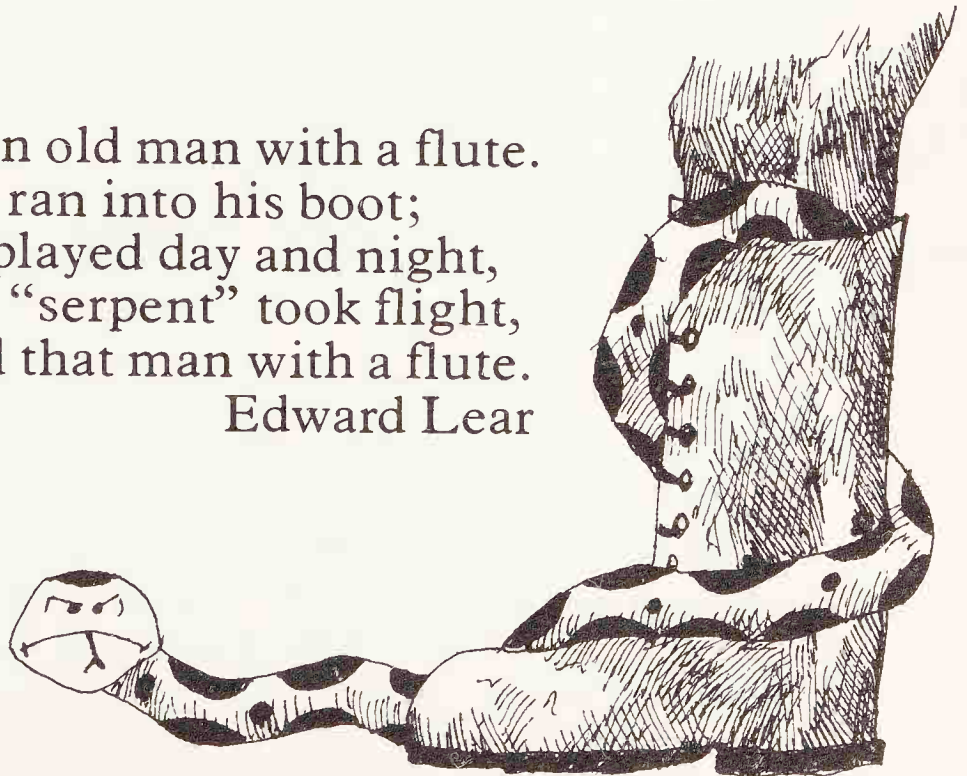
There was a young girl in the choir
Whose voice rose hoir and hoir,
Till it reached such a height
It was clear out of sight
And they found it next day in the spoir.

There was a young fellow of Ealing
Endowed with such delicate feeling,
When he read on the door,
“Don’t spit on the floor”
He jumped up and spat on the ceiling.



The bottle of perfume that Willie sent
Was highly displeasing to Millicent.
Her thanks were so cold
That they quarrelled, I'm told,
Through that silly scent Willie sent Millicent.

There was an old man with a flute.
A "serpent" ran into his boot;
But he played day and night,
Till the "serpent" took flight,
And avoided that man with a flute.
Edward Lear



There was an Old Man with a beard,
Who said, "It is just as I feared!
Two Owls and a Hen,
Four Larks and a Wren,
Have all build their nests in my beard."

Edward Lear

There was an Old Man who supposed
That the street door was partially closed.
But some very large rats
Ate his coats and his hats
While that futile Old Gentleman dozed.

Edward Lear



There was an old man of the Cape,
Who made himself garments of crepe.
When asked, "Do they tear?"
He replied, "Here and there,
But they're perfectly splendid for shape."

