Name

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;
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;
Along came a blackbird
And pecked off her nose.



Name: