

# 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.