Robert Louis Stevenson

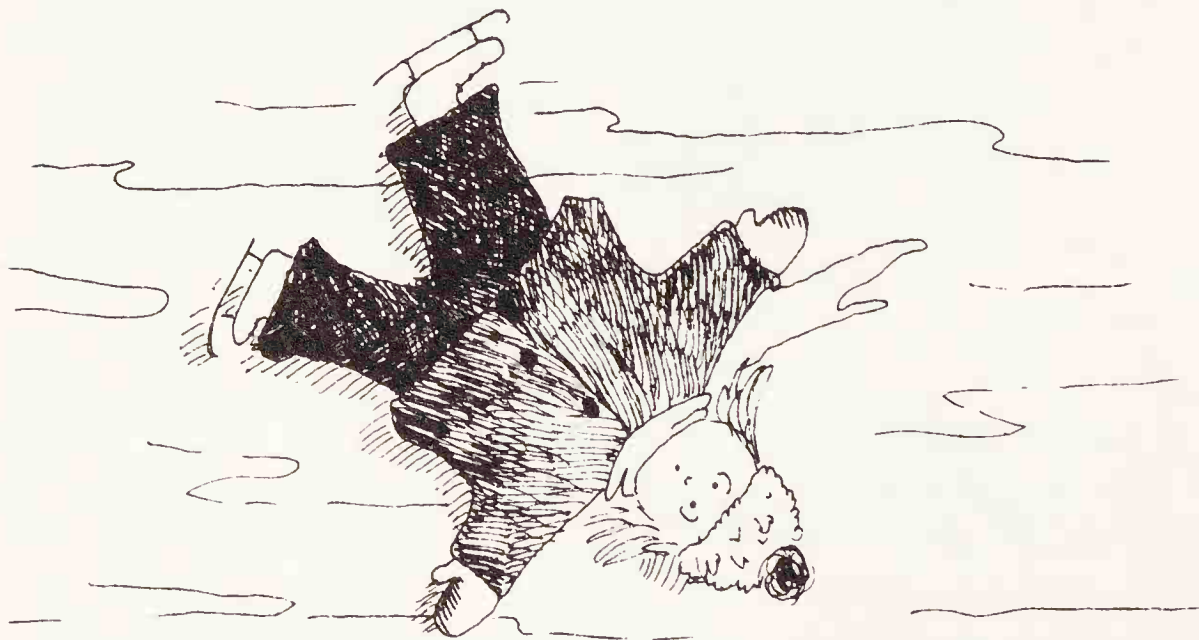


A diner while dining at Crewe,
Found quite a large mouse in his stew.
Said the waiter, "Don't shout,
And wave it about,
Or the rest will be wanting one, too."

There once was an old man of Lyme,
Who married three wives at a time;
When asked, "Why a third?"
He replied, "One's absurd!
And bigamy, sir, is a crime."

There was a young man from Trinity
Who solved the square root of infinity.
While counting the digits,
He was seized by the fidgets,
Dropped science, and took up divinity.

There was once a most charming young miss
Who considered her ice-skating bliss;
But one day, alack!
Her skates, they were slack
And she ended up something like this.



There was a young fellow of Perth,
Who was born on the day of his birth;
He was married, they say,
On his wife's wedding day,
And he died when he quitted the earth.

A charming old lady of Settle,
Instead of a hat, wore a kettle.
When the people derided,
She said, "I've decided
To show all the neighbors my mettle."

Edward Lear



There once was a man dressed in red,
With a beard and white hair on his head;
But he had a big belly,
That shook just like jelly,
And got him stuck in a chimney, it's said.

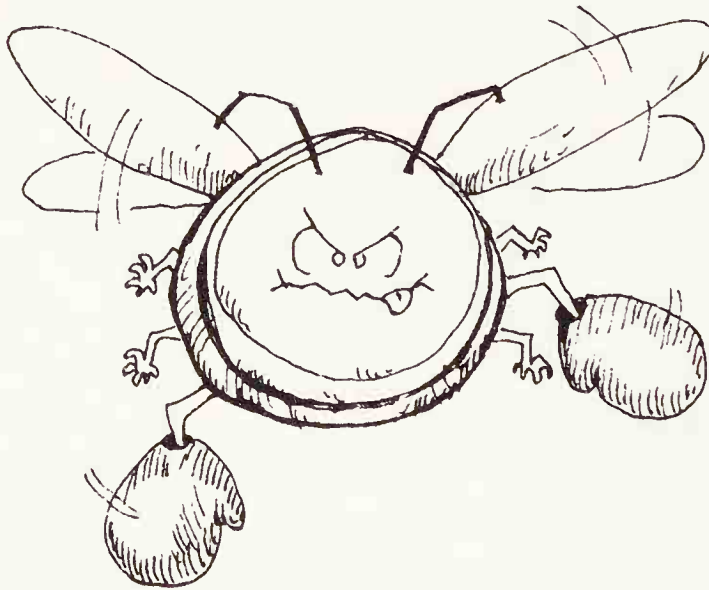


There was a small girl from Duluth
Who said, "I have broken a tooth!"

The dentist looked in
And said with a grin,
T'aint broken—it's just a bit loose."

There was an Old Man in a tree,
Who was horribly bored by a Bee.
When they said, "Does it Buzz?"
He replied, "Yes it does!
It's a regular brute of a Bee."

Edward Lear

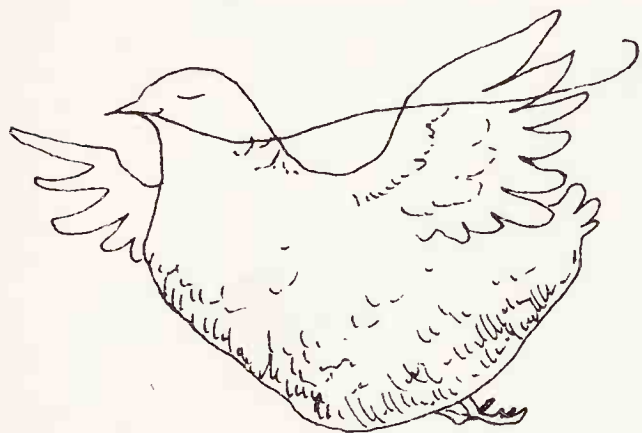


There's a very mean man of Belsize,
Who thinks he is clever and wise.

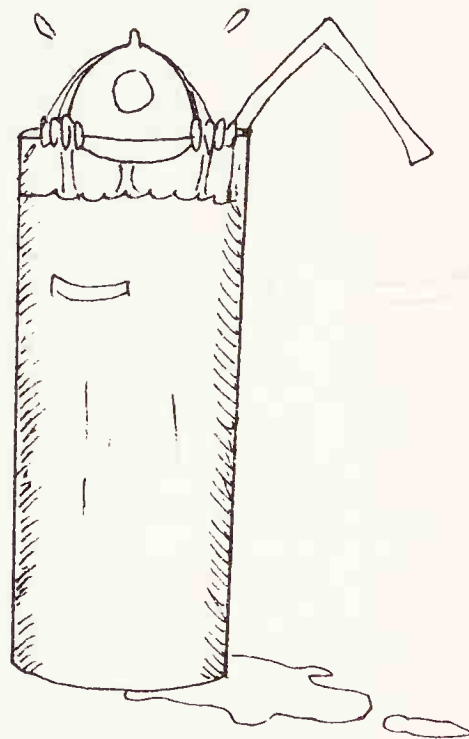
And, what do you think,
He saves gallons of ink
By simply not dotting his "i's."

There was an old man in a tree,
Whose whiskers were lovely to see;
But the birds of the air
Pluck'd them perfectly bare,
To make themselves nests in that tree.

Edward Lear



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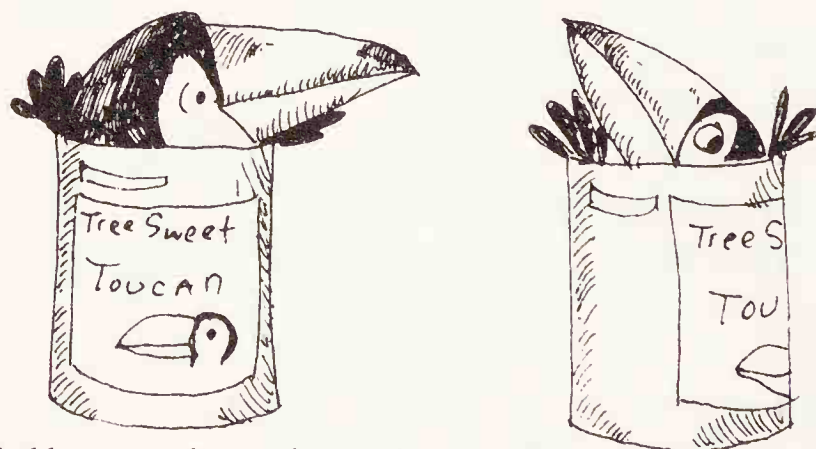
There was a young lady of Lynn,
Who was so excessively thin,
That when she assayed
To drink lemonade
She slipped through the straw and fell in.

There once were two cats of Kilkenny,
Each thought there was one cat too many;
So they fought and they fit
And they scratched and they bit,
Till instead of two cats there weren't any.



There was a young man so benighted
He didn't know when he was slighted.

He went to a party
And ate just as hearty
As if he'd been really invited.

