

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.
Now 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,
When down came a blackbird
And pecked off her NOSE!