Limericks by Edward Lear

There was an Old Man who supposed,

That the street door was partially closed;

But some very large rats,

Ate his coats and his hats,

While that futile old gentleman dozed.

There was an Old Man of the West,

Who wore a pale plum-coloured vest;

When they said, 'Does it fit?'

He replied, 'Not a bit!'

That uneasy Old Man of the West.