

## ◆ FIVE LIMERICKS ◆

There once was a criminal critter  
whose language was caustic & bitter  
who said to his clerk  
I'm going out for a lark  
but he didn't come back did the critter.

An elegant madam named Ayre  
had a head of extremely tough hair  
so her maid out of spite  
extinguished the light  
and emptied her out of her chair.

If I was composing a song  
I'd help the crude verses along  
by making the tune  
sweet as roses in June  
and truncate the verses too long.

I once owned a beautiful dog  
who startled a big yellow frog  
but the frog who was plump  
at once jumped a jump  
and was lost to the dog in the fog.

Had I a red wig without seam  
I'd look a most horrible scream  
on my head I would clap  
a patent spring trap  
to capture the mice in my dream.

**T**he sun was setting in the west  
 I fancy he was seeking rest  
 the fading landscapes decay mead  
 provides me with the rhyme I need.



**A**ND NOW the pall of inky black  
 it should be blue, but blue I lack  
 spreads o'er the sky its velvet hue  
 provides me with another queue.



**A** farmhouse small but quite refined  
 you've often seen the other kind  
 half fills the sky, they both are black  
 I must get on another tack.



**T**he farmhouse windows now alight  
 NO warden said 'put out that light'  
 for this was long before the war  
 we were not then particular.



# TING SUN

**T**wo silent figures now appear  
One comes from side and one from rear  
They enter through the open door  
I did not mention this before?

**T**he one from side was stout tho' small,  
She did not seem to care at all  
The other who emerged from rear  
Appeared to me uncommon queer.

**N**ow out of sight they close the door  
They shut it tight, for once before  
They left it open, and next day  
Discovered it had walked away.

**T**he farmhouse lights now disappear,  
And darkness, silent, cold, austere,  
Enfolds the house so still and dead,  
The ancient couples gone to bed.

# NONSENSE

**T**hey are NOT poets, those who write,  
to satisfy crude appetite  
for rhyming words, oftimes perverse,  
which they describe as "Nonsense Verse"

**T**he poet, made of finer stuff,  
portrays ideas stout enough  
to kill depression: raise on high  
our concept of his minstrelsy.

**T**he rhymers on the other hand  
must be compelled to understand  
he may NOT choose in accents neat  
to muddle up his rhythmic feet.  
or if he does, we hit him hard,  
and dub him but a doggerel bard.

**W**hen he gets going on his theme,  
perchance it's fact, or else a dream  
he chooses for his rhythmic wit  
the words which seem most exquisite.

**T**he pattern of his flowing line  
must be precise, while all the time  
his hand and eye must also hurry  
the entrails of the dictionary.

# POETRY?

**H**is subject be it grave or gay  
with accents strong or weak: he may  
select or use most any style  
which seems to make his verse worth while.

**H**e likes to read the words aloud  
to patient friends; not to a crowd  
who would not listen out of choice  
to such a melancholy voice.

**T**he nonsense rhymers is not tied  
to common sense, nor is denied  
some curious words and phrases which  
would land the poet in the ditch.

**W**hen he has said all he can say  
he hopes again another day  
some further comments will make plain  
his passion for legerdemain.

**H**e rambles on from A to Z  
till his muse dies: though in his head  
another set of verses wait  
inscription at an early date.

**A** panel of pundits plus one referee,  
 with their quibbles and quips  
 flowing free from their lips  
 will solve any riddle from you or from me  
 connected with ships  
 or Sunday School trips  
 in fact any problem of land or of sea.

**T**he regular crew who sail the old barge,  
 with their "Yo, He, Ho,  
 we're in for a blow"  
 go off to their bunks, put some lubbers  
 an M.P. or so in charge  
 hauled up from below  
 can easily steer her to port "by and large".

**A**ll questions on ART are settled by Clark  
 with his "Well, but you see  
 that's vital to me  
 is texture & colour with tone light & dark  
 you can't be too free  
 with critics like me  
 we've existed you know since the launch  
 of the Ark."

# TRUST

**W**hen music's in question a Sargent steps  
with his baton raised high forth  
and a gleam in his eye  
for he is a man of remarkable worth.  
can tell you why D  
is quite unlike G  
it would be hard to find one more learned  
on earth.

