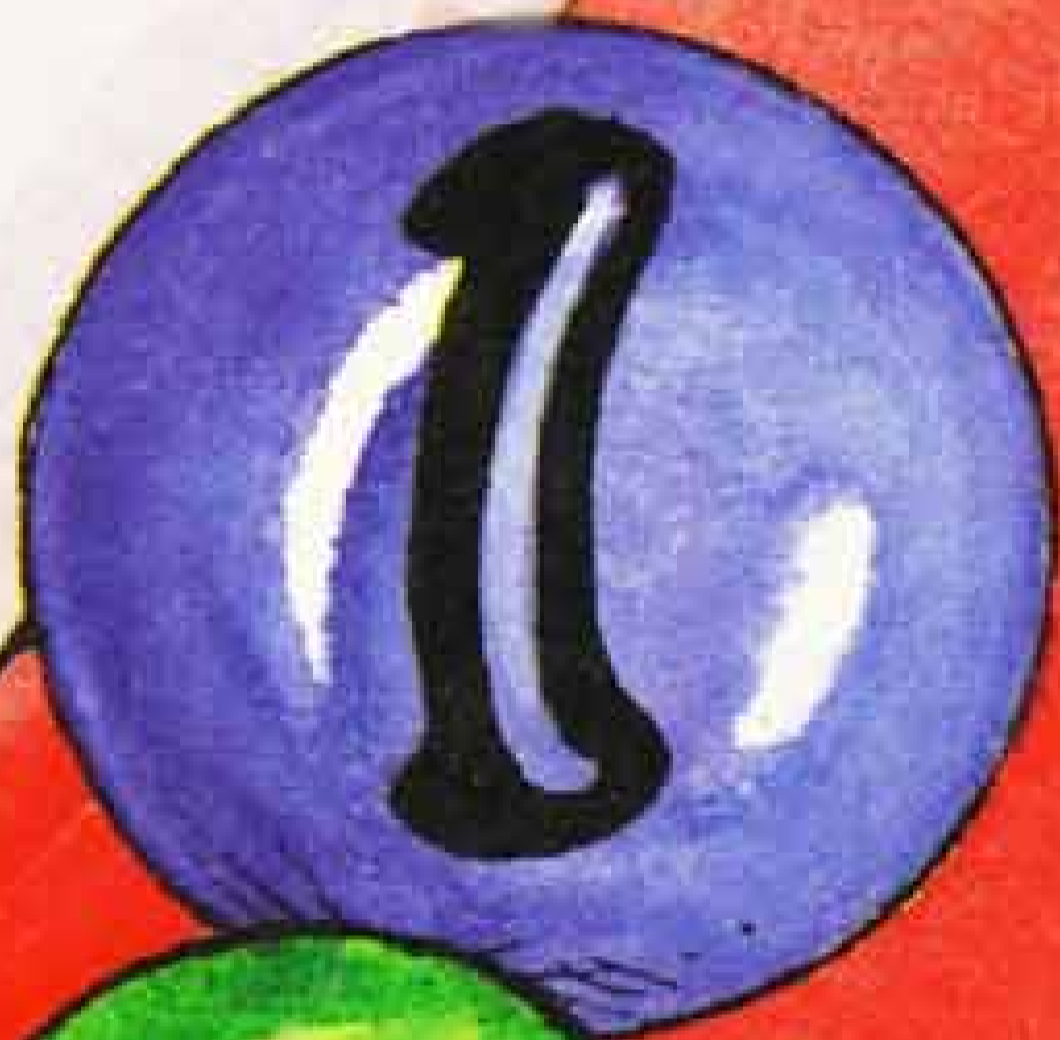


Rhymes To Count On





Two little blackbirds sitting on a hill,
One named Jack, the other named Jill.

Fly away, Jack! Fly away Jill!

Come back, Jack! Come back, Jill!



One, two, three, four, five,
I caught a fish alive.

Six, seven, eight, nine, ten,
I let it go again.

**Why did you let it go?
Because it bit my finger so.
Which finger did it bite?
The little finger on the right.**

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