

*(Updated 31 March 2015)*

## **British Club limerick slam 27 March 2015**

### ***Selected contributions:***

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At a limerick contest the best  
Of the Brits put their wits to the test  
But we all were agreed  
We were zonked by a Swede\*  
With the filthiest rhymes in the West.

*(Margaret Myers, 2nd prize)*

*(\*Christel Copp, who won the first prize.)*

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Sheila's our local Glaswegian  
Alan's with the British Legion  
We're Scots, Welsh and English,  
And all can speak Swenglish  
But most draw the line at Norwegian.

*(Catriona Chaplin, 3rd prize)*

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Poseidon has a very big ... fish  
If he dropped it, someone he'd squish  
He's held it for years  
But to his eyes it brings tears  
'cause it's nearer his nose than he'd wish.

*(John Chaplin)*

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There was a young lady called Win  
Who resisted temptation to sin  
So was she downhearted  
When from honour she parted?  
What do you think - after a double pink gin.      *(Keith Barnard)*

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A merry young lady of Perth  
Who was used to arousing much mirth  
Took it into her head  
To paint the town red  
But it gave her a rather wide berth.      *(Gillian Thylander)*

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What you in Britain call a limerick  
in Sweden could be a dating trick  
in Swedish it's true  
this means: Erik-glu  
beware, girls, when you meet an Erik!      *(Birger Ekengren)*

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There was a young lady from seahouses  
Who lost all she had at the races  
She thought she knew form  
But alas all forlorn  
On the market she now sells shoe laces      *(Jean Irving)*

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A UK expat who lived among Swedes,  
was unable to satisfy his nostalgic needs  
of sash windows, bangers and mash,  
tea-cozies and pebble-dash.  
But he had brought his own suit of tweeds.      *(Jan-Erik Andersson)*

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There was a young bosun, Schollin,  
who demanded the ship should be clean,  
a conviction so deep,  
in his life he does keep

- see his plate and you'll know what I mean!      *(Michael Schollin)*

*(A member who was a sailor for many years.  
He was a big eater at 22 years old and found the  
rations on board ship were never enough.)*

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*... and some limericks by known and unknown poets:*

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When customary marriages perplex  
Polygamists don't let it vex  
For now they can marry  
Tom, Dick AND Harry,  
But that doesn't mean there's more sex.

*(a finalist at the 2014 limerick  
competition in Limerick)*

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There was a young belle of old Natchez  
Whose garments were always in patchez.  
When comment arose  
On the state of her clothes,  
She replied when Ah itchez, Ah scratchez

*(Ogden Nash)*

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There was a young lady named Bright  
Whose speed was much faster than light  
She set out one day  
In a relative way  
And returned on the previous night.

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There was a young seedsman of Leeds  
Who swallowed a packet of seeds  
In a month, silly ass  
He was covered with grass  
And couldn't sit down for the weeds.

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A bather whose clothing was strewed  
By winds that had left her quite nude  
Saw a man come along,  
And unless I am wrong,  
You expected this line to be lewd

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There was a young man from Larkhall  
Who went to a masquerade ball  
Dressed up as a tree,  
But he failed to foresee  
His abuse by the dogs in the hall

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Catharine, a pretty young lass  
Had a truly magnificent ass.  
Not rounded and pink  
As you possibly think  
It was grey, had long ears, and ate grass.

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There was an old lady of Kent  
Whose nose was remarkably bent  
One day they supposed  
She followed her nose  
For no one knew which way she went.

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There was a young man from Montrose  
Who tickled himself with his toes.  
He could do it so neat  
He fell in love with his feet  
And christened them Myrtle and Rose.

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There was a young man of Rangoon  
Who farted and filled a balloon.  
The balloon went so high  
That it stuck in the sky.  
And stank out the man in the moon

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Winter is here with his grouch  
The time when you sneeze and slouch.  
You can't take your women  
Canoeing or swimmin'  
But a lot can be done on a couch!

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There was a young girl from Eastend  
Who ate onions, blue cheese and cayenne  
'till a bad fright one day  
Took her breath quite away,  
And we hope she won't find it again.

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On the breast of a harlot from Yale  
Was tattooed what she charged for her tail,  
For the good of the blind  
She tattooed her behind  
With the same price repeated in braille.

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There was a young lady of Joppa  
Whose friends all decided to drop her.  
She went with a friend  
On a trip to Ostend  
And the rest of the story's improper.

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Said a man to his spouse in East Sydenham,  
"My best trousers! Now where have you hydenham?  
It is perfectly true  
They were not very new,  
But I foolishly left half a quidenham."

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There was a young lady from Lynn  
Who was deep in original sin.  
When they said, "Do be good."  
She said, "Would if I could."  
And straightway went at it again.

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Despite her impressive physique  
Big Aggie was really quite meek;  
If a mouse showed its head  
She'd jump into bed  
With a terrible, blood-curdling shriek.

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There was a young Anglican priest  
Who lived almost wholly on yeast,  
For he said, "It is plain  
We must all rise again  
And I want to get started at least."

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There was a young sailor from Wales  
Who was an expert at pissing in gales;  
He could piss in a jar  
From the top-gallant spar  
Without wetting so much as the sails.

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Some bagpipes were stolen! I kid  
You not, folks, for happen it did.  
Police, under cover,  
Seek a true music lover,  
Or maybe a short-sighted squid.

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There was a young lady named Wilde  
Who kept herself quite undefiled  
By thinking of Jesus  
Contagious diseases  
And the bother of having a child.

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There was a young striker from Clyde  
Who hated his eggs boiled or fried.  
When asked to say why,  
"It's just because I  
Am a poacher by trade", he replied.



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A girl who weighed many an ounce  
Used language I dare not pronounce.  
For a fellow unkind  
Pulled her chair out behind  
Just to see (so he said) if she'd bounce.

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There was a young man named McBride  
Who fell in a privy and died.  
Now he had a brother  
Who fell down another  
And now they're interred side by side.

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There was a young monk from Siberia  
Who had a complex inferior;  
He did to a nun  
What he shouldn't have done  
And now she's a Mother Superior.

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Out dining, an old alligator  
When asked if he'd have coffee later,  
Just shook his head  
And pleasantly said  
"I was planning on having the waiter".  
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