



Old King Cole

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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.
Ev'ry fiddler had a fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he.
Tweedle dee, tweedle dee,
Tweedle dee, tweedle dee,
Tweedle dee, tweedle dee,
Went the fiddlers three,
Oh there's none so rare
As can compare,
With King Cole and his
fiddlers three.

