



Six Little Mice Sat Down to Spin

Six little mice sat down to spin.
Pussy passed by and she peeped in.

What are you doing, my little men?
Weaving coats for gentlemen.

Shall I come in and cut off your threads?
No, no, Mistress Pussy, you'd bite off our heads.

Oh, no, I'll not. I'll help you to spin.
That may be so, but you don't come in.