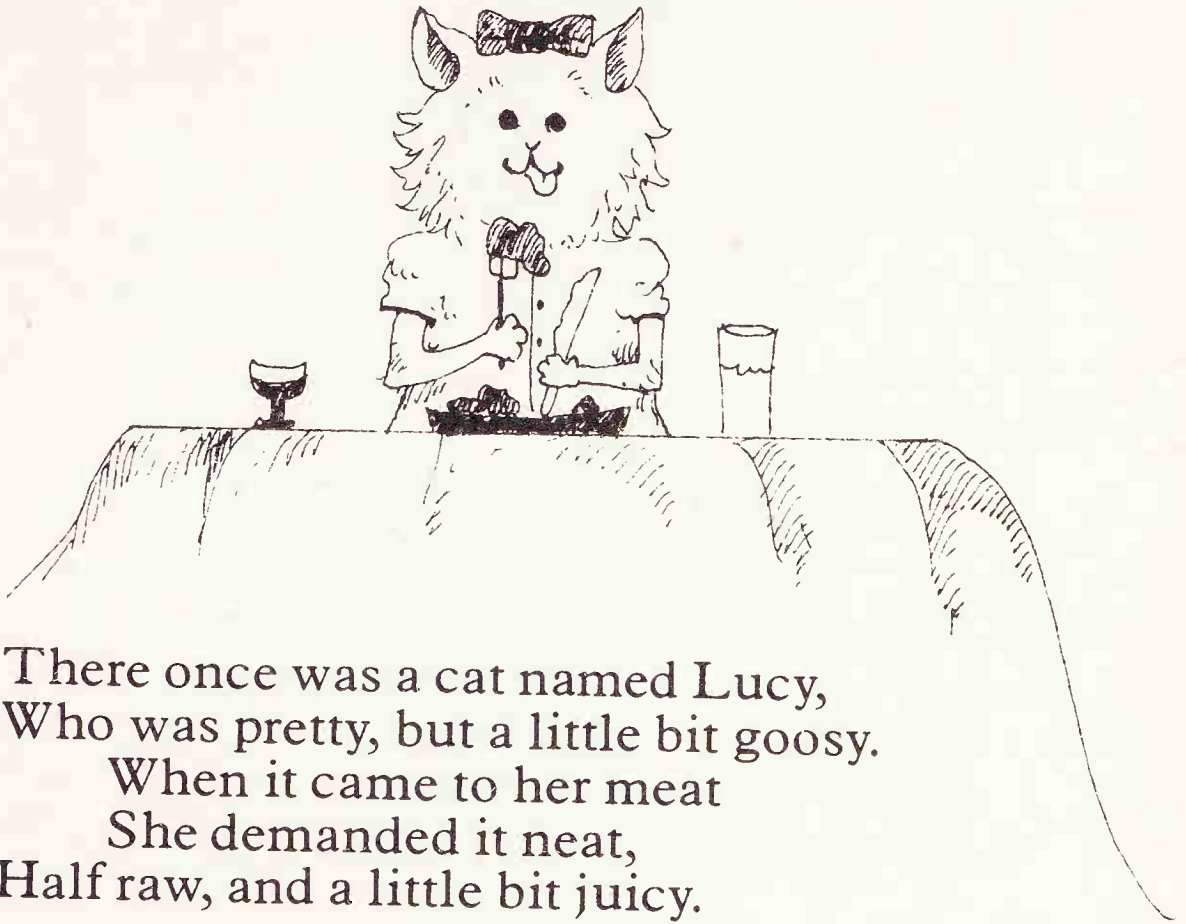


A fellow who slaughtered two toucans,
Said "I shall put them in two cans."

Two canners who heard,
Said, "You'll be a bird,
If you can put two toucans in two cans."

There was a Young Person whose chin
Resembled the point of a pin;
So she had it made sharp
And purchased a harp,
And played several tunes with her chin.

