

THE FIFTH LINK

LIMERICKS AFTER LEAR

BOOK ONE



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ILLUSTRATIONS BY RORY WALKER

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Foreword

Edward Lear didn't invent the limerick. But when he published *A Book of Nonsense* in 1846, he inspired many other writers to adopt the form, and the limerick has been a part of popular culture in every generation since.

But Lear himself did not as a rule write proper limericks.

Lear threw away the most powerful feature of the form: the fifth line, where a limerick concludes with a twist and is rendered satisfactory.

Edward Lear discarded the fifth line in function, and he rejected it symbolically as well, by combining lines three and four, the short lines, into a single third line. The disabled fifth line then became the fourth, and Lear used it merely to repeat the essence of what he'd said in the first line (or occasionally the second).

The Verses

Each page after this will show first
A poem that Mr Lear versed;
Then its recent extension
By me, an invention
In limerick format immersed.

A Man With a Nose

*There was an Old Man with a nose,
Who said, "If you choose to suppose
That my nose is too long, you are certainly wrong!"
That remarkable Man with a nose.*

Edward Lear

There was a Young Man with a nose,
With two eyes, and with brows over those,
And a mouth and a chin;
But before we begin ...
He had all of his fingers and toes.

A Person of Smyrna

*There was a Young Person of Smyrna,
Whose Grandmother threatened to burn her;
But she seized on the Cat, and said, "Granny, burn that!
You incongruous Old Woman of Smyrna!"*

Edward Lear

There was a Young Person of Smyrna,
Whose Grandmother threatened to burn her;
She was ever so good
But they'd run out of wood,
And she'd never been much of an earner.

A Man on a Hill

*There was an Old Man on a hill,
Who seldom, if ever, stood still;
He ran up and down in his Grandmother's gown,
Which adorned that Old Man on a hill.*

Edward Lear

There was an Old Man on a hill
Who seldom, if ever, stood still;
He ran up to the crown
In his Grandmother's gown,
So he wouldn't come down with a chill.

A Person of Chili

*There was an Old Person of Chili,
Whose conduct was painful and silly;
He sate on the stairs, eating apples and pears,
That imprudent Old Person of Chili.*

Edward Lear

There was an Old Person of Chile
Who bought a Peruvian Lily,
Which he showed, to impress,
In its national dress,
And a pot that was puffy and frilly.

A Man With a Gong

*There was an Old Man with a gong,
Who bumped at it all the day long;
But they called out, "Oh, law! you're a horrid old bore!"
So they smashed that Old Man with a gong.*

Edward Lear

There was an Old Man with a gong,
Who bumped at it all the day long;
For his friends, Pianola,
And Flute and Viola,
Had told him he didn't belong.

A Man of Kilkenny

*There was an Old Man of Kilkenny,
Who never had more than a penny;
He spent all that money in onions and honey,
That wayward Old Man of Kilkenny.*

Edward Lear

There was an Old Man of Kilkenny
Who wandered the fields on a jenny;
He was quick on the count
When he had to dismount,
Cause he never spent more than a penny.

A Man of Columbia

*There was an Old Man of Columbia,
Who was thirsty, and called out for some beer;
But they brought it quite hot, in a small copper pot,
Which disgusted that man of Columbia.*

Edward Lear

As the waiter was chewing his head,
The old man gave a laugh, and he said,
“Oh, the zombies are zombier
Back in Colombia!
Stop it and bring me some bread!”

A Man in a Tree

*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

A highwayman held up a bee;
"Give me all of your honey!" said he.
But the bee, lacking honey,
Said "Please! I have money!
My wallet's up there in the tree!"

A Lady of Chertsey

*There was an Old Lady of Chertsey,
Who made a remarkable curtsey;
She twirled round and round, till she sank underground,
Which distressed all the people of Chertsey.*

Edward Lear

A Travelling Lass of the Firth
Spun around till she entered the earth;
And emerging in Chertsey,
She offered a curtsey,
And said, "I was aiming for Perth."



A Travelling Lass of the Firth

A Lady Whose Chin

*There was a Young Lady 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 was a Young Lady whose chin
Much resembled the point of a pin;
It was sharp as her tongue,
And it cut as she swung,
So her visitors wouldn't come in.

A Person of Spain

*There was an Old Person of Spain,
Who hated all trouble and pain;
So he sate on a chair with his feet in the air,
That umbrageous Old Person of Spain.*

Edward Lear

The Airports, a feature of Spain,
Had of course to be built on the plain,
Where the weather, they boast,
Will precipitate most,
So in Spain you emplane in the rain.

A Girl of Majorca

*There was a Young Girl of Majorca,
Whose Aunt was a very fast walker;
She walked seventy miles, and leaped fifteen stiles,
Which astonished that Girl of Majorca.*

Edward Lear

There was a Young Girl of Majorca,
Who rode on the back of an orca,
And she called to her aunt
To go slower. "I can't!"
Cause her aunt was a very fast walker.

A Lady of Parma

*There was a Young Lady of Parma,
Whose conduct grew calmer and calmer:
When they said, "Are you dumb?" she merely said, "Hum!"
That provoking Young Lady of Parma.*

Edward Lear

There was a Young Lady of Parma,
Who swam with a panicking llama;
But her friend from Majorca
Appeared on her orca,
And Palmer (the llama) was calmer.

A Lady of Sweden

*There was a Young Lady of Sweden,
Who went by the slow train to Weedon;
When they cried, "Weedon Station!" she made no observation,
But thought she should go back to Sweden.*

Edward Lear

A Lady who'd travelled from Sweden,
And wanted to visit each Weedon,
Went to Weedon and Weedon
And Weedon Bec (Weedon),
And finished her journey in Wieden.

A Lady of Welling

*There was a Young Lady of Welling,
Whose praise all the world was a-telling;
She played on the harp, and caught several Carp,
That accomplished Young Lady of Welling.*

Edward Lear

There was a Young Lady of Welling,
Whose brother was constantly yelling,
Which she couldn't abide,
So she took him inside,
And insisted he finish his spelling.

Thank you for reading

This has only been a sample;
did you think it fun, or vile?
My intention, when I'm writing,
is to leave you with a smile.

Should you wish to say hello
or ask a question, or whate'er,
On my website is a contact page,
and [this](#) will take you there :)

Buy Me a Coffee?

Buy Me a Coffee?



Buy My Books?