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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 privates three.
"Beer! Beer! Beer!" said the privates
Merry men are we,
There's none so fair as can compare
With the Field Artillery.

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 corporals three.
"Hut two hut two hut" said the corporals
"Beer! beer! beer!" said the privates
Merry men are we,
There's none so fair as can compare
With the Field Artillery.

sergeants: "Squads to the right by threes"
shavetails: "We do all the work"
captains: "We want ten days leave"
majors: "Clean and shine my boots"
colonels: "What's my next command?"
generals: "The Army's gone to hell!"

last time through, all ranks say: "Beer! Beer! Beer!"

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