

Old King- Cole - song lyrics

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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 glass,
And he called for his fiddlers three.
Every fiddler had a fine fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he;
Tweedle twee, tweedle twee, went the tiddler,
Tweedle, tweedle twee.

Chorus.

And so merry we'll all be, Tweedle twee;
For there's none so rare as can compare
To the sons of harmony.

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 glass,
And he called for his pipers three.
Every piper had a line pipe,
And a very fine pipe had he;
Toodle loo, tootle loo, went the piper,
Toodle, loodle loo;
Tweedle, Tweedle twee, went the fiddler.-Chorus.

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 glass
And he called for his harpers three.
Every harper had a fine harp,
And a very fine harp had he;
Twang-a-twang, twang-a-twang, went the harper.
Twang a-twang-a-twang;
Toodle loo, toodle loo. went the piper,
Tweedle-dee, tweedle-dee, went the fiddler.-Chorus.

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 glass,
And he tailed for his drummers three.
Every drummer had a fine drum,
And a very fine drum had he;
Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub. went the drummer.
Rub-a-dub, a-dub;
Twang-a-twang, twang-a-twang. went the harper,
Toollie loo, doodle loo. went the piper,
Tweedle dee, tweedle-dee, went the tiddler.-Chorus