Oranges and lemons, says the bells of St.

Clemen's, you owe me five farthings, says

the bell of St. Martin's. When will you

pay me, says the bells of Old Bailey.

When I grow rich, says the bells of

Shoreditch. Here comes a candle to light

you to bed and here comes a chopper to

chop off your head.

write-on.me Enjoy your worksheets! Please visit again.