

Old King Cole

Song

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 had a fiddle,
and a very fine fiddle had he;
tweedle dee, tweedle dee,
went the fiddlers three,
And so merry we will be.