**N**ow there's Gould & there's Joad, recollect on  
with answers quite neat and quoter,  
though hardly complete  
while one's up to date, the other's remoter  
both keep to their beat  
"recollect and repeat"  
imitating an old-fashioned silver repeater.

**T**here's Campbell of course, more human than  
who remembers all right most,  
a sunrise at night  
for sea-serpents seen off the Barbary coast  
a terrible fight  
but got 'em all right  
they're good to eat boiled, but better to  
roast.

There ONCE was was a sportsman, or so I am told  
 With headgear so odd  
 Plus basket and rod  
 Set out to procure by a dodge very old  
 Or new, if you wish  
 For display on a dish  
 A catch of expensive and succulent fish.

He boarded a bus, half empty it was.  
 The passengers stared  
 And some of them glared  
 At the elderly elegant sportsman, because  
 They thought him a fop  
 But at the next stop  
 He captured his catch for cash, at a shop.

When back at his club: it was late afternoon  
 His pals were surprised  
 For in accents disguised  
 He presented a tale which caused them to swoon  
 Of how he had caught  
 The nice little lot  
 By playing, aloud his vibrant shallot.



# STORY

The tale that he told was quite out of date,  
A clumsy untruth  
Distinctly uncouth  
Had earned for him their undying hate,  
When asked about flies  
To their utmost surprise  
He finally confessed he'd been fishing with bait.

They asked for details and he mentioned that snails,  
Both juicy and fat:  
They all swallowed that  
Were deadly especially if minus their tails,  
But they were much better  
If sprinkled with pepper  
While salt was essential if fishing for whales.

He failed to convince them while smoking his briar,  
Though they were polite  
His answers were quite  
Beyond anything dreamt of: which so raised their ire.  
On the vote "yes or no"  
They agreed he must go  
And promptly arranged for his funeral pyre.

## THE MONKEYS AND THE DONKEYS

**I**t has been said, I'm told it's true,  
a dangling carrot, kept in view,  
will make a donkey trot, alas  
he'll soon forget he's such an ass.

**A** TROOP of monkeys base though smart  
devise a scheme: the major part  
consists of donkey labours which  
enslave the poor, set free the rich.

**T**he plans include that donkeys should  
transport in baskets monkey food:  
the nuts the donkeys do not like  
though carrots slake their appetite.

**W**ith open ears the donkeys heard  
the scheme explained: no single word  
was said of date or time exact  
when action takes the place of pact.

# A POLITICAL FABLE OF 1945

**F**rom early morn all through the day,  
the weary donkeys plod their way,  
with panniers full of NUTS so sweet,  
which lazy selfish monkeys eat.

**T**hey hoped before they went to bed,  
they'd be quite full of carrots red,  
but being donkeys did NOT know  
that monkey morals were so low.

**T**he monkey leader made a speech  
one carrot only gave to each,  
the donkeys, not such asses now  
derided him and made a row.

**H**e pointed out that monkeys too  
were fond of carrots: not a few  
denied themselves such pleasant food  
in favour of the "common good."

20  
**A** further promise then he made,  
his cunning skill again displayed,  
he touched parental heart not head,  
bamboozled them, and then he said

**A**ll donkey foals, too young to pull,  
a further year will stay at school,  
while aged donkeys, frail and lean,  
will end their days on pastures green.

**T**he donkeys' dreams now fade away,  
he eats the thistles by the way,  
forgets the carrots rosy red  
plods through the day'en route to bed.

**M**eantime the monkeys recondite,  
prepare some papers misnamed white  
against the time, so sure to come:  
the asses grand millennium.

21  
**A** Royal Commission would review  
the thorny question "us or you"  
its findings would not be complete  
till donkey foals were obsolete.

**O**f monkeys there were but fifteen  
while donkeys eightyfive were keen  
per centages to understand  
and spread reform through all the  
land.

**S**o all must work and so make good  
their rightful claim for constant food.  
no longer now an idle class  
for monkey toils as well as ass.

**T**his fable now has reached its end,  
I hope that you may comprehend  
that monkeys and that donkeys too  
may represent both me and you!

