



## *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.  
Oh 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!



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