



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;
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before a king?

The king was in the counting-house
Counting out his money;
The queen was in the parlour
Eating bread and honey;

The maid was in the garden
Hanging out her clothes,
Up comes a little bird,
And snaps off her nose.