

For Phoebe Cardinal
Sing a Song of Sixpence

Traditional

Verses 3–9 by Rudolf Cardinal (2012)



1. 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!

2. The king was in the counting house, counting out his money.
The queen was in the parlour, eating bread and honey.
The maid was in the garden, hanging out the clothes,
When down came a blackbird and pecked off her nose!
3. The king was in the garage, looking at his cars.
The queen was in the garden, staring at the stars.
The maid was in the treasury, cutting the alarm,
When down came a blackbird and pecked off her arm!
4. The king was in the swimming pool, swimming in the water.
The cook was in the garden, chatting up his daughter.
The maid was in the kitchen, clearing up the pies,
When down came a blackbird and pecked out her eyes!
5. The king was in the restaurant, eating up his food.
The queen was in the nursery, singing to her brood.
The maid was in the tavern, finishing a keg,
When down came a blackbird and pecked off her leg!
6. The king was in the bedroom, thinking of the maid.
The cook was in the ale house, hoping he'd get paid.
The queen was in the garden, sunning on the deck,
When down came a blackbird and pecked out her neck!
7. The king was in the scullery, hiding from the birds.
The knave was in the schoolroom, practising his words.
The cook was in the laundry room, scrubbing at his vest,
When down came a blackbird and pecked out his chest!
8. The nurse was in the dressing room, admiring her looks.
The knave was in the counting house, fiddling the books.
The king was in the armoury, polishing his mace,
When down came a blackbird and pecked off his face!
9. Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye;
Four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie.
Birds have ample memories, and they're not short of friends —
Don't bake them for frippery, or they'll have their revenge!