

ONE, TWO, BUCKLE MY SHOE

One Two,
Buckle my shoe.

Three, Four,
Open the door.

Five, Six,
Pick up sticks.

Seven, Eight,
Lay them straight.

Nine, Ten,
A good fat Hen.

Eleven, Twelve,
Ring the Bell.

Thirteen, Fourteen,
Maids are courting.

Fifteen, Sixteen,
Maids in the Kitchen.

Seventeen, Eighteen,

Maids in waiting.

Nineteen, Twenty,

My plate is empty.

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A gaping-wide-mouth-waddling frog,
Two puddings' ends would choke a dog,
Or a gaping-wide-mouth-waddling frog.

Three monkeys tied to a log,
Two puddings' ends, would choke a dog,
Or a gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog.

Four puppies with our dog Ball,
Who daily for their breakfast call.
Three monkeys tied to a log.
Two puddings' ends, would choke a dog,
Or a gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog.

Five beetles against the wall,

Close to an old woman's apple-stall.
Four puppies with our dog Ball,
Who daily for their breakfast call.
Three monkeys tied to a log.
Two puddings' ends, would choke a dog,
Or a gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog.

Six Joiners in Joiners' Hall,
Working with their tools and all.
Five beetles against the wall,
Close to an old woman's apple-stall.
Four puppies with our dog Ball,
Who daily for their breakfast call.
Three monkeys tied to a log.
Two puddings' ends, would choke a dog,
Or a gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog.

Seven lobsters in a dish,
As fresh as any heart could wish.
Six joiners in Joiners' Hall,
Working with their tools and all.
Five beetles against the wall,
Close to an old woman's apple-stall.
Four puppies with our dog Ball,
Who daily for their breakfast call.
Three monkeys tied to a log.

Two puddings' ends, would choke a dog,
Or a gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog.

Eight peacocks in the air,
I wonder how they all got there?
You don't know, and I don't care.

Seven lobsters in a dish, as fresh as any heart could wish.
Six joiners in Joiners' Hall, working with their tools and all.
Five beetles against the wall, close to an old woman's apple-stall.
Four puppies with our dog Ball, who daily for their breakfast call.
Three monkeys tied to a log.
Two puddings' ends, would choke a dog,
Or a gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog.

Nine ships sailing on the main,
Some bound for France, and some for Spain;
I wish them all safe back again.

Eight peacocks in the air,
I wonder how they all got there?
You don't know, and I don't care.
Seven lobsters in a dish,
As fresh as any heart could wish.
Six joiners in Joiners' Hall,
Working with their tools and all.
Five beetles against the wall,
Close to an old woman's apple-stall.

Four puppies with our dog Ball,
Who daily for their breakfast call.
Three monkeys tied to a log.
Two puddings' ends, would choke a dog,
Or a gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog.

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