## The Philatelists' Dream

All stamp collectors young or aged  
are prone to dreaming, when engaged  
in sorting out their treasures prime:  
look forward to a joyous time  
when from apparent useless truck  
they'll glean some philatelic luck.

The stamp collectors mental screen  
depicts for him a radiant scene  
where all alone, perhaps undrest,  
he lights upon a sailor's chest  
all bound in brass and tarry ropes  
the chest contains his rosiest hopes.

With anxious eye his trembling hand  
undoes the ropes, each brazen band  
conspires to keep him from his prey  
but brazen bands won't say him nay  
though solid padlocks may secure  
and guard the treasures they immune.

No key is here: the ancient tar  
has long since gone from here, afar  
the key lies rotting in the deep  
beside the sailor in his sleep  
full twenty fathoms on the bed  
where lies the saucy "DRAGON'S HEAD"

23  
**H**ow to cajole the treasure fine,  
ensconced within its sacred shrine  
demands not only strength but skill;  
no brute force here, but patience till  
persuasion linked to craft accrue  
to bring the booty into view.

**T**he sailor, forty years or more  
had sailed the seas from shore to shore,  
and though he'd served in many boats,  
his vests and pants and pilot coats  
all neatly folded, tied with tape,  
were still within the chest shipshape.

**B**ut padlock and twin hinges red  
with rust defied bamboozled head  
of stamp collector now dismayed  
who wished he'd learned that subtle trade  
of picking locks with twisted wire:  
his wearied brain began to tire

**S**ubconscious thought rose like a witch  
the hacksaw was the tool by which  
he'd sever padlock from its hasp,  
and then within his hand he'd grasp  
the contents which in days of yore  
had journeyed many oceans o'er.

**T**he oaken lid now stands upright,  
and painted there in virgin white  
appears the title sharp and clear,  
M. MARTIN MASTER MARINER:  
while lower down in letters neat  
are Campbeltown and Skipper Street.

**T**he stamp collectors enterprise  
reveals to his astonished eyes,  
two pilot coats and shirts both clean  
two pairs of pants one brown one green:  
he lifted these and laid them out  
his eyes lit up: he gave a shout

**F**or crammed together row on row,  
were wooden boxes wide and low  
each labelled with a foreign name  
some hardly known, some known to fame  
the box marked British bore the date  
of fortyone to fortyeight.

**T**he British box he opened first,  
twas packed with letters fit to bust  
of penny blacks there were five score,  
with twopenny blues as many more  
while minted sheets at penny rate  
compete with sheets imperforate.



**N**ext came the box marked U.S.A  
quite full of letters which display  
the well known face of Washington,  
of Franklin and of Jefferson,  
all printed clear in colours gay:  
the rare stamps of an earlier day.

**O**ur far-flung empire overseas,  
Mauritius, Malta, such as these,  
with Canada and Newfoundland  
Australia and Van Diemen's Land,  
all had their place and others too,  
when box on box was brought to view.

**A**nd Queensland stamps of early dates,  
three sided Capes and Indian States,  
Hyderabad and Kelantan  
get muddled up with Labuan  
they fast recede, and all that's left  
the memory of a magic chest.

**T**he clock strikes eight: what is that sound?  
A footstep on the frozen ground:  
he hears the postman's rat-a-tat,  
the muffled sound of bantering chat  
his steps retreating down the hill,  
the postman's left another bill!

26  
**S**HOOT GUNNER, SHOOT SO HIGH,  
SHOOT THE LUFTWAFFE OUT OF THE SKY,  
A THREE POUND SHELL FOR A MESSERSCHMIDT,  
A TEN POUND SHELL FOR A GROSSERSCHMIDT,  
SHOOT GUNNER SHOOT SO HIGH,  
SHOOT THE LUFTWAFFE OUT OF THE SKY.

**R**UN GOERING, RUN RUN AWAY,  
THE R.A.F. HAS NOW COME TO STAY,  
THE TWO TON BOMB HAS PROVED YOU AN ASS,  
THE TEN TON BOMB WILL SHUT OFF YOUR GAS,  
RUN GOERING, RUN RUN AWAY,  
THE R.A.F. HAS NOW COME TO STAY.

