

◆ FIVE LIMERICKS ◆

There once was a criminal critter
whose language was caustic & bitter
who said to his clerk
In 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 slap
a patent spring trap
to capture the mice in my dream.

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



And 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.



The 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

Two silent figures now appear
one comes from side and one from rear
they enter through the open door
I did not mention this before?

The 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.

Now 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.

The farmhouse lights now disappear,
and darkness, silent, cold, austere
enfolds the house so still and dead,
the ancient couples gone to bed.

NONSENSE

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

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

The 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.

When 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.

The 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?

His 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.

He 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.

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

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

He 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.

The 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'.

All questions on ART are settled by Clark
 with his 'Well, but you see
 what'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.

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

It 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.

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

With 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

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

They 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.

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

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

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

All 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.

The 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.

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

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

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

So 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.

This 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 immure.

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

How 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.

The 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.

But 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

Subconscious 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.

The 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 Campbelltown and Skipper Street.

The 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

For 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.

The 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.

Next 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.

Our 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.

And 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.

The 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!

SHOOT 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.

RUN 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.

LIE 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.

BLUB 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?

The 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 ♦

But complications soon accrued ♦
ALTHOUGH WITH HIGHER POWERS ENDUED ♦
THEY KEPT TO LOWER ONES AND SO ♦
HIGH ASPIRATIONS FAILED TO GLOW.

SINCE 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?

The male who looks along his NOSE ♦ AT
OTHER MENS' INFERIOR CLOTHES ♦ BETRAYS
INFERIOR COMPLEX BASE ♦ DENIES SUPERIOR
MIND ITS PLACE.

AND HE WHO SCOFFS AT SUNDRY STAINS ♦
ACQUIRED BY HONEST TOIL REMAINS ♦ JUST
WHAT HE IS RUDE MAN ♦ HE'S REALLY NOT
A GENTLEMAN.

YOU'VE TOLD US NOW IN DOUBTFUL VERSE ♦ SOME
TRAITS OF GENTLEMEN PERVERSE ♦ HOW THEN
WOULD YOU DESCRIBE THE MEN ♦ THAT YOU
CONSIDER GENTLEMEN?

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The dictionary's answer charms ♦ "A man
enticled 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

Twas March the winter mild had been ♦ and
waving 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 crumpet 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
comeliness 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 LISH
 HIS BOX IT WENT UP
 HIS ROD IT WENT DOWN
 HE FIRST PLAYED A JIG AND THEN IF YOU WISH
 HE FIDDLER SO QUICK
 IT WAS ONLY A TRICK
 FOR HE LANDED THE TUNE & THE FISH ON A DISH

ONCE KNEW A HARPISIT WHO PLAYED A GRAND GAME
 HE TRILLED A FINE CHORD
 BUT FELT VERY BORED
 FOR HE THOUGHT THAT THE HARP & THE BOXULS WERE
 IT SEEMS TO ME PLAIN THE SAME
 THAT THE HARPISIT PROFANE
 SHOULD EXCULPATE OTHERS FOR HE WAS TO BLAME

ONCE HEARD A PARSON WHO GOLFERD ALL THE WEEK
 HE CHOSE A GOOD TEXT
 HOLED OUT IN THE NEXT
 HE USED VIOLENT LANGUAGE COMMENDED THE MUCK
 HIS PRINCIPLES TRUE
 THEY WERE VERY FEU
 DISGUSTED THE GOLFER'S 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
 THE CONDUCTOR WAS GAINED

OMNI-COLLISION HALF-SARABAND

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.

HE 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.

WHEN 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.

HE 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

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

When 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.

Which 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

The 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

When winters stormy blast has gone
and vernal zephyrs come anon,
then pear and plum-buds no more evince
their pastel tints with scarlet quince.

The budding harbingers of spring
fortell the summers blossoming,
and later still the petals fall
gives place to fruit on tree and wall.

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

The gorgeous quince so slow matures;
November's sunshine yet secures
the ripening of its juices fine
conjuring it to sparkling wine.

ALLOTMENT

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

When 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*.

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

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

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

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

THE RHYMER TAE HIMSEL

There 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 ◻

Whitis turned his heid frae landscape
grand ◻ whitis made him fley tae
UNNERSTAND ◻ that yins sae easy tae
his haund ◻ the ither's gay NEAR CONTRA-

BAND ◻ **B**ut have ye thocht o it this
way ◻ **B** the picter AND the ROONDELAY ◻
baith PATTERN'S NEED tae gar them
say ◻ just whae hes itchin tae CONVEY ◻

Agratify his appetite ◻ for self-expression
a delight ◻ tae aii whae pent OR kilipe
OR write ◻ **H**e fills the oors o INTERPERSE ◻

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



HAMBURG 17th AUGUST 1934.

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

YOU 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

HAD I then known the fiend he was,
would I have gained the worlds applause
if, unobserved I had silently shot,
this lunatic bigot, this ersatz zealot,
Hitler



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

he would not sit on any knee,
they could not keep him in his cot
which vexed his parents - quite a lot.



his father was a seaman mild
so kind and gentle - domestic



