

Sing A Song of Sixpence

Miro Žbirka

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 parlour
eating bread and honey

the maid was in me garden
hanging out the clothes
when down came a blackbird
and pecked off her nose