

Blackbirds

Erin McKeown

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 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 risen 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
But pity not that blackbird, the blackbird who must stay
For having tasted blackbird pie, baked and on display

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