**L**IE GOEBBELS, LIE TILL YOU TIRE,  
LIE LOW AT FIRST, THEN HIGHER AND HIGHER,  
A SMALL SIZED LIE FOR THE FLATTERER,  
A BIGGER LIE FOR THE FOREIGNER,  
LIE GOEBBELS, LIE AND EXPIRE,  
LIE SMALL AT FIRST, THEN HIGHER AND HIGHER.

**B**LUB HITLER, BLUB TILL YOU BURST,  
BLUB FOR PEOPLE, YOU SWINDLED THEM FIRST,  
A GREAT BIG BLUB FOR THE GERMAN RACE,  
A STILL BIGGER BLUB FOR THE HUMAN RACE,  
BLUB HITLER, BLUB TILL YOU BURST,  
BLUB FOR YOUR PEOPLE, YOU SWINDLED THEM FIRST.

When ADAM delved and EVE span  
who was then the gentleman?

**T**he question may seem out of date  
and answers hard to correlate for  
Eve and Adam first began the chequer-  
ed life of wife and man.

**B**ut complications soon accrued  
although with higher powers endowed  
they kept to lower ones and so  
high aspirations failed to glow.

**S**ince time has counted out the years  
from then till now it still appears  
the question's still unsolved by man  
what really is a gentleman?

**T**he male who looks along his nose  
at other mens' inferior clothes  
betrays inferior complex base  
denies superior mind its place.

**A**nd he who scoffs at sundry stains  
acquired by honest toil remains  
just what he is rude man  
he's really not a gentleman.

**Y**ou've told us now in doubtful verse  
some traits of gentlemen perverse  
how then would you describe the men  
that you consider gentlemen?

12  
The dictionary's answer charms ♦ "A man  
encircled to bear arms ♦ my answer might  
not be amiss ♦ if framed and set down  
just like this ♦ "A gentleman by gentle  
glance ♦ devoid of pride and arrogance ♦  
so treats you as you'd like to be ♦ if he  
were you and you were he."

### DAFFODIL

It was March the winter mild had been ♦ and  
waiving flags of greyish green ♦ foreshadowed  
now the sights that thrill ♦ the coming of  
the daffodil ♦

Even January had disclosed ♦ the urging tips  
before enclosed ♦ and rising sap would soon  
quite fill ♦ the trumpet of the daffodil ♦

The gorgeous pageant of her bloom ♦ would  
fade away alas too soon ♦ and April winds  
so sharp and shrill ♦ destroy the  
glorious daffodil ♦

In May and June she lingers on ♦ her  
comlieness already gone ♦ but in her  
bulb she's forming still ♦ the buds of  
next year's daffodil ♦



ONCE saw a fiddler who played a fine fish  
 his bow it went up  
 his rod it went down  
 He first played a jig and then if you wish  
 he fiddled so quick  
 it was only a trick  
 for he landed the tune & the fish on a dish.

ONCE knew a harpist who played a grand game  
 he trilled a fine chord  
 but felt very bored  
 For he thought that the harp & the bowls were  
 it seems to me plain the same  
 that the harpist profane  
 Should exculpate others for he was to blame

ONCE heard a parson who golfed all the week  
 he chose a good text  
 holed out in the next  
 He used violent language commended the meek  
 his principles true  
 they were very few  
 disgusted the golfers who slept in a pen

ONCE knew a conductor who led a fine band  
 his bus it went quick  
 his baton it clicked  
 When he quietened the tubas, for trombones were  
 the brakes they were jammed  
 bashed  
 CONDUCTOR WAS GAINED

OMNI-COLLISION HALF-SARABAND

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**I** OWN a master good and kind,  
or so he thinks but if his mind  
suggests to him I need a walk  
he does NOT know I'd rather talk.

**H**E cogitates - a run each day  
is what I need, so straight away  
he claps my collar round my throat  
we go to some place - quite remote.

**W**HEN we approach a river's brim  
a yellow primrose was to him  
I hear him quote - he throws a stone  
and I leap in, of course alone.

