

# 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 parlour,  
Eating bread and honey.

The maid was in the garden,  
Hanging out the clothes,  
When down came a blackbird,  
And pecked off her nose.

