

There Was An Old Fellow From Skye

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THERE WAS AN OLD FELLOW FROM SKYE

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There Was An Old
Fellow From Skye

Ode to Limericks

The task of a limerick poet,
Is tough, though we try not to show it.
The rhyme's the priority,
And then there is jollity,
With rhythm a short way below it.

When trying to tell you a story,
That's funny, romantic or gory,
Attempts to abridge it,
Will cause us to fidget,
Betraying frustration and fury.

A limerick tells of a scene,
Which often is crude or obscene.
But if smut's what you're after,
To bring about laughter,
Then tough, because these are all clean.

I've cobbled together these pages,
In order to add to my wages.
They're modest in size,
They'll win me no prize,
But smile, 'cause they've taken me ages.

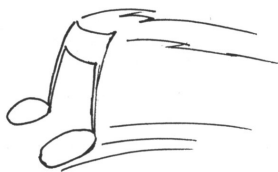
There was an old fellow from Skye
Who told me that he was a spy,
Which wasn't the case;
You could tell by his face,
And his not inconspicuous tie.



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.





An army-musician named Carp
Invented a deadly new harp.
He took it to war
And fought Zulu and Boer,
By playing them songs in F sharp.



I'm not sure this story is true:
It's said that a woman named Sue
Had ears like a rabbit's
And legs like a crab, it's
The source of a legend or two.

There once was a fellow named Hicks
Who trained his pet dog to do tricks.
Not the usual kind;
Jedi ones, of the mind.
Now Hicks is the one fetching sticks.



There once was a fellow from Beverley
Who swung from the ceiling, quite cleverly,
Whilst juggling sabres,
Astounding the neighbours.
“And now it’s your turn,” he said, levelly.

There once was a fellow named Platt-
Orange-Cake-Wildebeest-Hat-
Bottomly-Mop-
Tangleweed-Plop.
At least, it was something like that.



They say there's a farmer from Surrey
Who gets all the bits for his curry
From underneath slabs,
Or from bottles in labs,
Which is why he produces great slurry.

There once was a fellow from Yately
Who everyone thought of as stately.
But some of his habits
Were horrid for rabbits,
And changed my opinion greatly.



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