



## Limericks by Edward Lear

There was an Old Man on a hill,  
Who seldom, if ever, stood still;  
He ran up and down,  
In his Grandmother's gown,  
Which adorned that Old Man on a hill.

There was a Young Lady whose chin,  
Resembled the point of a pin;  
So she had it made sharp,  
And purchased a harp,  
And played several tunes with her chin.

