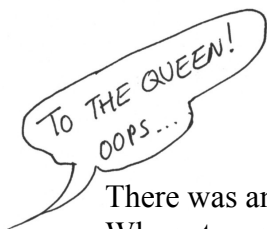


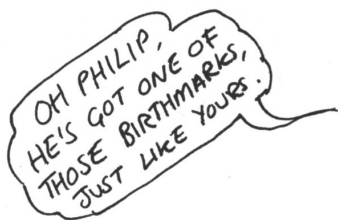
There was an old fellow called Noakes
Who told the most terrible jokes.
Some were so awful
I doubt they were lawful;
They traumatised fully grown blokes.

A wigmaker known as Carruthers
Was terribly thoughtful to others.
He'd use his own hairs
When creating his wares
And then offer them free to young mothers.





There was an old fellow from Tring
Whose trousers were held up with string,
Which happened to break
When he stood up to make
A speech to the queen and the king.



There once was a fellow name Morse
Who swallowed a whopping great horse.
He then ate the rider
And, now slightly wider,
Was ready to start the main course.

St George spent the bulk of his life
Fighting dragons with dagger and knife.
Though known as a mighty
And powerful knight, he
Was terribly scared of his wife.



Delightfully innocent Jude
Ran happily round in the nude,
'Til a voice filled with rage
Bellowed, "Not at your age
Mother! Come in and finish your food."



I know of a farmer named Ken
Who married his favourite hen.
The locals declare,
When discussing the pair,
She has terribly bad taste in men.

There once was a boy called Aladdin
Who'd frequently walk about clad in
His shirt, brightly dyed,
And his trousers so wide
They could fit both his mum and his dad in.

Rapunzel, (whose hair was a dreadlock),
Persuaded the prince into wedlock.
'Twas not her cute grin
Which had suckered him in,
But the fact she had him in a headlock.