



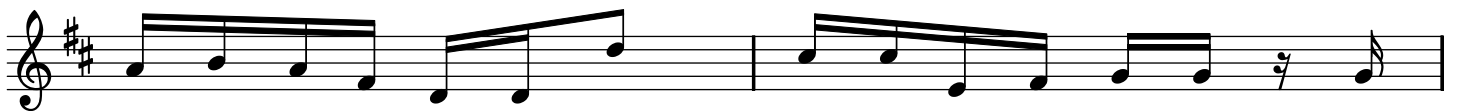
Sing a song of six-pence, A pocket full of Rye; Four and twenty Blackbirds



bak'd in a Pie. When the Pie was o - pen'd, The Birds be-gan to sing;



Was - n't that a dain - ty dish to set be - fore a King! The



King was in the count-ing house, Count-ing out his mon - ey; The



Queen was in the par - lour, Eating bread and honey; The maid was in the gar - den,



Hanging out the clothes; There came a lit-tle Dick-y Bird And popp'd up-on her nose.