

# 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.  
Every fiddler he had a fiddle  
And a very fine fiddle had he;  
Oh, there's none so rare  
As can compare  
With King Cole and his fiddlers three.