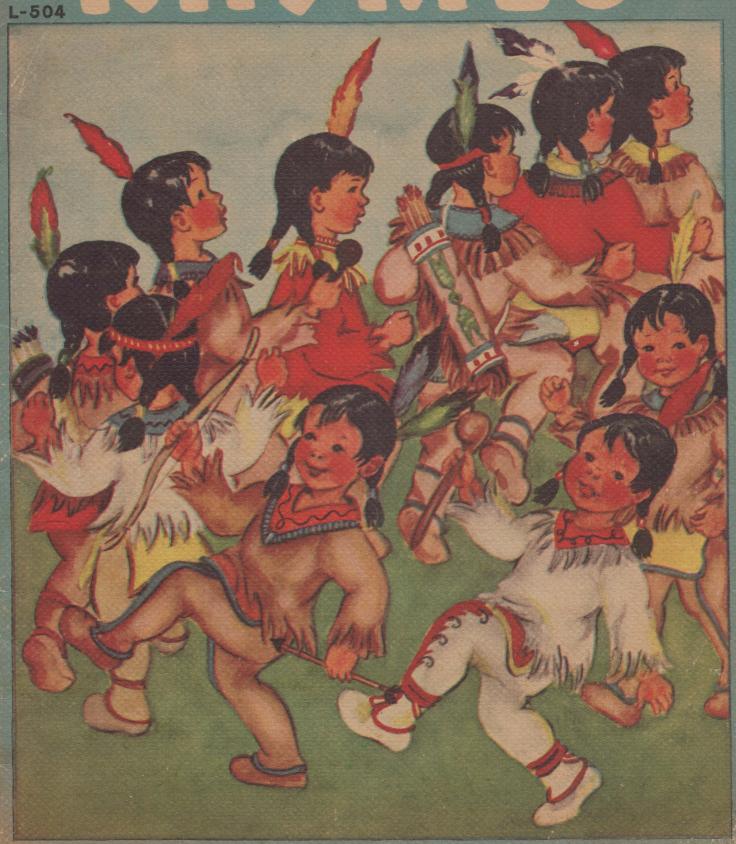
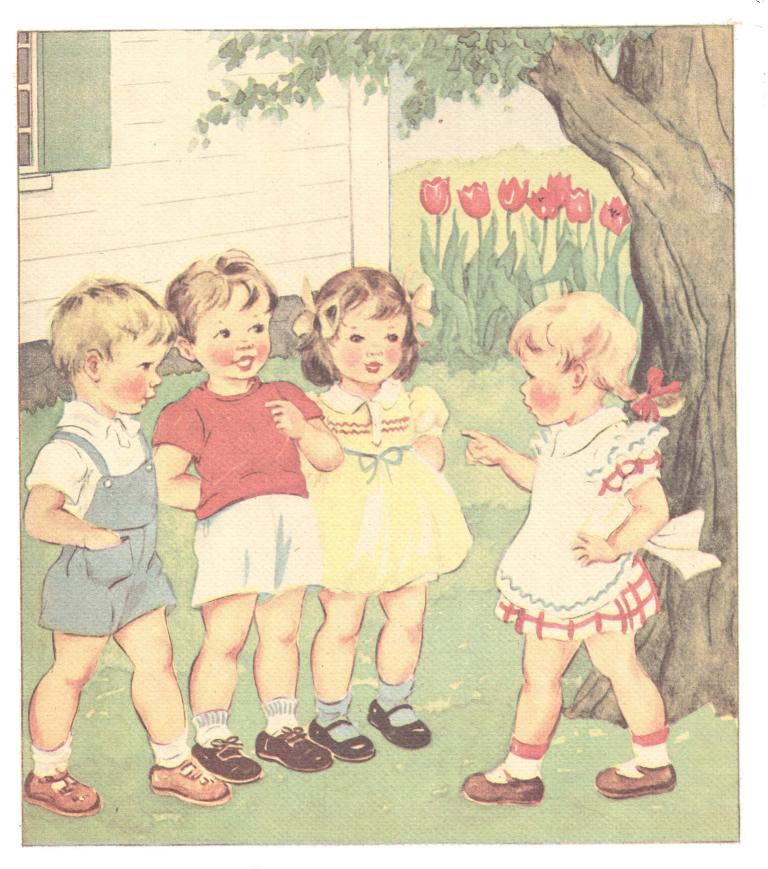
# COUNTES SERVINES





## One-ery, Two-ery

One-ery, two-ery, Ziccary zan;

Hollow bone, crack a bone,

Ninery, ten;

Spittery spot,

It must be done;

Twiddleum twaddleum,

Twenty-one.

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## One, Two, Three, Four, Five

One, two, three, four, five, I have caught a fish alive; Six, seven, eight, nine, ten, I have let it go again. Why did you let it go?
Because it bit my finger so.
Which finger did it bite?
The little one on the right.



## The Days of the Month

Thirty days hath September,

April, June and November;

February has twenty-eight alone,

All the rest have thirty-one,

Excepting leap-year, that's the time

When February's days are twenty-nine.



## One, Two, Buckle My Shoe

One, two, buckle my shoe; Three, four, shut the door; Five, six, pick up sticks; Seven, eight, lay them straight; Nine, ten, a good fat hen; Eleven, twelve, who will delve? Thirteen, fourteen, maids a-courting; Fifteen, sixteen, maids in the kitchen; Seventeen, eighteen, maids a-waiting; Nineteen, twenty, my plate's empty.



## Five 'Toes

- 1. "Let us go to the wood," says this pig;
- 2. "What to do there?" says that pig;
- 3. "To look for mother," says this pig;
- 4. "What to do with her?" says that pig;
- 5. "To kiss her, to kiss her," says this pig.



# One, Two, Three, Four

One, two, three, four,
Mary at the cottage door;
Five, six, seven, eight,
Eating berries off a plate;
O-U-T spells out!



#### Small Sarah

Small Sarah sat before the fire
Counting each wee toe.
Here's one and two and three and four
And five all in a row.



## Here Comes a Poor Widow

Here comes a poor widow from Babylon,

With six poor children all alone, One can bake, and one can brew, One can

One can shape, and one can sew, One can bake a cake for the king.

Come choose you east, come choose you west, Come choose you the one that you love best.



#### The Rainbow

Purple, yellow, red and green
The King cannot reach it, nor the Queen;
Nor can old Sol whose power's so great:
Tell me this riddle while I count eight.
1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8



# Tit, Tat, Toe

Tit, tat, toe,

My first go,

Three jolly butcher boys

All of a row;

Stick one up,

Stick one down,

Stick one in the old man's crown.



One to make ready,

And two to prepare;

Good luck to the rider,

And away goes the mare.