

## Sing a song of sixpence

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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