

Sing a Song of Sixpence

Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.



When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing.
Wasn't that a dainty dish
To set before the king?

The king was in his counting house
Counting out his money.
The queen was in the parlor
Eating bread and honey.



The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes,
When along came a blackbird
And snipped off her nose!

