

Incy wincy spider
Climbed up the water spout
Down came the rain
And washed poor incy out
Out came the sun
And dried up all the rain
So incy wincy spider
Climbed up the spout again



One, two, three, four, five,
Once I caught a fish alive,
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten,
Then I let it go again.

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

