

**700 LIMERICK LYRICS; A  
COLLECTION  
OF CHOICE HUMOROUS  
VERSIFICATIONS**

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700 Limerick Lyrics; A Collection of Choice Humorous Versifications by Stanton Vaughn

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11700  
LIMERICK LYRICS.

A Collection of Choice Humorous  
Versifications

Selected and arranged by

STANTON VAUGHN



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## PREFACE.

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"It would seem as though the memory of man runneth not to the contrary of the 'limerick.' That is to say, this particular form of versification is not to be traced to its beginnings. Just why it is called a 'limerick,' none can assuredly say. But, whatever its origin, it is an institution provocative of wit of many and the amusement of all. The English-speaking world knows of thousands, some composed for special occasions and speedily perishing; others with the vitality of real genius in them."—*Evening Star, Washington.*

There was once a port named Immerick,  
Who worked forty days on a "limerick,"  
At the end of which time,  
He remarked of his rhyme,  
"There's a limp in the limb of my limerick."

I never could quite see the trick,  
I never wrote a limerick,  
I've often tried  
And gone to bed a-feelin' sick.

A writer in a western paper notes that "this is the day of the limerick," and says of this popular form of nonsense verse that "it possesses a jingling rhythm which haunts the memory long after the measured sonorousness of an epic or the lilting melody of a lyric have departed."

The writer is evidently under the delusion that all nonsense verses are limericks. Now, we can't give a dictionary definition of a limerick, for the reason that the word, for some unaccountable reason, isn't given; but at least we know one when we see one.

Edward Lear has generally been charged with the invention of the five-line stanza well known as the "limerick," but he always pleads "not guilty," saying the form was suggested to him by a friend as a particularly appropriate model for nonsense rhymes, and this model, if we are not mistaken, was taken from the popular song, "All the Way Up to Limerick." How-

ever it was, Lear's first nonsense verses, published in 1846, were written in the form of the familiar stanza, beginning:

There was an old man of Tobago,

and he wrote no less than two hundred and fourteen others. Carolyn Wells is authority that there is an authority to the effect that the "limerick" flourished in the reign of William IV., and that the following was current in 1834:

There was a young man of St. Kitts,  
Who was very much troubled with fits,  
The eclipse of the moon  
Threw him into a swoon,  
When he tumbled and broke into bits.

"Limerick" is not in the Century or Standard dictionary, but a correspondent writes that Murray gives the following:

Limerick.—(Said to be from a custom at convivial parties, according to which each member sang an extemporized "nonsense verse," which was followed by a chorus containing the words: "Will you come up to Limerick?") A form of nonsense verse.

By way of illustration, the following is quoted from Kipling's "Stalky": "Make up a good catchy limerick and let the fags sing it."  
—S. V.



## LIMERICK LYRICS.

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There was a young poet in Wemyss,  
Who cried, "O, how awful it seems,  
When asleep late at night,  
Lovely poetry to wright,  
And awakening find it's but dreymss!"

---

Sir Thomas and Kitty sat out on the  
porch,  
In the light of the silvery moon,  
And he breathed forth a prayer,  
To this being most fair,  
As he asked for her hand as a boon.

---

"Oh! heart of my heart! oh! beauty most  
rare,  
I would give up my life to save thine."  
"That is nothing," said she,  
"The point is with me,  
Are you willing to give up all nine?"

---

There was a young chap named Cholmon-  
deley,  
Who always at dinner sat dolmondeley.  
His fair partner said,  
As he crumbled his bread,  
"Dear me! you behave very rholmon-  
deley!"

A boy at Sault Ste. Marie,  
Said, "To spell, I will not agree,  
Till they learn to spell 'Soo'  
Without any 'u,'  
Or an 'a' or an 'l' or a 't.'"

---

There was a young man in Ann Arbor,  
Who studied to be a fine barber;  
He cut quite a dash,  
And used up his cash,  
Then shaved all his friends at Ann Arbor.

---

A fine old landowner named Majori-  
banks,  
Found the summer heat dry paths and  
parjoribanks.  
So about his estate,  
To protect his old pate,  
He arranged pine plantations and larjori-  
banks!  
But at length when the tide struck the  
barque,  
It floated away like a sharque,  
And hereafter he'll steer  
Of that spot very clear  
And look out for a low water marque.

---

A man who was steering a yacht,  
His course through the water forgacht,  
And he stuck in the mud  
With a dull, sickening thud,  
And the captain then swore a whole lacht.

She was wooed by a handsome young Dr.,  
Who one day in his arms tightly lr.;  
    But straightway he swore  
    He would do so no more,  
Which the same, it was plain, greatly shr.

A young girl whose last name was Mack,  
Went to church in a new sealskin sack;  
    In donating her mite  
    She squeezed it so tight  
That her kid glove cracked right 'cross the  
    back.

A little old maid at Sag Harbor,  
Takes her meals in the shade of an arbor,  
    With her forty pet cats,  
    And her French poodle, "Rats,"  
Which is shaved once a week by a barber.

There was a young lady named Maud,  
Who at meals was a terrible fraud.  
    She never was able  
    To eat at the table,  
But out in the pantry—Oh, Lord!

There was once a young poet in Hing-  
    ham,  
Who said, "I have songs and I'll sing-  
    ham;"  
    He sang a few times—  
    Now the funeral chimes  
Sound doleful whenever they ringham.