

The Website Winter Wednesday limericks were published weekly in the first quarter of 2017

Winter Wednesday Limerick #1

There was a young fellow called Priestley,
Whose behaviour to women was beastly.
He'd promise them wine
And a jolly good time --
Then give them a weekend in Eastleigh.

Winter Wednesday Limerick #2

A sensitive boy named McKay
Let out the most terrible cry
When, inside his stocking,
He found something shocking
That was slimy and green and could fly.

Winter Wednesday Limerick #3

A clever young schoolboy from Leicester
Allowed a sore finger to fester.
It doubled in size,
And the sound of his cries
Could be heard from as far off as Chester.

Winter Wednesday Limerick #4

A young cocker spaniel called Spur
Became quite addicted to myrrh.
He didn't like gold -
He found it too cold -
And frankincense stuck in his fur.

Winter Wednesday Limerick #5

A fellow from Bristol called Neve,
Was seriously known to believe
That the world being flat
If once lost, your cat
Would be terribly hard to retrieve.

Winter Wednesday Limerick #6

A young shipping clerk from Port Said
Was found with his arms and legs tied
Inside an old trunk
That belonged to a monk
To whom, for advice, he'd applied.

Winter Wednesday Limerick #7

A jolly old fellow called Boakes
Knew five thousand eight hundred jokes,
Which, ranging from bad
To the dismally sad,
He tried out on helpless old folks.

Winter Wednesday Limerick #8

A fisherman living in York
Complained that the length of the walk
From his house to the sea
Took two days or three,
And more if he stopped for a talk.

Winter Wednesday Limerick #9

A trainee magician called Mick
Made a frightful mistake with a trick,
When he turned a small boy,
(His Mum's pride and joy),
Irreversibly into a brick.

Winter Wednesday Limerick #10

A lady from Bristol called Bligh,
Who all of her life had been shy,
Was cured in a week
By two Poles and a Greek
Whom she met on the Island of Skye

Winter Wednesday Limerick #11

A young mountaineer called Vic
Became quite close friends with a stick.
He took it for walks,
And they had little talks,
Then it left him to live with a brick.

Winter Wednesday Limerick #12

There once was a lady called Tate
Who won a live bear at a fete.
To her home it was led,
But it hadn't been fed,
And the police got there seconds too late.

[All taken from the Michael Palin collection]