



John Arthur
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Illustrations by
Rory Walker

Limericks
after
Lear
Book Two

THE NEXT HUNDRED **LEAR**

The Next Hundred Lears

Limericks After Lear

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John Arthur Nichol

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Foreword

In *The Fifth Line*, I created 112 new limericks from the bones of *A Book of Nonsense*. I called it *The Fifth Line* because that was the part of the limerick - the heart of the limerick - that Lear had cast out, and that I wanted to restore.

In this second volume, *The Next Hundred Lears*, I've revived all of Lear's 1872 originals and paired them with my own new verses. At times I draw clearly on the source; at others, I barely reference it. I'm fond of some, and less fond of others. Limericks are always a work in progress.

The Verses

Verse One, every page after here,
Is a '72 Edward Lear,
And the Second Verse then
Is by me, John A N,
In the twenty-first twentieth year.

A Person of Bantry

*There was a Young Person of Bantry,
Who frequently slept in the pantry;
When disturbed by the mice, she appeased them with rice,
That judicious Young Person of Bantry.*

Edward Lear

There was a Young Person of Bantry,
Who frequently slept in the pantry,
After throwing a tanter
At all of the banter
And singing that came from the chantry.



There was a Young Lady of Bantry

A Man of Thermopylae

*There was an Old Man of Thermopylae,
Who never did anything properly;
But they said, "If you choose to boil eggs in your shoes,
You shall never remain in Thermopylae."*

Edward Lear

There was an Old Man of Thermopylae
Who was rich from a cooking monopoly,
Using footwear as cookware
That hung on a hook where
He'd finally done something properly.

A Man of the Humber

*There was an Old Man on the Humber,
Who dined on a cake of Burnt Umber;
When he said, "It's enough!" they only said, "Stuff!
You amazing Old Man on the Humber!"*

Edward Lear

A Man had a house on the Humber,
In its shape a misshapen cucumber;
And they christened it *Winnie*,
Because (what a ninny!)
He'd painted his dwelling in umber.

A Man In a Barge

*There was an Old Man in a Barge,
Whose nose was exceedingly large;
But in fishing by night, it supported a light,
Which helped that Old Man in a barge.*

Edward Lear

There was an Old Man on a Charge:
“Sir, this fart you released on a barge,
Wasn’t meant, you deny it,
To foster a riot?”
“Milord, it was more an homage.”

A Man of Dunrose

*There was an Old Man of Dunrose;
A parrot seized hold of his nose.
When he grew melancholy, they said, "His name's Polly,"
Which soothed that Old Man of Dunrose.*

Edward Lear

There was an Old Man of Dunrose
Who couldn't get windows to close;
His defences were thin
When the outside came in,
And a parrot took hold of his nose.

A Man of Toulouse

*There was an Old Man of Toulouse
Who purchased a new pair of shoes;
When they asked, "Are they pleasant?" he said, "Not at present!"
That turbid Old Man of Toulouse.*

Edward Lear

There was an Old Man of Toulouse
Who gathered a gaggle of flus,
And an interesting virus
That came from Epirus
With hundreds of happy reviews.

A Person of Bree

*There was an Old Person of Bree,
Who frequented the depths of the sea;
She nurs'd the small fishes, and washed all the dishes,
And swam back again into Bree.*

Edward Lear

There was a Young Lady of Bree
Whose sleep was disturbed by a pea;
It was under her bed,
And it suddenly said
That it fancied a muffin and tea.



There was a Young Lady of Bree

A Person of Bromley

*There was an Old Person of Bromley,
Whose ways were not cheerful or comely;
He sate in the dust, eating spiders and crust,
That unpleasing Old Person of Bromley.*

Edward Lear

There was a Young Lady of Bromley
Rolling eyes and enduring a hom'ly
From her dad, in full flight
On the perils of night,
And she wished it were just an anom'ly.

A Person of Shields

*There was an Old Person of Shields,
Who frequented the vallies and fields;
All the mice and the cats, and the snakes and the rats,
Followed after that person of Shields.*

Edward Lear

“I’m the Beast, and the Beast never yields!”
Said the Beast to a man in the fields;
But the Beast had to go
Without landing a blow,
For his foe was a Person of Shields.

A Man of Dunluce

*There was an Old Man of Dunluce,
Who went out to sea on a goose:
When he'd gone out a mile, he observ'd with a smile,
"It is time to return to Dunluce."*

Edward Lear

There was an Old Man of Dunluce,
Who shouldn't have ever got loose;
But he summoned his minions
From other dominions,
And made his escape on a goose.

A Person of Slough

*There was an Old Person of Slough,
Who danced at the end of a bough;
But they said, "If you sneeze, you might damage the trees,
You imprudent Old Person of Slough."*

Edward Lear

There was an Old Person of Slough,
Who climbed to the end of a bough;
It was scary, by gad,
But he knew that he had
To go out there and rescue his cow.

A Person of Dean

*There was an Old Person of Dean
Who dined on one pea, and one bean;
For he said, "More than that, would make me too fat,"
That cautious Old Person of Dean.*

Edward Lear

A man in the Forest of Dean
Was waylaid by a pea and a bean;
They said, "Stand and deliver!"
And rattled a quiver
Of arrows, and both were in green.



A Man in the Forest of Dean

A Person of Dundalk

*There was an Old Person of Dundalk,
Who tried to teach fishes to walk;
When they tumbled down dead, he grew weary, and said,
“I had better go back to Dundalk!”*

Edward Lear

A Wordy Young Girl of Dundalk
Was determined that fishes would talk;
After years of research
She was left in the lurch,
Cause the fish had decided to walk.

A Person of Kew

*There was a Young Person of Kew,
Whose virtues and vices were few;
But with blameable haste she devoured some hot paste,
Which destroyed that Young Person of Kew.*

Edward Lear

There was a Young Person of Kew,
Who went to the park to renew;
But the Covid restriction,
Applied with conviction,
Detained her all day in a queue.

A Man of Messina

*There was an Old Man of Messina,
Whose daughter was named Opsibeen;
She wore a small wig, and rode out on a pig,
To the perfect delight of Messina.*

Edward Lear

Police came and got the Hyaena
As it played on an old ocarina,
And the charges confirm it —
To busk without permit
Will cost you a fine in Messina.



Police Came and Got the Hyaena

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?