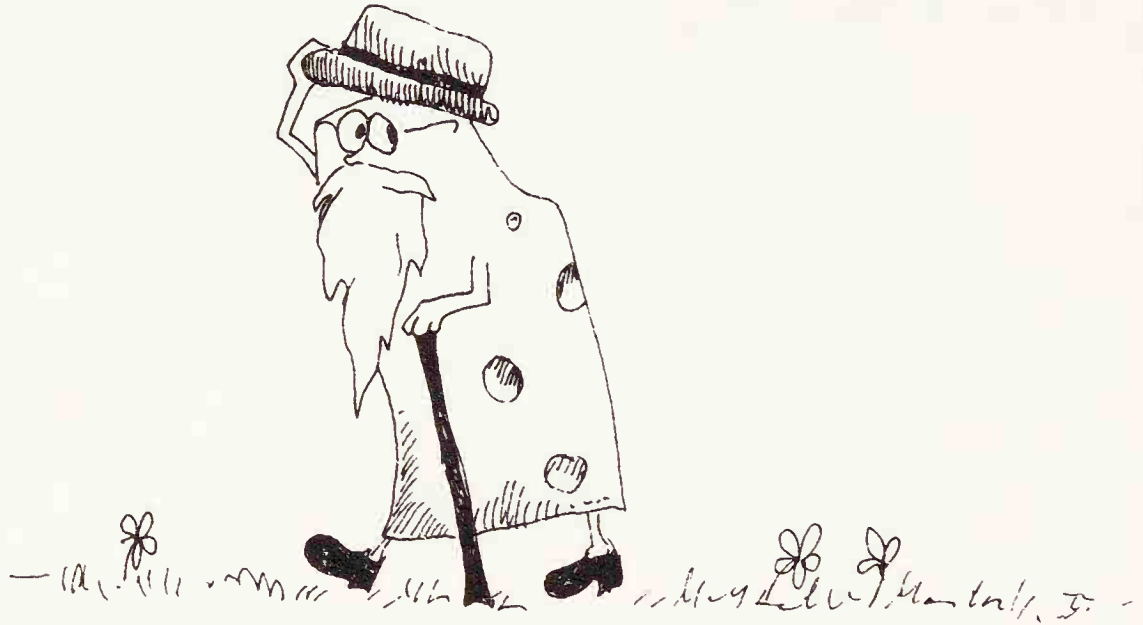
Edward Lear



There once was a cat named Lucy,
Who was pretty, but a little bit goosy.
When it came to her meat
She demanded it neat,
Half raw, and a little bit juicy.

A certain young fellow named Beebee
Wished to wed with a lady named Phoebe.
“But,” said he, “I must see
What the clerical fee
Be before Phoebe be Phoebe Beebee.”

A cheese that was aged and gray
Was walking and talking one day.
Said the cheese, "Kindly note
My Mama was a goat
And I'm made out of curds by the whey."



There was an old man from the Rhine
Who was asked at what hour he would dine.
He replied, "At eleven,
At three, six and seven,
At eight and a quarter of nine."

There once was a bookkeeper, Lorraine,
Who kept her accounts with great pain,
But when cash came up shy,
She had only to fly
To Las Vegas, on the company plane.

There is a Siamese feline named Lizzie,
Who manages to keep herself busy,
Complaining of meals
And other ordeals;
Until she drives everyone dizzy.

A sleeper from the Amazon
Put nighties of his gramazon.
The reason being that
He was too fat
To get his own pajamazon.



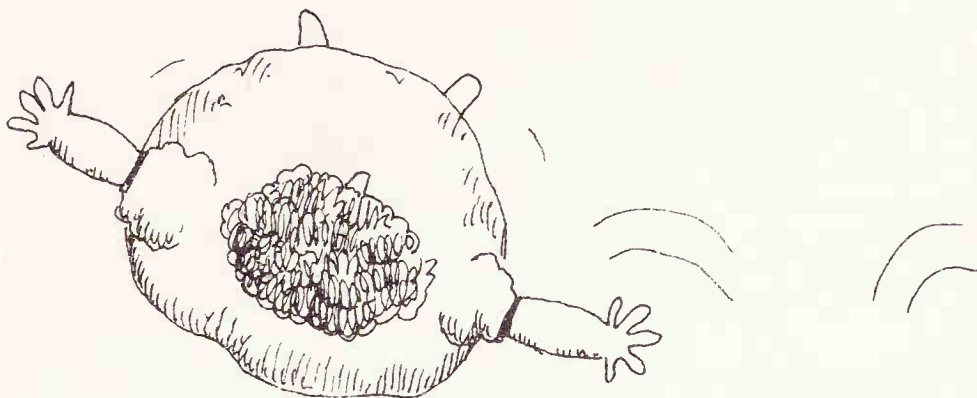


A cheerful old bear at the zoo,
Could always find something to do.
When it bored him to go,
On a walk to and fro,
He reversed it, and walked fro and to.

There once was a teacher named Bob,
Who always had some other job.
He worked night and day,
and often would say:
“It is better than having to rob!”

There was a young man of Cadiz
Who inferred that life is what it is;
For he early had learnt,
If it were what it weren't
It could not be that which it is.

A girl who weighs many an oz.,
Used language I will not pronoz.;
Her brother one day
Pulled her chair right away.
He wanted to see if she'd boz.



There is an old cook in N.Y.
Who insists you should always St. P.;
He says he once tried
To eat some that was fried,
And claims he would rather ch.c.

There's a girl out in Ann Arbor, Mich.,
To meet whom I never would wisc.;
She'd eat up ice cream
Till with colic she'd scream
Then order another big dich.

ABOUT THE ILLUSTRATOR

CHRIS CUMMINGS began her successful art career at an early age. At age eight she won a doll at the World Trade Center in San Francisco for her art work. Since then she has attended the University of California as an art major, and Humboldt State College as a wildlife biology major, and an art minor. Living in Salem, Oregon with her husband and daughter she enjoys skiing and playing the guitar.

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