

COUNTING THE FINGERS.

Davy, dear, your fingers hold ;
Listen till my story's told.

Thumb's a rogue, and whispers "Come,
Let us steal the sweets," says Thumb.

Straight First Finger bends to hear;
She's a rogue when Thumb is near.

Second Finger says, "I'll go."
Cries Third Finger, "Count me too."

Little Finger stands alone,
Says, "The sweets are not our own."

Thumb says, "Let no Finger say
Where the sweets have gone to-day."

Finger First cries out, "No, No!
Not a word from me shall go."

Finger Second shakes her head,
"She would suffer death instead."

Finger Third is full of fear,
Lest some marks of guilt appear.

Little Finger cries, "For shame!
I shall tell where lies the blame.

If we are all made to smart,
With the rest I'll bear my part."

And I think that, through and through,
Little Finger's right—don't you?