

MATH POEMS for LITTLE ONES

ONE TWO BUCKLE MY SHOE

One, two, buckle my shoe;
Three, four, knock at the door.
Five, six, pick up sticks,
Seven, eight, lay them straight.
Nine, ten, a big fat hen;
Eleven, twelve, dig and delve.
Thirteen, fourteen, Maids a-courting;
Fifteen, sixteen, Maids in the kitchen.
Seventeen, eighteen, Maids a-waiting;
Nineteen, twenty, my plate's empty.



FOR TIDYING AWAY

Claire Dubrovic

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
All books closed before eleven.
Eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve -
And now put them on the shelf.



DANCING ON THE SHORE

Ten little children
Dancing on the shore.
The Queen waved a royal wand
And out went four.

Six little children

Dancing merrily;
The queen waved a royal wand
And out went three.

Three little children
Danced as children do;
The queen waved a royal wand
And out went two.

One little maiden
Dancing just for fun;
The queen waved a royal wand
And out went one.



NUMBER POEM

Through stars above, through stones below,
Through beasts, birds, flowers, even snow.
Through Man and everything around him,
In heavenly music they're resounding.
Numbers! Numbers everywhere,
Hiding here and hiding here.

One is Man, and one the world
Two the sun and moon,
Three are waking, dream and sleep
And four the seasons through.

Five the sepals of the rose
Six was Gabriel's star,
Seven days are in each week
And seven the planets are.



TEN LITTLE DICKY-BIRDS

One little dicky-bird
Hopped on my shoe
Along came another one
And that made two.

*Fly to the tree tops
Fly to the ground
Fly little dicky-birds
Round and round.*

Two little dicky-birds
Singing in a tree
Along came another one
And that made three.

*Fly to the tree tops
Fly to the ground
Fly little dicky-birds
Round and round.*

Three little dicky birds
Came to my door
Along came another one
And that made four.

*Fly to the tree tops
Fly to the ground
Fly little dicky-birds
Round and round.*

Four little dicky birds
Perched on a hive
Along came another one
And that made five.

*Fly to the tree tops
Fly to the ground
Fly little dicky-birds
Round and round.*

Five little dicky birds
Nesting in the ricks
Along came another one
And that made six.

*Fly to the tree tops
Fly to the ground
Fly little dicky-brids
Round and round.*

Six little dicky birds
Flying up to heaven
Along came another one
And that made seven.

*Fly to the tree tops
Fly to the ground
Fly little dicky-brids
Round and round.*

Seven little dicky birds
Sat upon a gate
Along came another one
And that made eight.

*Fly to the tree tops
Fly to the ground
Fly little dicky-brids
Round and round.*

Eight little dicky birds
Swinging on the line
Along came another one
And that made nine.

*Fly to the tree tops
Fly to the ground
Fly little dicky-brids
Round and round.*

Nine little dicky birds
Looking at a hen.

Along came another one
And that made ten.

*Fly to the tree tops
Fly to the ground
Fly little dicky-brids
Round and round.*