

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?

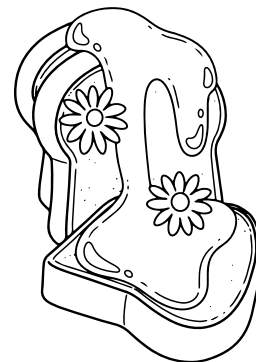
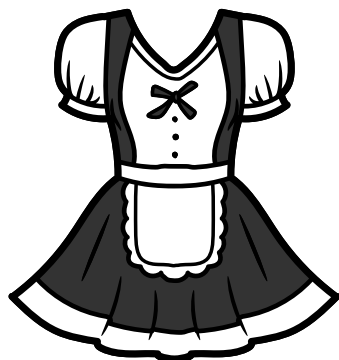
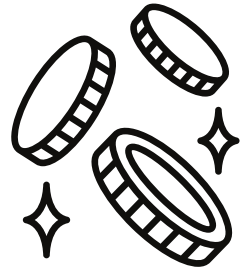


The king was in his counting-house,
Counting out his money;
The queen was in the parlor,
Eating bread and honey.



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





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