Four and Twenty Blackbirds

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 fly;

Wasn’t that a dainty dish,

To set before the queen?

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 pecked off her nose.