

# 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;  
Was not 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 parlor,  
Eating bread and honey.

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