

Old King Cole was a merry old soul, And a merry old soul was

he; And he call'd for his pipe And he call'd for his bowl, And he

call'd for his fid - lers three. Then twedle, twedle, twedle, twedle,

twedle went the fid - lers; Twedle, twedle, twedle, twedle, twedle, twedle, twee, There's

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none so rare as can com-pare To king Cole and his fidd - lers three.