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Six Little Mice

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 spin."

"That may be so, but you don't come in!"