

## 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

Now wasn't that a dainty dish

To put before the king

The king is in his counting house

Counting out his money

The queen is in the parlor

Eating bread and honey

The maid is in the garden

Hanging up the clothes

Along comes a blackbird and pecks off her nose!