**H**E does NOT seem to know that "dips"  
twixt early JUNE and autumn trips  
are quite the best for dog or man  
whos white or yellow black or tan.

# VIEW

**H**e has a habit I detest  
 it could be broken - I suggest  
 he would not like if such as me  
 took him on lead continually.



**W**hen master takes me to a shop  
 he never thinks I want a drop  
 of what he drinks - I'm just a dog  
 an item in a catalogue.



**W**hich makes me think of any show  
 devoted to our kind - and so -  
 I hate the cats from near & far  
 I've seen them in a Dogs Bazaar



**T**he attitude of human kind  
 to any dog sore, lame, or blind  
 is often cruel in every way  
 except the S.S.P.C.A.



PEAR, PLUM, QUINCE AND APPLE

6  
**W**hen winters stormy blast has gone  
and vernal zephyrs come anon;  
then pear and plum-buds noz evince  
their pastel tints with scarlet quince.

**T**he budding harbingers of spring  
fortell the summers blossoming,  
and later still the petals' fall  
gives place to fruit on tree and wall.

**W**hen warm Septembers' weather comes  
with it arrives delicious plums  
but apples wait October sere  
last pageant of the fading year.

**T**he gorgeous quince so slow matures;  
Novembers' sunshine yet secures  
the ripening of its juices fine  
conjuring it to sparkling wine.



# ALLOTMENT

**N**ow Spring bestirs the heavy sods\*  
the anxious gardener breaks the clods\*  
allotments work so long delayed\*  
demands the use of fork and spade\*.

**W**hen he has buried compost filth\* and  
seeks to get as fine a tilth\* as his  
instructors say he needs\* for onions  
leeks and other seeds\*.

**F**rom early morn till setting sun\* each  
surplus hour so hardly won\* goes into  
each expanding crop\* exhaustion only  
makes him stop\*.

**E**ach seventh day when lunch is done\*  
he listens in to Middleton\* "Good  
afternoon" begins his song\* and  
terminates it with "so long\*"

**S**hould you have energy and strength\*  
and time unlimited at length\* on  
every day throughout the year\* your  
table groans with verdant cheer\*.

**F**or carrots peas and kohlrabi\* including  
beans and broccoli\* will either form a  
salad good\* or charm your bunnies  
bounteous brood\*.

# THE RHYMER TAE HIMSEL

**T**here is a lad ye ken him fine ◻ whae  
used tae pent weel in his prime ◻  
but NOO wastes mair than haulf  
his time ◻ IN WRITIN SILLY NONSENSE RHYME ◻

**W**hitis turned his heid frae landscape  
GRAND ◻ whitis made him fley tae  
UNNERSTAND ◻ that yins sae easy tae

his haund ◻ the ichters gay NEAR CONTRA-  
BAND ◻ **B**ut have ye thocht o it this  
way ◻ the picter AND the ROONDELAY ◻  
baith PATTERNS NEED tae GAR them

say ◻ just whae hes itchin tae CONVEY ◻  
in shair that baith o them UNITE tae

**A**gratify his appetite ◻ for self-expression  
a delight ◻ tae aii whae pent OR klike

OR write ◻ **H**e fills the oors o INTERPERSE ◻  
aii gairden MARK quite the REVERSE ◻  
o lunning **H**lea OR vampin VERSE ◻ baith  
bitties o the universe ◻



HAMBURG 17<sup>th</sup> AUGUST 1934.

**I**n Hamburg's streets some thousands  
a man to greet, immaculate, wait,  
he stands erect, in car of state,  
that man of hate, degerate  
Hitler

**Y**ou know the man, I know the spot,  
I had no plan, there was no plot,  
I had no gun, therefore no shot  
rang through the air, that meant  
a lot to  
Hitler

**H**ad I then known the fiend he was,  
would I have gained the world's applause  
if, unobserved I had silently shot,  
this lunatic bigot, this ersatz zealot,  
Hitler

BURLY BABY



burly baby heaves in view,  
a blustering burly baby he,  
defied his parents

he kneed:  
he would NOT SLT ON ANY KNEE  
they could NOT keep him in his cot  
which vexed his parents - quite a lot.



his father was a sailor mild  
so kind and gentle - eke was he



