



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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