

LIMERICKS

“Religious”

There once was a shepherd of Lincoln
Who feared thoughts his flock had been thinking
So he started to scold
and purge the sheepfold
To keep Peter’s bark from sinking.

Said a wise old padre from Cape Cod
That the function laid on us by God
To ensure human birth
Should be subject to mirth
Is surely exceedingly odd.

Philosophers

THALES

In the days that were still pre-Socratic
Abstract thought was a trifle erratic
So let’s try not to sneer
When from Thales we hear
That all things are at bottom aquatic.

PYTHAGORAS

Pythagoras formed a society
That saw numbers as objects of piety
From mere ratio and fraction
They derived satisfaction
Of a quasi-religious variety

PARMENIDES

Of Parmenides then or of Zeno
You’ll be tempted to say “what does he know?”
If he thinks logic proves
Nothing changes or moves
The he must have consumed too much vino.

ZENO

And there’s Zeno with logic to show
If you move, you’re unspeakably slow.

Move to B from spot A?
Well, let's first get half-way
But that's C and you've still half to go.

SOCRATES

It seems Socrates made people weary
With his fondness for quibbling and query.
After asking "what's virtue?"
Step by step, he'd discourage you,
By refuting your favorite theory.

Since negation apparently thrilled him
As a nihilist many had billed him.
"By so questioning truth,
You've corrupted our youth"
So they passed him the hemlock that killed him.

Religious

There once was a curate named Basset
Who thought fast speech was an asset.
He rattled the Creed
At incredible speed
And challenged the world to surpass it.

An indolent Vicar of Bray
Let his lovely red roses decay.
But his wife more alert,
Bought a powerful squirt,
And said to her spouse "Let us spray."

A Sunday school teacher named Beauchamp
Said "No matter how much I beseech em
Those wriggly boys
Make so awfully much noise
My words are unable to reach em.

A church with large funds to invest
Thought a factory for girdles was best.
So the newspaper pages
Proclaimed "Rock of Ages"
On a firm foundation will rest.

A college in east Tennessee
Gave an honorary degree

To a preacher named Fiddle
Who moaned, "every kid'll
Now address me as Fiddle, D.D."

As the Vatican guide gave his talk
All the treasures made St. Francis balk.
"St. Peter of old,
had no silver and gold,
But he could say "Now rise up and walk."

Said Charles Davis "I feel great abhorrence
For a church without Scriptural warrants.
With Vatican II
I'll have nothing to do,
I take all my councils from Florence
(=Name of his wife)

Pierre Teilhard de Chardin
Hunted paleolithical man
But he also wrote books
Which, with horrified looks,
His superiors placed under the ban.

Any preacher who truly determines
To ape doctrinal fads of the Germans,
Will find that when he
Reaches age thirty three
The people all snore through his sermons.

The hapless church tenor, young Horace,
Had skin that was terribly porous.
Sometimes in the choir
He's start to perspire
And nearly drown out the whole chorus.

The bishop of Richmond VA
In Latin was droning away
At a quarter to six, he
Got through and cried "dixi"
And his listeners all shouted "Hurray!"

There was a young lady of Tottenham
Her manners, - she'd wholly forgotten em.
While at tea at the vicar's
She pulled off her knickers
Explaining she felt much to hot in em.

There is a young thinker named Barth
Who walks by himself all apart
He took as his motto
“Blast Rudolf Otto,
And Ritschl was wrong from the start.”
By Donald Baillie

I think it exceedingly odd
That a divinity professor named Dodd
Should spell, if you please,
His name with two d’s
When one is sufficient for God.

Il etait un jeune home de Dijon
Qui se moquait de toute religion.
Il disait une fois
“Moi, je m’en fiche des trois,
Le Pere, et le Fils, et le Pigeon.”

O God inasmuch as without Thee
We are not enabled to doubt Thee
Pray grant of thy grace
That the whole human race,
May know nothing whatever about Thee.

There was an old Jew of Salonika
Who wanted for Christmas a harmonica
His wife to annoy him
Said “that’s for the goyim,”
And gave him a Jew’s harp for Hanukkah.

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

There was an old monk of Siberia
Whose life it got drearier and drearier.
He escaped from his cell
With a hell of a yell
And eloped with the Mother Superior.

There was a young man who said “God,

**It ever has struck me as odd,
That the sycamore tree,
Simply ceases to be,
When there's no one about in the quad."**

**"Dear girl, your astonishment's odd
I am always about in the quad
And that's why the tree,
Continues to be
Since observed by yours, faithfully, God."**

There was a young priest named Delaney
Who said to the girls "nota bene."
Twould tempt the archbishop
The way that you swish up
Your skirts when the weather is rainy.

Said the Pope "contraceptives won't do,
And abortions are sinful things too.
But there's no need to fret
Just use Rhythm Roulette
If you don't want a family, don't screw."

A lecherous preacher name Ferrer
Left a nun with a feeling of terror.
For her belly did swell,
But he said "what the hell,
It is merely a clerical error."

A Gentile old lady I knew
Was dozing one day in her pew
When the preacher yelled "Sin!"
She said "Count me in,
And as soon as the service is through."

There once was a man named Arius
Whose ideas were considered nefarious.
Christ was sublime
Though not nearly divine –
That dogma was rather precarious!

There once was a man, Athanasius
Whose hold on the faith was tenacious.
His doctrines agree
With true orthodoxy
And never approach the fallacious.

Lady Heloise took as her suitor
Peter Abelard, scholar and tutor
But her nasty old uncle
Made him live like a monk will
By changing his gender to neuter.

God's plan had a hopeful beginning
But man spoiled his chances by sinning.
We trust that the story
Will end in God's glory
But at present, the other side's winning.

There was a young preacher from China,
Who loved boys but thought birds diviner
But he gets no tail,
In fact, he's in jail,
Being charged with corrupting a mynah.

A wondrous faith healer one day
Had to keep all his patients at bay.
While he hid in his booth
With a riotous tooth,
Which his faith couldn't stop, strange to say.

There was a faith healer from Deal
Who said "although pain is not real,
When I sit on a pin,
And it punctures my skin,
I dislike what I fancy I feel."

There was an old fellow of Trinity
A doctor, well versed in divinity.
But he took to free-thinking
And then to deep drinking,
And so had to leave the vicinity.

While walking my prize-winning beagle,
I was naturally feeling quite regal.
Till a gift from the sky
He me right in the eye
From Jonathan Livingston Seagull.

A comely young widow named Ransom
Was ravished three times in a hansom.
When she cried out for me,
A voice from the floor,
Said "Lady, I'm Simson not Samson."

There was a young man from New Haven
Who had an affair with a raven.
He said with a grin
As he wiped of his chin,
"Nevermore."

A collegiate damsel named Louise
Weighed down by BA's and Litt D's
Collapsed from the strain
Alas it was pain,
She was killing herself by degrees.

What is truth, queried Pilate in jest,
Is it one, say, north south, east west?
Now in answer to Pontius
William James makes us conscious
It's whatever works out for the best.

Is there God or a heavenly firmament?
Are there values in life that stay permanent?
There's just one sure criterion,
To base any such theory on
How one's life to be changed by affirmin it.
(james, pragmatism)

Goliath was known for ferocity
An expert in every atrocity.
But he was knocked in a heap
By a boy who kept sheep,
A victim of teenage precocity.

There was a young curate of Kew
Who kept a tom cat in a pew.
He taught it to speak
Alphabetical Greek,
But it never got further than MU.

There was philosopher named Fred
Who was questioned on Descartes and said
“it is perfectly clear
That I’m not really here,
For I haven’t a thought in my head.”

Don’t think it will fall to your lot
To get what you like- it will not.
But if you’re heroic
And follow the Stoic,
You’ll fancy you’ll like what you’ve got.

Archimedes the early truth-seeker,
Leapt out of the bath cried Eureka!
And ran half a mile
Wearing only a smile,
Thus becoming the very first streaker.

Said Freud “I’ve discovered the ID
Of all your repressions be rid.
It won’t ease the gravity
Of all the depravity,
But you’ll know why you did what you did.”

A psychiatrist fellow from Rye
Went to visit another close by.
Who said with a grin
As he welcomed him in
“Hello Smith, You’re all right. How am I?”

There was a young man of Laconia
Whose mother in law had pneumonia
He hoped for the worst,
And after March 1st,
They buried her neath a begonia.

There was a young fellow from Boise
Who at times was exceedingly noisy
So his friend’s joy increased,
When he moved way back east
To what people in Brooklyn call Joisy (Jersey)

There was a plump girl from Bryn Mawr

Who committed a dreadful 'faux pas'
She loosened a stay
On her bright décolleté
Thus exposing her 'je ne sais quoi.'

There was a young lady of Conover
Whose husband had ceased to be fond of her
He could not forget
He had wooed a brunette
But peroxide had now made a blond of her.

There was a young lady named Flo
Whose lover was almighty slow.
So they tried it all night,
Till he got it just right,
For "practice makes pregnant" you know.

A decrepit gas man named Peter
While hunting around for the meter
Touched a leak with his light
He rose out of sight
- and as everyone who knows anything about
poetry can tell you, he also ruined the meter.

There's a wonderful family called Stein
There's Gert and there's Ep and there's Ein.
Gert's poems are bunk
Ep's statues are junk,
And no one can understand Ein.

There was a young bell of old Natchez
Whose garments were always in patches
When comment arose
On the state of her clothes,
She drawled "when ah itchez, ah scratches."

There was a young girl named Anheuser
Who said that no man could surprise her
But Papst took a chance
Found Schlitz in her pants,
And now she is sadder, Bud wiser.

There was a young girl from New York
Who said, "I'm expecting the stork.
I don't know the father
Its just too much bother

In a city the size of New York.

There was a young lady named Bastor
Who always said no when they asked her
But she took down her britches
For rich sons of bitches
Like Morgan and John Jacob Astor.

There once was a traveling miser
Who slept with a dame named Elizer
Now he takes no more trips
He takes shots in the hips,
He's a sadder old miser but wiser.

A deep baritone from Havana
While singing slipped on a banana.
He was ill for a year
Then resumed his career
As a coloratura soprano.

There was a young chap not so nice
Who indulged in bigamy twice.
He said "one's a bore,
I'd rather have more,
The plural of spouse is spice."

There was a brave girl of Connecticut
Who flagged the express with her petticoat
Which critics defined,
As presence of mind,
But deplorable absence of etticut.

There was a young lady of Erskin.
Who had a remarkably fair skin
When I said to her "Mabel,
You look well in your sable,"
She replied "I look best in my bearskin."

A Turk buy the name of Haroun
Ate whisky by means of a spoon.
To one who asked why,
This Turk made reply:
"To drink is forbidden, you loon."

There once was a girl named McGoffin
Who was diddled amazingly often

At sex, never bested,
She never was rested,
Until she was screwed in her coffin.

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

A flea and a fly in a flue
Were caught, so what could they do?
Said the fly "let us flee,"
"Let us fly" said the flea,
So they flew through a flaw in the flue.

When a jolly young fisher named Fisher
Went fishing for fish in a fissure,
A fish with a grin
Pulled the fisherman in
Now they're fishing the fissure for Fisher.

A limerick packs laughs anatomical
Into space that is quite economical.
But the good ones I've seen
So seldom are clean,
And the clean ones so seldom are comical.

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

There was a young man from Japan
Whose lines just would not scan.
He said "I admit
That some lines don't fit,
But I try to get as many words in the last
Line as I can.

There was a young man named McSweeney
Who drank seven quarts of Martini
But the Paris police
Sent a wire to his niece,

“Nous regretton, McSweeney est fini.”

A certain young man of great gumption
‘mongst cannibals had the presumption
to go – but alack
he never came back
They say ‘twas a case of consumption.

A tutor who tooted the flute
Tried to teach two young tooters to toot
Said the two to the tutor,
“Is it harder to toot, or
to tutor two tooters to toot?”

There was an old sailor of Crete
Whose peg legs propelled him quite neat
Strong liquor, he said,
Never goes to my head,
And I know it can’t go to my feet.

There was a young girl who begat
Three brats by name Nat, Tat and Pat
Twas fun in the breeding,
But hell in the feeding,
When she found there was no tit for tat.

There was a young lady from Lout
Who suddenly grew very stout.
Her mother said “Nelly,
There’s more in your belly,
Than ever went in through your mouth.”

There was a young lady named Starkey,
Who had an affair with a darkey.
The result of her sins,
Were quadruplets not twins,
One white and one black and two khaki.

There was a young skater named Bates
Who did the fandango on skates.
Till he fell on his cutlass
Which rendered him nutless
And practically useless on dates.

There was a young fellow from Wadham
Who asked for a ticket to Sodom.
When they said “we prefer
Not to issue them, sir,”
He said “don’t call me sir call me madam.”

There was a young shepherd named Bruno
Who said there is one thing I do know.
While sheep are divine
And cows are just fine,
The llama is numero uno.

There was a young man of Thames-Ditton
Who found Sartre and Freud unbecfitting.
While Marcuse and McLuhan
He felt were just doin
What’s commonly known as bull-shittin.

A ghost in the town of Macroom
One night found a ghoul in his room
They argued all night
As to who had the right
To frighten the wits out of whom.

There was a young writer named Smith
Whose virtue was largely a myth.
We knew that he did it,
He couldn’t have hid it,
The question was only who with.

