

Sing a Song of Sixpence

Sing a song of six - pence
A pocket full of rye
Four and twenty black birds
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 the counting house
Counting out his money
The Queen was in the parlor
Eating bread and honey.

The maid was in the garden
Hanging out the clothes
Along came a black bird
And pecked off her nose.