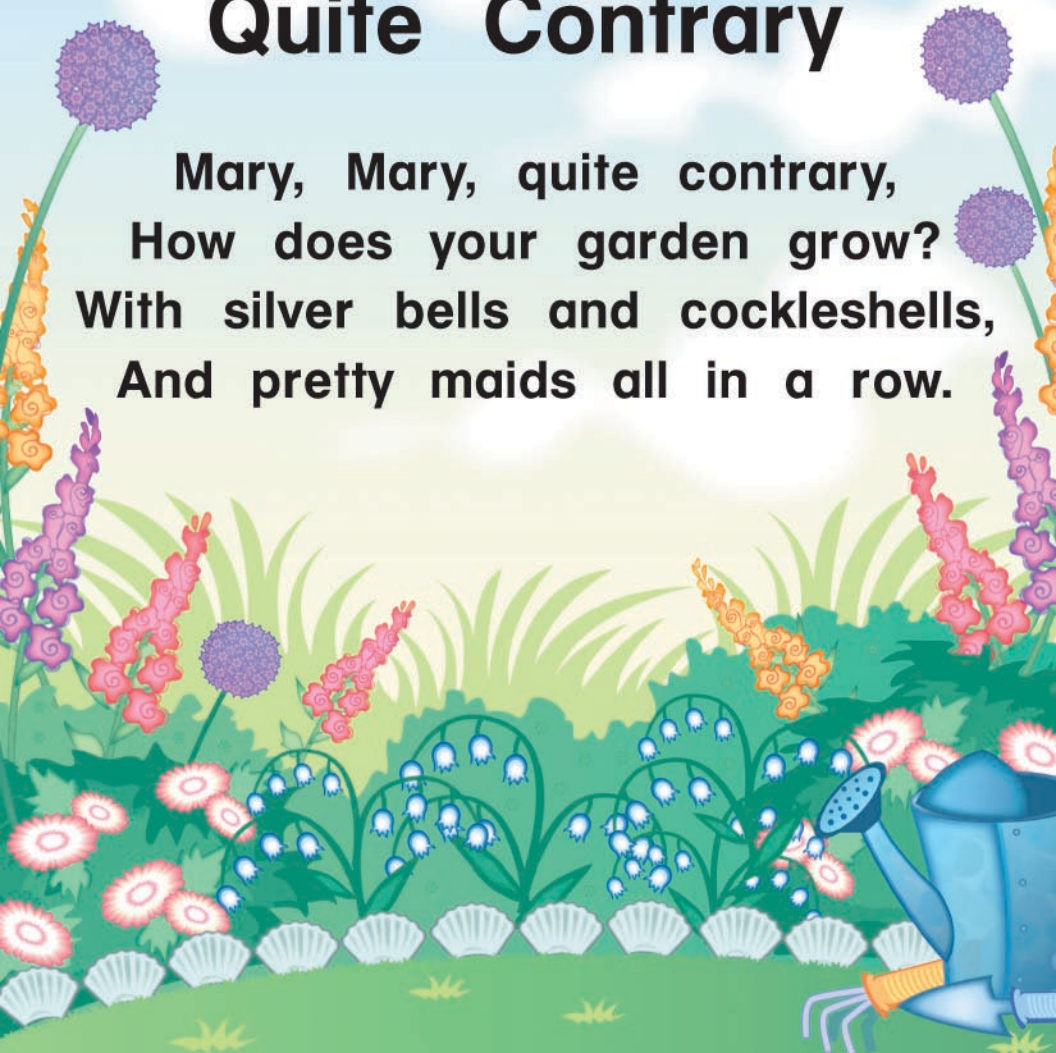


# Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,  
How does your garden grow?  
With silver bells and cockleshells,  
And pretty maids all in a row.





**She planted some white seeds...**



**She planted some black seeds...**