

Sing a Song of Sixpence

by sarah *Friday, Jan 27 2017, 8:22pm*

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An old rhyme to perplex and entertain:

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 the garden,
Hanging out the clothes,
When down came a blackbird
And pecked off her nose.

Now let's have a crack at it.

During the time it was written bards traveled from town to town and would sing and entertain for a modest donation, usually sixpence.

However, contained in popular nursery rhymes are hidden meanings/messages often of a political nature, which messages could never be expressed literally as they would incur the wrath of the decadent, ruling (elite) monarchy.

Notice the 24 'blackbirds' (masses) baked 'encased/trapped' in a pie, but when that pie was opened, (freedom from shackles) the birds began to sing! Indeed a perfect dish to serve a King -- social revolt.

References to decadent elite rulers 'counting money,' typical, and their 'wives' (supporters and associates) treating themselves to the best and rarest indulgences. Now note a historical fact, 'Let them eat cake,' a recorded statement of a corrupt disconnected monarch facing revolt by the abused now awakened masses, is another indication of disconnect brought about by an opulent insular existence. So money and the best it can buy, are always associated with elite rule as is revolt by the oppressed masses.

The last verse refers to a maid or servant of the elite, who has not renounced her psychological

chains, so the released people (blackbirds) duly peck off her nose as punishment.

Well, many interpretations could be applied but for mine popular rhymes were written as expressions of anticipated social events and/or freedom from oppression -- there are too many rhymes of this nature to dismiss the clear political intent.

Have a nice day encased in your pie and watch your nose.

A more modern variation though The Beatles were British artists.

Blackbird

Blackbird singing in the dead of night
Take these broken wings and learn to fly
All your life
You were only waiting for this moment to arise.

Blackbird singing in the dead of night
Take these sunken eyes and learn to see
All your life
You were only waiting for this moment to be free.

Blackbird fly Blackbird fly
Into the light of the dark black night.

Blackbird fly Blackbird fly
Into the light of the dark black night.

Blackbird singing in the dead of night
Take these broken wings and learn to fly
All your life
You were only waiting for this moment to arise
You were only waiting for this moment to arise
You were only waiting for this moment to arise.

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Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-2512.html>