

Limericks published in Spelling Progress Bulletins (SPB) and the Spelling Reform Anthology.

See also [Poems online](#), [The Chaos](#) and other [poems in the Bulletins](#).

Out on a Limerick

by Bennett Cerf, (Harper & Bros. 1960)

A collection of over 300 of the World's Best Printable Limericks –
assembled, revised, dry-cleaned, and annotated
by Bennett Cerf. Reprinted with his genial permission.

[SPB December 1961](#) Item 10.

Werse Verse.

The wind was rough
And cold and blough.
She kept her hands within her mough.
 It chilled her through,
 Her nose turned blough,
And still the squal the faster flough —

And yet, although
There was no snough,
The weather was a cruel fough.
 It made her cough,
 Please do not scough,
She coughed until her hat blough ough.

[SPB March 1962](#) Item 5

The first limerick was repeated in [SPB Summer 1971](#) before Item 7

A jolly old Southern colonel
Has a humorous sense most infolonel.
 He amuses his folks
 By laughing at jolks
That appear in the Ladies Home Jolonel.

The fabulous Wizard of Oz
Retired from business becoz
 What with up-to-date science
 To most of his clients
He wasn't the wiz that he woz.

There's a young man who lives in Belsize,
Who believes he is clever and wise.
 Why, what do you think,
 He saves gallons of ink,
By merely not dotting his "i's".

There was once a man not unique
In fancying himself quite a shique.
 But the girls didn't fall
 For this fellow at all,
For he only made thirty a wique.

Langford Reed

[SPB June 1963](#) Item 14, [Anthology §17.8](#)

A fellow they call Aloysius
Of his wife and a gent grew suspysius
 And as quick as a wink
 Found the two by the sink
But they only were doing the dysies.

There was a young girl in the choir
Whose voice went up hoir and hoir,
 Till one Sunday night
 It vanished from sight
And turned up next day in the spoir.

A gent with a drooping mustache
Chewed some hair out while eating his hache
 The phrases profane
 He shrieked in his pain
We shall represent here with a dache.

A handsome young gent down in Fla.
Collapsed in hospital ca.
 A young nurse from Me.
 Sought to banish his pe.
And shot him. Now what could be ha?

[SPB December 1963](#) at the end

My stenographer's notable glamour
Couldn't quite compensate for her gramour
 She got me so ired
 That I told her, "You're fired!"
Now I wish she were back again, damour!

A Mr. De Lyssa of Leigh
Started kissing his girl by the seigh.
 "This can't be good kissing,"
 Said the girl, "I hear hissing."
Said De Lyssa, still kissing, "That's meigh."

[SPB Summer 1971](#) before Item 7

There was a young lady of Crete,
Who was so exceedingly nete,
 When she got out of bed
 She stood on her hed
To make sure of not soiling her fete.

Rimes without reason

Spelling poems from *Rimes without reason*, 'by one who has been stung by the spelling bee'.
Some of the 4 dozen jingles collected by Godfrey Dewey and published by Spelling Reform
Association, Lake Placid Co.

[SPB June 1961](#) after item 5.

'The go-gebtor' was also in [SPB Winter 1973](#) before Item 7.

The go-gebtor

A merchant addressing a debtor
Remarked in the course of his lebtor
 That he chose to suppose
 A man knose what he ose;
And the sooner he pays it the bebtor.

Notice to she-ers

Be sure when you're coasting on skis
To avoid running into the tris,
 For it never is wise
 To scratch out your ise
Or to let your poor nose or tose fris.

[SPB March 1962](#) before Item 2.

'Without guaisle' was also in [SPB Winter 1976](#) p5.

Without guaisle

Whenever she looks down the aisle
She gives me a beautiful smaisle;
 And of all of her beaux
 I am certain she sheaux
She likes me the best of the paisle.

Hope she didn't have a pesne

A gallant young man of Duquesne
Went home with a girl in the ruesne.
 She said with a sigh,
 "I wonder when lgh
Shall see such a rain-beau aguesne".

[SPB Winter 1964](#) before Item 5. Breaking it ough is also in [SPB Summer 1969](#) before Item 12

Breaking it ough

There once was a man who for hiccough
Tried all of the cures he could piccough,
 And the best without doubt,
 As at last he found oubt,
Is warm water and salt in a ticough.

He never eard

A wise old owl lived in an oak;
The more he saw the less he spoak,
The less he spoak the more he heard.
Why can't we be like that old beard.

He was?

A spelling reformer indicted
For fudge was before the court cicted.
The Judge said: "Enough
His candle we'll snough
And his sepulchre shall not be whicted."

[SPB Summer 1966](#) Before Item 13.
Also in [SPB Fall 1966](#) Before Item 11.
and [SPB Winter 1968](#) after Item 3.

What a commocean

A young lady crossing the ocean
Grew ill from the ship's dizzy mocean.
She said with a sigh,
And a tear in her eigh,
'To life I have no more devocean.'

[SPB Summer 1973](#) after Item 7.