A young schizophrenic named Struther
When told of the death of his mother
Said “Yes, it’s too bad
But I can’t feel too sad,
After all, I still have each other.”

If intercourse gives you thrombosis
While continence causes neurosis,
I prefer to expire
Fulfilling desire
Than live on in a state of psychosis.

There was a young fairy named Gray
Who dated a lesbian one day.
They agreed that they knew

Who'd do what, how, to who,
But they could not agree who should pay.

A queer missionary named Cavage
Attempted to ravage a savage
But the savage was wily
He reversed himself slyly,
And the savage old Cavage did ravage.

A lad with passions quite gingery
Tore a hole in his sister's best lingerie
He pinched her behind
And made up his mind,
To add incest to insult and injury.

**Said a pretty young student from Smith
Whose virtue was largely a myth.
"Try hard as I can,
I can't find a man,
Who it's fun to be virtuous with.**

**Miss. Smith, said the dean, I must state
As a scholar you don't pull much weight
Your math is just terrible,
Your physics unbearable,
Though I'd say your physique is just great.**

There was a young fellow of Tarsus,
Who felt that he needed catharsis
To achieve the purge royal
He too croton oil
Discovering too late 'twas for horses.

There was a young girl of Tralee
Whose knowledge of French was "oui, oui."
When they asked "parlez vous?"
She replied "same to you,"
And was famed for her bright repartee.

Said the wife of a great intellectual,
"my problem is quite frankly sexual,
when for hubby I pant
he just quotes Will Durant,
and remains in the sack, ineffectual.

There once was a lady named Margo

Who came from a city named Fargo.
Now ain't it a pity
Her face is so pretty,
But she carries around too much cargo.

I sat by the Duchess at tea
It was just as I thought it would be.
Her rumblings abdominal
Were simply phenomenal,
And everyone thought it was me.

There once was a sculptor named Fideas
Whose art was extremely insidious.
He carved Aphrodite
Without any nudity
Which shocked the ultra fastidious.

A lovely young maiden with a hernia,
Said to her physician Calpernia.
While exploring my middle,
Make sure you don't fiddle
In matters that do not concern ya.

A young Scottish soldier named Rex
Abstains with great zeal from all sex.
He is such a Spartan,
Because of his tartan,
He suffers from a kilt complex.

Es gibt ein Arbeiter von Tinz
Er schlafte mit ein Madel von Linz
Sie sagt "halt dein plummen,
Ich hoere man kommen,"
"ja, ja, sagt der Plimmer, ich binz.

Prope mare erat tabulator
Qui virginem ingrediebatur.
"Dessine ingressus,
audivi progressus,"
"Est mihi, inquit tabulator."

There was a young fellow named Rex
With diminutive organs of sex.
When charged with exposure,
He replied with composure,
"de minimis non curat lex.

There was a young lady of Chicester
Who made all the saints in their niches stir.
One morning at matins
Her breasts in white satins
Made the bishop of Chicester's britches stir.

There was a young monk from Siberia
Whose morals were quite inferior.
He did to a nun
What he shouldn't have done,
And now she's a mother superior.

A fisherman off of Cape Cod,
Said I'll bugger that tuna by God.
But the high minded fish
Resented his wish
And nimbly swam off with his rod.

There was a young friar of Byhill
Who went up to shit on a high hill.\
When the abbot asked was it
A goodly deposit,
He said "Vox et praeterea nihil."

An astronomer's swift limousine
Went through a red light in Racine.
He was going so fast,
That the light which he passed,
Through Doppler effect showed as green.

Said the famous French chef Jean Maloff
'Though my omelets are tiny and tough,
Let the customer beg
For more than one egg,
For a Frenchman, one egg is "un oeuf."

A fellow who screwed as but few can,
Had a fancy to try with a toucan.
He owned like a man
The collapse of his plan,
"I can't but I bet none of YOU can."

A breeder of dogs what a dastard!
A chastity belt for dogs mastered.
A device to ensure

That the breeds remained pure,
And no son of a bitch was a bastard.

A German explorer named Schlichter
Had a yen for a boa constrictor.
When he lifted its tail,
Mein Gott – 'twas a male
The constrictor, not Schlichter was victor.

There was a young lady of Niger
Who smiled and rode out on a tiger
They returned from the ride,
With the lady inside
And the smile on the face of the tiger.

Said Wilbur Wright “this is grand,
But Orville you must understand,
We’ve discovered all right,
The secret of flight,
But how the hell do we land.”

There was a young lady called Etta
Who fancied herself in a sweater
Three reasons she had,
Keeping warm was not bad,
But the other two reasons were better.