Handwriting competition - to write a limerick

A limerick is a short and fun five-line poem with a distinctive rhythm. The first, second and fifth lines are longer than the third and fourth lines. The rhyming pattern is AABBA. The longer A lines rhyme with each other and the shorter B lines rhyme with each other.

Line 1: 7-10 syllables A

Line 2: 7-10 syllables A

Line 3: 5-7 syllables B

Line 4: 5-7 syllables B Line 5: 7-10 syllables A

A limerick's cleverly versed-

The second line rhymes with the first;

The third one is short,

The fourth's the same sort

And the last line is often the worst.

Clip 1

https://www.bbc.co.uk/bitesize/topics/z4mmn39/articl es/zw3yw6f?scrlybrkr=495a3757

(John Irwin)

Handwriting competition - to write/copy a limerick poem

Present your poem on paper in your best handwriting

It could:

- Be one of the poems on the sheet your teacher will give
- You could write your own.
 Find one from a poet you know (online or from a book)

Then illustrate the poem or add a boarder

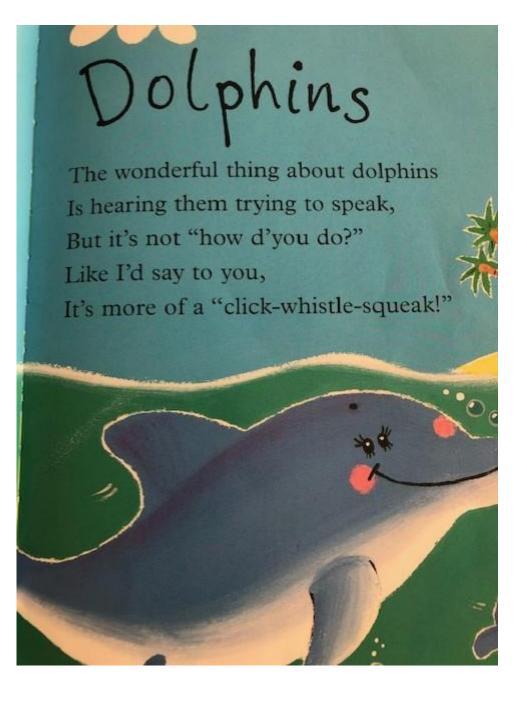
Hand in your entries to your teacher by Friday 4th December

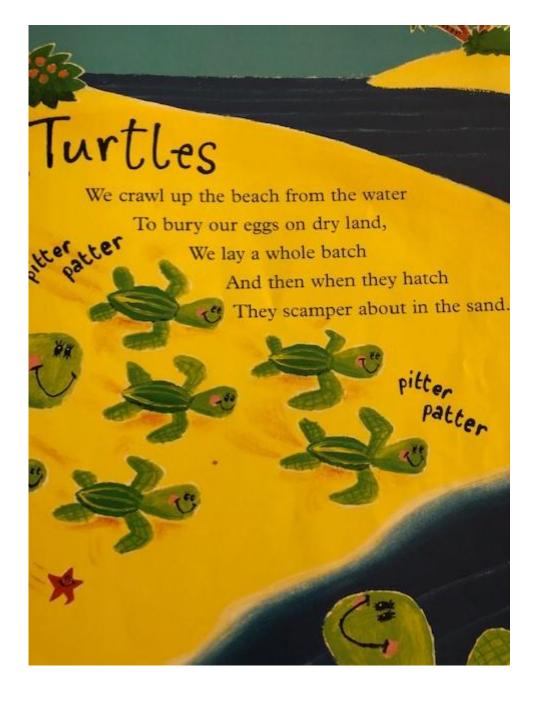
Did you know, that is this famous nursery rhyme is actually a limerick?

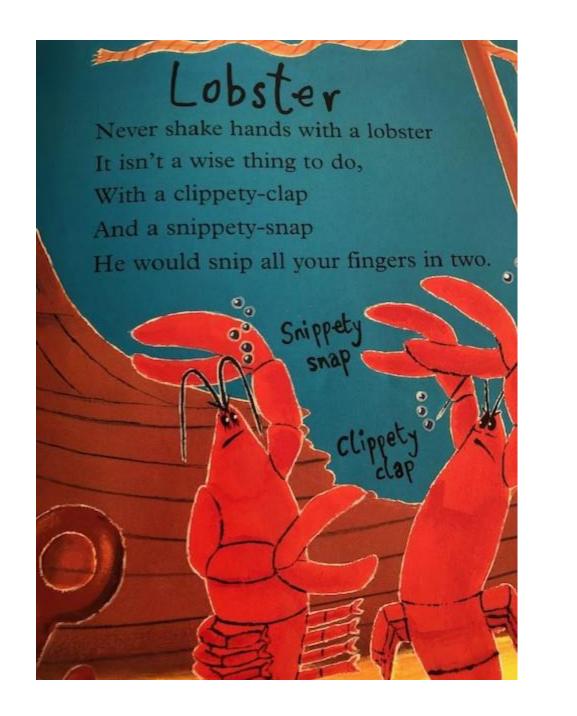
Hickory dickory dock, the mouse ran up the clock; the clock struck one the mouse ran down; hickory dickory dock

