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,
Then came a little blackbird and pecked off her nose.

They sent for the King's doctor who sewed it on again,
They sewed it on so neatly the seam was never seen.
Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie.