

BITS OF PAPER

Bits of paper,

Bits of paper;

Lying on the floor,

Lying on the floor;

Makes the place untidy,

Makes the place untidy;

Pick them up,

Pick them up.

Bits of paper,

Bits of paper;

Lying on the floor,

Lying on the floor;

Makes the place untidy,

Makes the place untidy;

Pick them up,

Pick them up.

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE

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 the 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.
Down came a blackbird
And snipped off her nose.

Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.

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The birds began to sing—
Wasn't that a dainty dish
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