



OLD KING COLE

Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
And he called for his pipe,
And he called for his glass,
And he called for his fiddlers three.
And every fiddler, he had a fine fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he;
"Tweedledee, tweedledee," said the fiddlers.
Oh there's none so rare,
As can compare,
With King Cole and his fiddlers three.