

# 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,  
They all began to sing.  
Now, wasn't that a dainty dish  
To set before the King?

The King was in his countinghouse,  
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 there came a big black bird  
And snipped off her nose!

This song has been downloaded from [BusSongs.com](http://BusSongs.com).