Said the horse, as he neighed a loud neigh,
To the hound as he beighed a loud beigh,
 'I don't like my oats,
 No one likes your high noats,
So why shouldn't we both go aweigh?'
 So they did, the same deigh.

[SPB Fall 1981](#) before Item 13.

It might take a bullet or tu

When reformers have nothing to du
They might take a shot at the Gnu.
To nock off the G,
Would fill them with glee
And wouldn't embarass the Nu.

[Anthology §15.2](#) before Item 4, but not in SPB
o-u-g-h

A farmhand who set out to plough,
Once harnessed an ox with a cough;
 But the farmer came out,
 With a furious shout,
And told him he didn't know hough.

[SPB Fall 1969](#) Item 8.
Also in [SPB Spring 1978](#)
after Contents

Pure Disdeign

A king who began on his reign
Exclaimed with a feeling of peign,
 "Tho I'm legally heir,
 No one here seems to ceir
That I haven't been born with a breign."

[SPB Summer 1977](#) after Item 9.

She meted a pareted of her feelings
A lady who deftly crocheted
A terrible temper displeted,
 On finding, when through,
 That a dropped stich or twough
Had ruined the garment she'd meted.

A wise old owl lived in an oak;
The more he saw, the less he spoak.
 The less he spoak,
 The more he heard;
Why can't we be like that old beard?

At length with a growl and a cough,
He dragged the poor boy to the trough,
 And plunging him in
 Clear up to his chin,
Discharged him and ordered him ough.

In a manner exceedingly rough
He proceeded to bluster and blough;
 He scolded and scowled,
 He raved and he howled,
And declared he'd have none of such stough.

Faith M. Daltry sent in these poems

[SPB December 1961](#) after Item 2.

I Say There Old Chappy!

A gentleman named John Fitz-john
Was a kindly and affable don
 Till his pampered young son
 Ran up bills one by one
And the don ordered him to be gone.

A dutiful mother was loath
To cripple her son in his growth,
 When he wouldn't take broth
 And poured it out on the cloth.
Should she spank him or starve him or both?

A sexton was told by a fool
If he'd carefully follow the rule
 That the bell he should toll
 For each new-released soul
He'd protect its dead corpse from a ghoul.

A young man in the medical corps
As he bore his bride in at the door,
 Explained he was poor,
 But he felt very sure
That he soon would be earning much more.

Editor's note: *Did you ever notice how the spelling sometimes interferes with the rhyming pronunciation?*

[SPB June 1962](#) before Item 12
and [SPB March 1963](#) at the end

How odd is the spelling of *iron*!
For a better recording I yearn.
 I might mention that Byron
 Rhymes well with environ,
But I give up and say, "Let's adjourn".

[SPB March 1963](#) at the end

I object to a fool in beautiful,
And the same in the saying of dutiful.
 Now since the word awful
 Rhymes nicely with waffle,
Why shouldn't those two spell like cuticle?

[SPB Spring 1978](#) before Item 6.

An inextricable nebt

A man who was deeply in debt
Said, 'No matter whatever I gebt,
 My creditors claims
 A share of the saim,
Which makes me discouraged, you bebt.'

Edward Lear

[SPB Winter 1966](#) in Item 12
published in a review of its reading material.

There was an old man of Peru
Who dreamed he was chewing his shoe.
 He awoke in the night
 In a terrible fright
And found it was perfectly true.

Under the SPELL of English, by Arthur Bennett

Sent in by Mrs. Ethel Hook, Palm Springs, Calif.

SPB June 1963 Item 12. Anthology \$17.7

Would you like to be Carnegie's heir,
With never a worry or ceir?
 That most of us would
 Is well understould.
One who would not would surely be reir,

When one makes a hole in *eight*
It's a very sad story to *releight*
 Bad work with the putter
 And he will mutter
"I'll correct that at some *leighter deight*."

Once there was an infantry *colonel*
Who fought where the blitz was *infolonel*
 Want to know the result?
 You'd better consult
The obituary writ in the *Jo!onel*.

The groom advanced down the *aisle*
With a smaisle he thought to *begaisle*
 The crowd into thinking
 He wasn't shrinking
But was scared to death all the *whaisle*.

A poem is writ *word* by *word*;
May be lofty, or may be *absord*,
 May picture the *sea*,
 Or a *bord* wild and *frea*,
Or tell of hope long *deford*.

If a fellow is a regular *guy*
He'll aim for marks way up *huy*
 He'll push to the top of the hill,
 With a will
Never pausing to loiter or *suy*.

When Kayak and Seabiscuit *raced*
They were urged to move and make *haced*
 But for humans to *hurry*,
 Speed up or *worry*
Would be breaking the rules of good *taced*.

What causes a horsie to *neigh*,
And what causes a donkey to *breigh*?
 Is it because of their diet
 They shatter our quiet
Or for pride in their vocal *displeigh*?

To fly a plane over the *ocean*
Is possibly not a bad *nocean*.
 Such a perilous flight
 Will turn out all right
If you are able to keep up the *mocean*.

Look back at the deeds you have *done*,
Take stock of your griefs and your *fone*.
 Can you really feel pride
 And frankly decide
You approve of the race you have *ron*