

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!*

