



OLD KING COLE

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.

Every fiddler, he had a fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he;
Twee twee dee, twee dee, went the fiddlers.
Oh, there's none so rare,
As can compare
With King Cole and his fiddlers three!