

Erin Mckeown

"Blackbirds"

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Four and twenty blackbirds
Perched o'er the milhaus floor,
Four and twenty blackbirds
Perched o'er the milhaus floor,
Watching a pair of blackbirds
A pair of blackbirds more,
Four and twenty blackbirds
Perched o'er the milhaus floor.

Said one blackbird to the other,
"you must be my queen,"
Said one blackbird to the other,
"you must be my queen,"
And the other replied in turn,
"well, sure enough you my king."
Four and twenty blackbirds and
Two began to sing.

The queen she sang of milhaus
Rising to the sky,
The king he sang of riches baked
In a honey pie.
Stick your finger in and taste it on
The sly.
Sing a song of six-pence and a pocketful of rye.
The queen she asked that question,
"what makes the milhaus rare?"
The king replied in turn,
"well, tonight it's you so fair."
Four and twenty blackbirds too
Baked themselves to care,
Fly away you dainty dish,
Two blackbirds flew upstairs.

When that sun had risen and the
Rhyming it was through.
When that sun had rsen and the
Rhyming it was through.
Four and twenty blackbirds had
Rhymed that nursery tune,
Fly away two blackbirds with
Nothing left to prove.

You count that blackbird lucky
Who first to fly away,
Bitter the taste left behind and
The lonesome heart astray.

Pity not that blackbird,
The blackbird who must stay,
For having tasted blackbird pie,
Baked and on display.

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