

COUNTING RHYMES

L-504





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.



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 shape, and one can sew,
One can bake, and one can brew, 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.