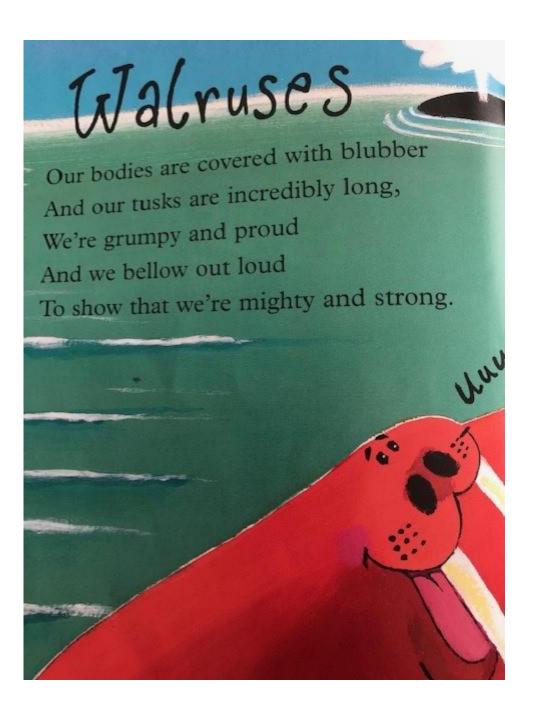


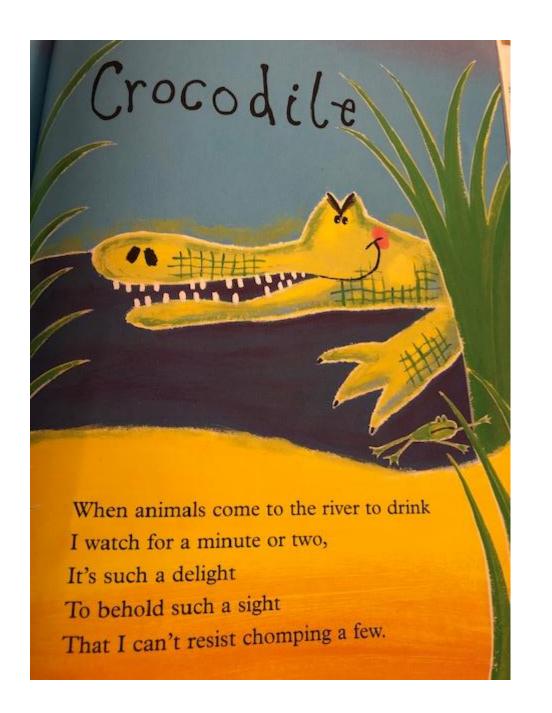


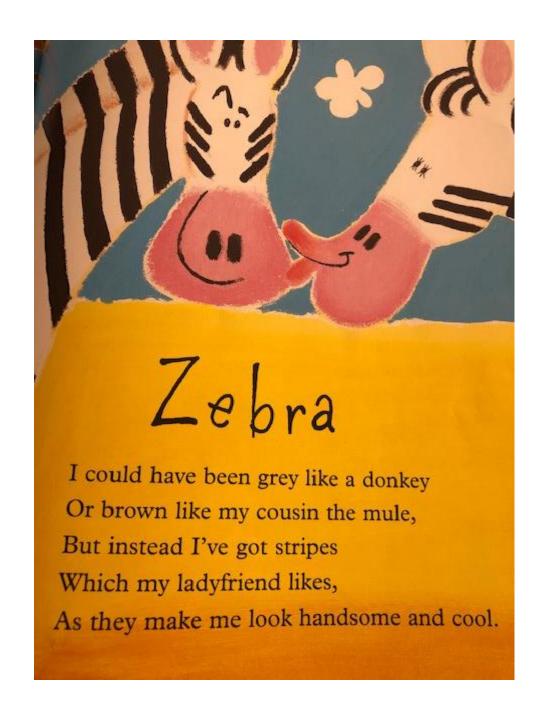












Here are a few more limericks – they can be about any subject...

There once was a man from Peru
He dreamt that he swallowed his shoe.
He woke up in fright;
In the middle of the night
To learn that his dream had come true!

There once were two cats from Kilkenny. Each thought that was one cat too many, So they started to fight And to scratch and to bite-Now, instead of two cats, there aren't any.

I know a schoolboy from Dubai, Who was baked by mistake in a pie. To his mother's disgust He emerged through the crust, And exclaimed, "What a good boy am I!"

A creature of charm is the gerbil
Its diet's exclusively herbal;
It grazes all day
On bunches of hay
Passing gas with an elegant burble!

A bald headed man from Dundee Lost his wig, in a wind, in a tree; When looked up and spied it, A hen was inside it, And laid him an egg for his tea.

If ice cream could be grown on the tree top, Tiny tummies would be liking it lots.
Any fruit flavour
For all to savour.
Do stop by at the ice cream tree shop.

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Examples to print

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