



SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE

Original lyrics and music by unknown

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 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
There came along a blackbird
And pecked off her nose.

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