

Pannett Park Limericks

A Green Man said to a tree,
“Here in my home by the sea..
Such beauty abounds
In Pannett Park grounds,
Green jewel of lovely Whit-B”

Pannett Park is a wonderful spot
There's masses to see, lots and lots.
There are bushes and shrubs
And flowers in tubs.
Come and visit us, give it a shot.

We just love our community garden
Where veggies are left out to harden
Kale, potatoes and peas
And flowers for bees
Think what you could do in your Yarden

Take a stroll around Pannett Park.
It will be an adventure, a lark.
You can ogle the flowers
For hours and hours
And still be home well before dark.

A pesky grey squirrel int' tree
Thought, where are the folk who feed me?
My rumbling guts
Are missing the nuts
I want food now and for free!

Our park has many a theme
It's a gem and a gardener's dream
With trees, flowers and a pool
And a crocodile that's cool
End your visit with scones, jam and cream

In Pannett Park where flowers abound
Lots of varieties can be found
Climbing Clematis
And borders herbaceous
All in this one pleasure ground.

There once was a park that looked tatty
Which then made the locals quite chatty.
What is to be done?
It needs to be fun.
Work started and now it is quite natty.

We all went to visit our park
We thought we'd go there for a lark
No larks could be seen
But it was very green
Except for, of course, in the dark.

A good Whitby man called Pannett
thought we need a Park - I'll plan it!
It's now one of the best,
but it's always our quest,
to find more helpers to man it!

An alderman from Whitby decreed,
"A park is what we really need."
He set too with a will
And bought up Chubb Hill.
We thank you kind sir, yes indeed!

There's a haven of peace and Quiet
That was given by Alderman Pannett
Birds and squirrels abound
Where no dogs are found
All thanks to a man named Pannett

There once was a town with a park
An Alderman's gift as a lark
His name was Pannett
The council couldn't ban it
So now we have our own Pannett Park

If you like open spaces, try this
It's something you'd not want to miss
Our park is a treasure
To explore at your leisure
Spend time there in perfect bliss.

There was a young elf in the park
Who worked when it closed after dark
He painted the flowers
In all the right colours
Except some blue daffs, for a lark

Lets head back in time to Jurassic
I'm sure you'll find it fantastic
There's fossils and ferns
and plenty of worms
and dinosaurs quite paralytic

Pannett Park has a wonderful view
With an art gallery and play area too
A clock for all seasons
You don't need a reason
You will always find something to do.

There was a park rodent called Cyril
Whose dad was a big bush squirrel
He said to a mouse
His accent was Scouse
Because he was born on the Wirral

There's lots of squirrels in Pannet Park
They're friendly and don't stay in the dark
They do love to see
What you've brought for their tea
Then clamber back up the tree bark.

A favourite place I like to be
Is Pannett Park in old Whitby
It has carved wooden faces
In various places
And all this so close to the sea.

The squirrels in Pannett Park - have no doubt
Are up to no good when there's no-one about
They can be found
In the children's playground
And have even been seen on the roundabout

The floral clock is ancient history
It's time keeping is quite a mystery
It's a treat to behold
Sitting colourful and bold
And must run off quite a big battery.

In the park we have gardeners called Kath
Who will rarely be seen on a path
In borders and shrubberies
Rose beds and busheries
Or watching a gull take a bath

We have a vol gardener called Ron
Who it seems is much put upon
He'll weed and he'll hoe
He'll dig and he'll sow
Our beloved young gardener, called Ron

A group of old fossils set down
To please & interest the town.
With plants of great charm
From iris to palm,
The park is the jewel in our crown.

There was a young man from Pannett
With a mouth as large as a gannett.
When the Esk rose
Everyone froze
But he used his big gob to dam it.

A colourful clock tells the time
O'er ferns, croc & timeline.
Whilst friends sweat & toil
At digging the soil,
The beauty & peace is all mine.

In Whitby a town of remark
There's a group of Friends Pannett Park
Their work is suspended
till Covid is ended.
Shame! But they've left there, their mark.

There was a Midwife Toad called Janet
Who lived in the lilly pond in Pannett
At night she would croak
And her voice when it broke
Was the sweetest melody on the planet

A volunteer gardener called Gill
Decided to work on the hill.
Then she pruned all the roses
& sprayed them with hoses
And went into lockdown until...